

Great Master 187

Chapter 187 Knowledge x Pure x Rescue

Fornac's sinister laughter, the crisp sounds echoing through the second floor.

But nothing happened.

Sitting on the sofa, Arthur watched the other with a smile that wasn't quite a smile.

The room's machinery was ingeniously arranged, but that was only to the average person.

Compared to No. 2 Cork Street, this place was like a meatball in a big pot of stew—obvious.

Downstairs, Dico glanced unexpectedly at Kuke, who hadn't moved, then scornfully hissed at the retreating patrol officers—

"You bastards, all of you get back here!

With the consultant here, how could this guy possibly succeed!"

The remaining patrol officers sheepishly returned.

Upstairs, Fornac's sinister smile froze on his face.

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

This was set up by a master of machinery!

How could you possibly have solved it?"

Fornac roared as he pressed hard on the mechanism.

Amidst the clicking sounds, still nothing happened.

"Have you ever considered that you've been deceived?"

"And..."

You don't take the opportunity I gave you as an opportunity.

Even now, you are unwilling to call me Mr. Kledos."

Sitting on the sofa, Arthur slowly picked up Pendragon, teasing the cat with his fingers, his gaze low and not even looking at Fornac, but the subtle aura emanating from his body had already made Fornac collapse to the ground, trembling

[Intimidation] was flashing rapidly.

"Mr., Mr. Kledos, please, give me another chance!

I'll talk, I'll tell everything!"

Fornac sobbed with tears streaming.

At this moment, Arthur finally confirmed something was not right with the other party.

Or to be precise, there was something abnormal about his psyche.

'Innate?

Or affected by the secret technique of that pseudo 'Blood Descendant'?

Or maybe...

He witnessed something incredible?'

Arthur speculated in his mind.

In this world, there was mystery, so knowing more isn't always better, sometimes ignorance could help you live better,

Knowing too much could drive one insane.

Unless one possesses the correspondingly safe 'spirituality'.

If it's unsafe 'spirituality,' then it's like an added layer accelerating death or madness.

Which case applied to Fornac?

Arthur couldn't be sure.

And he was not able to heal the other party.

But the other party's current state made Arthur doubly serious in discerning which part of what the other said was true and which part was false fantasy

Meanwhile, Wuni, who had been on the roof, took flight.

Heading towards the Shire District Police Station.

That 'Haite Furniture Store' owner Haite was still being detained in the station.

Before, there was no need to care.

Now?

He needed to be watched closely.

Arthur had an intuition that Haite knew more than Fornac, and was of greater value, but... it was essential not to startle the quarry.

...

Inside 'Tate's Wand Store,' Simon had already departed with the patrol officers, and the broken door had been temporarily hung up as 'emergency repairs,' barely qualifying as a door.

Tate sat inside the store with a dazed expression.

He knew he should be dead.

Even though it was under coercion.

But he had still done it.

Illegally forging gold was a serious crime.

With the 'Spirit Medium's' capabilities, it wouldn't take long to trace things back to him.

Maybe the other party already knew everything, which is why the old sheriff had warned him.

'Ah.

I've ruined everything I loved!'

Tate stepped outside and took down his sign.

He raised his hand to caress the inscription: 'Rain or shine, from 8:30 am to 5:00 pm, we'll never miss an appointment.'

He had carved it himself, wiping it clean every day.

He seemed to remember the confidence he had back then, believing he could prosper the store and even proudly pass it on.

But now...

'I have failed you all!'

The wand shop owner, having placed the sign properly, started organizing the remaining wands in the shop that clients had ordered but not yet picked up.

He marked each one and left a note that simply read 'I'm sorry.'

Afterwards, he took his carving knife and went back to stand in front of his sign.

Whoosh!

He took a deep breath—the wand shop owner took the carving knife and thrust it towards his own neck.

If his beloved was defiled, then he would cleanse it with fresh blood!

With this pure feeling in mind, Tate chose to embrace death.

However, before the carving knife could touch his neck, it was stopped by Chief Malz, who had been watching attentively.

"Chief Malz, please let go of me, I no longer have the face to go on living."

The restrained Tate said in a low voice as tears flowed down unrestrained.

'If death is sought over such a trivial matter, then over half of South Los would need to die.'

The old chief looked at Tate before him, his eyes filled with sentiment.

It had been many years since he had seen someone as pure as this.

Aside from some real fools.

Even the simple farmers had a touch of cunning at the bottom of their eyes, unique to country folk.

Someone like Tate...

Was rarer than gems.

So—

Bang!

Malz punched him, making Tate double over completely, and the carving knife dropped to the ground.

Seeing Tate still try to pick up the carving knife despite his pain, the old sheriff confirmed that Tate really wanted to die and wasn't just pretending.

Kicking the carving knife into a corner, Malz, with a long box on his back, asked.

"You're ready to die over making a golden cane?"

To prevent Tate from doing anything foolish again, Malz grabbed his collar and pinned him against the wall, restraining him.

Hearing Malz's question, Tate's lips quivered slightly.

Eventually, he said with a trembling voice.

"Not one, twenty-three."

Hissss!

You really should die!

Malz took a sharp breath inwardly, regretting stopping Tate from killing himself—a single golden cane could be covered up by him or his partner easily enough, but twenty-three... that might be somewhat difficult.

However, upon recalling his partner's instructions, the old chief immediately calmed down.

"Do you really want to die?"

"Mhm."

Facing the old chief's question, Tate nodded.

"Have you completed all your orders?"

"They're all done. Mr. Kledos was my last customer—the rest are taken care of, they will be collected by their respective owners."

Tate's gaze drifted towards the honeycomb cabinet, and his tone became gentle.

"Heh, you're missing one!

I still need a cane!"

The old chief let go of Tate's collar and gestured to himself.

In response, Tate smiled wryly.

"Thank you for everything you have done for me, but..."

"A cane, beyond its elegance and posturing, its primary function is to support a person's weight, serving as the legs for those who have difficulty moving, and also as the life support for these folks.

And isn't it alright for an old guy like me, who has aged, to need a sturdy and durable cane to support my body?

And what's wrong with trusting the craftsman I choose?

You can die if you want, but after you finish making this cane for me!"

Malz and Arthur were alike in being men of few words.

He chose his own way to persuade the owner of the wand store.

He knew very well that if he could just get the wand store owner to calm down, everything would start moving in a positive direction.

And facing someone as pure as this...

Wasn't too difficult!

Just take hold of what he loved and use it fiercely!

"But, but..."

"No buts, go and get the ruler."

Malz urged.

Tate hesitated for a moment, then walked to the counter and took out the measuring tape he was so familiar with; his mind was instantly filled with countless scenarios from the past 20 years: the excitement and nervousness of measuring a customer's arm for the first time, the embarrassment and helplessness of making a mistake, the joy of receiving praise, the discomfort of being hassled...

For a moment, all these memories flooded his mind, coalescing into one sentence.

"Thank you."

The old chief shook his head; he wasn't going to accept this kind of thanks—

"Thank me? That's not necessary—it was Arthur who saw the aura of death around you and asked me to come!"

"Mr. Kledos?

He must be very disappointed in me, right?

Will he still use the wand I made?"

After a sudden cry, Tate's eyes dimmed once more, seeing his somber expression, the old chief really wanted to punch him again, but he restrained himself.

He looked around, searching for something to say.

Suddenly, seeing a stray cat run by the door, he had an idea.

"If you find your own peace and sleep troubled, you might as well prepare two bowls for cats outside.

It's getting colder, and it's harder for strays to find food and water.

You could help the stray cats."

The old chief didn't ask him to help people.

To some extent, Tate's purity meant he was a 'fool.'

He couldn't handle relating to people.

Better to relate to cats.

Cats are purer than humans.

Watching Tate's thoughtful look, Malz breathed a slight sigh of relief, but before he could let out a full breath, the old chief's gaze became focused as he looked outside.