

Great Master 188

Chapter 188 When Bluff Meets Bluff, That's the Start of Something Wonderful!

In Malz's field of vision appeared a man who was 2 meters tall and extremely muscular, whose arms were so thick that they couldn't be contained by the sleeves of his coat.

Therefore, he simply tore the sleeves off his coat.

Paired with his towering height and robust physique, the exaggerated muscles suddenly gave him a wild aura.

Especially the arrogant smile on his face, which made people walking on West Mok Avenue dodge out of the way, seemingly terrified of being noticed by him.

'His forearms are as thick as other people's waists!'

The old sheriff thought to himself, his gaze turning vigilant.

The pressure from the other man's height and muscles was simply too intimidating.

Even the old sheriff, a veteran of many battles, felt the pressure.

Especially with the matter of Tate at hand, the old sheriff instinctively believed the man was coming for him and, subconsciously, he tightened his grip on the hilt of his sword with one hand and set down the long case on his back with the other—this was what his partner had instructed him to do: when facing a danger he couldn't handle on his own, he should seek help from his 'three Old Friends.'

Although the old sheriff didn't understand why his partner wanted him to do so,

he trusted Arthur.

And he trusted his three Old Friends.

That's why he had made a special trip home to bring his 'three Old Friends' along.

But just as the old sheriff put the case down, Freeman's previously carefree smile suddenly stiffened.

He sensed a lethal danger.

It was as if something terrifying had set its sights on him.

If he made any more careless moves, he could die...

Who is it?

Freeman began to search for the target.

And Malz?

Freeman didn't think the old man before him posed a threat; perhaps he was formidable in his youth, but with his current aged and declined condition, Freeman could take ten of him with just one hand, assuming the old man's skills hadn't deteriorated—clearly, Freeman recognized Malz and knew his background.

Or more accurately, it was because Freeman recognized Malz that he had just provoked him.

"Sorry!"

As Freeman was searching for his target, a round-faced, big-eyed woman dressed in hunting gear, though without a deerstalker cap, stepped out and stood beside Freeman to apologize to Malz.

"My friend is from the countryside and doesn't know the rules, please don't mind him."

Having said that, Amiel pulled on Freeman and quickly walked away.

At first, Freeman was reluctant, but when Amiel's pale blue eyes showed a hint of murderous intent, the newly initiated 'Blood Descendant' chose to temporarily comply.

But that was just temporary compliance, not submission.

Just being tied up and stabbed over a hundred times, he was supposed to submit?

Impossible!

"If you want to die, just go ahead and die, but why drag me into it? Do you know that man is a friend of the 'Spirit Medium' Kledos? If you hurt him, do you think 'Spirit Medium' Kledos with his petty character would let you off? Besides, didn't you notice that the 'Spirit Medium' Kledos has a special relationship with your father? Don't end up being hanged by your father to be bled again!"

Turning into an alley between the shops on West Mok Avenue, Amiel grabbed Freeman by the collar and let loose a torrent of words.

Spit flew onto Freeman's face.

The newly initiated 'Blood Descendant' frowned, not because of Amiel's spit, but because of Amiel's words.

Specifically, the sentence about the 'Spirit Medium' Kledos having a different relationship with his father.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm positive, absolutely positive and certain!"

"Even though that 'Spirit Medium' doesn't admit it, I suspect he has deep cooperation with your father—even possibly, at some point, it was the Kledos Family that protected your father."

Amiel, in order to keep the 'Blood Descendant' with a dysfunctional mind from further provoking Arthur, started to make up stories.

The lady from Talin believed that Arthur and Auburn definitely had a connection, but the deep cooperation and life-saving grace were figments of her imagination.

She was very clear about the 'Blood Descendant's' attachment to the 'Bloodline Clan.'

And this precisely became the reins she used to control him.

Thinking of this, Amiel felt a bit weary.

Why did she join the Countess's Staff Group?

Wasn't it because of good pay and little work?

But lately, for some reason, the tasks had become increasingly numerous.

And, they were getting bigger and bigger.

At first, it seemed that the Countess's guards would suffice to handle the situation, followed by the Staff Group, and then, the 66th Staff Group.

And now?

The 66th Staff Group was practically inoperative, and the 16th Staff Team's resources had been stretched thin.

As a result, she, a trusted member of the Staff Group, had no choice but to step in and manage the emergency.

'Damn it!

What on earth has happened?

Why does it always feel like South Los is under some curse!'

Amiel raged inwardly.

Then, her energy dissipated once again.

She thought of her task: to find that 'Blood Descendant.'

But finding the 'Bloodline Clan' wasn't going to be easy.

After ruling out the suspects, she had to resort to the most straightforward approach—

Finding a needle in a haystack!

Using 'Nono's' trait, she would borrow a bit of Freeman's blood to seek out the 'Bloodline Clan.'

Although the 'Blood Descendant' denied it, Freeman was indeed a Blood Descendant, and not a mere Blood Slave, but a Blood Gladiator.

By using the fresh blood, searching bit by bit, though time-consuming, she would eventually find them.

"Let's go, we still have our task."

Amiel said weakly.

The lady from Talin was completely oblivious to the peculiar look in Freeman's eyes as he bowed his head.

The newly-born 'Blood Descendant' took her words seriously.

'Maybe I can use this gentleman to bridge the gap between my father and me!'

'So...'

'What does this gentleman like?'

Amiel and Freeman's figures soon vanished onto West Mok Avenue.

Malz watched until their silhouettes disappeared completely before saying goodbye to Tate.

"Remember, if anyone asks you, you'll say you're my informant, and everything you did was as I instructed, and that you know nothing else, understand?"

The old sheriff whispered, reminding him once again.

To this overly naive man in front of him, the old sheriff could not help but repeat his warnings.

"Understood."

Tate nodded, his voice a little low.

This demeanor nearly drove the old sheriff to punch him.

However, the old sheriff, holding back his anger, repeated—

"If you accidentally spill the beans, you could get me killed, you get that?"

"Ah?

Understood!"

Tate was startled, then nodded earnestly.

He could forfeit his own life, but he could never allow others to lose theirs on his account.

Seeing Tate's reaction, the old sheriff finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Why is it that such innocent people are easy to manipulate?

Because they always consider others first.

"Oh, by the way, if you get those stray cats used to coming to you, you could ask Amanda on Garden Street if feeding them caviar is good for something."

The old sheriff, having walked a few steps, turned back to add another piece of advice to Tate, who nodded emphatically in response.

Then, the old sheriff made his way directly to the Shire District Police Station.

This was the meeting he had arranged with Arthur.

Meanwhile, Arthur was returning to Ayr Lane from Xilin Street in the police station's private carriage.

Alone inside the carriage, Arthur mulled over everything Fornac had said, a look of deep surprise crossing his eyes, and he murmured to himself—

'I never expected it to be like this!'