

Great Master 190

Chapter 190: Honesty Wins Twice!

The carriage came to a steady stop in the small square.

After the patrol officer opened the door, Arthur, holding an empty cage in one hand and embracing Pendragon in the other, entered the Shire District Police Station and headed straight for the Police Chief's office amid greetings of 'Consultant, good afternoon.'

Malz, who had returned to the station ten minutes early, was teasing the 'Police Chief' with a cat toy made from feathers and willow branches. As a solitary old man concerned about his cat's care at home, Malz chose to bring his feline to work.

As for the rule about not bringing pets to work?

Sorry, there wasn't such a rule.

There was before?

Well, it had been nonexistent since he started keeping a cat.

As the boss of the Shire District Police Station, it was quite convenient for Malz to do certain things.

After putting away the cat toy and letting the 'Police Chief' go find Pendragon, Malz had Simon bring in two cups of green tea. When only the two of them were left in the office, the old sheriff lowered his voice and said—

"Tate's matter has been settled."

"Mm."

Arthur sipped his green tea, visibly enjoying it with his eyes squinted.

Although he liked sweet things, he did not mind the slight bitterness of the green tea, for along with the bitterness came a different kind of freshness.

This freshness carried a hint of sweetness.

After drinking half of the tea in his cup, Arthur straightened up and looked at his partner.

"You're puzzled about why I would help Tate?"

The old sheriff nodded.

Given the relationship between the two, there was no need to hide such a question.

The old sheriff was indeed curious.

For him, Tate seemed totally useless as a person, although pure and kind, but too easily exploited, which in some ways only slowed others down.

"Tate reminds me of a friend I once had.

Pure, kind, and a bit too generous.

Seeing him feels like seeing my friend, so if I can help, I just lent a hand.

Also, have you noticed that being around someone pure can make us, complicated individuals, feel joyful?"

Arthur explained.

"No!

I am pure, it's you who are complicated."

The old sheriff laughed and shook his head.

Arthur responded to the old sheriff with a middle finger.

He then picked up the Golden Cane, which Dico had brought back earlier, his fingers gently touching the worn parts, feeling the chilly gleam of gold.

"How many are there in total?"

"23!"

The old sheriff reported the number with a bitter smile.

Arthur was not surprised, but rather, his lips curled into a smile.

The Golden Cane in his hands weighed about 3 kilograms, making 23 canes weigh 69 kilograms.

Calculated at 1 Gold Coin per 2 grams, that made 17,250 coins.

This amount of money was enough to buy a pretty decent trading ship!

"Our trading ship is settled!"

Arthur stated.

But Malz was taken aback.

The involvement of such a large amount of gold was not something he as a police chief could cover up alone; it would certainly be reported, and the Countess would definitely intervene.

Under these circumstances, it might backfire badly.

However, the old sheriff did not persuade otherwise.

For he believed that Arthur would not be so unreasonable.

Sure enough—

"Trust me, compared with some things, this gold really isn't much!"

Arthur said, signaling Malz to call Simon in.

"Simon, discreetly head to No. 6 White Bird Street and tell that lady to appear here untraceably—I have something I must tell her."

"Yes, Consultant."

Simon nodded solemnly, then left the office.

Malz's recent recruits—Dico, Andy, Looney, and Simon—all proved to be quite effective.

Dico and Looney, big-bodied or robustly built, could be described as assault experts.

Andy, needless to say, was a sharpshooter for a short period, his competence proven in a previous battle.

And Simon?

He was like a jack-of-all-trades, fit for any position and certain to do his best.

At that, Arthur gave his partner a thumbs-up.

Malz smiled and then asked in a low voice,

"Do you want to bring that lady into the game?"

The old sheriff did not object to Lady of the Long Night; rather, in his view, she simply wouldn't care about such a small amount of money. The lady earned probably no less than that at her auctions each week.

"What game?"

"I'm just charging a fee,"

said Arthur with a smile.

He believed that Marinda would pay a good price for what had just happened—perhaps she could even find out about it from other sources.

If she were informed in advance and still investigated elsewhere, that lady wouldn't do such embarrassing and short-sighted things.

Moreover, she still owed him one.

Yes, Amiel had compensated him,

but that was Amiel's compensation. What did it have to do with Marinda?

Of course, this also involved Harris, the person in charge of Rat Tail Alley.

Arthur had meticulously inquired from Hunter and Newt, who, when they entered Tate's Wand Store that evening, found signs of disturbance inside the store but nothing missing, clearly indicating a search for something. At that time, the only other person Arthur could think of who might search the wand store was Harris.

So...

Had Harris found the Golden Cane?

He must have and would even have been pleasantly surprised, but then, frustrated at not finding what Isidore had hidden, the person in charge of Rat Tail Alley would have tossed it aside.

After all, in the eyes of this person in charge of Rat Tail Alley, what's so great about a golden cane? Golden scepters embedded with gems were common in Rat Tail Alley.

'You are influenced by your environment to overlook so much!

So...

Isn't it fair for you to owe me some 'tuition'?

Perhaps Harris really didn't care, or perhaps he truly had not discovered it, but once the Golden Cane was in hand, things were unclear.

For Arthur, that was enough—

He would sell the information twice!

He aimed for a win-win!

He sold the information 'to Marinda' because of their long-standing 'friendship.'

He sold the information 'to Harris' because of the immediate benefits.

There was no conflict.

Arthur had no intention of hiding this from either of them.

He, the 'Spirit Medium,' was all about being straightforward.

However, it required skill.

And before that?

He needed to fill his stomach.

Malz also agreed on this point.

However, when the food was served, Arthur was somewhat stunned.

It was not that it wasn't good, on the contrary, it was as opulent as ever: roast beef, smoked chicken legs, salad, baked potatoes, stewed fruit soup, and dip.

Exactly the same as yesterday.

In the face of Arthur's puzzled look, the old sheriff spoke up.

"He's just a cook at the police station.

If he truly had the skill, a private kitchen would be his best choice."

Arthur understood.

Still, he felt unsatisfied.

"Doesn't he have any new recipes?"

"Recipes?

Of course, but according to regulations—the lunch menu for each quarter is set: pork from January to March, fish from April to June, beef from July to September, and lamb from October to December, with other side dishes also regulated. This has been the rule since the Seven Years' War, yet in order to treat us well, the food we eat now matches what was provided to the noble commanders back then."

The old sheriff explained, while Arthur rolled his eyes.

"So, the noble commanders back then wanted to go home, right?"

In the Seven Years' War, the commanders from South County suffered numerous defeats, some even abandoning their soldiers to flee with their trusted aides, an act scornfully referred to as 'going home.' Because of that, back then, the Old Lion had to personally enter the battlefield and create miracles, even popularizing some of the Swift Bird Swordsmanship since they really lacked soldiers.

"30 years ago, you would have been shot for saying that,"

the old sheriff joked.

Arthur did not care.

Just as he was about to continue with something else, the young 'Spirit Medium's expression suddenly became serious. In his perception, he clearly sensed—

She had arrived!