

Great Master 26

Chapter 26 I am not eloquent

Coach Bern rushed over the moment Litter fell.

When he lifted his hand to check and found no breath, the large-framed swordsmanship coach's complexion changed.

The swordsmanship students around were all in chaos.

"Coach Litter is dead!"

"Call the police! Quick, call the police!"

In the panic, a few students remained calm and immediately ran outside.

Meanwhile, Coach Dexi came running over, glaring furiously at Arthur.

"What did you do?"

"Why did you kill Litter?"

The voice was high-pitched, filled with questioning.

In an instant, it attracted the gaze of everyone present, even the female receptionist who had just run over from the front watched Arthur with a look of shock and uncertainty.

And Arthur, under everyone's scrutiny, just sighed inwardly.

He was reflecting on the mix of bad luck and fortune in his current situation.

Clearly, he had become involved in a murder case.

This was tremendously bad, but fortunately, his name would once again become known to the people of South Los. Arthur had originally thought that he wouldn't earn any extra XP for a considerable amount of time, at least not until before the "Swordsmanship Competition." He hadn't expected this to happen.

Almost instinctively, Arthur's gaze turned to Dexi in front of him.

Unlike Bern or Litter's youthful strength, Dexi was at least forty years old, not only bald on top but with white at the temples and deep crow's feet.

At this moment, as Dexi glared at him, those crow's feet seemed to burst forth, somewhat resembling a fluffed-up chicken.

Dexi's gaze and expression made no effort to conceal his anger.

It seemed he had already decided that Arthur had killed Litter.

"Say it, why!"

Dexi scolded again, fury in his voice, his grip tight on the hilt of the practice sword.

He looked as though he wanted nothing more than to draw his sword and slay Arthur on the spot.

And Arthur's subconscious thought was: A guilty conscience needs no accuser!

The thief crying 'stop thief' was all too common a ploy!

Of course, it was also possible that Dexi's judgment was clouded by anger.

Arthur couldn't be sure which it was, but he knew what he had to do.

He raised his hand, exerted force, and delivered a harsh slap.

Smack!

The powerful slap caused Coach Dexi to spin around on the spot.

"You..."

Smack!

Just as Coach Dexi steadied himself and was about to say something more, Arthur's backhand delivered another slap.

Two consecutive slaps left Coach Dexi dazed.

As Dexi stood there stunned, Arthur finally spoke.

"Have you calmed down?"

Arthur asked as if he were inquiring, but without giving Dexi a chance to respond, he continued, "Although Litter and I were engaging in a swordsmanship bout just now, we were at least a meter apart. Our wooden swords never even touched, so how could I have killed someone?"

While speaking, Arthur was recounting the scene to the onlookers.

Throughout, he hadn't even glanced at Dexi, as if he had never intended to explain himself to the coach.

Because Arthur knew very well that getting involved in explanations would lead to a messy tangle.

Regardless of whether Dexi was a murderer trying to cover his tracks or an innocent person blinded by anger, either would drag him into a mire of justifying himself.

Justification isn't so easy.

He wasn't prepared to cut open his belly to show everyone what he's made of.

So he chose his own way.

The effect was not bad.

Students who had snapped out of the shock of seeing a dead body began to nod.

"Right, it was like that."

"Coach Litter did convulse and collapse."

"The two of them indeed never touched each other."

The students started to confirm Arthur's account.

However, Coach Dexi clearly disagreed.

"Nonsense..."

Smack!

Arthur, who considered himself not good with words, once again used his actions to put an end to the blustering harassment and then turned very seriously towards Coach Bern.

"Coach Bern, please take this gentleman to the lounge to rest, he has received too great a shock and is not suitable to stay here any longer."

"Okay."

Coach Bern, who had a touch of simplicity in his character, immediately nodded.

While Coach Bern was dragging Dexi to a nearby lounge, the taciturn Arthur spoke up once again.

"As an elder swordsman, you lose all sense of composure in the face of a dead body, not even as good as the young people beside you."

His voice was neither loud nor low, emphasizing the words 'elder', 'swordsman', and 'lose all sense of composure'.

The surrounding young swordsmanship students, upon hearing this, instinctively looked towards Dexi's retreating figure.

Dexi, already at the lounge, clenched his fists, looking like he was about to turn around and go all out against Arthur, but he was pulled in by Coach Bern.

This reaction only confirmed what Arthur had just said, causing a few of the swordsmanship students to look disappointed.

Arthur, however, felt it was a pity.

Coach Bern was too nice.

If Bern hadn't held the man back, he would have definitely slapped him again.

What's more regrettable was that there were simply too many people here; otherwise, he would have taken the man down directly.

What can he do, being someone not good with words?

No choice but to get hands-on more often.

Not far away, Amy watched Arthur, her eyes sparkling with even greater admiration.

There was no other implication, just that this girl from rural South Los felt that Arthur's slap earlier was very satisfying.

She wanted to learn how to do it too.

The students around her, on the other hand, were much more naive. They began to speculate about Arthur's true identity.

Someone who could easily defeat Coach Bern.

And, while facing a dead person, slap Dexi three times in succession.

This was definitely not an ordinary person.

Some thought he might be a Wanderer Knight with superior swordsmanship, others guessed he was a son of a prominent merchant, and some believed that Arthur must be the progeny of some Noble.

Many guesses were made, but none were correct.

Until—

"Is it you?!"

When Malz arrived at the "Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club" training ground on the first floor with two officers, he spotted Arthur right away.

Instantly, the soon-to-be-retired Third-Class Officer felt a throbbing in his temples.

Malz, who wanted nothing more than to happily enjoy his retirement, did not want to get involved with someone as troublesome as Arthur.

And so, after returning home yesterday, he had promptly merged the 'Evil Spirit Lauke murder case' with the 'Police Chief Lauke murder case', entrusting them to someone else to handle.

And him?

He was, of course, waiting to retire in peace.

But who could have known, he would encounter Arthur again first thing in the morning.

And, on top of that, a murder case!

'Trouble! Indeed, a lot of trouble!'

'Should I switch to a different district?'

Malz kept muttering to himself internally, but had no choice but to toughen up and approach.

These days were not like the old Sheriff times.

After the new bill was passed three years ago, every officer had to handle murder cases with extreme caution, or the consequences would be very severe—normally, that is how it should be, though often it's not normal.

But for someone about to retire like him, it's different.

He represented a rare normal case.

One mistake, and not only could the pension disappear, but he could get dragged into the mess himself.

"Officer, do you know this gentleman?"

The already curious swordsmanship students asked immediately after hearing Malz speak.

"Of course!"

"You all should also know this gentleman. He is the very famous—

'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos!"

Malz, who wanted to avoid trouble at all costs, complimented Arthur as best he could.

And everyone around, upon hearing Arthur's name, gasped in surprise.

Hiss!

Simultaneously, a gaze filled with malice locked onto Arthur.