

Great Master 27

Chapter 27: Casu Marzu Cheese

The chill of discomfort emerged deep within him, and Arthur looked around discreetly.

Immediately, he saw Dexi standing at the entrance of the lounge.

Feeling Arthur's gaze, Dexi quickly turned his head.

But the "Death Intuition" still flickered.

This made Arthur immediately identify him as the likely murderer.

Otherwise, why was there no issue before, and he only grew angrier after being slapped three times, but now such intense murderous intent erupted upon hearing his name?

It was simply because he was worried that Arthur, the 'Spirit Medium,' had discovered his act of murder.

After all, according to Scott's description, Arthur was capable of conversing with the 'Undead.'

Without a doubt, Dexi believed the articles published in the Horn Report.

In an era where not many could read, the newspaper held considerable credibility; no matter how bizarre the story, if it was published, people would believe it.

Eventually, word of mouth could transform it into wildly exaggerated legends, urban myths, and more.

Similarly, individuals featured in the newspaper were also celebrated by the public.

Look at the students from the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club' now.

As children from well-to-do middle-class families, they could naturally read.

They were quite familiar with 'Arthur Kredos.'

The Horn Report had published several special issues that had made this name widely recognized.

However, they hadn't anticipated that the 'Spirit Medium' would be so young—he had specifically directed Scott to omit his age to stir more discussions and gain more XP.

Effect?

Definitely good.

Arthur was sure that the swordsmanship students present today would help him gain even more extra XP when they spread the word.

Of course, Arthur wouldn't forget the basic XP either.

He looked towards Malz.

"Officer Malz, may I take a look at the body?"

"Of course!"

Malz immediately nodded.

For this soon-to-retire Third-Class Officer, as long as Arthur wasn't damaging the body right in front of him, it was permissible.

However, as Malz agreed,

Someone stood up to intervene.

It was Dexi.

"He can't touch the body! He's the murderer! He must be trying to destroy the evidence!"

The swordsmanship coach was shouting loudly.

This time, Arthur didn't slap him.

Because Malz did.

The soon-to-retire Third-Class Officer delivered a slap across Dexi's face.

"Shut up!"

"How do you know he is the murderer?"

"And destroying evidence, do you even know how to spell 'evidence'?"

After slapping Dexi twice, Malz felt his hand hurting, immediately grabbed a baton from a nearby patrol officer and began beating Dexi vigorously.

Facing a major trouble like Arthur, Malz didn't want to get involved, wanting to distance himself as far as possible.

But facing a swordsmanship coach like Dexi, Malz showed no mercy.

As a Third-Class Officer from the era of sheriffs, Malz was no pushover; he had long familiarized himself with the details of everyone in his jurisdiction—an understanding of whom one could provoke and whom one couldn't.

Indeed, there were a few untouchable individuals around West Mok Avenue.

Regrettably, Dexi wasn't one of them.

After beating Dexi till his nose was swollen and his face bruised—knocking out two of his teeth—Malz finally stopped, satisfied, and turned around to see Arthur frowning slightly, standing beside the body as if he was listening intently to something.

Wait!

Listening intently?!

In an instant, the soon-to-retire Third-Class Officer thought of something and couldn't help but tremble slightly.

Malz's thought had occurred to the surrounding swordsmanship students, Bern, and Amy as well.

'Communicating with the Undead'!

Immediately, the young swordsmanship students watched Arthur with excitement and anticipation.

Bern's eyes also held anticipation.

The coach wasn't expecting to witness a 'communication with the Undead,' but rather, he hoped to catch the murderer.

He didn't believe Arthur was the murderer.

As Arthur had said, they were too far apart; how could he have committed the murder?

As for Amy?

Although curious, the female receptionist quietly took a couple of steps back, seemingly wanting to distance herself from Arthur.

Regardless, the attention that had initially been on Dexi was now completely diverted; some students who had been ready to speak out fell silent, merely watching Arthur, while Dexi lay there pitifully.

And this was exactly what Arthur wanted.

Yes!

Arthur had done it on purpose!

He would not let Dexi garner sympathy and muddy the waters, affecting his chance to gain XP.

"Is that so?"

"Then how did you die?"

"So that's it!"

Arthur muttered softly to himself.

The crowd looked at Arthur with increasing anticipation.

Thus, when Arthur's gaze shifted to Coach Dexi, many were stunned.

Arthur's gaze couldn't have been clearer.

Coach Dexi was the murderer!

"Impossible, Coach Dexi can't be the murderer!"

The honest Bern was the first to stand up.

Coach Dexi finally seized the opportunity to stand up and, looking at Arthur, he sneered.

"You just said you were at least a meter away from Litter and couldn't be the murderer, but what about me?"

"I was at least ten meters away from him!"

"He was there, I was here!"

"Everyone present can vouch for me!"

Coach Dexi pointed to where he had been standing.

Many people immediately nodded in agreement.

"That's right, Coach Dexi was indeed over there."

"That position is far from coach Litter."

The students murmured softly.

Hearing such words, Coach Dexi grew even more smug.

"See, people are testifying for me!"

"You are slandering me!"

"For... pfft, just slander!"

Coach Dexi initially wanted to say Arthur was framing him to clear his own name but stopped himself mid-sentence.

After getting slapped five times and beaten up, this swordsmanship coach had learned his lesson.

However, Arthur continued to look at the coach as if he was looking at a fool.

"You certainly could have killed Litter, because... you poisoned him."

Arthur had smelled a strong bitter almond scent on the corpse of Litter, on the mouth, the palms, and the sword hilt.

To Arthur, who had seen truly meticulous murder cases, this method was kindergarten level, not even preschool.

"You, you're talking nonsense, how could I have possibly poisoned him!"

Coach Dexi obviously began to get nervous.

Arthur, however, no longer cared to deal with him.

"Officer Malz, please check Litter's sword hilt, and then, visit Coach Dexi's residence to check for any large quantities of cassava residue..."

Thump!

Before Arthur could finish, Coach Dexi collapsed onto the floor.

"You, how did you know?!"

Coach Dexi exclaimed in shock, looking as if he had seen a ghost.

"How did I know?"

"Of course, Litter told me!"

"Look, he's right beside you!"

Arthur said with a jesting smile.

Originally, he had planned to elongate the pronunciation of 'cassava'; although eating cassava was a common practice in South Los, he couldn't guarantee Coach Dexi had used cassava to extract the toxin, it might have been something else.

But unexpectedly, Coach Dexi had admitted it outright.

It was easy and straightforward.

Another dose of XP in the bag!

"Ahhh!"

Coach Dexi, terrified, fell to the ground and scrambled away, shouting, "It's not my fault! It was a moment of impulse! Who told you to bribe your way into the 'Swordsmanship Competition' rankings yet still flaunt it in front of me without paying me to keep quiet!"

Coach Dexi's words dropped like a bomb, leaving everyone present stunned.

All but Arthur.

"This is the first time I've seen someone describe extortion so amiably."

Arthur scoffed and started to walk towards the club entrance.

He had already spotted Scott.

As he passed by Malz, Arthur nodded—a sign that he had confirmed once again that this officer was someone he could deal with.

Perhaps it was time to establish some necessary friendships?

Arthur was still pondering this when the young reporter excitedly rushed over.

"Big news!"

"Another big scoop!"

"Just as Old Charlie said, 'Spirit Mediums always attract trouble!'"

Scott shouted excitedly, but then, the reporter glanced at his pocket watch, saw the minute hand about to hit twelve, and quickly said, "Arthur, do you know about the newly opened Red Rose Restaurant?"

"Thanks to you, I got promoted ahead of time and also received a hefty bonus!"

"Come on, it's my treat!"

"Let's talk while we eat!"

"Their head chef has launched a newly developed signature dish—casu marzu cheese!"