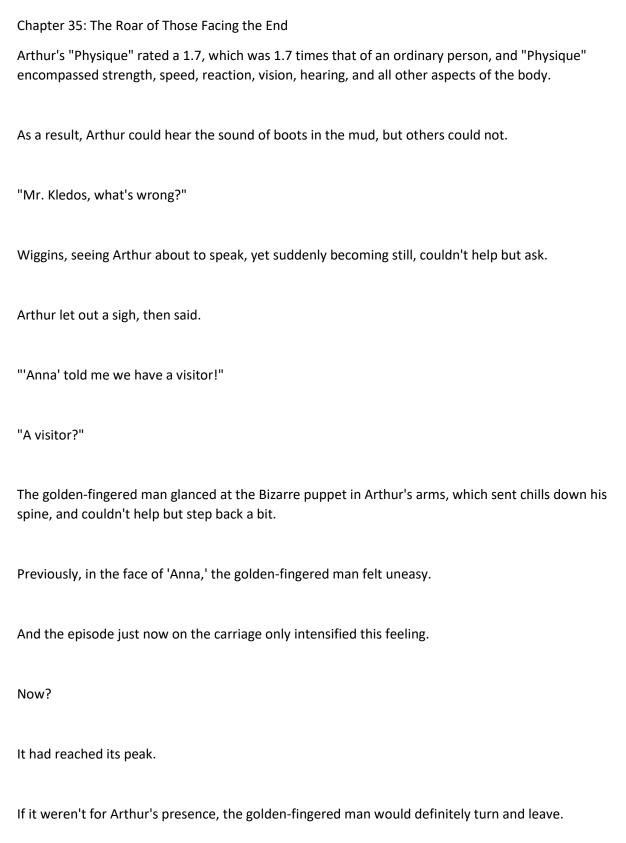
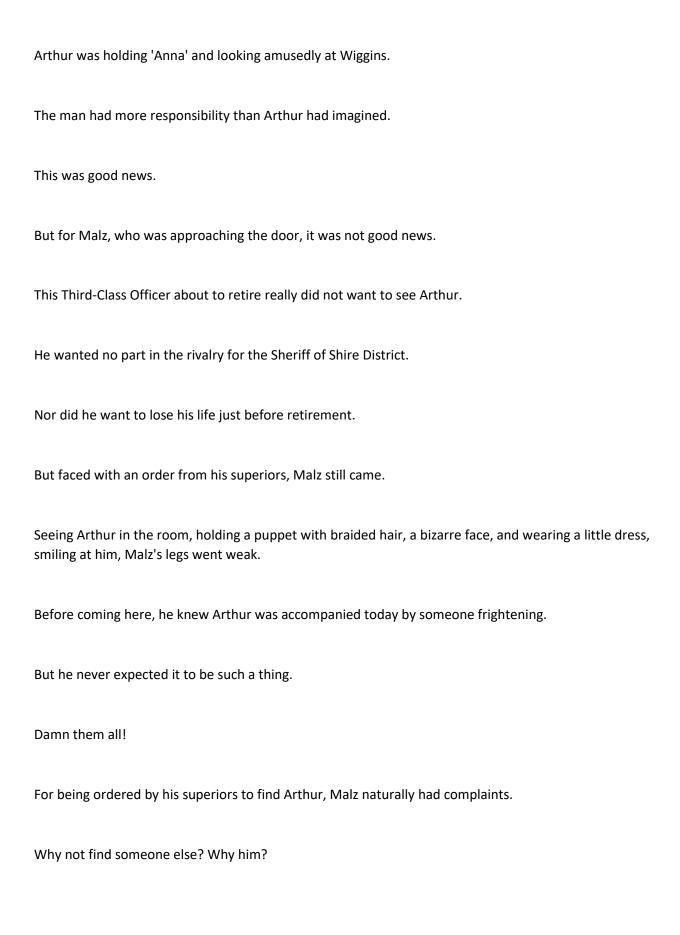
Great Master 35

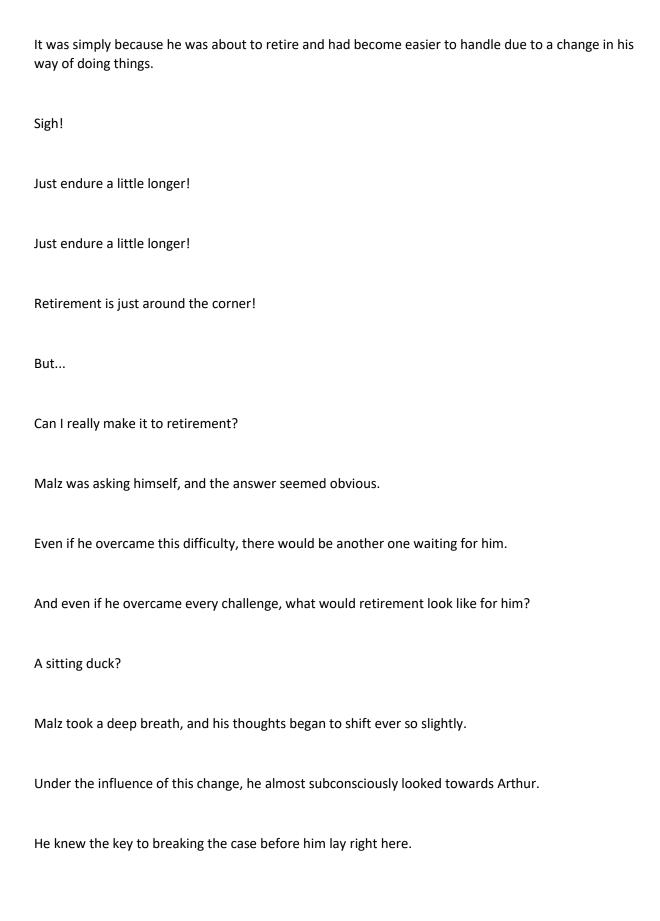


In fact, having come from the streets, Wiggins had seen too many tricks and wouldn't be easily deceived by anyone.
But unfortunately, he had met Arthur.
From the time Dockler died from the "curse" to when the "Axe Murderer" was exposed, and now on the public carriage.
Each case, each incident, involved human lives!
Wiggins couldn't help but believe.
And it made Wiggins extremely wary.
When it comes to the unknown, fear is always present.
Wiggins was no exception.
In Wiggins' view, the bizarre-looking 'Anna' was just as terrifying as the invisible curse.
In contrast to Wiggins was Scott, the young reporter who looked at the puppet with a curious and enthusiastic gaze.
He truly wished he had the "Talent."
Then he would be able to know what 'Anna' said.
And while Wiggins and Scott had different expressions, the door was suddenly pushed open with a bang.



Arthur clearly heard the man scolding his subordinates not to chase Wiggins' men and insisting on restraint.
Why the other party was here, Arthur did not know.
But Arthur knew how to make 'Anna' resonate with people.
Didn't he see Scott's eyes already shining?
Wiggins hesitated slightly.
In the end, he let his four men take the beggar and escape through the secret passage, while he himself chose to stay behind.
After just obtaining a gold note, their relationship had become increasingly delicate, leaving Arthur here alone; if something unexpected happened, his local reputation would be ruined, and no one would trust or hire him.
Even his men would abandon him.
Although engaged in petty thievery, there were times when he was extremely concerned about his reputation; such is the life on the streets.
The streets are such a fascinating place.
Therefore, Wiggins let his men leave first, choosing to trust Arthur, but he dared not risk his men's safety.
After all, it was his choice alone.







For eldest and second sons who mainly did odd jobs, this kind of extra income was something they could only dream of, especially since the work wasn't too heavy.
Dirt was everywhere.
Grass could be found all over.
To keep it simple, have the younger brothers or sisters dig some up.
The only part that required some effort was the final fixing.
To them, it was as if they had found money on the ground.
Yet now, this soon-to-be-retired Third-Class Officer was offering a reward 50 times the going rate. If there wasn't something fishy about it, Arthur wouldn't believe it one bit.
Moreover, based on the memories of his predecessor, he knew that the subsidies provided by South Los' police were never this fast or this generous.
Faced with Arthur's retreat, Malz immediately pulled out two more gold notes with a denomination of 5 and held them in his hand, once again as a sign of good faith.
Still, Arthur remained unmoved.
Witnessing Arthur's reaction, Malz chuckled softly.
He knew gold notes wouldn't sway the man.
But he was aware of something that could.

Or more precisely, an affair could.
Yet he still hesitated.
It wasn't about revealing that matter to Arthur.
It was about deciding, just how much to reveal!
Suddenly—
Boom!
A clap of thunder erupted outside, lightning streaked across the sky, and the dazzling light shone through the crack of the door, gliding past Malz, then Arthur, and finally vanished in a flash.
Malz, with his head down, stared blankly at where the lightning's glow had disappeared.
He remembered the flash of lightning—it seemed
as if it had tied him and Arthur together with a rope.
He blinked.
After a good ten seconds, the Third-Class Officer finally made up his mind in his heart.
"I know who's behind Joseph," he murmured softly.
Arthur smiled.



"The infant you saved has been taken away."