

Great Master 35

Chapter 35: The Roar of Those Facing the End

Arthur's "Physique" rated a 1.7, which was 1.7 times that of an ordinary person, and "Physique" encompassed strength, speed, reaction, vision, hearing, and all other aspects of the body.

As a result, Arthur could hear the sound of boots in the mud, but others could not.

"Mr. Kledos, what's wrong?"

Wiggins, seeing Arthur about to speak, yet suddenly becoming still, couldn't help but ask.

Arthur let out a sigh, then said.

"'Anna' told me we have a visitor!"

"A visitor?"

The golden-fingered man glanced at the Bizarre puppet in Arthur's arms, which sent chills down his spine, and couldn't help but step back a bit.

Previously, in the face of 'Anna,' the golden-fingered man felt uneasy.

And the episode just now on the carriage only intensified this feeling.

Now?

It had reached its peak.

If it weren't for Arthur's presence, the golden-fingered man would definitely turn and leave.

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.

It was one of Wiggins' men.

Also, a boy of about fourteen or fifteen.

"Boss, it's the Blue-Skin Dog!"

Blue-Skin Dog, a term of disdain for the police, was commonly used behind their backs by those from the streets.

Without hesitation, Wiggins went to the corner of the wall and pulled open a hidden door.

"Go!"

For Wiggins, it didn't matter why the police were looking for him; what mattered was that they couldn't find him.

As a locally famous Golden Finger, Wiggins knew all too well the methods of the police, which were even more frightening than those of gang members.

Wiggins' four men obviously knew this too.

They immediately ran for the hidden door.

But Arthur just waved his hand.

"'Anna' tells me they mean no harm."

This, of course, wasn't speculation but hearing a familiar voice.

The Third-Class Officer on the verge of retirement: Malz.

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.

Arthur was holding 'Anna' and looking amusedly at Wiggins.

The man had more responsibility than Arthur had imagined.

This was good news.

But for Malz, who was approaching the door, it was not good news.

This Third-Class Officer about to retire really did not want to see Arthur.

He wanted no part in the rivalry for the Sheriff of Shire District.

Nor did he want to lose his life just before retirement.

But faced with an order from his superiors, Malz still came.

Seeing Arthur in the room, holding a puppet with braided hair, a bizarre face, and wearing a little dress, smiling at him, Malz's legs went weak.

Before coming here, he knew Arthur was accompanied today by someone frightening.

But he never expected it to be such a thing.

Damn them all!

For being ordered by his superiors to find Arthur, Malz naturally had complaints.

Why not find someone else? Why him?

It was simply because he was about to retire and had become easier to handle due to a change in his way of doing things.

Sigh!

Just endure a little longer!

Just endure a little longer!

Retirement is just around the corner!

But...

Can I really make it to retirement?

Malz was asking himself, and the answer seemed obvious.

Even if he overcame this difficulty, there would be another one waiting for him.

And even if he overcame every challenge, what would retirement look like for him?

A sitting duck?

Malz took a deep breath, and his thoughts began to shift ever so slightly.

Under the influence of this change, he almost subconsciously looked towards Arthur.

He knew the key to breaking the case before him lay right here.

But...

Malz, still hesitant at heart, gave Arthur a slight smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Kledos," he said.

The soon-to-be-retired Third-Class Officer greeted them and shifted his gaze towards Scott and Wiggins.

After both men glanced at Arthur and saw him nod with a smile, they tactfully left the room with the other patrol officers and closed the door behind them.

Once only the two of them were left inside the room, the smile on the face of this soon-to-be-retired Third-Class Officer grew even more amiable. Without drawing attention, he quietly pulled out a gold note with a denomination of 5.

"This is for the damages to your yard," he said.

"You can get it fixed first. If it's not enough, let me know, and I'll apply for more on your behalf."

As he said this, he attempted to hand the 5 gold notes to Arthur.

But Arthur took a step back.

After all, although his yard had been blown into a large hole and much of the lawn destroyed, neither filling the hole nor fixing the lawn would cost 5 gold notes.

Just hire the eldest or second son from any family in Dar Alley, and at most, it would cost 1 Suo.

If one were patient, they could even haggle the price down.

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.

He raised his hand and held Malz's hand that was holding the gold notes.

Of course, Arthur knew who Joseph was.

"I also know what that person is planning," Malz stated specifically.

After speaking, he stared intently at Arthur.

The other man's meaning couldn't be clearer: cooperation, and he would tell him everything he knew.

"Go on," Arthur nodded and said.

Malz immediately began—

"Since yesterday morning, there have been four cases of missing children in the Shire District, and the one you reported is the fifth,"

"We are looking for the children who went missing before."

"Also, there's more..." he continued, but the Third-Class Officer started hesitating again.

Arthur frowned and asked directly,

"What else is there?"

After a glance at Arthur, he spoke timidly.

"Also, something just happened..."

"The infant you saved has been taken away."