Great Master 37



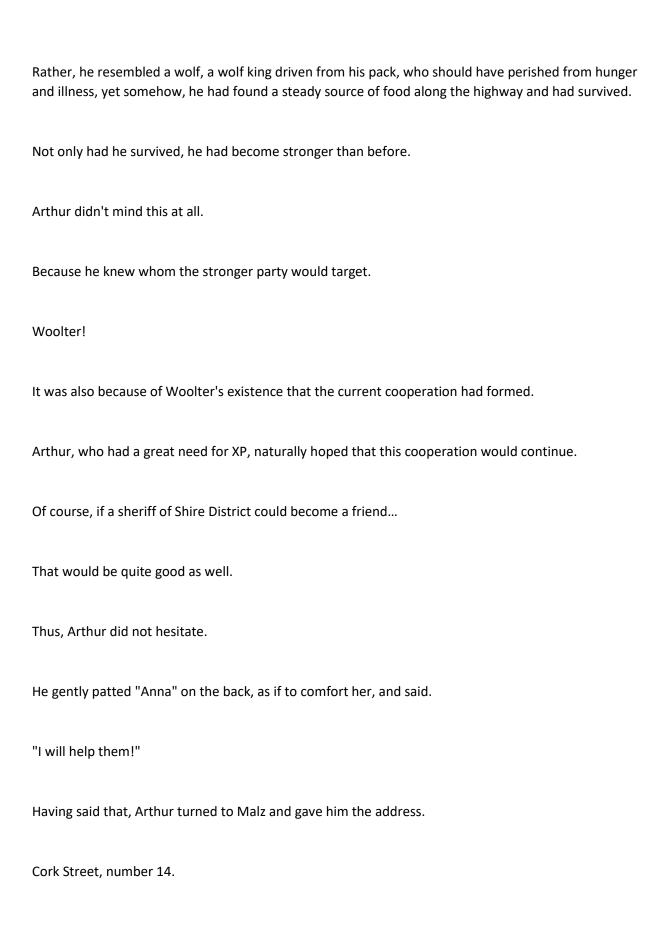
This being wasn't even human.
"Please forgive my presumptuous thoughts, Ms. Anna."
The Third-Class Officer spoke loudly, saluting respectfully.
Malz truly respected her.
And he was truly
afraid.
As a veteran of the Seven Years' War, this Third-Class Officer knew too much about things the youth were either unaware of or mistook as mere rumors.
Therefore, he clearly understood the attitude he should adopt when facing a non-human and bizarre puppet.
Even if the entity had shown friendliness previously!
Previously, he had kept his distance from Arthur, a Spirit Medium, and was unwilling to get involved in the messy affairs of Shire District over the position of Sheriff.
But now, since both parties had intentions to cooperate, it naturally required change.
Malz's contemplations and changes were unbeknownst to the police officers outside, Wiggins and Scott.
They certainly heard Malz's loud voice just now.

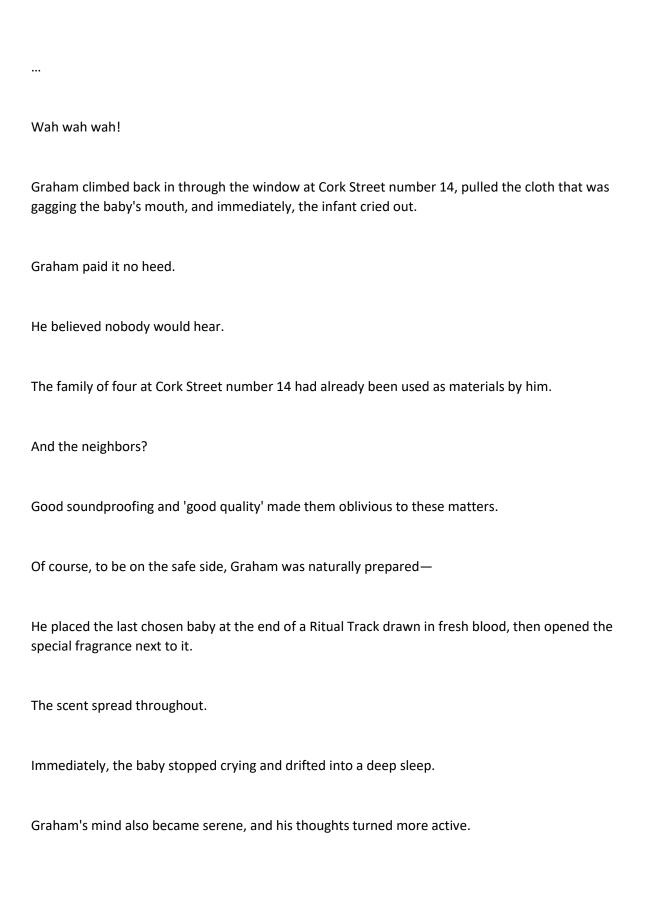
The officers were a bit puzzled.
Aren't there only two men in the room? Why was there a woman?
Wiggins looked into the room uneasily.
The street-smart survival instinct prompted him to keep his distance,
while Scott remained curious and enthusiastic.
As a journalist, Scott always harbored an extraordinary zeal for the magical world unknown to the masses.
In the room, Malz, who had just stood up straight, quickly walked over to Arthur and spoke in a lowered voice—
"Woolter, one of the three police chiefs of the Docklands, it was he who instigated Joseph to come here; he is also determined to secure the position of Sheriff of Shire District."
Arthur remained composed, with his eyes lowered.
He wasn't surprised that Malz had mentioned the name of the person behind it all.
Instead, just now, as Malz had greeted loudly, a sequence of text flashed before his eyes.
[Bluff Experience +1]
[Bluff Lv2:1/5]

'This works too?'
Arthur was full of surprise inwardly, but now was not the time to ponder these issues; he needed to focus on the present.
Such as: Woolter!
Quickly, this name, Arthur located it swiftly in the memories of his predecessor.
Unlike New Town, Old Town, Dort District, and Shire District—which each had only one police chief—the significant commerce in the Docklands warranted three chiefs.
Among these three chiefs, Woolter was the youngest and most ambitious, taking matters into his own hands explicitly, and with a firm hand.
The other two chiefs were more than happy to pass off their duties to Woolter.
Yet, for the tasks, the corresponding benefits were rigorously maintained.
Therefore, it made sense for Woolter to handle most tasks in the Docklands while earning the same salary as the other two chiefs; it was logical for him to eye Shire District.
No!
It should be said that all six remaining chiefs wanted Shire District.
After all, the prosperity of Shire District was unmatched in South Los.
The profits were likewise.

"I need more support to further our cooperation."
Arthur didn't mention evidence but cooperation.
It may seem essentially that he needed more evidence to prove Woolter had appointed Joseph, but Malz understood that wasn't what Arthur wanted.
Arthur was looking for his stance!
Or rather
Loyalty!
A loyalty that wouldn't betray!
Whew!
The Third-Class Officer took a deep breath.
Now that he had decided on cooperation, Malz no longer hesitated.
"I'll prepare right away, and it'll be done within an hour!"
Malz gave his promise.
At that moment, the Third-Class Officer stood erect, his eyes sharp and resolute, as if he were young again,

back when he faced the cavalry of the Western Sea with his matchlock gun!
Then, his instructor had told him not to panic—they only needed to aim at those damned enemies, pull the trigger, and kill them to survive.
By killing the enemy, they could live.
Otherwise, without the protection of the square formation of musketeers, they would be trampled into mush.
That time, he had survived and became one of the few lucky ones.
This time, he also wanted to survive.
He wanted to face the charging enemy and pull the trigger!
'If you won't let me retire peacefully, then you all can go to hell!'
"Killing you all, I can retire just the same!"
Malz thought to himself.
Arthur looked at Malz, his eyes flashing with surprise.
Previously, the Third-Class Officer had always been gloomy and spoke with a feeble tone, as if anyone could bully him easily.
But now, his demeanor had completely changed.
He didn't exude the brashness of youth, akin to a sword drawn from its sheath.





To not waste the fragrance, Graham immediately began to meditate.
But Graham, who should have easily started his meditation, just couldn't get into the right state.
Three times in a row, for a total of two hours, Graham failed.
Suddenly, the Mystic Side Person's eyes darkened with gloom.
"Ciudik! Ciudik!"
Graham coldly muttered this name.
He knew clearly that it was his resentment towards Ciudik that prevented him from meditating.
It had been a cooperation that allowed them to obtain the "Hercules Silver Potion" and a page of the "Herculean Notes" from Them, yet the bastard Ciudik had run off with the "Hercules Silver Potion."
Fortunately, he never really trusted the other party and had taken the precaution of obtaining the "Herculean Notes" in advance.
Otherwise, he would have lived the rest of his life in endless regret.
But his heart was still filled with resentment!
After all, that was the "Hercules Silver Potion"!
A mere page of the "Herculean Notes" couldn't compare to it.
Even after his translation, which revealed some differences between the "Hand of Void" described there and the ordinary "Hand of Void," the "Hercules Silver Potion" still held more value in his heart.

