

Great Master 37

Chapter 37: Pulling the Trigger Again!

In the dim, empty room, chilly gusts intermittently blew as the handsome young man whispered to the bizarre puppet.

"Do you like that child?"

"Do you want to help him?"

"Well, I always have to agree to your requests."

Arthur's voice was as tender as his gaze.

Each time he paused in his speech, he would brush the bizarre puppet's hair with his fingertips.

He treated it as if he were dealing with a sister who was acting spoiled.

Although Malz couldn't hear the puppet's voice, he believed that was the case.

Moreover, this Third-Class Officer felt uncannily that this odd puppet was much kinder than Arthur, at least good enough to be a decent puppet.

It was just a bit ugly.

Thinking this, Malz immediately shook his head.

Compared to those who were outwardly handsome but secretly deceitful and corrupt, the kindhearted, albeit unsightly, beings were undoubtedly deserving of respect.

Especially when...

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.

Rather, he resembled a wolf, a wolf king driven from his pack, who should have perished from hunger and illness, yet somehow, he had found a steady source of food along the highway and had survived.

Not only had he survived, he had become stronger than before.

Arthur didn't mind this at all.

Because he knew whom the stronger party would target.

Woolter!

It was also because of Woolter's existence that the current cooperation had formed.

Arthur, who had a great need for XP, naturally hoped that this cooperation would continue.

Of course, if a sheriff of Shire District could become a friend...

That would be quite good as well.

Thus, Arthur did not hesitate.

He gently patted "Anna" on the back, as if to comfort her, and said.

"I will help them!"

Having said that, Arthur turned to Malz and gave him the address.

Cork Street, number 14.

...

Wah wah wah!

Graham climbed back in through the window at Cork Street number 14, pulled the cloth that was gagging the baby's mouth, and immediately, the infant cried out.

Graham paid it no heed.

He believed nobody would hear.

The family of four at Cork Street number 14 had already been used as materials by him.

And the neighbors?

Good soundproofing and 'good quality' made them oblivious to these matters.

Of course, to be on the safe side, Graham was naturally prepared—

He placed the last chosen baby at the end of a Ritual Track drawn in fresh blood, then opened the special fragrance next to it.

The scent spread throughout.

Immediately, the baby stopped crying and drifted into a deep sleep.

Graham's mind also became serene, and his thoughts turned more active.

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.

"Mine! All mine!"

"Don't think that you can escape by using Arthur Kredos as a decoy!"

Graham scoffed coldly.

He was all too aware of Ciudik's cunning.

The other must have planned everything in advance, using Arthur Kredos to divert his and Their attention. Had he not realized it sooner, the other would have certainly managed to deceive them completely.

But now, it was not too late!

Even though Ciudik had definitely left South Los, once he killed Arthur Kredos, who was deeply connected with the other, and used Arthur Kredos's fresh blood and skull for divination, he would certainly find him.

"Hmph, Arthur Kredos!"

Thinking of Arthur, Graham, who believed that his previous failure was due to underestimating the enemy, grew even more angry.

He ripped off the cloak enveloping his body.

Suddenly, a gaunt body, devoid of a tiny bit of fat and resembling a mummy, appeared in the hall's mirror.

Gazing at his reflection in the mirror, Graham was not in a hurry.

Because he was lucky!

He had found five families in South Los Angeles that fully met the requirements for the "Blood Ritual."

Soon, by midnight today, he could use the ritual to return to normal.

Not only would his body return to normal, but his strength would return to normal as well!

And perhaps even surpass it by a bit!

Then, he would reclaim everything he had lost.

With this thought, Graham burst into a loud laugh.

"Haha!"

Crack!

Crack! Crack!

Amidst the laughter, the sound of ceramic jars breaking resonated.

Not just one, but several in succession.

At the same time, a strange scent entered the room, making Graham's nose twitch.

The next moment, his face changed drastically.