

Great Master 38

Chapter 38: Support in the Drizzle!

Malz and Otto walked side by side, followed by a team of twelve patrol officers.

"Are you really sure that the mastermind behind the baby theft case is on Cork Street?"

As they were about to turn from Dar Alley into Cork Street, Otto once again questioned Malz.

His tone was harsh, even somewhat accusatory.

Everyone in the Shire District knew that Malz was no longer the Malz of old, a man intent on retiring, who had become weak and easily bullied.

Even when confronted with overly excessive incidents, he would choose to swallow his anger and say nothing.

In the beginning, Otto had been cautious around Malz.

But as the other officers tested Malz and he did not resist, Otto began to feel more confident and bold.

Just like this time—

Malz had clearly uncovered the mastermind behind the baby theft case but called him for help, an act of sharing credit that, if it were anyone else, Otto would have refused and been wary of whether they were setting him up.

But with Malz, Otto didn't suspect a thing.

After all, Malz wanted a peaceful retirement!

But Police Chief Woolter didn't want to let Malz off the hook so easily.

A third-class officer in the Shire District was a rare and vital asset, would it not be better to replace him with one's own people?

Everyone knew what Woolter was planning.

Everyone was watching Malz become the butt of jokes.

Including Otto.

Otto knew very well why Malz was sharing the credit with him—it was simply to win him over.

Regrettably...

He had long been one of Police Chief Woolter's men.

There was no helping it, for Police Chief Woolter had promised too much!

And it wasn't just him—as far as Otto knew, many officers in the Shire District had sided with the police chief!

As for the patrol officers?

A bunch of temps, who had no right to side with a police chief, and could only suck up to a fifth-level police officer, which was already lucky for them.

"Of course, no problem."

"This is information I obtained at a high price."

Malz replied with certainty, just as he had before, his expression carrying a hint of pain.

Seeing this pain, Otto knew that Malz must have spent a large sum of money.

Then, he even heard Malz say,

"That bastard Joseph really deserves to die, owing me 10 gold notes and just dying like that—those were my retirement funds!"

"Then that's money down the drain for you!"

With a sneer, Otto was dismissive.

He was a fourth-level police officer, and so was Joseph, although he had his own vices of drinking, gambling, and brothelling, compared to the latter, he was a better officer.

At least, he wouldn't take lives without good reason.

Unlike that bastard Joseph.

Slipped in?

How did he slip?

Tied to a post, and he still managed to slip in?

That would normally only happen in bed.

But Malz's retirement funds don't seem small, I wonder if I should try to get a chunk out of it?

Thinking this, Otto already spoke out loud,

"Malz, I hope to have a good friendship with you, what do you think of the Shire District houses?"

Hearing such brazen words, Malz almost laughed.

It was nearly as if Otto had said robbery outright.

The houses in the Shire District aren't cheap, even those located on streets inhabited by the commoners cost about 300 gold notes, while streets like Dar Alley, closer to the middle class, need about 400 gold notes.

Simply put, to buy a house in a place like Dar Alley, based on the highest average income of the commoners in the Shire District, it would take about four years.

And this four-year assumption is only viable if the civilian family has at least two full-time working adults, and they neither eat nor drink nor fall ill.

Otherwise, it's just a dream.

But now, Otto asked directly for 400 gold notes.

Malz didn't think about the 300 gold notes; given Malz's display of greed, it certainly wouldn't be the lowest, and definitely not the highest either.

Why not the highest?

Not because Malz suddenly found his conscience, but because he was afraid of scaring Otto away.

Also, he was testing Otto.

Once Otto backed down again and showed wealth,

Malz was very clear on the outcome.

Fortunately, he came to his senses in time.

"Hmm."

Malz, with slight hesitation, then made a gesture to Otto to talk aside.

Immediately, Otto was overjoyed.

He was only trying his luck.

He hadn't expected that Malz might actually agree!

That was 400 gold notes!

Enough for a long vacation in Inner Bay!

No way!

I need to knock out more!

Thinking this, Otto said to the patrol officers behind him,

"You keep moving forward!"

Having said that, he walked straight to the nearby alley, unbuckling his belt as though he was going to relieve himself right there.

Public urination had long been banned in South Los, but apart from the most bustling areas in the five major districts, it was incessantly prevalent in the smaller streets and alleys.

Even in the most bustling Shire District, it was the same.

Malz stood by, waiting.

The group of twelve patrol officers did not suspect anything, and moved straight ahead.

After the patrol officers had moved about ten meters away, Malz then walked toward the alley.

"I'm willing to establish a friendship with you, but it involves great risks..."

"Hmm, what's that?"

Having prepared to demand an extra payment, Otto had begun to babble non-stop, but had only uttered one sentence before unexpectedly seeing Malz glance behind him.

Instinctively, Otto turned around.

Poof!

A dagger plunged into his heart from behind. Otto instinctively tried to scream in pain, but a hand covered his mouth, forcibly stifling his cries, then the dagger sliced through his throat.

"Don't panic, it's normal to feel dizzy."

Until his death, Otto couldn't believe that Malz would dare to kill him.

Why?

With his fading consciousness, Otto saw Malz smiling at him, his expression strangely unfamiliar and filled with cruelty.

How could such a cruel smile appear on Malz, who was about to retire, known for his honesty and integrity?

It baffled Otto.

As his remaining consciousness dissipated, Otto merely saw Malz turn and bow out of the alley.

But who that person was, he couldn't see anymore.

Arthur stood at the entrance of the alley, watching as Malz wiped Otto's neck, his lips slightly curling upwards, Malcolm also smiling as he turned around.

This was the "support that could promote our cooperation" as mentioned by Arthur.

And Malz had done as he said, "resolve within an hour."

The cooperation between the two parties progressed further.

"Mr. Kledos..."

"Malz, you can call me Arthur, after all, we are now friends."

Arthur gestured toward Otto's corpse that lay dead with eyes wide open.

Choosing Otto was no random decision.

The man was quite active in the Shire District and was a staunch supporter of Woolter.

For this, Woolter had invested substantial effort and resources.

Thus, if something happened to him, Woolter would certainly rush to the Shire District from the Docklands overnight.

Conveniently, Woolter also had a mistress in the Shire District.

And it was impossible for Woolter to stay in the morgue all night.

So, if the grief-stricken, all-night-long Woolter, the Police Chief, encountered some sort of mishap, it seemed perfectly logical, right?

At least, it seemed perfectly logical, which was enough.

Some positions, once vacant, attract everyone's attention.

Lauke was like this.

Woolter?

No exception.

"Arthur!"

Malz changed his address but still spoke respectfully.

As they walked side by side, Arthur grew increasingly satisfied with Malz, but his inner vigilance also sharply heightened.

This seemingly harmless old man was the real threat.

Just look at Otto's body on the ground!

Undoubtedly, anyone who hindered this old man's goals would be eliminated.

But as Arthur looked at Malz, his demeanor became even more amicable.

Because their goals were aligned:

He needed Malz's help to eliminate Woolter.

Malz, too, needed to get rid of Woolter.

With the foundation set by their elimination of Otto, and after they worked together to kill Woolter, their friendship would inevitably strengthen. If they did even more together, it would become unbreakable.

So, at that moment, Arthur was very focused on capturing the mastermind behind the baby theft case.

It was for his present as well as his future self.

Truly a win-win!

He, Arthur, aimed to win not once but twice!

Approaching 14 Cork Street, Arthur didn't follow the patrol squad anymore but handed over a few vials of "Holy Water" to Malz, then leaped up to the rooftops.

Watching Arthur leap effortlessly onto the roof, even though it was just a low first floor, Malz's pupils constricted.

Already linking Arthur with some of his past connections, Malz became even more convinced of Arthur's involvement with those entities.

Especially when he saw Arthur, in light drizzle, open an umbrella, carry the Spirit Medium Box, and walk along the rooftop hugging "Anna," Malz immediately averted his gaze.

A sense of eeriness rose in his heart again!

He was worried that continuing to look would plunge him back into nightmares.

By then, he might not even be able to lift a dagger.

"Change to Crossbow Arrow!"

"Prepare the Kerosene bottles, wait for my command!"

"Three, two, one..."

"Throw!"

Six Kerosene bottles smashed directly onto 14 Cork Street, followed by two torches.

Boom!

Even in the rain, the Blaze rose fiercely.

And in the next moment—

Bang!

The front door of 14 Cork Street was broken open, and a figure rushed out.

Whizz whizz whizz!

The rain-soaked policemen with their crossbows simultaneously pulled the triggers, the arrows embedding into the rushing figure.

But the sound was off!

Chop chop chop!

It sounded like hitting wood, and only after the figure fell did all the policemen realize it was just a coat rack wrapped in a jacket.

And then—

Whoosh!

A figure rushed out, heading straight for Malz.