

Great Master 41

Chapter 41 Woolter!

No. 14 Cork Street, outside.

Standing at the foot of the stairs, Malz bowed respectfully to Arthur, even speaking as he did.

"Thank you for your contributions to the Shire District."

"I will report truthfully and ensure you receive the appropriate rewards."

Arthur shook his head with a smile, holding his umbrella and carrying the Spirit Medium Box, with 'Anna' in his arms, he walked towards No. 2 Cork Street.

The onlookers from Cork Street immediately subconsciously cleared a path for him.

"Arthur! Arthur!"

"Wait for me!"

"I want to interview you!"

Scott chased after him from behind.

The residents of Cork Street showed envy in their eyes, although they were solid middle-class, not one of them had had the chance to be featured in the newspapers.

"As expected of Mr. Kledos, the 'Spirit Medium', he solved another case so quickly."

"No wonder these patrol officers suddenly found the culprit, it turns out they relied on Mr. Kledos."

"It's such a pity for the Allen family."

"Alas, may they rest in peace."

Arthur listened to the discussions of his neighbors behind him and his gaze swept over Wiggins, who was concealed in the crowd.

Compared to the open and aboveboard young reporter, Golden Finger who had received his signal was being extremely cautious.

He would need the help of these two for what was to come.

Of course, it was not for just one thing.

Firstly, news reporting, for his stable source of XP, Arthur would definitely be careful to maintain it.

Secondly, while keeping an eye on Malz, searching for the real hideout of that toad, with his successful experience finding beggars, Arthur was willing to place more trust in Wiggins.

At the same time, he was also anticipating that the true hideout of the toad contained even more valuables.

Having obtained the Hand of Void, Arthur hoped to gain as much as possible.

After all, he had found 'soil' and 'fertilizer', and now he was in urgent need of 'seeds'!

Just the Hand of Void was definitely not enough!

Of course, the most important thing was still Malz!

Despite Malz's trustworthy demeanor and his own full confidence, what if there were an accident?

Arthur thought it wise to take some precautions.

When he returned to the gate of the small courtyard at No. 2 Cork Street, Arthur heard Malz's inquiry coming from not far away at No. 14 Cork Street—

"Where is Officer Otto?"

Malz asked a patrol officer whose pockets were bulging and his chest was puffed up.

For the petty theft committed by the patrol officer before his eyes, Malz, a Third-Class Officer, chose to turn a blind eye.

Because, in the Shire District and indeed the whole of South Los, this was the norm.

Even the richest portion would soon appear on his desk.

If it had been a few hours earlier, Malz might have hesitated.

Now?

He was entirely focused on performing.

"Mr. Otto?"

The questioned patrol officer was startled, then turned his head to ask his colleagues, who also had their pockets bulging,

"Have you seen Mr. Otto?"

"No!"

"It seems like Mr. Otto wasn't here just a moment ago!"

The patrol officers, completely immersed in their unexpected gains, looked at each other in confusion, only then realizing that Otto, one of their leaders, had disappeared.

Right away, these officers sneered.

In their eyes, Otto must have been worried about the fight affecting him and that's why he left temporarily, after all, he wasn't likely to miss out on his share.

However, this behavior made the others involved a bit uncomfortable.

After all, they had fought!

Since they fought, taking 'spoils of war' was only fitting!

Especially compared to Otto, Malz, who was at the frontline, deserved to take more!

This was a 'tradition' that dated back to the Sheriff's era!

As for new laws?

None of the patrol officers took the new laws seriously.

And there, standing at the door, closely watching the expressions of the patrol officers, Malz then said,

"Send two people to call Officer Otto back."

Having said that, he sighed just at the right moment.

"I'll go!"

"I'll go too!"

The patrol officer stopped by Malz volunteered eagerly; his pockets were already full, as he had obtained his due share.

"If we keep stuffing things in here, we're going to break the rules."

"Might as well go find Otto."

Despite his disdain for Otto's cowardice, the patrolman was obviously very willing to do this sort of thing that would please Otto.

The other patrolman felt the same.

And quickly, the two of them came running back, tumbling and stumbling.

"Otto, Mr. Otto is dead!"

"His throat was slit!"

The two of them stammered out.

"What?"

"Where is he?"

Malz asked immediately, his face a mask of shock.

"Right in that alley we just mentioned!"

said the patrolman.

Malz ran immediately towards the alley.

The crime scene, which he had cleaned earlier and then washed by the rain, naturally left no trace, and even made his fabricated scene more convincing—Otto, facing down towards the mouth of the alley, was lying face down, with fresh blood soaking the ground around him.

With the discovery of Otto's body, the previously exuberant patrolmen became dull and anxious.

Unlike the deaths of Lauke, Joseph, and the others.

Otto died under obscure circumstances.

They needed to find the killer.

Surely Otto wasn't killed by the Evil Spirit, was he?

More importantly, Otto's death could affect their income this time.

In fact, that's exactly what happened.

All their earnings were handed over.

The Shire District Police Station was situated on one side of West Mok Avenue; turning right from Elta Square into Ayr Lane, one could see the police station, composed of two double-story buildings, one triple-story building, and a small square.

The small square, paved entirely with square bricks, had a carriage parked on one side, while the stable behind the double-story building on the right always had 3-4 horses in readiness.

These were all for dealing with emergencies.

However, today neither the carriages nor the horses were mobilized, but the whole Shire District Police Station was in a state of panic.

It was tenser than the time when the intruder broke in and stole the baby.

Each officer on duty had a grave expression, listening to Malz's account while their gazes unconsciously drifted towards a middle-aged man sitting on the side—

Woolter.

The Docklands Sheriff, wearing a traditional white curly wig and spats, had his red dress coat hanging on a rack, wore a vest, and a white shirt adorned with lace jabot, his face was tense, and his slightly drooping eyelids made it hard to discern his gaze.

However, judging by his rapid breathing, his mood was not good.

"Was it Otto who let you leave?"

Woolter inquired, his eyes intently fixed on Malz.

Under the Docklands Sheriff's gaze, Malz looked a bit tense, but he answered very confidently.

"Yes, he was feeling unwell."

Although Malz spoke euphemistically, Woolter knew this was typical of Otto, that worthless man—greedy and fearful of death.

But it was precisely because of such traits, he was able to gain an advantage in Shire District starting from Otto.

"Otto, he..."

Malz seemed to want to continue, but Woolter immediately raised his hand to stop Malz from speaking further.

Malz didn't show any displeasure at being interrupted.

On the contrary, he knew that Woolter was irritated.

Why did he choose Otto?

Because not only did he understand Otto's character well, the entire Shire District knew what Otto was like.

So, for such an unfortunate incident to happen, it couldn't possibly be blamed on him, an officer eagerly looking forward to retirement, and even less likely that he would be suspected as the murderer.

Didn't they notice how nervous he was when he was answering just now?

How could he possibly commit murder!

Malz took a cautious step forward, bent over with an anxious and obsequious smile on his face, and whispered—

"Police Chief, I have only three months left until retirement."

"Could you possibly..."

Upon hearing the title Police Chief, Woolter's mouth twitched.

The second half of Malz's appeal made it clear that he was addressing the 'Sheriff of Shire District'.

Woolter felt pleased.

He knew what Malz wanted.

Nothing more than early retirement.

If he hadn't already promised Malz's position away in a deal, he might have truly agreed.

But now?

Woolter went on to say.