

Great Master 42

Chapter 42: The Rules under the Era

"Malz, you were the first officer at the scene of the crime."

"Under the new law, homicide must be solved, even if you have only three months until retirement—"

One week!

"I am giving you one week's time!"

"You must solve the Otto murder case!"

Woolter declared righteously.

The new law had been in effect for three years already, and everyone knew that.

But what was even more widely known was that the new law was not recognized.

Most officers, just like Police Chief Lauke, simply went through the motions, wearing both the sheriff's badge and the police cap, and occupying the main seat.

A few officers completely ignored it.

For example, Joseph, who had already been killed off.

These officers retained strong characteristics from the era of the sheriffs.

Although the new law was virtually ineffective, it became different when spoken by Woolter—at this moment, it had the authority it deserved.

And, it was indisputable!

Inside the office, the duty officers all turned to look at Malz.

They knew Malz was being singled out.

However, no one spoke up.

It wasn't targeted at them!

Why would they want to displease the police chief?

Not only did Malz know, but everyone present was aware that Woolter was most likely to become the next Police Chief of Shire District.

Therefore, the glances cast at Malz by the duty officers were filled with pity.

An officer seeking retirement.

A prospective Police Chief.

Anyone could tell what would happen to Malz.

Perhaps they should present a big gift to the new Police Chief?

No!

I can't be the only one paying!

We must all contribute together!

The officers present thought simultaneously, and with their gazes intersecting, they reached an agreement.

All of them displayed a relieved smile.

Not only because the big gift could not be afforded by a single person, but also because with this gift, they once again formed a faction.

After Police Chief Lauke's death, a new faction would rise with the new Police Chief.

Although such a faction was extremely transient and loose, it was sufficient to take a significant bite from the thoroughly allocated big cake of Shire District.

After all, those present were just a part of the police force, not all of them.

Of course, except for Malz.

Suddenly, the gazes directed at Malz were not just filled with pity, but thick with sorrow.

Poor guy!

The officers present sighed.

Watching as Woolter, who had stood up and patted Malz on the shoulder, took his coat and riding crop and walked out of the office, they all followed him out.

With his red coat draped over his left arm and a riding crop in his right hand, Woolter felt the following of the officers behind him and pondered which officers on leave might be worth wooing.

He was well aware of what these duty officers were thinking.

He was even clearer that the 'Contribution Money' of Shire District needed redistribution.

But what he knew best was that the amount of the 'Contribution Award' could not change, it had to remain as it was, or he absolutely couldn't secure his position as the police chief.

The amount was fixed, yet he wanted more. What should he do?

He could only cut down on the number of people sharing the profits.

Otherwise, the costs he incurred to woo others wouldn't be recovered anytime soon.

Dead Joseph, Otto, and Malz who was about to die... Not enough!

He had to choose a few more to be temporarily idle!

Woolter thought about who the best candidates might be.

But this didn't prevent the Police Chief from berating the patrol officers.

Smack!

The riding crop heavily struck the nearby desk, peeling off a chunk of paint and making a loud sound.

But even louder was Woolter's cursing.

"You all are useless!"

"Useless! Useless! Useless!"

Woolter used his riding crop to point and vehemently curse all the patrol officers.

Unlike regular officers of the same rank.

These temporary-like patrol officers were, in Woolter's eyes, insignificant and dispensable, hence, Woolter didn't hold back.

Amidst his intense emotion, the makeup on the Police Chief's face was flaking off profusely.

Furthermore, the dense lines on his face made the Police Chief uncomfortable.

This made Woolter, who always considered himself a noble, seem like a prostitute who had been taken advantage of in a tavern without getting paid, now causing a scene.

All patrolling officers lowered their heads, not daring to speak.

All policemen folded their arms, watching the spectacle.

Only Malz looked worriedly at these patrolling officers.

All the policemen, including Woolter, saw it.

Their hearts grew even more disdainful of the weak Malz.

The cursing lasted for nearly ten minutes. The patrolling officers were miserable, and the duty officers were somewhat surprised, but only Malz understood that Woolter was venting his anger through this opportunity.

Undoubtedly, the other part had invested more in Otto than expected...

No!

Not just Otto, but others too.

Especially those Police Chiefs' appetites, which weren't satisfied by small amounts, not even if Woolter drained his own funds.

So...

"Redistributing the cake?"

Malz thought about what he should do, yet still wore a worried expression on the surface.

Five more minutes passed, and finally, a tired Woolter left.

Before leaving, he left a sentence—

"Solve the case within a week!"

"Otherwise, strip and leave!"

As he said these words, Woolter's eyes towards the patrolling officers shone with gloom and ferocity.

The twelve spots for patrolling officers were also good business!

Even though they were just temporarily employed, the blue uniforms still held value!

Malz saw Woolter's gaze clearly; he knew the other party was desperate for the position of Sheriff of Shire District.

But the more desperate he was, the better it was for him.

Then, amid the respects of a group of policemen, Woolter got into the carriage parked at the side of the small square.

As for the emergency backup carriage?

Isn't this an emergency-worthy moment?

After sending off Woolter's carriage, all policemen returned to the police station's office, with a worried Malz walking at the very end.

And unlike the other policemen who went straight back to their offices, Malz stopped to console the patrolling officers beside him—

"I will try my best to preserve this income for you; you fought, and I saw it."

Malz's face carried the elder's characteristic smile.

It made the patrolling officers, who had been scolded for over a dozen minutes, feel much better.

And when Malz took out a gold note and handed it to the patrol officer he first stopped in front of at 14 Cork Street, everyone around was stunned.

They hadn't expected Malz to genuinely care about their feelings.

Not ethereal, but tangibly.

"Dico, take everyone out for a drink."

"Thank you, Mr. Malz."

"Thanks, Mr. Malz."

The charm of the gold note was boundless, and a group of twelve patrolling officers showed gratitude, especially after comparing Woolter's "swaggering" here, their appreciation deepened.

At this moment, this group of patrolling officers sincerely believed that compared to Mr. Malz, Woolter should die.

Malz watched the group of patrolling officers depart.

He knew that a gold note couldn't buy these patrolling officers.

Even a hundred gold notes would be difficult.

But he wasn't buying them.

He was just sincerely comforting these young temps.

In front of everyone's eyes!

"The easiest to deceive is the human heart!"

Malz inwardly exclaimed, turning to walk toward his office; he must make everyone see that he was present at the police station.

Standing at the doors of their offices, the policemen watched Malz's retreating figure, some with sighs, some with scoffs, and others indifferent.

The only thing absent was respect.

A man hardly able to save himself, yet still harboring mercy.

It truly was...

Damn!

With strong disdain, these policemen returned to their offices.

From start to finish, not a single one went to the morgue to check on Otto's body.

Woolter didn't either.

This is the police of South Los.

This is the police of the era.