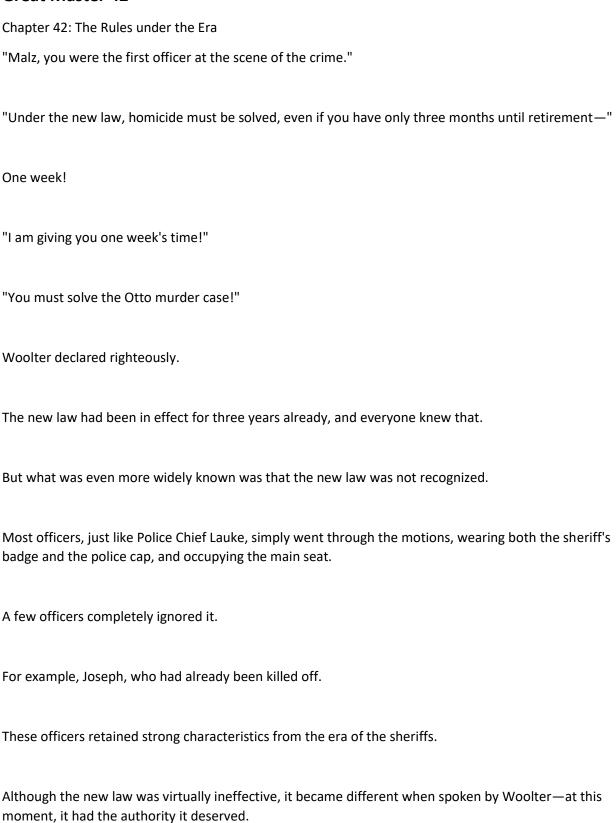
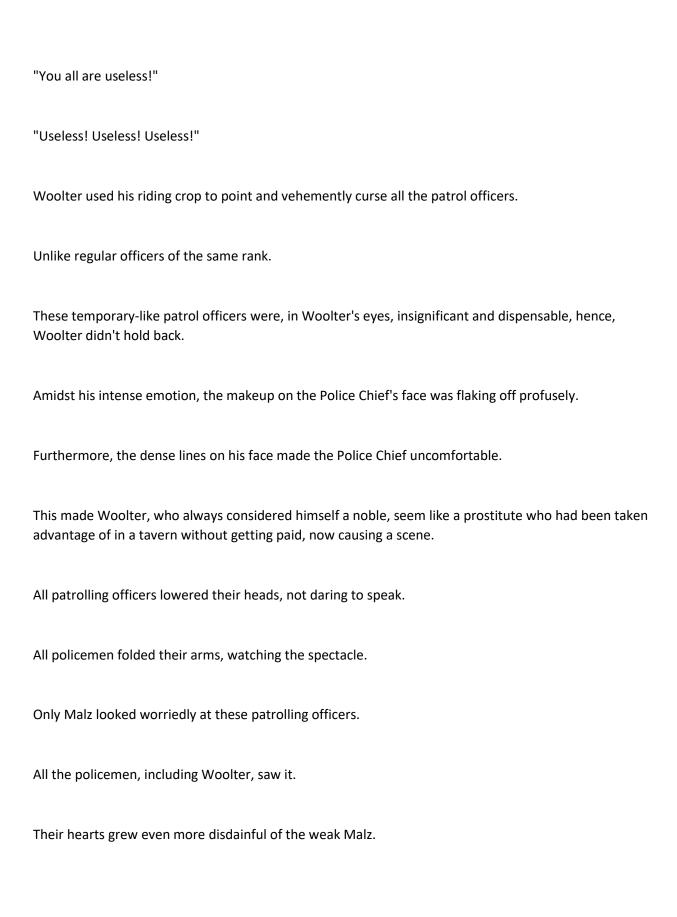
Great Master 42



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.



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.



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.