

Great Master 43

Chapter 43 Hourglass!

Rumble, rumble.

The carriage rolled over the waterlogged road, splashing pedestrians who couldn't dodge in time with muddy water.

Mixed with the stench of feces, the dirty water naturally drew the angry stares of the passersby, whose curses were about to erupt when they saw the emblem on the carriage and immediately held their tongues.

The police carriage!

Those who knew the meaning of the emblem shut their mouths and lowered their heads, hurrying on their way.

Soiled clothes can be washed clean.

But a broken bone, even when set, often results in a disability.

The coachman revealed a malicious and satisfied smile.

The man was not a police officer, just a patrolman.

But at that moment, he felt that he possessed a higher status than a police officer.

Of course, Woolter sitting inside the carriage knew what had happened.

But the Police Chief didn't care.

If he didn't care about a patrolman, he certainly wouldn't care about commoners of even lower status.

In the eyes of the Police Chief, these commoners were nothing more than consumables that created wealth for him.

The people he truly needed to care about were, aside from a few individuals of the same rank, only a very small part of South Los.

And the latter, he hardly ever encountered.

Because the Earl of South Los kept to himself, and the nobles of South Los also favored such a reclusive lifestyle.

In fact, one Lord, in order to please the Earl, even announced that his entire family would live in secrecy.

Of course, Woolter viewed this as mere pretense.

His whole family might be living in secrecy.

But that family had a manor on the outskirts of South Los, complete with a wine cellar, mill, and sweet-water well inside, and nearly 16 hectares of farmland outside, not to mention the family's Hunter could take servants into the forest for hunting at will.

The place was practically a miniature kingdom.

The Lord had become a King.

If it were him, he would also wish to stay there.

And in South Los, there were several nobles like this.

'When can I become like them?' Woolter mused to himself in the carriage.

Being the Sheriff of Shire District was certainly not his end goal.

To be frank, that would be his starting point.

From this starting point, to obtain a 'Knight's status,' and then, to be commended by the Earl, becoming a true Noble—he would also have a manor, farmland, hunting grounds, and even real fiefs like those Lords.

At that thought, Woolter's face filled with smiles.

But immediately after, that smile turned grim.

He had paid too much to get the position of Sheriff of Shire District, and he was already in a situation where failure was not an option, but now, Otto's death had taken away one of his chips, and the remaining few guys were sure to rethink their strategies, especially the two old men in the Docklands.

He knew the extent of their greed first-hand.

And by tomorrow morning at the latest, when news of Otto's death reached their ears, he would have to bleed money again.

What's worse, he didn't have the corresponding cash amount.

That meant he would need to trade some of his own assets to the two men.

Just thinking about losing at least one cargo ship made Woolter grind his teeth, and he couldn't help but curse in a low voice.

"Greedy bastards!"

Because, he also thought of the two Police Chiefs in New Old Town and that bastard in Dort District.

With the two Police Chiefs from New Old Town, another shop would not escape his loss!

As for Dort District?

"Shara, you won't blame me, right?"

Woolter murmured softly to himself.

He hoped that his mistress would help him 'invite' the Police Chief of Dort District—who had once expressed interest in his mistress.

He hoped that such interest would last a bit longer.

At least until he secured the position of Sheriff of Shire District.

"The Police Chief has arrived!"

The patrolman driving the carriage turned, jumped down from the cart, first propping up an umbrella before opening the carriage door for him.

Garden Street was another middle-class district near West Mok Avenue, unlike the less than two hundred meters long Cork Street, this place was longer and larger in area.

Naturally, the housing prices were a bit cheaper.

However, the house where Shara lived was rented.

As for buying?

Don't joke, Woolter would never do such a foolish thing.

To Woolter, Shara was nothing but a toy for relaxation.

However, when it was time for the toy to be put to use, Woolter was quite attentive; he first straightened his appearance, then felt the jewelry box in his pocket.

Inside was a ring set with a crystal.

Shara had long begged him for it, and this time he intended to grant her wish as a reward. He was certain she wouldn't disappoint him.

With this in mind, the police chief stepped off the carriage and headed towards the two-story building he remembered.

The sky had already darkened, and the rain began to fall again, making the already dim view even dimmer.

Even the streets where the middle class lived lacked lighting, which made Woolter slow his pace.

'I heard Inner Bay already has gas lamps to illuminate the streets; I wonder when South Los will get them.'

While thinking this, Woolter took an umbrella and refused the patrol officer's offer to continue following him.

He didn't want more people seeing Shara.

It would make his dealing with Shara much simpler later on.

"Police Chief, would you like me to wait for you?"

The patrol officer asked obsequiously.

"Pick me up at eight in the morning!"

Woolter thought for a moment, then said.

He had to return to the Docklands tomorrow, and without a horse, walking was not a good option.

"Sure thing, Police Chief!"

After bowing, the patrol officer walked back to the carriage.

Woolter, on the other hand, turned and walked towards the stairs.

Neither of them noticed two spiders drifting over from the corner and landing directly on Woolter.

Ding, ding!

When the doorbell rang and the young girl realized her lover had arrived, she eagerly opened the door, her face beaming with joy.

Woolter put on a cooperative smile. In the light of the room, the smile appeared warm and charming to the girl.

The girl hugged Woolter tightly, and they walked towards the room together.

Neither noticed that two uninvited guests had sneaked in, and with the illumination of the light, the intruders quickly burrowed into Woolter's pocket and wig.

A fleeting light shone on the unique pattern of the spiders.

That was—

An hourglass.

An emblem of time slipping away.

At that moment, it was like a countdown to life's end.

Shortly after, the room echoed with the sounds of arguing, a slap, crying, and the shattering of a vase.

Woolter's voice was shrill during the argument.

During the slap, Woolter swung his arm.

The girl's voice was filled with grievance as she cried.

When the vase shattered, Woolter shouted in pain.

Then, silence followed.

When sounds were heard again, the girl had already changed her clothes and rushed out with a suitcase, even leaving the door ajar in her haste.

Arthur, standing in the shadows, looked at the blood-soaked Woolter sprawled in the room and raised his hand.

The two black widows were swiftly recaptured.

They were one of the props left behind by Old Charlie, quite valuable.

Arthur had no wish to lose them just like that.

After putting the two black widows into a specially made containment box, Arthur prepared to leave, not sparing Woolter a glance.

Bitten more than once by the black widows and hit in the head with a vase.

The man was as good as dead.

One could say the plan was unexpectedly completed with great smoothness.

He had to thank the girl, who made the entire process much simpler and the outcome much more favorable for him.

Subconsciously, Arthur looked at the girl's retreating figure, silently musing.

'Every gift bestowed by fate comes marked with its price in the shadows, I wish you... Hm?!'