

Great Master 44

Chapter 44: The Fringe Person!

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Before Arthur could finish his silent blessings, he unexpectedly saw a figure appear in front of the girl.

It was Amy.

The female receptionist at the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club.'

Clearly, Amy and her were acquaintances, and after embracing and comforting her for a moment, Amy led her back to Garden Street.

Before the door closed, Arthur in the shadows clearly saw Amy dragging Woolter's body into the bathroom and then fetching a kitchen knife and an axe from the kitchen.

Amid the sounds of chopping meat and cleaving bone, there were retching noises.

It wasn't Amy.

It was Woolter's mistress.

And Amy?

Her breathing was steady, and the sounds of chopping and cleaving were remarkably rhythmic.

'This isn't the first time she's done this!'

Arthur narrowed his eyes.

This female receptionist from the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club' truly gave him a big surprise. If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed she could dismember a body like this.

At the same time, he began to doubt his initial guess that she was 'a country girl from around South Los.'

A country girl wouldn't dismember a corpse so efficiently.

'No wonder she subconsciously avoided me after learning that I am a Spirit Medium.'

'Is it because she was afraid I might see something?'

'Then, what was her purpose in visiting Woolter's mistress today?'

The doubts in his mind made Arthur listen more intently.

Fortunately, even through the door, his Physique of 1.7 provided him with hearing sharp enough to make out the conversation in the bathroom clearly—

"Amy, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

"It's all my fault, it's me who's wrong!"

Shara, crying, hugged Amy, who had put on an extra coat and an apron.

Amy put down the axe and raised her hand to comfort her friend. But seeing the blood on her hands, she retracted it—The extra clothing and the apron were meant to prevent blood from spattering onto her, but her hands were not spared.

The hands that held the knife and axe were already covered in fresh blood.

"It's not your fault. I am merely repaying a debt."

"When I first arrived in South Los, it was you who saved me."

Amy spoke calmly, as the knife and axe in her hands continued their relentless chopping.

"But, but..."

"I came tonight to say goodbye. I encountered a terrifying Spirit Medium who can communicate with the Undead. I'm not sure if he saw something, but I have to leave—Being able to take care of this guy for you before I go is my good fortune."

Amy turned her head, a bloodstained smile on her face.

Shara slumped on the floor, sobbing softly.

"You're innocent, you killed them because they intended to harm you..."

Shara defended her friend through her sobs.

Amy simply laughed and shook her head.

Murder is murder.

And it's not just one person.

Even with a cause, those high and mighty bastards won't care, just like the village chief of her hometown.

The way he and his three sons looked at her was something she would never forget.

And when she resisted her foster father, she guessed what those four men wanted to do.

So, she killed them all.

However, in the process, her foster father was the first she dismembered and hid in the cellar. Those men were creating the pretext for an ambush as much as they could, but she was stabbed by the last man while dealing with him.

After that, she bit through her pain and ran toward South Los, seeking a fresh start.

As it turned out, she had barely reached South Los when she passed out from her severe injuries. Had it not been for the kind-hearted Shara who rescued her, she would have been dead long ago.

Therefore, as she prepared to leave South Los, she wanted to say goodbye to Shara.

Of course, she also had some thoughts.

She could tell that Woolter that bastard never loved Shara, he was just sweet-talking and deceiving her.

Originally she wanted to do something about it.

But now, there was no need.

Quickly, after Amy had divided Woolter's body into as many small pieces as possible, she spoke hurriedly, "In a moment, I'll clean up any leftover bloodstains. After that, I'll take these pieces and leave. Once I'm gone, you yell for help. When someone arrives, you say someone broke in here, and Woolter went after the intruder!"

"Remember—"

"You didn't get a good look at the intruder's face, and no belongings went missing!"

"The rest, those bastards will fill in for you!"

Under Amy's insistence, Shara nodded repeatedly, but her palms tightly clutched Amy's sleeve.

Instantly, the smart country girl sensed something was wrong.

"Woolter wanted me to accompany the Police Chief of Dort District."

"That bastard!"

Shara spoke weakly, and Amy immediately scolded, then viciously chopped at Woolter's head with the axe.

The axe became lodged in it.

Amy was furious at Woolter's shamelessness.

She was even angrier that now, even with Woolter dead, her friend was still not safe.

The bastard from Dort District would definitely not let go of her friend.

In fact, he would cling to Shara.

Because only by holding on to Shara could he use her name to plunder Woolter's wealth.

Clearly, Shara knew this as well.

"Can I leave with you?"

"I'm heading for Inner Bay, and the days ahead will be hard," Amy warned, not refusing but reminding her friend.

Shara nodded incessantly, then picked up a kitchen knife from beside her and chopped at Woolter.

The girl made her promise in her own way.

Subsequently, the valuables were placed in a box.

Woolter was put into the remaining four boxes.

After Amy removed these items in two trips, on the third return, she set the house on fire.

The rising flames were like a blooming flower under the night sky.

The blaze drove away the darkness.

And lit the path that Amy and Shara took as they left.

The two of them did not look back.

Therefore, they did not see Arthur watching them go into the distance.

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He didn't see the smile that curved Arthur's lips.

Arthur was in quite a good mood.

If before Woolter's death, the outcomes seemed to be in his favor, now the result was nearly perfect.

The remaining bit?

Of course, that needed to be filled in by his collaborator.

He believed that the other party would certainly make it flawless.

Immediately, Arthur took a step back and once again merged into the Shadows, while the neighbors had come out to put out the fire.

He did not wish to be misunderstood in any way.

He was not some villain who went around killing and setting fires.

He was just a "Spirit Medium" who happened to be passing by.

The blaze on Garden Street did not cause more damage; the neighbors extinguished the fire before it could spread further.

However, when the patrolling officers reported the fire to the duty officers at the police station, the two officers on duty were stunned.

Mild and Gite looked at each other; although they were both on the fringes of the police force, they knew who lived in the burning house.

They were even more aware of what would happen if Woolter really had an accident.

The two of them on duty would definitely become scapegoats!

No!

Three!

There would be Malz as well.

Subconsciously, the two looked towards Malz's office.

Meanwhile, inside the office, Malz took a deep breath.

He had certainly heard the frantic words of the patrolling officer.

Phew!

'Has it finally started?' he wondered.

Malz stood up from his chair and went over the plan in his mind once more. After confirming that there were no mistakes, he walked out with a grave expression.

Outside the door, Mild and Gite stood with equally serious expressions.

Both were fifth-level police officers. Unlike traditional officers, these two had been selected into the Shire District Police Station after the new laws were implemented and naturally did not fit in with the officers under the Sheriff system.

As a result, they were marginalized, getting the tough thankless jobs.

Like now, when others were sound asleep, they had been assigned to the night watch.

The two had not kept silent about it, but resistance was futile.

The officers under the Sheriff system were not only numerous and 'experienced', but they were also way beyond what the novices could deal with.

After being harshly chastised several times, the two finally learned their lesson and chose to lie low.

Malz knew this all too well.

That's why he chose them.

"Go to 4 Garden Street!"

Malz didn't say much else and headed straight outside.

Mild and Gite followed suit.

And soon after they checked around 4 Garden Street, the expressions on their faces grew even darker.

The good news, Woolter's body was not discovered.

The bad news, the three of them were definitely going to take the fall.

Mild and Gite could even imagine the excuses those bastards would use: Mild and Gite, in order to gain the position of Sheriff of Shire District, murdered Woolter and destroyed the body!

Such excuses would ultimately become evidence.

Moreover, with both witness and physical evidence available—after being sidelined for three years, the two who had seen too many of those bastards' tactics knew very well that if they were framed and defamed, they might as well wait for conviction!

As for Woolter not being dead?

Impossible!

At this time, Woolter had to die!

Even if he didn't, he would be deemed dead.

After all, by then, his position and the property he left behind would already have new owners.

'What should we do?' they wondered.

The two fifth-level police officers exchanged glances as chaos reigned within them.

Just then, a wallet was suddenly presented before them.

Looking up, they saw Malz watching them with a complex gaze.

Before they could say anything, Malz's voice came low and urgent—

"Run!"

"Three hours until dawn, run fast!"

"Leave South Los, and you might have a chance to live!"

Staring at the wallet in front of them, the two fifth-level officers were stunned.

What was happening?

Did they really think we killed Woolter?

"It wasn't me..."

"What about you?"

Mild tried to explain, but was interrupted by Gite. The fifth-level officer stared intently at Malz's expression and then saw Malz let out a laugh.

A laugh of relief.

A laugh of liberation.

And a hint of...

Ferocity?

Gite was taken aback, not fully understanding the situation, when Malz thrust the wallet into his hands and said gravely, "You've done enough, the rest is for me to handle—why did they force me? I'm just an old guy who wanted to retire, but why always target me... ha! Then everyone can just go and die!"

A cold smile crossed Malz's face, the murderous intent so palpable that it sent shivers down Mild and Gite's spines.

But soon, as the fear subsided, they clenched their teeth and made a certain decision.

Run?

Maybe they could survive, but after abandoning everything and being wanted after leaving South Los, how would they live?

They would probably be worse off than refugees!

Living like that would be worse than death!

They might as well...

Take a chance!

Malz saw the decision in their faces and silently breathed a sigh of relief.

By dragging Mild and Gite into this, his chances of success increased by another twenty percent.

Now—

There was only one person left!