

Great Master 45

Chapter 45: The Victor's Uproar!

An hour before dawn, Wiggins moved through the darkness.

Even in the dark, the shock on his face was hard to hide.

It was truly unexpected!

Malz had actually gone to that Count's Mansion.

What was even more surprising was that the reclusive Earl actually received him—he saw with his own eyes Malz entering the Count's Mansion.

Then, he went straight to Arthur.

It wasn't that he didn't want to continue tailing, nor was it a lack of manpower.

It was because, after Malz entered the Count's Mansion, the Count's guards expanded their patrol area.

Wiggins dared not linger any longer and after signaling his two subordinates to leave, he went directly to report to Arthur.

Leaping over the fence of No. 2 Cork Street, Wiggins didn't ring the bell but knocked gently on the door.

The next moment, the door opened.

Wearing pajamas, Arthur held a bowl of noodles and gestured for him to come in while slurping them.

Night snack?!

Wiggins blinked, finding the scene somewhat odd and completely inconsistent with his image of the mysterious and blood-stained Arthur.

"Spirit Medium" also eats night snacks?

Thinking to himself, the Golden Finger did not delay and immediately informed his employer of everything.

Arthur, meanwhile, listened while eating, and when he finished the last noodle, he picked up the bowl and poured the entire soup into his stomach with a gulp.

Burp~~

The rich beef soup, making Arthur burp contentedly afterward, then he put down the bowl and let out a heartfelt exclamation.

"Comfortable!"

In the deep and quiet of the night, there's always someone feeling hungry.

Gone were the skewers, hotpot, fried chicken, and fatty drinks.

But there was still...

Noodles!

Even if they weren't instant noodles, they still satisfied Arthur's stomach.

Similarly, they made his mood quite good.

"Want a bowl?"

Arthur asked.

Wiggins immediately waved his hand, as the Golden Finger, he wasn't accustomed to eating late at night, only... the noodles smelled so good!

Should he have a bite?

But soon, Wiggins shook his head, banishing the thought from his mind.

There were more important matters to discuss now.

"Boss, what should we do?"

Wiggins asked with a somber face.

Having accepted employment under Arthur, he was now in the same boat as Arthur.

If something happened to Arthur, he wouldn't fare much better.

Especially concerning the Earl of South Los!

At this time, Wiggins was already in a state of turmoil.

Yet Arthur appeared calm and relaxed.

"Just wait," he said.

"We need to trust Malz."

Arthur looked at a worried Wiggins and smiled reassuringly.

Such reassurance was effective.

Wiggins soon calmed down.

Because he believed that Arthur was not a man to act without reason.

Yet deep down, he still had doubts.

"How could Malz be connected with that Earl?"

Wiggins said rather tactfully.

Indeed, what Wiggins meant to say was, if Malz really had a relationship with the Earl of South Los, he would have been bullied into such an appearance.

"Malz certainly doesn't, but others do!"

Arthur explained.

"Others?"

"He only brought Middel, Gite?"

Wiggins furrowed his brow, still not understanding the key point.

Wiggins had, of course, heard the names Middel, Gite but like Malz, if those two had connections with the Earl of South Los, would they have stayed as sixth-level police officers for over two years before being promoted?

In some respects, Middel, Gite had considerable fame in the Shire District.

Because they were the only two apprentice policemen in the history of South Los!

After the new law was implemented, in the staffing of the Shire District Police Station aside from one police chief who was considered a first-class officer, the rest were two third-class officers, three fourth-level officers, and four fifth-level officers, along with several patrol officers.

What about apprentice officers?

They were sixth-level officers.

Middel, Gite passed through multiple assessments to become sixth-level officers.

Then, those two, expected to be promoted officially after a year, took over two more years to become fifth-level officers.

Thus, during regular times, the Shire District had six fifth-level officers.

Afterward?

There were no longer any apprentice policemen in Shire District, just as there should have been a second-level officer appointed as deputy sheriff according to the new law, but due to various reasons, it never happened.

Even Old Charlie had mentioned their names more than once in the presence of their predecessors.

Lamenting their luck and misfortune.

Lucky that they had become police officers.

Unlucky in that they did not fit in with the existing officers.

But, that was before!

Now?

It no longer mattered.

Because a new order would emerge within the Shire District Police Station — the new law had been implemented in South Los three years ago with the consent of the Earl of South Los; otherwise, there wouldn't have been the apprentice policemen Middel and Gite, even if it was under pressure, at least it was implemented.

Even if they encountered obstacles later on, formality over substance didn't matter.

Arthur believed that Malz would overcome these obstacles.

And, turn them into momentum.

As long as one grasps —

Interest!

Yes, interest!

If it had been him handling tonight's affair, he would have openly told the Lord Count in the name of Middel and Gite, promising to give all the wealth of the remaining third-level officer, three fourth-level officers, and four fifth-level officers in Shire District to the Lord Count.

And he would promise that the wealth of Woolter and Lauke would also belong to the Lord Count.

At the same time, he would promise that the wealth of the remaining police chiefs and officers would eventually end up in the hands of the Lord Count.

Exaggerating as much as possible.

As long as the Lord Count was tempted.

Everything would be settled.

And would the Lord Count be tempted?

He would!

No one would refuse free wealth.

Especially when their financial situation was not very good.

The Lord Count, though the master of South Los with his own mansion, farms, hunting grounds, and a fleet, was envied by many.

But similarly, the maintenance of the hunting grounds and fleet every year was a staggering amount.

It was impossible to balance the income and expenses solely through the output of the mansions and farms.

It could only be done through the fleet.

But this year's rainy season lasted over a month longer than usual, and continuous heavy rains prevented the Lord Count's fleet from leaving the harbor.

Some of the goods aboard might have almost gone moldy.

The Lord Count must have been burning with anxiety by now.

After all, besides the hunting grounds and fleet, two devourers of gold, the Lord Count had to pay significant taxes to the Duke of the Inner Bay every year.

And the day to pay taxes was fast approaching.

So, Arthur could already foresee the meteoric rise of Middel and Gite in the future.

But, the most important was still Malz!

With the current profits, for the sake of future gains, the other party would definitely promote Malz to the position of Shire District Police Chief.

Of course, there was another factor: a good reputation!

By eliminating these parasites, the blue-skinned devils, the Lord Count would inevitably gain a better reputation among the people of South Los, and they would praise him unanimously.

Under all these premises, why would the Earl decline?

Of course, if the Earl were insane and did not recognize these efforts, directly eliminating Malz — even though, based on past rumors, this possibility was exceedingly slight.

But Arthur, always accustomed to preparing for both hands, had already packed his bags.

If anything unexpected occurred, he would just run away.

Whether hiding in the mountains as an outlaw or setting out to sea as a pirate, he was prepared for both

However, he did not disclose these plans to Wiggins.

He only handed over a gold note to him.

Wiggins had done a remarkable job keeping an eye on Malz.

Next, the task of finding where the Toad had really settled needed him — due to the angle, Wiggins had clearly seen the Toad's face before it was burned by sulfuric acid yesterday.

"Thank you for your generosity!"

Although Wiggins was still puzzled deep down, he accepted the gold note and pushed the doubt to the back of his mind.

Controlling his curiosity well was the golden rule that allowed Wiggins to grow up smoothly on the streets.

Afterward, Wiggins stood up and took his leave.

At this moment, dawn was gradually lighting up the sky.

There would soon be pedestrians on the streets.

Neither Arthur nor Wiggins wanted to be seen by anyone.

Wiggins quickly slipped out of the gate of No. 2 Cork Street and headed straight down the street toward Dar Alley.

And just at that moment, a group of newsboys with newspapers on their backs burst out from Dar Alley —

"Extra! Extra!"

"Police Officer Malz cracks the murder case of Police Chief Woolter and Officer Otto!"

"The fearless born of the storm, Guardian of the Inner Sea, owner and ruler of the southern islands, Grand Magistrate, advocate of the new law, the Earl of South Los has signed the appointment for Officer Malz as Shire District Police Chief!"

Suddenly, Wiggins froze in place.