

Great Master 51

Chapter 51 Unforgettable!

Someone is dead!

When Edwin confirmed the death of Brody, head of the Brody Company, the scene inside No. 6 White Bird Street was mayhem.

"What?"

"Dead?"

"How could someone die!"

In the midst of the disordered chatter, the crowd inevitably panicked.

In the face of death, there was no difference between civilians and the wealthy.

If anything, the latter were even more terrified.

They had too much to lose.

Panic spreads, and those who were relatively calm initially also lost their composure upon seeing those around them in disarray.

As people pushed and shoved, more tragedies seemed imminent—

Bang!

Marinda Julius Caesar stood on the second-floor corridor, holding up a firearm and firing into the air. In the glow of the gunpowder, the sequins on her blue and white dress sparkled even more.

The crowd was immediately silenced.

They instinctively looked up at Marinda, holding the firearm.

The lady then spoke loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please maintain your composure,"

"The etiquette you possess should prevent you from panicking at the sight of a corpse, unless of course, you have ulterior motives."

Her words of praise followed by a warning quickly quieted the commotion inside No. 6 White Bird Street.

Seizing the moment, the lady handed the firearm back to Arthur, her eyes filled with gratitude.

The firearm was naturally given to her by Arthur just moments ago.

She didn't ask why Arthur had a firearm; she just knew that the firearm he had handed her had saved her a lot of trouble.

"I owe you one,"

Marinda said softly.

"Just give me compensation, we're in a fair trade,"

Arthur responded with a smile still on his face.

"Agreed!"

Marinda nodded solemnly, then turned her gaze to two men in the crowd, Coste from the Coste Commerce and Emmond from the Emmond Commerce.

It was these two who had first started shouting, nearly causing chaos.

Similarly, Marinda had reason to suspect that Brody had been murdered by their conspiracy.

Their motive was to prevent her from acquiring the baronetcy of Baron Kemir.

Everything made sense.

After all, they had almost succeeded before.

Although she quickly quelled the news frenzy, Anna still had to leave her, even just now; they nearly succeeded again.

But that did not make Marinda angry.

On the contrary, the lady became even more composed.

When she was known as the 'Lady of the Eternal Night,' she personally decapitated thirty-seven of her adversaries.

When she was making a fortune, she had sent that entire gang to feed the fish.

When she felt Anna's love, she...

hesitated.

She hoped to continue a peaceful life with Anna, without changes.

Then, under the coercion of her opponents, she had no choice but to send Anna to Inner Bay.

One such terrible situation was enough!

A second time?

Never!

If it happened a second time, she would never forgive herself!

That's why everything tonight unfolded the way it did.

But plans always encounter mishaps.

She glanced at Brody's body.

Then—

Whoo!

Marinda Julius Caesar took a deep breath, her nostrils picking up the lingering yet intensely familiar scent of gunpowder, as if in that moment, she returned to those unfettered days, and the bright smile of her past naturally surfaced on her face.

Then, she stood there on the second floor, overseeing everyone in the hall.

When she saw Coste and Emmond, her smile began to fade.

The icy look in this lady's eyes made the two merchants shiver.

This madwoman is going to make a move!

The two thought simultaneously.

Definitely not at this time!

Here, they were doomed!

"It wasn't me!"

"It wasn't me either!"

"You need evidence to accuse someone; are you going to kill us right here in front of everyone?"

The two merchants began yelling loudly, pulling people nearby into the fray.

"Hmph."

Marinda Julius Caesar chuckled softly but paid no attention to the two men, nor did she make a move against them, even though she desperately wanted to tear them to pieces.

But not now.

She knew that the gunshot had already alerted the patrol officers in the White Bird District.

The police would arrive soon.

What next?

She would naturally handle this unexpected incident in her own way.

Soon, Chief Malz and a team of patrol officers appeared at 6 White Bird Street.

And then, he saw his partner Arthur almost immediately.

The newly appointed police chief almost instinctively wanted to cover his face.

Why is it always you?

Malz looked at Arthur, his face a mix of confusion and bewilderment.

I didn't want it to be!

Maybe it's just my bad luck?

Arthur reluctantly shrugged his shoulders.

The two communicated with glances and Malz did not stop; instead, he hastened towards the body.

Foam at the mouth? A bitter almond smell?

Moments later, Malz had confirmed that it was cassava poisoning.

Because just a few days earlier, he had handled a similar case.

The 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club' murder case.

At the time, Arthur was also present.

Moreover, it was Arthur who had solved that case.

'Could my partner be the Grim Reaper?'

'Why does someone die wherever he goes?'

'Or is it really as Scott had said, the nature of a Spirit Medium attracts more trouble?'

These uncontrollable thoughts wandered through the mind of the new police chief.

Because of his relationship with Arthur, Malz had a good relationship with Scott as well.

When Malz became the police chief, not only did the South Los Daily report on it, but other publications interviewed Malz as well.

The reporter dispatched by the Horn Report was naturally Scott.

The interview was recorded in a casual conversation style, and although it was meant to focus on Malz, the discussion inevitably turned to Arthur.

While much of it could not be published in the newspaper, it significantly advanced Malz and Scott's relationship.

Suppressing the thoughts at the back of his mind, Malz instinctively checked the palms of the corpse.

No smell.

The poison must have been in the drink!

Just as Malz was making this deduction, the next moment he paused.

Because he saw the bar.

The salon, in an effort to emphasize freedom, had no bartender at the bar but displayed cup after cup of drinks, allowing guests to help themselves freely.

A quick scan revealed that at least thirty cups could be placed on the table.

Moreover, the servants would occasionally replenish the drinks.

Among all these drinks, how could the murderer have identified their victim?

Or was it...

A randomly chosen target!

Realizing this, Malz felt a throbbing in his temples.

If it was really a randomly chosen target, that would be troublesome.

If there was no connection between the murderer and the victim, unless the culprit was caught red-handed, the case would be unsolvable.

"Chief Malz, can you identify the murderer?"

"We need to prove our innocence!"

"Otherwise, some people will not let this go!"

Coste and Emmond approached Malz, who was frowning, their tone dripping with sarcasm.

Their words conveyed an urgent desire to leave.

6 White Bird Street was too dangerous, even with bodyguards, they were terrified; they needed to return to their turf.

"I can't yet..."

"Since the murderer can't be identified, are we expected to just sit and wait here?"

Coste interrupted Malz, stirring up the people around them once more.

Immediately, the other guests began to speak out.

"Exactly, are we supposed to just wait here?"

"Useless Blue-Skin Dog!"

"Wasn't it reported in the newspapers that Chief Malz was competent?"

As many guests spoke, sweat appeared on Malz's forehead.

If it weren't for the considerable status of these guests, he would have already used his baton to teach them a lesson.

What to do? What to do?

In his anxiety, Malz suddenly noticed Arthur.

Arthur walked down from the second floor, taking one step at a time, calmly and leisurely, with "Basic Etiquette" shining although it was just an unupgradable Lv1, yet it made Arthur appear graceful and composed at this moment.

Originally all eyes were on Malz, but when they noticed where Malz's gaze was directed, everyone watched as Arthur walked over to the bar, watched as he gently brushed the white tablecloth on the counter, watched as he sighed softly and then, in a slightly hoarse voice, said —

"I have heard the low hum of the deceased."