

Great Master 60

Chapter 60: Fade to a Halt, Ashes Burn!

Coste's body moved, and Arthur was sure of it because he saw it, and at that moment, his heart was once again seized by that instinctual feeling of the soul.

Burn it! Burn it!

He must burn the two bodies!

Without any hesitation, Arthur opened the Spirit Medium Box, took out the kerosene, and splashed it on the two bodies.

Although Malz didn't see Coste's body move, he trusted that Arthur had a reason for doing so.

Unhesitating, the new Sheriff of Shire District reached out to help, grabbing another bottle of kerosene from the Spirit Medium Box and began to pour it over the bodies.

Just then, a tumultuous noise arrived—

Under the orange light, the police station's office area, the brown floor was obscured by a group clad in black.

The patrol officers lifted their heads in surprise from behind the desks on both sides of the hall, watching the crowd that swiftly moved down the central aisle.

Their brisk pace appeared menacing.

The two young leaders, full of pride, held gilded canes that emitted a luxurious aura under the station's orange light.

Following them were young men either wearing flat caps or with hands in their pockets.

Although their clothes differed, each one was strong and their eyes defiant.

Facing this group, the nearby patrol officers didn't dare to truly obstruct them.

However, upon noticing that these people were heading straight for Malz's office, the patrol officer Dico did rush out to block them:

"Stop, what are you doing?"

Dico shouted loudly.

But the group didn't pay him any heed.

The two young leaders in front didn't move, and the young men behind them didn't resort to hands, but used their chests to push forward; clearly, they knew how to avoid real trouble and took advantage of their numbers to force their way in—

"Police Chief Malz, good evening, I..."

"Stop!"

"Are you destroying evidence?"

"Damn it!"

"You are desecrating the law!"

Just at the office door, a gaunt-cheeked man wearing gold wire glasses and dressed in a blue suit greeted Malz, but was immediately interrupted by the shouts of two young men behind him.

Arthur didn't pay any attention to them, his gaze shifting to the two young men behind and then over the rest, roughly understanding the situation.

Malz also ignored them, merely waving dismissively at the disheveled Dico.

Unlike Arthur, Malz recognized the man.

Lottel, a local from South Los, worked as a lawyer.

Before the new laws were implemented, South County already had the profession of lawyers, yet people preferred to call them the 'fence for the Blue-Skin Dog'.

There was nothing like 'dealing according to the law'; it was all about 'human relations'.

The fences for the Blue-Skin Dog mostly negotiated between criminals' families and the sheriff to satisfy both parties, grabbing a cut for themselves in the process.

Of course, if the victim's family had money, the fences for the Blue-Skin Dog could also develop a sense of pity.

As such, these individuals were untouchable by commoners, disdained by the nobles, but greatly welcomed by the middle class—most of who had some money but no power.

They needed these fences to handle troubles.

After the implementation of new laws?

It was even more so.

Lottel had a considerable reputation among these fences, for this lawyer only took on significant clients.

Similarly, the very words that were interrupted also proved that the lawyer's backers were indeed significant clients; ordinary people dare not shout in a police station.

"Mr. Little Koster, Mr. Little Emmond, please believe in Police Chief Malz's impartiality and fairness; he must have reasons for his actions!"

"Police Chief Malz, please forgive Mr. Little Koster and Mr. Little Emmond, they've only become irrational due to the loss of their father!"

Lottel stood between both parties, initiating the 'negotiation'.

He was very familiar with this process.

It was his job after all.

But he really didn't want to come today, although he collected a hefty consultancy fee from Coste Commerce and Emmond Commerce every month, as a fence for the Blue-Skin Dog, Lottel wasn't foolish.

Knowing about the sudden deaths of Coste and Emmond, he knew trouble was brewing, though he wasn't aware of the specifics, hiding in the countryside under the guise of a vacation seemed a good choice for him.

Unfortunately, before he could leave, he was blocked by Little Koster and Little Emmond with their people.

Reluctantly, he came.

On the way here, he tried persuading Little Koster and Little Emmond, letting himself do the talking and negotiating to ensure a satisfactory resolution.

Lottel understood very well that since the situation was unavoidable, it was best to keep as much control in his hands as possible.

Little Koster and Little Emmond verbally agreed to this.

But just now, they interrupted him outright.

That displeased Lottel.

Then, something even more displeasing happened.

It was seen—

Little Koster and Little Emmond ignored Lottel's 'negotiation' and rushed straight into the office, throwing themselves at the two bodies on the ground.

Before even reaching the bodies, sobs were heard.

"Father!"

In the choked cries, they seemed to be wailing for the tragic fate that befell their father.

But Chief Malz frowned.

The Sheriff of Shire District could smell the alcohol and makeup on the two people; he knew exactly what they had been up to.

More importantly, the two had been yelling themselves hoarse, yet not a single tear had fallen, and the corners of their mouths were slightly upturned.

Clearly, both were excited about their father's death.

Even more excited that they had arrived here before their other siblings!

If they could take their father's corpse back, there would undoubtedly be more supporters in the commerce!

Chief Malz instantly understood their thoughts and immediately went to grab his police baton to teach these two pretenders a lesson.

But Arthur stopped him.

Chief Malz stopped immediately.

Arthur's sudden act of pouring kerosene had been bizarre; Malz was not going to hesitate at this moment.

Chief Malz survived the Seven Years' War and even thrived because he understood two principles:

First, mind your own business.

Second, leave professional matters to the professionals.

Arthur was indeed a professional.

Of course, Malz chose to heed Arthur's advice.

Watching Little Koster and Little Emmond throw themselves onto the body, their loud wailing did not produce a single tear.

Even the lawyer Lottel felt embarrassed.

He cautiously walked up to Chief Malz, ready to apologize.

Lottel knew clearly upon whom his current status depended.

Little Koster and Little Emmond were indeed his clients.

But Malz could bring him more clients, and satisfy each one.

Holding a folded gold note of denomination one in his hand, Lottel discreetly passed it over.

However, Malz did not accept it.

Lottel was stunned and immediately took out another gold note.

But Malz still did not take it.

A sinking feeling hit Lottel, knowing trouble was brewing.

Immediately, the lawyer took out a gold note of denomination ten, ready to work hard to mend the relationship, then he realized something was amiss.

Malz still showed no reaction.

That should not be!

Thinking to himself, Lottel looked up to gauge Malz and then noticed that Malz was not paying attention to him but was looking at the body.

'Hmm? The body?'

Bewildered, Lottel followed Malz's gaze.

Instantly—

"My God!"

This reputable lawyer screamed shrilly and fainted, eyes rolling back.

However, others at the scene were similar, shrieking continuously.

Especially Little Koster and Little Emmond, who had been crying miserably without shedding tears a moment before, were now tearing and stumbling as they ran outside, crying out loud.

"Don't come over!"

"Get away! Get away!"

Even Chief Malz was trembling a bit.

Because the bodies of Koster and Emmond had started to move, just like two skinned frogs in hotpot, their poses indescribably bizarre.

The tough, young people, emboldened by arrogance, turned pale and kept retreating.

The patrol officers outside only took one look at the scene before running off.

Dico did not run straight away but trembled as he shouted.

"Chief, Chief, run!"

While shouting, the officer backed away, but upon seeing Malz stand still, his expression changed several times, then he picked up a police baton nearby and slowly returned.

Malz, seeing Dico's cautious demeanor, couldn't help but roll his eyes.

He could guarantee that if things got a bit louder here, this subordinate would definitely turn and run.

But that was already quite good.

Thinking this, Malz turned to Arthur beside him.

Why was the Sheriff of Shire District so calm?

Aside from having experienced similar incidents, it was because he trusted Arthur.

Under the sheriff's watchful eye, Arthur, with a solemn expression, held a kerosene lamp in one hand and rhythmically drew unknown patterns in the air with the other, murmuring:

"Through the eternal night, the tower stretches far and wide, flesh and bones twist and turn, radiant heat reigns over the earth, hues fade, and ashes burn!!"

The sudden chant immediately drew the attention of the panicked crowd.

Under everyone's gaze, Arthur lifted the kerosene lamp high above his head and then smashed it heavily onto the two writhing bodies.

Boom!