

Great Master 61

Chapter 61: Fearless Heart!

Kerosene was ignited instantaneously, and the flames spread across the body like water.

The body, which had been moving erratically, thrashed even more violently.

One of them even stood up.

But it was futile.

Under the blaze, it eventually fell to the ground and, like the body before, was completely charred.

Seeing the still bodies, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, everyone turned their gaze toward Arthur.

Whether it was the patrol officers, the lawyers, or the scheming heirs of the commercial society and their subordinates, all were looking at Arthur with a mix of awe and curiosity.

They had all heard the chanting just now.

It must have been that mystical power infused in the blaze that eliminated that bizarre presence!

Otherwise, a normal flame couldn't possibly have such power!

Everyone thought so.

And this was exactly what Arthur wanted.

Actually?

The blaze was the real decisive force; the chanting was merely part of the atmosphere.

Surely, such chanting originated from Old Charlie.

However, Arthur had added "cease the fading, burn the ashes" to suit the current situation better.

Arthur did this, of course, for more XP; he never forgot the importance of XP to himself and would naturally try his luck when the opportunity arose.

Just now, that was the case.

Little Koster and Little Emmond, although likely to lose their wealth after sunrise and possibly even their lives afterwards.

But during this time, the two would certainly attract much attention.

And they would undoubtedly publicize what had just happened.

Because they would swap it for a meal by telling stories at the inn or simply fabricate tales while begging on the streets.

Arthur didn't care about their fate.

He only cared about the effect they brought with them.

The effect brought about by their identities was bound to be significant!

Not to mention, there was a group of people behind them.

Although these people only served as subordinates attached to the two, playing roles akin to 'jesters', they were an important link in most channels of communication.

In chain interlocks, there is the circulation of news.

After circulation, it would be the time for Arthur's fame to rise and for harvesting XP.

Never underestimate the impact of 'seeing with one's own eyes'!

Of course, other than XP, another point was to make 'Koster and Emmond's suicide' more plausible.

Although protected by the Earl of South Los, Malz and Marinda were different; Marinda and that Earl were close collaborators, bringing massive wealth to the Earl.

There were even plans he was unaware of.

What about Malz?

At most, he was someone worth a little memory but easily replaceable.

Simply put, Malz was very likely to be implicated.

A wise man once said, "Never overestimate the humanity of a noble, just as you should never underestimate their greed."

Arthur certainly did not wish for Malz to be scapegoated.

Thus, Arthur looked at everyone and said—

"Brody's undead has departed."

"It resented Koster and Emmond for instigating Ilena, thus it made them commit suicide.

And when you all appeared..."

Arthur spoke, his expression calm as he gazed toward Little Koster and Little Emmond's group.

The prolonged tone made the group extremely anxious.

Arthur's intention was to deepen their impression, but when a foul stench emitted from the pants of the young men, Little Koster and Little Emmond, Arthur immediately sped up his pace.

The smell was too overpowering, definitely not just urine.

"You provoked it!"

"It's preparing to take you all with it!"

"But fortunately, Chief Malz had sensed something was off and informed me to come here beforehand, otherwise..."

Arthur spoke and sighed.

What happens when one is taken by the undead?

Everyone knew very well!

Death!

That would be the only outcome!

Little Koster and Little Emmond, the two young men, shuddered, and the stench grew stronger.

Afterward, they barely managed to stand up with the support of their subordinates, awkwardly bowed to Arthur, and without daring another glance at the body on the ground, they turned and ran.

The lawyer also left.

He left behind three gold notes totaling 12 in value.

Malz picked up the two gold notes worth 1 each, smiled as he saw the other off from the office, and then handed the gold notes over to Dico.

"Well done."

Malz praised directly.

Having said that, Malz returned to the office.

Dico was stunned.

Suddenly, a look of delight appeared on his face.

A patrol officer's salary was not high, and most of the time, they only got scraps left over by other policemen, such as the haul from Cork Street 14, which might not happen even once in several months.

So, for the generous and supportive Malz, Dico felt quite fond.

Otherwise, he would not have hesitated and stopped even though he was about to run during that moment.

And now with the unexpected reward, Dico was overjoyed.

This reward money was enough to buy new clothes for his daughter and wife, and even a pair of new shoes, which his daughter had asked him for several times.

Thinking of his daughter's soft, sticky happy call of "Daddy", a smile unconsciously appeared on Dico's chubby face.

The nearby patrol officers looked at Dico with envy and jealousy, knowing that this was the Police Chief's reward for him, and they instantly regretted why they had run earlier.

If they hadn't run, perhaps they too would have received a reward?

Just as the local patrolmen were about to invite Dico for a drink, the door to the Police Chief's office opened once more. Chief Malz didn't step out but only poked his head through and said to Dico, "Submit an apprentice policeman application tomorrow."

Outside the office, it immediately became silent.

A moment later, it was filled with heavy breathing.

A policeman!

Not a patrolman!

All the patrolmen knew what this represented—a leap in rank!

Chief Malz watched the scene with satisfaction.

Currently, the Shire District was short of policemen, so why not promote a reliable patrolman inclined toward him as a confidant?

Moreover, unlike the re-recruitment required for a policeman's post after retirement, which needed the Lord Count's signature, the normal intake of apprentice policemen and the replacement of casualties were matters Chief Malz could authorize with his signature alone, especially the latter, which most often let the family of the deceased take over, even the Lord Count wouldn't comment on such matters.

After all, maintaining meritorial service and bloodline was something any Noble would preserve.

Thinking about Dico's arrangement, Chief Malz then thought of Middel and Gite.

He naturally had plans for both, although they were the only new policemen in the Shire District after the new laws, neither was qualified for the position of deputy chief. A level 4 policeman would be sufficient for them.

As Chief Malz pondered, he glanced at Arthur, who was examining two charred corpses.

He did not speak or disturb, merely watching quietly.

About ten minutes later, Arthur sighed and stood up.

"What's wrong?"

Chief Malz suddenly looked tense and immediately gripped the hilt of his sword.

The recent movement of the corpses was still fresh in his mind, and the Sheriff of Shire District definitely did not want any mishaps to occur.

Arthur immediately waved his hand.

"It's nothing."

Arthur did not explain further.

Because he hadn't fully understood it himself.

The reason he had stopped Malz just now, allowing Little Koster and Little Emmond to act, was to gain more XP and incidentally help Malz avoid the misfortune of becoming the scapegoat. Another reason was that Arthur wanted to test this bizarre phenomenon—

First, whether killing someone from the Mystic Side, like killing bizarre entities, would also yield XP.

Second, whether the bizarre occurrences before and what appeared now were the same entity.

Results?

All failed.

In the blaze, there was no notification of earning XP, but it couldn't prove XP couldn't be earned, perhaps the opponent had fled.

Just like that toad.

The first point remained unconfirmed.

The second point was even less ascertainable.

When his intuition was at its peak and Arthur felt it was about to transform into "Death Intuition," he acted. He was just experimenting and did not want to truly risk his life.

This feeling of achieving nothing made Arthur frown inwardly, and he felt an even greater urgency to acquire knowledge of the Mystic Side.

Arthur took a couple of deep breaths to calm himself down again and then informed Malz of the events that had occurred at White Bird Street number 6.

The two were sturdy allies bound by mutual leverage and interests. The news that would spread throughout South Los by daylight, Arthur did not see the need to hide it.

Arthur truly trusted in Malz's channels of information and wisdom.

In fact, this was the case.

"Was the sharpshooter sent by the Earl of South Los?"

"Is everything happening now the start of a conflict between the Earl of South Los and the Grand Duke of the Inner Bay?"

"Hiss!"

"That is terrifying!"

Malz displayed a shocked and scared expression verbally, but his face bore no panic; instead, it was filled with a smile.

To retreat and yield would only lead to utter annihilation.

To rise up and strike would still offer a slim chance of survival.

This was a truth he had understood during the Seven Years' War Period, but life in South Los had been so comfortable that he had utterly forgotten this belief.

Fortunately, it was not too late.

He had met Arthur.

Chief Malz took a deep breath, looked at Arthur, the Sheriff of Shire District, whose eyes were shining with brightness and inquiry at this moment.

Arthur saw this.

And he saw beyond the window too.

The horizon was already brightening.

The sun had not yet risen, and under the cloudy sky, the air was filled with moisture and a brisk wind.

Without a doubt, another heavy rain was about to fall.

Yet, he smiled and said softly—

"No matter to what shores the storm brings me, I shall land as a master!"

The charm of language is endless.

The previously dim morning light was now stunningly brilliant.

Arthur stood by the window, waiting for Malz's response.

He clearly understood the other's recent implication.

Seeking to deepen their cooperation, yet worried about his attitude.

Thus, the inquiry.

And Arthur, giving a response.

Doubtlessly, such a response satisfied the other party!

Chief Malz stood up, raised his hand to sweep the slightly greying hair hanging in front of his forehead all back, and bowed slightly with formal protocol.

"Your Excellency, it is a great honor for Malz to cooperate with you."

His voice was clear and forceful.

In his field of vision, a hand appeared.

Arthur's hand.

Malz reached out and grasped that hand.

The relationship between the two grew even stronger, gradually becoming unbreakable.

Thus, Malz did not hesitate to say—

"Now, we need to resolve one matter first!"

