

Great Master 62

Chapter 62: Where There's a Way Out, There's Recklessness!

"Is it a ship?"

Arthur asked in a hushed voice.

Malz immediately nodded.

To this, Arthur was not surprised.

Although the new Sheriff of Shire District had the courage to fight, it did not mean that he wouldn't leave himself a way out.

Similarly, Arthur did the same.

No one could guarantee what the final struggle between the Earl of South Los and the Duke of the Inner Bay would turn into.

And unlike others who still had choices, Malz's appointment as sheriff was signed by the Earl of South Los himself, and Arthur had openly stood by Marinda's side.

It could be said, both were already marked by the Earl.

In such a situation, if the Earl won, as early 'investors,' they naturally expected to enjoy immense benefits.

But if the Duke of the Inner Bay won, they had no other option but to take to the sea.

The Earl, with his noble status, might be stripped of many things, but would certainly spare his life—that was the rule among nobles.

But they were not nobles!

And, as early 'investors,' they were definitely among the primary targets for elimination!

'Wait!'

'Marinda's desire for Baron Kemir's title, could it be that she also wanted a way out for herself?'

Arthur realized somewhat clearly, yet his speech did not halt.

"We need a ship that, at a moment's notice, can leave the harbor if absolutely necessary, a ship that can trade normally on ordinary days, but must be in the port at critical moments!"

Malz nodded.

Finding a ship that could take them out of South Los was easy.

But finding one that could do so at a critical moment was difficult.

Therefore, the ship had to belong to them.

Moreover, the crew aboard had to be close confidants.

"Leave the matter of the ship to me!"

"The sheriffs of South Los each have their own ships, naturally I can't be an exception—the crew... Arthur, do you have any suggestions?"

Malz inquired.

Instantly, Arthur thought of Wiggins.

However, Arthur soon shook his head.

There was no doubt about Wiggins's capabilities, but those were mainly toward being familiar with South Los itself, how much of it would remain once he was on a ship?

Thus, Arthur said,

"First, recruit the sailors and captain normally, however the sheriffs of South Los do it, just do the same."

Confidants could also be cultivated, Arthur believed that after several rounds of selection coupled with certain interests tied in, it wouldn't be long before there were suitable people.

But Malz misunderstood.

"Are you planning to use your Spirit Medium talents to control them?"

"Won't that affect you?"

Seeing the worry on Malz's face, Arthur did not reveal that he couldn't do it.

Maintaining a certain level of mystery was crucial for their partnership.

Even as their relationship progressively became indomitable.

After all, gradually becoming indomitable is not the same as already being indomitable!

Moreover, who could guarantee that what he couldn't do now, he wouldn't be able to do later?

As was well known—

He, Arthur, had an exceptional Talent!

At the same time, Arthur again realized that Malz seemed not to be completely ignorant about the Mystic Side.

"Malz, have you encountered similar matters?"

Arthur asked with a smile.

"Mhmm, at the end of the Seven Years' War, my Musketeer Squad experienced something utterly incomprehensible—by then the situation of the war was quite clear, basically with no major conflicts expected. Our entire squad of 120 people was homesick, impatiently wanting to return to South Los.

We sat by the bonfire, drinking, singing, and discussing what we would do when we got back home.

One guy even mentioned that he had made plans with his fiancée to marry right after the war.

Everyone was congratulating him when suddenly our captain fired his gun, directly shooting him dead, then swung his sword and killed his own best friend, our deputy captain.

As the scent of blood drifted, everyone went mad and began to slaughter each other, I was barely able to react before getting punched and knocked out cold by a tent pole by one of my former comrades.

Not only did they become incredibly strong and fast, but they also seemed transformed, shouting phrases I couldn't understand.

When I awoke, I was the only living person left in the entire camp."

As their relationship deepened further, Malz also became willing to share some of his past.

But as he recounted, the former soldier's face turned slightly pale.

Clearly, his straightforward narrative could hardly cover the panic inside.

Arthur walked over and patted him on the shoulder.

"Believe me, using such power is extremely intricate and exhausting, I wouldn't want to use it lightly even myself."

Arthur's consolation was half genuine, half feigned.

Yet he quietly noted this incident at heart.

Although it was towards the end of the Seven Years' War, the mass slaughter of soldiers was enough to show that the Mystic Side was far more flourishing at that time, and... unrestrained.

'Has the mystery declined?'

'Or has it hidden?'

'Or has there been an agreement?'

Arthur speculated in his heart.

From the clues he had at his disposal, it was almost certain that the Nobles were monopolizing certain Mystic Side knowledge and openly enjoying abundant resources.

And the Mystic Side individuals among the common folk?

Whether it was Ciudik, the 'Bloodline Replacer' who exchanged bronze for scrap iron, or Graham, who was toad-like, both left a very bad impression on Arthur.

Both were extremely secretive, and bloody.

Perhaps this was related to them being pursued.

What then was the true face of the Mystic Side?

Arthur kept guessing and speculating in his mind, and his anticipation for the promise Marinda had given him grew stronger.

Later, under Arthur's intentional guidance, the topic with Malz began to shift towards something lighter—

"Do police officers have breakfast?"

"Of course."

"The breakfast for patrol officers is ordinary, the breakfast for police officers is quite good, while the breakfast for the police chief is lavish."

As Malz spoke these words, he handed over a gold note with a denomination of 10 to Arthur, then shouted outside.

"Bring me two servings of breakfast!"

After Arthur put the gold note into his pocket, he took out three gold notes with a denomination of 1 and handed them back to Malz.

Malz was startled.

"Perhaps you think that 10 gold notes are trivial to you now, but I believe in fairness and clear pricing, so...

I seven, you three."

Hearing Arthur's words, Malz also turned serious.

He knew that this was about their subsequent cooperation.

After thinking for a moment, Malz accepted one of the gold notes.

"Just now, I didn't help at all, I just used my identity and it happened to occur here, so for fairness, I one, you nine.

Of course, if I contribute more in the future, it can change to two eight."

Malz was very self-aware.

He clearly understood who was in the dominant position in this cooperative relationship.

He also knew that in the future, he would rely too much on Arthur.

He was also aware that people are always greedy.

He was no exception.

He set a fair distribution method for himself to avoid unnecessary embarrassment later on.

Arthur nodded, his eyes carrying a hint of admiration.

Controlling others is fearsome.

Controlling oneself is even more fearsome.

Immediately, Arthur was filled with expectations for what Malz could achieve in the Shire District.

But that would come later.

Now?

Arthur looked outside the office.

Two patrol officers who had just changed shifts came over carrying food. Even though there was no longer any danger, these two officers were still extremely cautious, especially after Malz opened the door and they entered, they were extremely meticulous.

Not just because of the charred corpses on the ground.

But also because of their fear and awe of Arthur.

Clearly, the patrol officers who had not witnessed the event and had only heard rumors had come to regard Arthur as some kind of terrifying entity.

Arthur clearly noticed this change, not intentionally, but instinctively glanced at the two patrol officers.

Immediately, the hands of the two officers carrying the trays began to shake.

Milk in the cups swayed incessantly, tracing arcs after arcs, spoons gently tapped against the glass, clinking continuously.

And when Malz signaled for them to leave after setting down the food, the officers sighed in relief and hurried out.

"The unknown and the mysterious always instill fear, don't they?"

As he spoke, Malz picked up his portion.

Arthur noncommittally nodded and then focused on his own portion.

Hot milk, fried eggs, fried ham, nuts, slices of bread served with butter and honey, accompanied by kale and a small dish of dried fish on the side.

Just as Malz had said, the breakfast for a police chief was indeed lavish.

As Arthur picked up the milk, he saw the two uncollected charred bodies on the ground. Although he didn't mind having corpses near him while eating, the strange burnt smell that entered his nostrils made him feel somewhat uncomfortable.

Most importantly, this discomfort reminded him of two unpleasant dining experiences.

Consequently, looking at the Shire District Police Chief who had already begun enjoying his breakfast, he said—

"Malz, do you know about the Red Rose Restaurant and the White Rose Restaurant?"

"There's something I'd like to ask of you."

