

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 20: Knocking After Sleep!

The young journalist Scott asked loudly without any attempt to conceal his voice, immediately drawing the attention of those around him.

Unlike the general illiterate populace, the residents of Cork Street were mostly middle-class, not only literate but also fond of using newspapers to flaunt their status.

Therefore, these people were aware of what had happened today.

They knew there was a neighbor named Arthur Kredos, a 'Spirit Medium'.

They knew the malevolent reporter Dockler had been cursed by this 'Spirit Medium'.

They even knew the true identity of the terrifying 'Axe Murderer' haunting them for days.

Especially the latter, which had been the core topic of conversation at dinner tables, leaving everyone shocked and incredulous.

For this reason, when they heard Scott's loud inquiry, a single answer emerged in their minds: revenge!

And many were convinced of this upon clearly recognizing the blue uniform.

Arthur's gaze swept over these excited, anticipatory neighbors.

He of course knew what these neighbors wanted to hear.

Unfortunately, for him, there was no benefit in satisfying their curiosity.

The current situation had been temporarily resolved with the mediation of that lady from the higher-ups, and his own intimidating the subordinates.

What next?

He needed more time to acquire...

XP!

Thus, Arthur shook his head and stated—

"It was Lauke!"

"Death turned him into an Evil Spirit who manipulated his former colleagues to come after me for revenge, and then, they encountered the Barriers I had set up."

While the news of hired revenge was entertaining, it could not surpass that of 'Evil Spirit Revenge'.

In some aspects, the latter was more eye-catching.

Of course, more importantly, it wasn't the time!

"Evil Spirit revenge?!"

Scott exclaimed.

"The malevolent-hearted, the slayers of the innocent, returning to the human realm through Fresh Blood as a medium..."

Arthur lowered his voice, speaking as if chanting.

Scott, who was simply invited without knowing the truth, showed a change in expression.

A pallor appeared on the young journalist's face.

A living 'Axe Murderer' was enough to instill fear.

Not to mention a 'Evil Spirit Axe Murderer' after death.

That was not merely fear.

It was,

despair!

"Don't worry, he's dead—

I killed him while he was alive!

And after his death, I dealt with him too!"

Arthur revealed a comforting smile to the young journalist, and with an apologetic bow to the surrounding neighbors, they quickly responded with bows of their own.

More police officers appeared at the scene.

After briefly speaking with Arthur, they began cleaning up the scene.

There were no further provocative words, nor were there any corresponding excessive actions.

The people around were not powerless commoners.

Though a few middle-class, they wouldn't really mind, but with a group of middle class watching, they dared not act rashly.

Who knew among these middle-class if there was anyone connected to some influential figures.

Before confirming, it was better not to mess around.

Every officer knew this saying and mostly acted accordingly.

As for those who caused trouble?

The leading officer glanced at Joseph's body, which was divided into several pieces on the ground, and couldn't help but curl his lips.

When he was dispatched, his supervisor had already reminded him to handle the situation carefully, to avoid causing unnecessary trouble, he certainly knew what to do.

Moreover, even without his superior's reminder, after inspecting the scene, Arthur, as an experienced officer, knew what to do.

Look at those remnants of the explosion.

Even though new traces had covered the original marks, Arthur clearly understood how resolute and decisive the person responsible for this was, and...

Ruthless!

And he, about to retire, certainly did not want to invite trouble.

He was even less interested in getting caught up in the rivalry for the position of Sheriff of Shire District.

So the soon-to-be-retired Third-Class Officer approached Mr. Kledos, first removing his police cap, then spoke in a gentle tone,

"Excuse me, Mr. Kledos."

"I hope you haven't suffered any more losses."

"I will make a note of this."

Arthur gestured towards the courtyard that had suffered the explosion.

"That is deeply appreciated."

Mr. Kledos scanned Arthur's grizzled hair and the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, his face breaking into a smile, knowing the officer in front of him would not become an enemy.

As if sensing Arthur's amiability, Arthur spoke again in a low voice, "I will expedite the compensation process, I wish you a good night."

"Good night."

Arthur responded.

Watching the officer and his subordinates hurry away, he did not stop them.

A senior officer who just did his duty, for him, was all benefits and no drawbacks.

He did not need the officer to have any favorable inclination towards him.

All he needed was for the officer to just do his duty.

That was the greatest fairness to him.

As the officers left, the crowd gradually returned to their homes, and from the way they talked intermittently with spouses and parents, it was clear that tonight would be a restless one for them, but, such conversation did not include the children in the houses.

Once back home, the younger children were ordered not to discuss these matters and to go to bed immediately, not out of concern for causing trouble, but because they had school tomorrow.

As for the older children?

Their father's belt always made it clear how they should choose.

"Tonight's event must be covered in a special issue, along with your exclusive interview!"

Leaving such words behind, Scott declined Arthur's invitation for a late-night snack and headed straight back to the newspaper office to work through the night.

Arthur, meanwhile, enjoyed what was supposed to be dinner alone—fried chicken cutlets and dry-fried meatballs.

Before reheating the chicken cutlets, Arthur tossed some Sichuan pepper and salt into the pan to stir-fry.

In less than two minutes, the unique aroma of pepper and salt wafted out.

Smelling the unique flavor of pepper and salt, a smile appeared on Arthur's face, and he didn't even wait for the pepper-salt to cool down, crushing it gradually using the outer rim of a small bowl.

After reheating the chicken cutlets and freshly fried meatballs, he sprinkled his homemade pepper-salt on them.

The flavor was fairly good.

'Lacking sesame, peanuts, and cumin, I wonder if the grocery store carries these spices.'

Arthur thought.

The grocery stores in South Los, not only offering daily necessities like candles and soap, also sold dry goods such as tea, coffee, sugar, cereals, biscuits, and grapes, with spices making up a significant portion.

In short, whatever you can't find in other specialty stores, it was worth looking in a grocery store.

After finishing his meal and washing the dishes, and once everything was neatly arranged, Arthur checked No. 2 Cork Street again to ensure there were no issues, then placed the Spirit Medium Box under his bed within easy reach.

Then, placing two firearms under his pillow, he finally slipped into his pajamas and under the covers.

The hardness under his pillow did not discomfort Arthur.

On the contrary, it gave him an unmatched sense of security.

'Tomorrow's plan—find a suitable Swordsmanship Club, acquire skills beyond Basic Swordsmanship, and buy sesame, peanuts, and cumin from the grocery store...'

Arthur thought, just before falling asleep.

After a busy day and repeated battles, even Arthur was feeling worn out.

Soon, he drifted into dreams.

And just a few minutes after he had fallen asleep, a gentle calling began to ring in his ear—

"Arthur, Arthur!"