

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 19 A Gentle Breeze at Night (Please follow~ Please support~)

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The night in South Los had become quiet yet bustling.

In preparation for the next day's food, people from the poorer areas of Qingcheng District, Old Town, Dort District, and the Docklands had gone to bed early.

Yet the parties and salons of the rich in Shire District were brightly lit, with melodious instrument sounds, pleasing singing, and the aroma of food drifting with the night breeze.

Joseph, wrapped up in his coat, easily avoided the patrolling officers on West Mok Avenue with Johnny, turning onto Cork Street.

And they quickly found their target's location at No. 2 Cork Street.

After all, for Joseph who was a Shire District officer, everything here was too familiar.

Not only did he usually patrol nearby, but he had also been preparing since the afternoon.

The Sheriff of Shire District, Lauke, had died.

His direct superior had died here.

How could he not care?

Not that he had a particularly good relationship with Lauke.

As per usual, it was nothing more than regular tributes and an official superior-subordinate relationship, but at this time, he had to step forward and take out the guy who killed Police Chief Lauke—both to maintain the dignity of a police chief and to clear his own charges.

He swore he had just slipped and fallen in by mistake.

It was definitely not on purpose!

Afterwards, the gun had also discharged by accident, killing the lady.

It was definitely not intentional!

More than ten witnesses could prove it.

Unfortunately, his superior needed more compelling evidence.

Like taking out Arthur.

Such things had been done more than once by his colleagues, but it was Joseph's first time.

Therefore, to be on the safe side, he had called upon Johnny, the Golden Finger of the streets.

He needed the target taken out as quietly as possible.

Preferably without anyone noticing.

Joseph waved at Johnny.

Johnny immediately took out his tools to pick the lock from his pocket.

"Hurry up!"

Joseph calculated the time of the next police patrol pass and urged in a low voice.

Though Joseph was sure tonight's patrols were also 'his people,' he didn't want to be seen as 'useless.'

You see, proving himself meant not only showing his innocence but also his capability for a higher position.

Why his superior was doing this, the not so foolish Joseph knew perfectly well.

It was for the position of Police Chief!

If his superior became the Sheriff of Shire District, then as long as he proved himself, he would naturally be promoted.

Being a Second-Class Officer might not be enough, but a Third-Class Officer would definitely be no problem.

By then, he would at least be able to lead a small team.

Of course, he also had to offer 'sincere apologies' to the family of the lady, just like he 'accidentally' slipped in and 'accidentally' pulled the trigger.

"Okay, right away!"

Johnny, who had quite a reputation among the Golden Fingers around West Mok Avenue, Cork Street, and Dar Alley, naturally had the skills to match his fame.

In less than twenty seconds, the door of No. 2 Cork Street was open.

"See, it's actually not that difficult, of course, that's only for me, if it were someone else... Huh?!"

Johnny, with a smile, showed off his skills to Joseph standing to the side.

However, before he could finish speaking, he was cut off by a firearm pressed against his forehead.

Joseph beside him also raised his hands high and said continuously,

"Wait, this is a misunderst..."

Bang! Bang!

Without any nonsense, Arthur pulled the trigger.

Bullets opened up large holes in the heads of the two uninvited guests.

Amidst the spray of fresh blood, two bodies fell to the ground, lifeless.

Arthur calmly took out paper-wrapped gunpowder and bullets from his apron pocket and began to reload—he knew the 'little trouble' was far from over.

When he had taken out Police Chief Lauke, Arthur knew he would encounter such 'minor troubles,' even with the lady's promise.

He had seen the lady's gestures, all too clearly.

The world never lacks people willing to take risks, nor does it lack cannon fodder.

How can a group of people vying for the position of Shire District Police Chief make themselves more persuasive?

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Naturally, the plan was to knock off this 'murderer'!

To take him out in the most brutal, direct manner possible!

But given the prestige of that lady, they wouldn't get their hands dirty; however, it was a different matter when their subordinates made decisions on their own.

Arthur had anticipated this and didn't dislike the situation.

Because not only could he handle it, but he could also use this opportunity to gain more XP.

Still, with his customary caution, Arthur had made corresponding arrangements.

For instance: the arrangement with that young journalist.

'He must have been coerced or tempted by his boss!'

As Arthur loaded his firearm, he looked at the two corpses on the ground.

Of course, it might also be someone, blinded by greed, eyeing the position of police chief.

If that were the case, he'd be quite pleased.

Because who doesn't like a foolish opponent?

And if he really had to take down a contender for the position of Sheriff of Shire District, the XP he could gain would definitely be more than he expected.

After all, anyone competing for a district police chief position in South Los must have an unquestionable status.

Leaving aside the traditional nobles, this would be pioneers or those from affluent backgrounds.

As for the poor?

Don't make me laugh.

The poor simply didn't stand a chance.

Not to mention the position of Sheriff of the wealthiest Shire District in South Los!

Most rich people weren't even qualified.

Thinking this, Arthur, with his firearm reloaded, strode out of the room and into the courtyard, holding the gun upright.

He didn't want fresh blood splattered inside No. 2 Cork Street.

Because that would make cleaning up too troublesome.

As for hiring someone else?

No. 2 Cork Street had too many secrets to be exposed, and that made it imperative for him to do the work himself.

Relying on the "Shadow Concealment" effect granted by his Talent, "Dark Serpent. Cripple," Arthur seemed to merge into the night.

He stood in the shadows, squinting at two patrol officers who arrived at the scene much faster than proper response time allowed.

"It's that Joe!"

"Hmph, worthless trash!"

The door left ajar, and the light leaking out revealed the bodies to the two patrol officers who had just made their observation, and Arthur aimed his firearm at them and pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang! Bang!

The two shot officers fell to the ground.

After putting the firearm back in the room, Arthur retrieved the explosives hidden in a secret compartment.

He didn't ignite the explosives right away, but first moved the bodies to ensure that No. 2 Cork Street wouldn't be affected. Then he lit the bundle of six sticks of explosives and tossed them onto the corpses.

Arthur then walked back into his room and closed the door.

The whole process was quick and discreet.

Although he believed his neighbors, even if they heard the gunfire, would ensure their curiosity wouldn't cost them their lives, he was still extremely careful.

Outside—

Boom!

In the huge explosion, not only did the corpses fly high in pieces, but any remaining traces were completely destroyed.

"What happened?"

"Why were there gunshots and an explosion?"

A deserved commotion arose all around, as the previous gunfire had already drawn the attention of the people on Cork Street; they simply hadn't ventured outside due to the uncertainty of the situation.

But the noise from the explosion was too loud.

Minutes passed, and finally, someone couldn't bear it any longer and, with guts and a firearm, cautiously opened their door.

With one taking the lead, more people opened their doors.

Peeping through the "Peeping Mirror," Arthur watched as his neighbors started to gather around first.

But Arthur didn't open the door right away; instead, he looked for the person he'd made the arrangement with.

Upon seeing the familiar figure, he immediately opened the door.

The next moment, the young journalist Scott, with pen and paper in hand, rushed to him and cried out—

"Lord Kledos, is it because you exposed Police Chief Lauke as the 'Axe Murderer' that you were retaliated against?"

Suddenly, the chaotic crowd fell silent.