

Great Master 105

Chapter 105: Justice from Heaven!

Dotas lowered his head, staring at the pitch-black blade with his mouth agape as if he wanted to say something, but in the next moment, the longsword flicked upward.

Thud!

Rat Street 'Contact Person's' body was split in half.

Thump!

The whole body fell to the ground, convulsing as his breath gradually faded.

The longsword didn't stop; after the flick, it drew a graceful arc, and the two desperados closest to Dotas clutched their necks and fell.

The remaining three desperados finally reacted at this time.

Almost instinctively, they huddled together.

Then—

A gigantic muzzle aimed at them.

Bang!

The Thunder Gun roared like a small cannon.

Seven bullets shrouded the three men, followed by the sound of flesh and blood striking.

The three desperados fell to the ground with their bodies riddled with holes.

Arthur turned around unhurriedly, his gaze once again toward the Pine Street corner—In the normal field of vision, there wasn't a soul, but Arthur's "Death Intuition" was flashing.

Clearly, behind these six desperados, there was still another 'Mystic Side' individual.

Casually tossing the Thunder Gun aside, Arthur stood holding his sword, squinted slightly, silently mouthing words, and his remaining hand slowly unbuttoned the double-breasted coat.

Very slowly, his fingers moved with a strange quality.

In the Skill bar that only Arthur could see, "Bluff" once again flashed.

Urto, concealed in the shadows, was startled.

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He could not discern what secret technique Arthur was using.

But he knew he had to interrupt!

Without hesitation, Urto raised his hand and a crossbow arrow shot out.

The Firearm was more powerful, but the crossbow arrow was more accurate!

Whoosh!

The arrow grazed the edge of Arthur's figure and pinned itself into the trunk of a shrub behind, and within a breath, the trunk began to darken.

Poison!

To give a precise crossbow arrow greater lethality, poisoning was one of the best options.

Having successfully dodged, Arthur was sweating on his forehead; his figure swayed, and his face showed urgency. His hand unbuttoning the coat slowed down a fraction.

It seemed as if the recent dodge had severely drained his physical strength.

Observing this, 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley let out a cold laugh.

"Actually using a secret technique that restricts movement?"

"You're as good as dead!"

While saying this, Urto did not rush to act, but raised his hand with another crossbow arrow.

With a Physique of 1.8, Arthur managed to dodge again, but his body shook even more violently, and the hand unbuttoning his coat became even slower.

Then, a look of despair appeared on Arthur's face.

Because the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley was charging toward him—the mist covering his body sent ripples across the water as the caster moved swiftly.

Arthur instantly locked onto the opponent's position.

Calculated the distance between them in his heart, the look of despair on Arthur's face grew even more intense until the Rat Tail Alley 'Gatekeeper' approached a bit more, and Arthur gritted his teeth fiercely, dropped the hand that was unbuttoning the coat, and staggered backward.

Even after moving back two steps, he turned around as if to flee.

Seeing this, the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Arthur's secret technique was not only interrupted, but he must have suffered a backlash—with his knowledge of the mystic arts, he was certain of this.

However, what surprised the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley was that Arthur's escape speed was increasing. Initially staggering, he had now reached the pace of a brisk walk of an ordinary person.

Watching Arthur rush toward the bushes aside, the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley suddenly realized.

'The backlash isn't severe, no wonder he used such a movement-restricting secret technique!'

'What secret technique could it be?'

'Can I learn it?'

The 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley thought to himself and immediately gave chase.

This time, the fog enveloping his body completely dissipated, revealing his bent-over body, murky eyes, and the hand crossbows in each of his hands.

The crossbow arrows from the hand crossbows had been shot, possessing no offensive power anymore, but the 'Gatekeeper' carefully placed the hand crossbows on the ground—those were his expensive custom-made weapons, not only compact and more accurate but also equipped with poison reservoirs, negating the need for applying poison separately, extremely convenient, and he was loath to damage them.

If it weren't for the fact that he had suffered 'mystic backlash' and his body was overly bent, rendering his movements inconvenient, he would never have left his hand crossbows there.

Pulling a dagger from his bosom, the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley plunged into the bushes—Pine Street was so named because of the shrubberies lining both sides of the street, with towering pine trees interrupting the low green plants at intervals.

However, even with the pine trees as coverage, one could still see Arthur.

After all, the pine trees were planted in a single line, and the distance between them wasn't too far.

"Hah, you can't escape!"

Watching Arthur, who did not exit the bushes but was struggling to move through them as if trying to use the bushes to block his way, the 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley felt insulted.

Perhaps he suffered 'mystic backlash,' and his shape had changed, making his movements somewhat sluggish, but to think such shrubbery could impede his movements?

It was a gross underestimation of his abilities.

"I've decided!"

"After completing the task the master has given me, I won't kill you right away. I will sever your limbs and make you crawl over a red-hot iron..."

Boom!

The 'Gatekeeper' of Rat Tail Alley was still speaking when two bundles of short-fuse explosives descended from above.

His attention was entirely on Arthur, and the swishing sounds of Arthur navigating through the bushes filled his ears, the 'Gatekeeper' had not heard the sound of the fuses burning at all.

The outcome was, of course, inevitable!

With the vertical drop of the 'Hand of Void', charred and shattered remains mixed with splinters soared into the air and tumbled down onto Pine Street.

Even the nearest pine tree fell straight onto the street.

Arthur leaned against a pine tree, feeling the vibration, yet did not let his guard down.

The 'Death Intuition' was not flashing anymore, but that did not mean there was no one left.

And his little 'trick' wouldn't work every time.

'Pendragon, you'd better shave off that beard quickly!'

Arthur prayed silently in his heart, his whole person once again vanished into the shadows—while the entire Pine Street was dead silent, not because people hadn't heard the gunfire and explosions.

It was because Arthur had already asked Haywood to inform all residents of Pine Street to shut their windows and doors, not to come out unless...

Things had taken the worst turn!

So while the residents hadn't come out, they were keenly aware of the battle on the street.

Relieved to see Arthur cleanly dispatching those six desperate men, they grew anxious once again at the appearance of the 'Gatekeeper' from Rat Tail Alley, and they remained incredibly tense after the explosion—they did not know who had won, but they knew what they had to do.

The men instructed women and children to take cover and grabbed the weapons they had prepared—kitchen knives, firewood cutters, and ancestral pitchforks.

They were aware of the stakes and ready to fight to the death if anything seemed amiss.

After all, if they lost their houses on Pine Street, they would lose everything.

Fortunately, the worst had not come to pass—

Tap, tap-tap!

The distinct sound of boots hitting the ground announced Malz's arrival at the mouth of Pine Street with Wiggins and twenty armed patrolmen.