

Great Master 123

Chapter 123 Whoosh!

Arthur and Malz devised four hand gestures to deal with different situations—

Pinky: There's something, but not dangerous.

Ring finger: It's dangerous, be alert.

Index finger: Very dangerous, go all out.

Thumb: Extremely dangerous, prepare to run.

The presentation of the four fingers could include, but was not limited to raising, stroking, tapping, and so on.

As for the middle finger?

In the world before him, raising the middle finger held the same meaning as Arthur knew it, and sometimes, it was even more expressive.

Especially when Arthur saw Marinda flipping the bird, he couldn't help but think off-color thoughts.

But Malz wouldn't at this moment.

The police chief, noticing Arthur tapping his index finger lightly on his sleeve cuff, instantly tensed his muscles. Almost subconsciously, the chief's gaze turned toward the window—

The White Bird District, which had just experienced an explosion, was still eerily quiet.

For the residents of White Bird District, such a reaction was natural; these affluent people did not want their families entangled in pointless troubles.

They preferred to leave these matters to the patrol police.

Or rather...

Let the patrol police scout ahead first!

But the patrol police of White Bird District had not appeared as usual!

Malz's eyelids twitched slightly.

Due to the special nature of White Bird District, there was a team of 12 armed patrol officers—they worked in groups of three to patrol and rest.

The recent explosion should have drawn them all in.

But now, not a single one had appeared.

There was only one possibility left...

The patrol team had been annihilated!

Hisss!

The thought of this possibility made Malz inhale sharply.

The police chief had a bad feeling before.

But he hadn't anticipated it being this bad.

"Take control of this place, quick!"

Hearing Arthur's serious words, without any hesitation, Malz started shouting Dico and Andy's names.

"Dico, Andy, tie them up!"

The police chief pointed at those frantic servants and attendants—although they seemed extremely panicked at the moment, neither Arthur nor Malz would take the risk.

Dico and Andy, along with the patrol officers, took control of these people without any resistance.

These individuals were bewildered, at a loss, merely protesting their innocence and claiming no connection to the events that had unfolded.

Malz paid them no mind, already striding towards the middle-aged butler.

"Where is Freeman's weapons cache?"

Malz asked directly.

"I'm sorry, Police Chief, I..."

"I'll ask you one more time, where is it?"

With the situation urgent, Malz could not afford to be patient, grabbing the other's collar and yanking him forward, his forehead colliding forcefully against the man's.

The chief's loud roar induced a brief ringing in the butler's ears.

Then, the pain in his abdomen made the middle-aged butler bend over.

Malz was well aware of the likes of Freeman. Even if they had gone legitimate, they would have kept something for just in case.

And those things were now what they needed to survive.

Otherwise, did he expect his men to fight the enemy with batons?

Malz gripped the hilt of his sword, slowly drawing it.

"Wait!"

"I say!"

"Please, do not harm me!"

The middle-aged butler's insistence vanished with Malz's unsheathing of his sword—he was just a butler hired from an employment agency, not one truly groomed by the family; reaching this point was already enough for him.

The middle-aged butler comforted himself.

Having found a plausible excuse for himself, the butler no longer bore any psychological burden and went straight to opening the secret chamber in Freeman's study.

Or more accurately, a small arsenal.

Ten longswords, ten long firearms, ten crossbows, ten short firearms, two boxes of explosives, two boxes of bullets, and five barrels of arrows neatly arranged, appeared before everyone's eyes.

Malz drew his longsword; its blade had a thin layer of grease, clearly well-maintained, and it could be used as soon as it was wiped clean.

"Suit up!"

At Malz's command, Dico, Andy, and six patrol officers began discarding their batons and picked up longswords and crossbows, strapping firearms onto their backs.

Andy alone took charge of eight short firearms and two long ones.

Six short firearms were cross-hung in an upward angle across his chest, with the remaining two gripped in his hands, and the two long firearms were carried on his back.

No one objected to this arrangement.

Although they mostly used batons while on duty, their seven days of annual training still taught them how to load and fire their weapons.

It also made them aware that Andy was the standout during every training session.

This was why Malz valued Andy so much.

"Andy, take someone to the roof!"

"Dico, you take the others and use sofas, tables to block the main door and windows for me; leave two people here to watch these guys. If there's any movement, show no mercy and fire at once!"

The rest of you, get upstairs, and use every window in each room as your shooting port. Remember, don't peek out carelessly!"

Malz was not at ease with the servants left behind in the villa, even though they were tied up.

Therefore, he left two people to guard them.

This was both to secure the main entrance and to keep an eye on these people.

At the same time, Malz was grateful for the first time for the White Bird District's special emergency dispatch system—to protect the personal safety of the wealthy and respond promptly, the Shire District Police Station had a clear rule: whenever a homicide occurred in the White Bird District, besides the Police Chief himself, there must be an officer (or apprentice policeman) present at the scene, with at least six patrol officers in tow.

Were it not for this rule, he might not even have enough manpower available right now.

Scott also wanted to help, but Arthur stopped him.

"Please take care of Pendragon for me," Arthur said as he placed Pendragon back in the cage before handing it over, smiling.

"Arthur, I can help!" the young reporter insisted.

"Trust me, it's because I believe you can help that I'm entrusting Pendragon to you—its importance far exceeds your imagination," Arthur said seriously, convincing Scott.

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The most convincing evidence was the short firearm that followed.

"I will protect Pendragon with my life!

I promise!" the young reporter shouted as if taking an oath.

Pendragon in the cage glanced at the young man and then adjusted its posture to lie more comfortably.

Arthur patted Scott on the shoulder in response, then once again reached out to scratch his cat's head before picking up two barrels of arrows and heading towards the second-floor room that had been blown up—as a result of the explosion, half of the wall on the window side had collapsed, creating a huge gap, and becoming the biggest defensive vulnerability of the entire villa.

At that moment, Malz was standing at the stairway entrance.

Without a word, the two exchanged a glance and nodded at each other.

Arthur trusted that Malz would do his best, just as Malz trusted him to guard that room with the most significant breach.

And just as Arthur stepped into the room,

Whoosh!

The sound of an arrow slicing through the air rang out.

Arthur looked calmly towards the direction from which the arrow was shot, not even glancing at the arrow that was already near, as a gentle chant echoed lightly in the room—

"xiu!"