

Great Master 124

Chapter 124 Ding!

As the Glyphic Language sounded, the power of the secret technique acted upon the incoming arrow.

Immediately, the momentum of the arrow dissipated.

The arrow, now devoid of momentum, fell headfirst to the ground.

Ding!

The arrowhead embedded itself into the floor in front of Arthur's feet, but Arthur didn't even glance at it, his gaze still locked on the crossbowman and the three people beside him.

With his extraordinary vision, Arthur could clearly see surprise and anger on the crossbowman's face, but no panic.

Clearly, the attackers were familiar with the Mystic Side and had witnessed similar powers before.

The three people beside him were likewise unperturbed; the one with the crossbow, seeing his companion's attack ineffective, did not hesitate but lifted his crossbow and pulled the trigger.

Whoosh!

But, just like its partner, the arrow also ended up lying by his feet.

Seizing the lull, the crossbowman had reloaded, ready to shoot again, while Arthur chanted towards the arrow embedded in the floor.

"xiu!"

Whoosh!

The arrow embedded in the floor immediately flew back in reverse.

"xiu!"

Whoosh!

The crossbow arrow that was embedded in the floor also flew back.

However, their speed was not fast; the four attackers, initially startled, breathed a sigh of relief when they realized the arrows seemed as if shot from a soft bow.

They dodged the two arrows with remarkable ease.

Without exception, both arrows missed their mark.

"Haha!"

"Is this all?"

The four attackers burst into mocking laughter. Arthur, however, paid them no mind. Calmly, he picked up a quiver, emptied all the arrows onto the floor, and fixed his gaze on that area again, his lips continuously uttering—

"xiu!" "xiu!" "xiu!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

At Lv1, the Arrow Guiding Technique couldn't achieve volley fire of multiple arrows, but without the need to bend the bow, set the arrow, or draw the string, one arrow after another shot out as if a relentless drizzle that enshrouded the target.

The four attackers were horrified.

The arrows were not fast, and their strength not ferocious, but once their number reached a certain threshold, it triggered a qualitative change through quantitative accumulation.

Thud, thud, thud!

At first, it was just minor scrapes, but then, as the wounds affected their speed, they began to get hit by arrows, and once hit by one, several more would follow in rapid succession.

By the time Arthur had shot out all the arrows from the two quivers, the area where the four attackers stood had already been densely studded with arrows piercing the ground.

This was the gap between ordinary people and holders of secret techniques.

Perhaps each of the four attackers was battle-hardened, but when faced with the unnatural secret techniques, they still came up short.

However, the four attackers had already admirably accomplished their mission.

They had successfully drained Arthur's physical strength!

In the shadows, Urto listened to Arthur's panting breaths, revealing a hideous smile—like before, this 'Gatekeeper' of the Mouse Council was still hunched over, but his murky white eyes were gone, replaced by two pitch-black sockets.

Clearly, to be standing here, he had paid a severe price.

And thus, his hatred for Arthur was even more direct.

With a wave of his hand, more attackers emerged from the Shadows!

Twelve attackers split into groups of three, surrounding number 14 White Bird Street from four directions, two people rushing forward rapidly, while one kept firing crossbow bolts and arrows without pause.

"Stay hidden, don't rush to fire, shoot at close range!" Malz's voice echoed through the villa.

He knew very well that while his men had no problem pulling the trigger, their marksmanship was another story—one only heaven knew.

The Police Chief, holding a long firearm by the window, adjusted his breathing, ready to fatally shoot an attacker with one shot. This first shot had to hit.

Because this was their side's first gun.

If it hit its mark, it would greatly boost morale.

Otherwise, his men would engage in disorganized combat.

Aware of this fact, Malz pursed his lips.

The next moment—

He darted aside, pulled the trigger, and repositioned himself.

The entire motion was done in one fluid sequence.

There was simply no need to aim!

During the Seven Years' War Period, he had aimed no less than a hundred thousand times.

Now, intuition alone was enough!

Although still not comparable to those naturally gifted sharpshooters, he was more than adequate for dealing with these thugs.

Bang!

Before the gun smoke had cleared, an attacker rushing forward had a burst of crimson on his chest and fell down, motionless.

"Hit! It's a hit!"

The patrol officers inside the villa shouted in unison, and then, the excited officers pulled their triggers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang out, all missing their targets.

The erratic lead bullets flew off to who knows where.

But this did not dampen the enthusiasm of these patrolmen who reloaded their gunpowder and lead bullets, preparing to continue shooting.

In the lull, the advancing attackers grew even more frenzied, charging forward with loud roars.

They aimed to break into the villa in one fell swoop!

The attackers in the rear once again lifted their hand crossbows and crossbows.

They were ready to harvest the patrolmen who were about to show themselves.

The previous volley of shots had already allowed them to pinpoint the targets' locations.

The next wave would be their moment to exert force.

And at that moment—

Bang!

The gun fired.

A flash lit up on the rooftop of villa number 14.

An attacker wielding a crossbow flipped over and fell to the ground.

"Andy! It's Andy!"

The patrolmen inside the villa shouted again, while Andy on the rooftop wiped his father's monocle with an impassive face.

Then, the young patrolman once again put the monocle over his right eye and picked up another long firearm.

"Wind speed normal... Distance 51 meters..."

As Andy muttered to himself, his index finger steadied on the trigger, then pulled it.

Bang!

Splat!

Following the gunshot, an attacker's eyeball burst, and the lead bullet drilled straight into his brain.

Handing the empty long firearm to the person beside him, Andy took up the third long firearm and once again pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Splat!

Just like the previous shot, the result was identical, the attacker's eyeball was struck, and the lead bullet entered the brain.

"Sharpshooter!"

"There's a sharpshooter!"

"Take cover! Take cover!"

The attackers panicked, but Andy remained unmoved, calmly taking the long firearm reloaded by a patrolman beside him and continued to shoot.

Bang!

Splat!

The last attacker holding a crossbow fell.

With the loss of their long-range support, the charging attackers hesitated slightly, giving the patrolmen a chance. While the bullets for the long firearms were not yet loaded, they still had crossbows.

Swish, swish, swish!

The crossbow arrows were fired in rapid succession.

This time, the patrolmen finally hit their targets.

Firstly, crossbow arrows were more stable than lead bullets, and secondly, the attackers were close enough.

Hearing his subordinates' screams, Urto hummed angrily. The former Gatekeeper of the Mouse Council raised his palm, the index finger adorned with a silver ring trembling repeatedly.

A dense fog emanated from the ring.

In a breath's time, it enshrouded number 14 White Bird Street, and Malz and his men instantly lost their vision while the remaining attackers let out bloodthirsty and brutal howls.

But—

Bang!

Splat!

The sound of gunfire from the rooftop abruptly ended such howling.

The attackers shrank their necks, surprised that the sharpshooter on the rooftop could ignore the fog.

But these fearless attackers did not retreat, instead, they started to move toward the villa with closed mouths.

Urto could no longer be concerned with much else.

The Ring of Mist had limited time, and he had to kill that bastard before the effect wore off! Experience tales with empire

Thinking this, Urto, as if blending into the fog, silently glided into the second-floor guest room through the damaged wall.

With the help of the dense fog, Urto regained his vision.

Just one glance, and he saw the enemy who had taken his eyes.

The adversary stood against the wall, eyes shut tightly, listening intently.

This scene elicited a silent laugh from Urto.

Useless! Useless!

Within the Ring of Mist's fog, not only will your sight be greatly reduced, but your hearing too!

You're as good as dead!

With unparalleled hatred, Urto charged straight at Arthur.

The next moment, the dagger in his hand pierced Arthur's chest.

Clink!