

Great Master 127

Chapter 127 A Beautiful Day!

Arthur picked up Pendragon and placed his beard into the test tube before, and then unified them into "Atos's Box," laughing as he spoke.

"What a beautiful day!"

A beautiful day?

Malz neither agreed nor disagreed.

Scott looked at the bodies scattered everywhere and couldn't help but scratch his head.

Andy, having exhausted himself, hugged his long firearm and fell into a deep sleep.

Dico was gritting his teeth in pain at that moment, but what worried him the most was whether the scar on his face would scare his daughter.

Of the six patrolling officers, Looney and Simon were still alive.

Just like Looney, Simon was covered in wounds, and at that moment, he was leaning against the wall, groaning.

Simon was luckier, though. As Andy's loader, he only had some scrapes.

Naturally, the task of contacting the police station fell to Simon to handle.

However, before Simon could depart, Malz called out to him—

"Hey, catch."

It was a longsword.

The implication was clear, with the storm coming, firearms would be useless, and the sight for arrows obstructed, the longsword was the best choice.

"Understood!"

Simon took the longsword and ran out quickly.

"Are there any alcohol swabs and hemostatic drugs in the villa?"

Scott asked the middle-aged butler, considering himself useless in the recent fight as a young journalist who wanted to contribute at this time—he had a short firearm and even fired it, but the shot missed, and it was actually the throwing of the short firearm that hit the target.

"Yes, they are in the private doctor's room on the second floor."

The middle-aged butler pointed to a room on the second floor but did not lead the way.

Having survived the ordeal, he now only wanted to rest.

In fact, he had already begun considering going back to his hometown tomorrow; the city was just too dangerous.

Seeing the nearly annihilated servants and attendants, he quickly solidified this thought.

What the butler did not notice was that Malz had been quietly watching him—the day Malz didn't spot Freeman the bastard as problematic, it would have been impossible for him to have survived the Seven Years' War.

But capturing this scoundrel was clearly difficult.

However, with the right bait...

It wasn't impossible!

The Police Chief began considering how to use the butler.

Meanwhile, Arthur started checking his spoils of war—

[Name: Ring of Mist]

[Type: Ring-like Ornament]

[Quality: Hero]

[Attributes: Mist Domain (1/3)]

[Remarks: In the early days of the Holy Empire, the scattered mists remained a headache for the Pope and the Cardinals, but many forces on the Mystic Side began to study these mists. 'The Tower of Mist' was among the leading ones, composed of four wizards, achieved what the entire Holy Empire could not, but it also attracted peeping.

As soon as the 'Hundred Years' War' started, 'The Tower of Mist' was destroyed, all four wizards went missing, various manuscripts were contested over, and this 'Ring of Mist' was forged as a replica of the personal ring of one of the wizards, 'Gray Robe'. However, the alchemist who followed the orders of the Holy Empire to replicate this ring seems to have discovered some secrets...]

...

[Mist Domain: Activates a mist domain with a diameter of one hundred meters, lasting 3 minutes, within which enemies' vision, hearing, and intuition are variously impaired; ring-wearers can transform into mist to freely shuttle throughout the domain, immune to physical attacks and 50% resistant to other types of attacks, and can designate their minions to be unaffected by the mist, but the wearer's body also becomes as easy to disperse as the mist itself]

(Remark: After the usage times of the Mist Domain are exhausted, one can look for a 'Mist Stone' to recharge)

...

Arthur looked at the silver ring in his hand, noticing the traces of filigree, one strand over another, as if the entire ring had been woven from strands of silver.

After a brief examination, Arthur directly put the "Ring of Mist" on his left pinky.

Suddenly, his attention was drawn by those words.

'Secrets?'

'Recharge?'

'Could it be that they hid the secret in the "Mist Stone" that can be recharged?' Arthur squinted as he guessed, yet his gaze shifted toward the exterior of the villa, the team moving through the storm—a patrol team of over twenty people, along with several carriages.

Leading them were Middel and Gite.

These two, once peripheral policemen of Shire District, had changed significantly since Malz became the Sheriff of Shire District. Not only had their ranks increased by one level, but their demeanor had also transformed, seeming rejuvenated. Thus, when Simon called for help, the two immediately led the team into action.

On the way, Simon had told them about the carnage at No. 14 White Bird Street, but hearing about it and seeing it were two different things; both policemen were still shocked upon seeing it for themselves.

The entire villa's hall was nearly filled with bodies.

There were attackers, patrolmen, and servants.

The two quickly approached Malz and Arthur.

"Police Chief, Advisor."

The two bowed as they inquired.

Normally, their respect for Malz and Arthur was out of rank, but this time, it was genuinely out of recognition of their strength.

They acknowledged that they could not have come out unscathed from the combat here.

Behind them, the situation was much simpler for the other patrolmen. Although initially startled by the corpses covering the ground, they soon looked at Dico, Andy, Looney, and Simon with eyes filled with envy—they knew these four had made their fortune!

Needless to say about Dico, who was already an apprentice policeman; this time he was sure to be promoted to an official fifth-level police officer. Continue reading at empire

And the apprentice policeman positions for Andy, Looney, and Simon?

They were beckoning as well.

Everything at No. 14 White Bird Street had settled, and Arthur was ready to leave.

However, before leaving, he quietly reminded Scott.

"Half-written."

As Arthur spoke, he pointed in the direction of No. 44 White Bird Street.

Scott immediately understood Arthur's meaning. The young journalist nodded—it wasn't that Scott was giving up his persistence, but rather, he understood this as a kind gesture from a good friend.

"Understood!"

The young journalist nodded again.

Arthur patted his shoulder, nodded to Malz and the others, then boarded the police department's exclusive carriage.

"First, to Tate's Wand Store on West Mok Avenue."

Arthur commanded.

With the killing of Urto bringing another influx of XP, Arthur, who had already scheduled "Wand Combat Technique" on his agenda, immediately wanted to find a sturdy and durable wand.

According to memories from his predecessor, 'Tate's Wand Store' was the best choice.

What's more, even with the torrential rainfall at the moment, 'Tate's Wand Store' would definitely be open.

Because—

'Whether rain or shine, from 8:30 AM to 5:00 PM, we never miss a day.'

This had been Tate's slogan ever since he opened the store at twenty-five, and it had not changed in 20 years.

There had been even more severe storms before, and 'Tate's Wand Store' had always remained open.

Therefore, Arthur was very confident.

However, upon arriving and seeing the store's doors tightly shut and the interior dark, Arthur fell silent.

'Could Tate be one of the Old Lion's spies?'

Arthur speculated.

Normally, there was no way Tate would close the shop, and the only significant event today was the secret struggle between the Old Lion and the Mother Tigress. Moreover, Tate's wand-making business seemed able to connect with many influential people; the likelihood of Tate being the Old Lion's spy was quite high.

With this thought, Arthur signaled the auxiliary police driving the carriage to leave.

But just then, a faint light illuminated inside the wand store, and—

Squeak!

The door opened.