

Great Master 149

Chapter 149: Delivered to the Door!

...

The tapping sound was that of leather soles striking a wooden floor.

The whooshing sound seemed a bit like the noise of the wind blowing through.

But...

That sound of wind only occurred on the second floor!

Arthur was sure he hadn't heard any wind outside 10 Clara Street, but there had definitely been the sound of wind on the second floor!

What did this imply?

Not one person had entered 10 Clara Street!

But two!

And one of them seemed to be a Mystic Side Person!

Immediately, Arthur retreated into the shadows.

Auburn slipped quietly into 10 Clara Street from one side—grateful to that frightening and portly figure.

If not for him, it wouldn't have been so effortlessly done.

With the promise from that individual in mind, Auburn sprang into action.

As long as he returned with the object, he could officially retire and live in South Los with a new identity!

Everything was about to begin anew!

Thinking of the bright future, Auburn, the infamous Golden Finger from Rat Street, was thrilled. And with his exceptional skills, he soon found the panel on the first floor.

With a flip of his hand, a slender dagger appeared.

Following the seam, he gently pried, and the panel lifted.

"Done!"

As Auburn moved the panel aside and was about to search below, something felt off.

His shoulders felt heavy, and his neck sore, as if something was pressing down on his shoulders and clasp his neck.

No, not "as if"!

Someone was sitting on his shoulder, clutching his neck!

The warmth snug against his neck made Auburn shiver, and almost instinctively, the dagger in his hand stabbed upwards.

Whoosh!

Auburn heard the sound of wind again, the dagger missing its mark.

He had just heard such a sound.

But he hadn't paid attention to it.

Now, he finally realized.

Someone had set their sights on him.

He had been marked the moment he entered 10 Clara Street!

Was the other person also here for those items?

The last thought that went through Auburn's head dissipated as his head hit the ground.

Pfft!

Blood, forced by the pressure in his chest, soared two or three meters high, not only splattering the entire ceiling but also staining the figure clinging to it.

Most of the person's body was revealed under the drenching blood, but the rest melded with the ceiling.

Looking down at the corpse, a disdainful smile surfaced.

The smile, smeared with blood, carried a peculiar ferocity.

Without concern for the blood on them, the figure turned and leaped, ready to jump straight into the underground chamber.

Their leap was light and nimble, making almost no sound except for a faint 'whoosh'.

That's why the sound of the crossbow arrow tearing through the air was so loud.

The person mid-air evidently didn't expect there to be someone else inside 10 Clara Street!

Their body unbelievably twisted in mid-air, not only dodging the incoming bolt but also lunging towards the direction from which it had been shot.

But they lunged into empty space.

No one there?! The grim follower paused, then sensed trouble, and was about to leap again, but before the leap could commence, a sudden pain struck their groin.

It felt as though their privates were about to shatter.

Instantly, they lost the power to leap, and at that moment—

Swish!

Thud!

Another crossbow arrow was fired.

This time, the agonized stalker had no chance to dodge and was hit in the chest by the arrow.

When they felt the piercing pain mixed with paralysis in their chest, the stalker couldn't hold back any longer.

"You despicable..."

They wanted to accuse, but an invisible hand covered their mouth.

Hand of Void!

...

They've realized what happened!

But they were immediately filled with confusion!

Because the "Hand of Void" they were facing not only possessed far greater strength than they remembered, but its speed was also much faster.

And then...

With deadly poison coursing through his system, his already scattered consciousness dissipated completely as his throat was slit.

Before the fresh blood could spray in front of Arthur, a bedsheet was stuffed into the wound, not only blocking the blood from spreading but also wrapping up the body and vanishing from the room.

Another corpse was also taken by Arthur into "Atos's Box."

After picking up the crossbow arrow, Arthur did not linger either.

The patrol officers outside were already alerted by the noise and prepared to come in and check.

About thirty to forty meters after Arthur left 10 Clara Street, he heard Dico's roar behind him—

"Quick, notify the Police Chief, the advisors!"

Immediately, Arthur quickened his pace to leave.

Moreover, to be faster, he started choosing straight paths.

Garden walls, houses—he leaped over them all.

With the "Hand of Void" as his fulcrum, this was a piece of cake for Arthur.

But the physical strength he expended caused Arthur's breathing to become unstable.

Towards the end, he was gasping for breath.

He arrived at Ayr Lane ahead of the police's special carriage, dispelled the "Hand of Void," and quickly adjusted his breathing. After seeing that the police carriage was still on its way, Arthur, now with steady breath, quietly got on the carriage—always keep calm in front of your partner, unless you want to give up more bargaining chips, even if the partner is trustworthy.

"How did it go?"

Malz, who had been waiting for a long time, immediately asked in a low voice upon seeing Arthur return.

"Everything went smoothly!"

Arthur responded with a smile.

He didn't tell Malz about the events that unfolded later—because he wasn't sure whether the pursuer was a Mystic Side Person tempted by greed or an organized individual.

If it was the former, naturally, it was easy to handle.

The person is dead, what else can't be done.

But if it were the latter, caution was needed.

He and Malz were about to show themselves soon.

If Malz were to get targeted, that would truly be troublesome.

It wasn't that he was worried Malz would betray him.

But on the Mystic Side, there were methods that could confuse betrayal, or even make Malz spill everything unknowingly.

Therefore, Arthur chose the safest way.

Phew!

Upon hearing Arthur's words, Malz let out a sigh of relief.

He certainly trusted Arthur, but he also believed in that "Grim Reaper's Favor" Arthur had—every time his partner appeared, death was sure to follow, which made him unable to help but suspect his own partner might have the "Death Bird" as a relative.

That there were no deaths this time was such a relief!

"That look in your eyes, are you thinking something bad?"

Arthur, holding Pendragon, frowned as he looked at Malz.

"Of course not!"

"After finishing the task later, shall we go for a drink?"

Malz chuckled.

"Rather than having a drink, I'm more concerned about what's for dinner at the police station."

Arthur shook his head.

"Quite good!"

Malz gave a positive assessment.

As the two chatted, the carriage slowly entered the police station's courtyard, but just as the carriage came to a halt and Arthur and Malz disembarked, another carriage quickly drove in from outside the yard.

This carriage was also for police use.

From the number, Malz recognized right away that this police carriage came from Dort District.

In the Dort District, the only one who could use such a carriage was Police Chief James.

Malz wasn't surprised by James' arrival.

His own close subordinates wouldn't, but there would always be someone who'd tip off the other side, which was part of his and Arthur's plan, even a crucial part of it.

However, he hadn't expected the other side to arrive so quickly!

Quickly explaining the origin of the carriage to Arthur beside him, Malz greeted the newcomer with a smile.

Meanwhile, Arthur maintained his smile, but his brain was working overtime—

'Clearly, "Haite Furniture Store" is more important to him than I had thought!

If my earlier guess is likely to be true...

Police Chief James, if that's the case...

Well then, I won't be polite!