

Great Master 154

Chapter 154 Cats, Guns, and Old-timers!

Marinda was momentarily startled by the snake-shaped crack on the bone.

This scene was unexpected.

Before she could ponder further, a sudden change occurred—

Hiss!

The night sky emitted a long hiss as the Dark Serpent suddenly arose.

At that moment, it seemed as if the snake pattern on the leg bone came to life, twisted perversely, and leapt out of bounds of the leg bone, lunging at Marinda with its mouth wide open.

Lady of the Eternal Night didn't even glance at the Serpent Shadow that was close at hand. She raised her hand and threw the leg bone away, while the rings of smoke coalescing mid-air transformed into an arrow, shattering the leg bone straight away.

The Serpent Shadow that rushed towards the Lady of the Eternal Night dissipated simultaneously, turning into nothingness.

'A serpent?'

'How come these creatures are also appearing in South Los?'

'Since when has South Los become so chaotic?'

'It always feels like some troublemaker has come to South Los!'

Marinda muttered to herself, a serious look in her eyes.

Then, she gently tapped the carriage.

Immediately, Edwin flicked the reins and the carriage started moving.

As for 10 Clara Street?

A specialist would handle it.

Delegate the respective tasks to the respective specialists.

Malz had known this saying for a long time.

Therefore, after completing the record of the gold and silver ornaments at No. 44 White Bird Street, the Police Chief handed them all over to the steward for rearrangement—he certainly did not wish to challenge his partner's fists with his own aesthetic.

"Dico, are you heading back to the police station?"

After boarding the police carriage, Malz was surprised to learn that his subordinate needed to return to the station.

"Aren't you going home to see little Ellie?"

Malz was puzzled.

He was well aware that the subordinate in front of him was extremely affectionate towards his daughter, fearful of his wife, and respectful towards his mother—this was exactly why he had chosen him in the first place.

People who are respectful towards their mother, scared of their wife, and love their daughter can't be too bad.

And after every mission, Dico always headed home immediately.

But yesterday, this subordinate seemed to have come back in the middle of the night.

What happened?

As Malz was guessing, the next moment, he saw his subordinate's eyes begin to redden as if he was about to cry.

"What's wrong, Dico?"

Malz was startled.

"I have been disliked by little Ellie!"

Dico spoke softly about last night's ordeal, and Malz couldn't hold back.

"Pfft."

"Sorry, I couldn't hold back!

Usually, I can hold back.

It's just... Haha!"

The Police Chief, seeing his subordinate with a grimace due to facial scars, burst into laughter, unable to hold back any longer.

After a full ten seconds, the Police Chief firmly patted his subordinate's shoulder.

"Leave it to me!"

"I remember little Ellie likes small animals, right?"

"Perfectly, I'm going to 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home' to pick a cat for myself, and you can also select one for little Ellie. With a cat around, little Ellie is sure to accept her old father again—don't worry, I will bear all the costs."

Malz promised.

Dico's eyes lit up.

The police carriage entered Garden Street and stopped in front of No. 17 Garden North Street.

Malz pointed at the wooden sign 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home (Founded in 1552, 245 Years Ago)', and said with a smile.

"Recommended by Arthur, it's a historic and trustworthy old shop."

Dico immediately nodded.

As for his own advisor, the hefty fifth-level police officer trusted him immensely.

The two got off the carriage but paused as a pedestrian happened to pass between them and 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home' at that moment.

The two didn't mind.

Although it was already dark, Garden Street, being close to West Mok Avenue, still had quite a few pedestrians at that moment.

However, as the pedestrian passed them by, he slightly slowed down.

Then, he suddenly turned and looked at the two.

Malz and Dico were startled.

Then, both showed smiles as if they had seen an old friend.

"What happened at 10 Clara Street?"

The pedestrian asked.

"James wanted to make special paper and ink for cheques, but his assigned Auburn had other plans and directly started his own scheme."

Malz spoke truthfully.

"What scheme?"

"I don't know."

"What role are you playing in it?"

"Arthur and I just hope to expand our own influence a bit."

"What do you know about Arthur?"

"Arthur, Arthur he..."

As the pedestrian queried Malz about Arthur, the fluent question and answer were disrupted, Malz's face showed struggle, and he began to stammer.

Immediately, the pedestrian was ready to use more forceful means.

Although it would cause some irreversible damage to Malz and Dico.

But the other party clearly did not care.

Chanting the Glyphic Language in combination with gestures, just as the secret technique was about to be deployed—

Meow!

A deep, elongated throat sound suddenly arose from behind the pedestrian.

It was the warning sound of a cat.

The chilling sensation rushed from the top of the pedestrian's head to the soles of his feet, making his hair stand on end and his forehead immediately covered with cold sweat.

An invisible pressure made the pedestrian dare not move.

The secret technique was forcibly stopped.

Backlash caused the pedestrian's mouth to bleed.

But as the pressure slightly eased at the moment, he did not hesitate, not even daring to look back, and charged past Malz and Dico ahead.

For a fleeting second.

Malz and Dico returned to normal.

Both were slightly surprised but did not think much and directly walked into 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home'.

"Welcome!"

"What do the two guests need?"

Amanda's gentle voice emanated from the still-open shop door.

While standing in the shadows, Arthur squinted at the wooden sign—

Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home (Established 1552, 245 years ago)!

'245 years?'

'Such a long time indeed!' Arthur marveled in his heart.

Having 'slandered' James, it naturally occurred to Arthur that his partner might encounter danger—after Marinda had left, Arthur had stepped out with half a heated sausage.

The young 'Spirit Medium' concealed in the darkness followed Malz, and knew he had to intervene when he saw that pedestrian.

However, an unexpected scene next took Arthur by surprise.

'A cat's warning cry...

Could it be the Cat Faction?' Arthur speculated, yet he did not reveal himself.

Now was not the best time.

About ten minutes later, Malz with a Holstein cat and Dico holding a Black Cat exited 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home,' both clutching cat food, bowls, litter, and litter boxes—clearly, it was a package deal.

One could tell they were happy.

Especially Malz, who immediately named the Holstein cat.

"Police Chief, Police Chief, your name is Police Chief," he declared.

Dico, however, didn't name his cat; he wanted his daughter to have the honor.

When the carriage reached Ayr Lane, the two men parted ways.

Malz walked directly into No. 19 Ayr Lane.

Living alone, his wife having passed away early and his son studying in Inner Bay, he had chosen a one-and-a-half-story house suitable for solitary living and very close to the police station.

After settling Police Chief, Malz reached his second-floor study and bedroom.

Pulling out pen, paper, and ink from the drawer, Malz was ready to write to one of his old friends, but just as he picked up the pen, the old chief was engulfed in a flood of memories.

He recalled the days of the Seven Years' War.

The uncertain, perilous days.

Subconsciously, he bent down and pulled out a long box from under the bed.

The box bore not a speck of dust, but it was locked.

Malz took the key from around his neck and unlocked it.

The long box opened, revealing a heavy Matchlock Gun, a saber, and a medal within.

The heavy Matchlock Gun had a Y-shaped rest.

The saber was sheathed.

The medal had long since lost its golden hue, reduced to a mere iron piece.

'Thirty years... has time really passed so quickly?

I thought it was just yesterday!' Malz thought.

Embracing his two old friends, memories swelled in Malz's eyes as his fingers caressed the heavy Matchlock Gun, pausing slightly at the end of the gunstock.

There, ninety-nine fine scratches were etched.

Each scratch represented an enemy.

Each enemy, a battle of life and death.

Not having killed a hundred?

He did not care.

None of that mattered.

At least, he was still alive.

At least, in the dead of night, he could sit here caressing his two old companions, softly sharing memories of the past and changes of the present.

Thirty years had passed this way.

No!

More precisely, thirty-seven years.

"Old friend, do you know?

Your descendants no longer need Matchlock. They've been replaced by flintlocks.

Haha, do you also feel yourself growing old?

No worries, we three are all old fellows," the old sheriff laughed but did not notice the figure outside the window.

The passerby from before silently appeared there, standing on the roof of Crow One Building, eyes disdainful as they fixed on the two antiquated weapons cradled in Malz's arms.

Matchlock Guns had long been outdated.

Now, Flintlock Guns were the mainstream.

The musketeers' swords?

They had been replaced by narrower-bladed Ceremonial Swords.

'Let me send you and these two antiques to the dust of history!' the figure thought, once again beginning to cast a secret technique.

The figure aimed to finish what had not been completed before.

Fully focused on the old sheriff inside the room, the figure failed to notice four invisible palms slowly approaching.

The figure also failed to notice that, under the candlelight, the heavy Matchlock Gun and the saber in the old sheriff's embrace were emitting a strange glow.

The figure's secret technique was about to be completed.

However, a different sound occurred once again.

This time, it was not the warning cry of a cat.

It was the roar of gunfire—

Boom! Boom! Boom!

One cannonball after another smashed into the formation of pikemen.

Each cannonball took a row of soldiers with it.

Yet, no one retreated.

As part of Daredevil Camp, they awaited the end of the bombardment with serene courage, protecting the one hundred and twenty musketeers gripping their heavy Matchlock Guns.

Ratatat!

The bombardment ceased, and the opposing cavalry began their charge.

The musketeers hidden within the Daredevil Camp formation picked up their rests, rushed to the front, set up their Matchlock Guns, blew on the match, and at the command of 'fire,' simultaneously pulled their triggers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets flew, striking down the charging cavalry.

Simultaneously, the figure outside also fell to the ground.

A deep bullet hole in their forehead.

Their eyes widened, as if beholding the most inconceivable scene of their life.

Meanwhile, a new fine scratch silently appeared on the gunstock of Malz's heavy Matchlock Gun.

Exactly one hundred.