

## Great Master 58

Chapter 58: Splendid Fireworks!

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The latter half of Lady of the Eternal Night's salon began, and the auction officially started.

The guests, wearing smiles, moved towards a side hall.

Not everyone was qualified to participate in the auction; Marinda had cleverly set a threshold, one that seemed unreachable to commoners, but to the guests present, it was a threshold that could be reached with some effort.

Guests without the qualifications either left or stayed in the salon, holding their glasses of wine and chatting with friends or engaging in light conversations with ladies they had just met.

The number of servants in the great hall was reduced to the necessary few, and the lighting was dimmed to facilitate the free flow of conversation between the gentlemen and ladies.

The musicians collected their pay and left along with the guests who were departing.

One carriage after another left White Bird Street.

After making some necessary disguises, Edwin and Arthur separately boarded carriages and blended in with the departing guests.

The two appeared as inconspicuous as possible; yet, to the trained eye, they were hardly a challenge. When the carriages they were on left White Bird Street one after the other, several carriages immediately followed suit.

Sitting in the lead carriage, Edwin, while loading his firearm, observed the stalkers—these stalkers were no fools.

They wouldn't make their move within the White Bird District.

At the very least, they would wait until they had left Spring Water Square,

A shady lane or, even better, Garden Street was a suitable choice.

And the turn from the shady lane into Garden Street was particularly fitting.

Guessing in his mind where those guys might choose to act, Edwin picked up another firearm and continued to load it.

There were a total of four firearms laid out on the seats beside and opposite him. Including the one in his hand, that made five.

Knowing that a fierce battle was impending, Edwin understood that once the fight started, he would have no time to load ammunition; these five firearms were all his long-range firepower.

And then?

It would be close-quarters combat!

"I hope Mr. Kledos can hold out until then!"

Edwin couldn't help but silently pray.

Even though he was confident in his master's flawless plan, he also knew that compared to his simple task of diverting the enemy's attention, Arthur, who was the prime target of the enemy, was in far greater danger.

Those guys were no pushovers.

They were a bunch of vultures!

Not just vicious, but also well-trained!

"You must hold on until I can support you!"

Edwin slipped each firearm into his chest harness with the muzzles angled upwards. He tucked a dagger and a short sword into his belt at either side, slung a longsword over his back, and then, this chauffeur picked up two firearms, making his final preparations.

Rattle, rattle!

Very soon, Edwin's carriage left Spring Water Square and entered the shady lane.

The carriage Arthur was in had just entered Spring Water Square.

Arthur glanced out of the window at the patrolling police officers who seemed very earnest and methodically placed two bundles of explosives on the seat. These two bundles of explosives had significantly shorter fuses than normal, and in between the gaps, Arthur had inserted quite a few nails.

Marinda had not devised any foolish plans.

She chose to let Arthur do as he wished.

So, Arthur planned to use his most proficient methods.

What was Arthur good at?

Offense!

From beneath his seat, he pulled out a crate of explosives that Marinda had specially prepared—part of the "good stuff" she mentioned.

Indeed, as the adversary had said, it was good stuff!

After replenishing his Spirit Medium Box, Arthur immediately tossed the original two bundles of short-fuse explosives on top.

Then—

"Ei a!"

Within the foreign syllables, Invisible Hands floated beside Arthur.

Arthur handed the matches from his pocket to the left Hand of Void and commanded the right Hand of Void to pick up a firearm. It was only then that he gently patted the carriage thrice.

This was the secret code agreed upon with the driver.

Meaning: Get ready and slow down.

The driver immediately became fully alert and began adjusting the speed of the carriage; what was once a smooth and fast pace suddenly slowed.

Inside the carriage, Arthur raised a Thunder Gun and began waiting for his target.

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The Thunder Gun, naturally, was provided by Marinda as well.

It was one of the "excellent items" as referred to by the others.

Compared to a regular Thunder Gun, this one was larger, capable of loading more gunpowder and bullets, looking almost like a small cannon.

It possessed immense power, but operating it demanded a high level of skill.

Ordinary people simply couldn't handle it, let alone identify their target in such a moment.

But for Arthur, this was no problem.

His physique, 1.8 times that of an average person, allowed him to operate the Thunder Gun with ease, and identifying the stalker among a group of people was made trivial by his "Death Intuition".

Carriage after carriage passed by.

The stalkers were extremely cautious, and when they noticed that the carriage Arthur was in had unexpectedly slowed down, they didn't rush up immediately. Instead, they waited until three carriages had passed by Arthur's without incident before they whipped their reins and charged forward. And then—

Bang!

The muzzle of the custom Thunder Gun provided by Marinda flashed, and twenty-four bullets almost instantaneously enveloped the accelerating carriage. The bullets, striking the solid wooden carriage, punched one large hole after another, the massive impact shattering a small portion of the cabin.

Amid the flying wood chips, the people seated inside were riddled with holes.

Nor did the coachman escape unscathed.

In fact, it could be said that this completely unprotected coachman got the worst of it.

At least six or seven bullets hit him, and in the instant the gunfire sounded, half of the man's body turned into a bloody mess.

Casually tossing aside the Thunder Gun that had run out of bullets inside the cabin, Arthur picked up his Spirit Medium Box and flipped out of one side of the carriage.

At the sound of the gunshot, the driver had yanked the reins in an instant, pulling back the horses. Not waiting for the carriage to come to a halt, he dove into the bushes by the road.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. The stalkers lurking around were caught off guard and couldn't react in time. By the time they regained their senses, they found two of their companions dead.

Moreover, the startled horses had crashed the carriage into a nearby tree.

The targeted carriage, however, came to a steady stop by the side of the road.

Where is he?

The stalkers looked at each other in confusion.

They had just seen the coachman jump into the bushes.

This, they did not care about at all; what they wanted to know was where their target was!

This was right after leaving Spring Water Square, and there was a patrol unit at the square. There was no time to delay!

Just as these stalkers were preparing to move forward to search for Arthur, they saw a gun barrel extended from the window of the carriage parked by the roadside.

Bang!

The muzzle flashed, but the bullet did not hit its mark.

The bullet flew over the heads of the stalkers, and although they were very close, some of them even heard the distinct whistling sound of the bullet.

But every stalker remained collected, their eyes lit with excitement as they looked in the direction of the carriage.

The target was still on the carriage!

Without any hesitation, the stalkers rushed toward the carriage like madmen.

They all knew that reloading a firearm couldn't be done quickly, and this time was enough for them to reach the carriage and apprehend their target.

This target was worth a substantial bounty, after all!

With that bounty, they could live a carefree life for the rest of their days!

So, these running stalkers were giving it their all, jostling and competing with one another until finally, one of them reached the side of the carriage.

The stalker first looked around at his competitors with a smug glance, then, as he raised his gun to aim, he pulled open the carriage door and bellowed with all his might—

"Give up resisting, Mr. Kledos, we will afford you the treatment befitting a gentleman..."

His voice was high and thunderous,

Like a salute to the highlight of his life.

This fastest running stalker was as if seeing the good life of his future, but the next moment, his voice came to an abrupt halt.

His face went from excitement, joy to terror—in less than a second.

Because he saw a fuse burning down to its end!

He turned to run

But it was too late—

Boom!