Great Master 59

Chapter 59: Reckless Babble!

The dazzling firelight burst forth in the dark night, sending a fireball soaring into the sky.

Stalkers near the carriage were instantly engulfed by the firelight, while those a bit farther were thrown high up by the shock wave, their bones broken and tendons snapped.

Stalkers even farther away?

They didn't escape either!

One nail after another flew towards them, piercing their bodies like arrows.

Only a few stalkers were lucky enough to escape the disaster.

But their ears were still filled with the roaring of the explosion.

It not only buzzed but also made them dizzy and stagger.

In their blurred vision, a black figure wielding a sword approached rapidly.

Fast!

Very fast!

As the figure sped past the burning carriage, clusters of sparks swirled around it, gathering near the figure and slicing forward with the blade.

The countless red sparks flickered and danced, chasing the profound and dark blade.

Thud!

One stalker didn't even have time to react before the blade grazed his neck.

The sparks that struck his face suddenly brightened, then extinguished.

Then the second, and the third stalker!

The dim blade danced with the figure's rapid charge.

Continuously, amid the sounds of the blade cutting through flesh, an unusual noise arose.

"Arth..."

After that, the blade swept past, returning to silence.

Arthur confirmed there were no survivors around, definitely ensuring that he wouldn't be shot unexpectedly, and then he habitually swished his sword before sheathing it.

Click!

In the crisp sound of the sword meeting the scabbard, Arthur exhaled slightly, restoring his physical strength.

What seemed a one-sided fight was actually a meticulously calculated strategy by Arthur, who chose to shoot near Spring Water Square, stopped the carriage, then used the imminent arrival of the police to pressure the stalkers, giving them no time to think, and finally fired with the Hand of Void and ignited the explosives after careful repeated consideration.

Worrying about any unforeseen events, Arthur had two backup plans.

Luckily, neither was needed.

Smelling the unique scorched scent of flesh in the air, Arthur looked towards the distant Edwin who was rushing over.

Not only was the latter fully armed, but also his coachman behind him held up two firearms and had a longsword at his waist.

'Not slow!'

'And very responsive!'

Arthur's gaze shifted from Edwin to the coachman behind him.

Edwin's considerable strength was unquestionable, being Marinda's attendant and coachman said it all.

What surprised Arthur was the apparent considerable strength of the coachman behind him.

'Is he one of Marinda's men?'

'Or borrowed from that Count?'

Arthur wondered.

As the two arrived, they stared at the already settled battlefield, their faces full of astonishment.

They had thought they were entering a fierce battle!

But now?

Edwin and the unnamed coachman, looking at the limbs and lifeless enemies scattered before them, felt utter shock in their hearts.

'Using himself as bait to lure these eager fools, then using explosives... Damn, what a madman!'

Edwin immediately grasped what had happened and couldn't help but gasp.

He didn't know how Arthur had come out unscathed in such a situation, but he knew he definitely shouldn't trifle with Arthur.

Because he didn't want to end up like these guys on the ground.

Turning around, Edwin looked towards the grass beside the road.

Arthur's coachman was standing there but looked stunned.

Clearly, he too couldn't believe what had just happened.

Unlike others, as Arthur's coachman, he had come prepared to die.

But everything had been too unexpected.

Edwin came over and kicked him, then vigorously ruffled his hair.

This was a subordinate he had personally trained.

It was great that he was alive.

"Quick! Clean up the scene!"

"Go notify the master!"

Edwin shouted.

The two part-time coachmen immediately sprang into action.

The pair knew they didn't have much time and needed to act quickly.

Edwin then looked again at Arthur.

This time, Edwin's gaze carried much more warmth.

"Mr. Kledos, please head back to 6 White Bird Street and rest, and leave the rest to me,"

Edwin said.

But Arthur shook his head.

"I haven't yet seen Chief Malz."

Saying this, he quickly walked away, disappearing into the night.

Edwin watched the direction in which Arthur had vanished, his expression puzzled.

Wasn't the situation already resolved?

Was going to Chief Malz just a pretense for others?

Could a police chief really decide the current situation?

Then Edwin shook his head and began to bend down to clean up the battlefield.

The coachman decided not to ponder the things he couldn't understand. After all, he just needed to do as his master instructed.

...

Chief Malz truly didn't know what to do now!

The newly appointed Sheriff of Shire District looked down at the two corpses before him, his brow furrowed in a frown, unable to suppress a sigh.

"I won't become the shortest-serving police chief in the Shire District, will I?"

"Damn it!"

"Why would an assassination occur just as I entered the police station?"

Malz recalled the scene that had just unfolded, his back involuntarily chilling.

Those two consecutive shots were spaced a hundred meters apart!

It was known that with the advent of firearm technology, firearms were quickly distributed to troops, but their shooting accuracy was still a major concern. Even with specially made firearms that increased

gunpowder, only the projectile's range and power were enhanced, not the shooting accuracy. This forced armies to fire in volleys, compensating for poor accuracy with sheer volume of fire.

Yet, some were naturally different.

They seemed to be born with the skill of precision shooting.

Malz, who had participated in the Seven Years' War, was lucky enough to have witnessed such individuals.

Why lucky?

Because such people were treasures to every general; if used properly, they could become a secret weapon, even deciding the outcome of a battle.

Therefore, he had never imagined such a person would become an assassin.

Nor did he believe that a sharpshooter would become an assassin!

Such sharpshooters would be welcomed anywhere and treated with great reverence!

Because such sharpshooters could terrify anyone!

Just like him right now!

He dared not even be in an open area, let alone check the bodies outside his office.

What was more, he was well aware of the dangers lurking behind this incident!

'Although I don't know why, it must be one of those nobles wanting to kill Coste and Emmond!'

'And I, the unlucky fellow, got dragged into it!'

'Could it be because I had contact with Lord Count, and someone harbored resentment against me, planning to have me killed?'

At this thought, Malz was momentarily stunned.

The more he thought about it, the more likely it seemed.

The Earl of South Los might be the lord of South Los, but the nobles of South Los did not genuinely submit to their lord.

Some were even flip-floppers.

Some were hypocrites.

Because of interests.

Because of the Old Lion of Inner Bay.

But none of this mattered to Malz anymore.

He planned to run away!

He absolutely did not want to become cannon fodder in the nobles' struggle!

Having made his decision on the spot, Malz was ready to take out the ten gold bars he had hidden early inside his desk—his precaution for emergencies.

Why not hide it at home?

Because it wasn't safe.

Having one's property searched was a popular choice.

So, he kept it here.

But just then, a knock at the door suddenly sounded.

The newly appointed Sheriff of Shire District looked up to see his partner standing at the office door, one hand holding a suitcase while the other maintained the motion of knocking.

"Arthur, I'm in big trouble this time!"

"I don't know if it will involve you!"

"How about we run away together—whether becoming pirates at sea or bandits in the mountains is up to you, I still have some old friends and we can get some arms at a low price..."

Seeing Arthur, Malz had plans to rise and expand with him.

Retire?

With things like this, he dared not even think about retirement.

He was now concerned about how to stay alive while being targeted by that sharpshooter.

There weren't many who could deal with a sharpshooter, but Arthur, who held mysterious powers, was definitely one of them. With Arthur around, he was at least not worried about being outright killed.

And rising and expanding were for better bargaining benefits!

However, before Malz could finish, Arthur waved his hand.

Malz wanted to run, Arthur had guessed it.

He knew what kind of person the other was.}

Not necessarily cunning, but definitely sly and greedy for life.

Especially at a life-or-death juncture, the other wouldn't mind fighting desperately.

But if desperate measures failed, to stay alive, he would definitely run.

That's why Arthur had come.

He did not want the position of Sheriff of Shire District to fall into the hands of someone unfamiliar. Therefore, upon entering, and seeing the bodies on the ground, he said softly.

"It's so sad that Coste and Emmond chose to commit suicide."

Malz was stunned as he looked at Arthur's serious expression, confirming Arthur was not joking.

But how could a shot in the back be suicide?

Subconsciously, Malz asked.

"Shot in the back, suicide?"

"Yes, suicide!"

With the Earl's backing, not to mention a single shot in the back—even if it were seven shots in the back, it would still be suicide.

But just as Arthur finished speaking, the two corpses on the ground seemed to...

move slightly.