

Great Master 104

Chapter 104: Mouse and Cat!

If the target of Rat Tail Alley had never been him or even Marinda, what then?

What if the ultimate target of Rat Tail Alley had always been the Countess of South Los?

If that was truly the case, then their extreme reaction would make sense.

Only under such circumstances would the people of Rat Tail Alley dare to act this way—they wouldn't dare by themselves.

But what if the Old Lion of Inner Bay was involved in this matter?

Rat Tail Alley couldn't handle the Mother Tigress of South Los.

Yet, once the Old Lion of Inner Bay was brought into the equation, the situation would change.

And how could they involve the Old Lion of Inner Bay?

What could be more fitting than a 'mass suicide' outbreak in South Los?

Of course, a series of ongoing 'mass suicides'!

To amplify the public opinion, Rat Tail Alley would certainly do this—even if everyone on Pine Street died, they wouldn't care since it wasn't them dying.

Although not truly a relationship of lord and vassal, the Old Lion of Inner Bay was the Grand Duke of South County; though the Duke's powers had long been nominal, by raising the banner of 'morality' and intervening in the affairs of South Los under the pretext of protecting 'Noble Honor' of South County, the Earl of South Los would inevitably be placed in a passive position.

South Los was also part of South County.

And the other nobles?

They would love to see the Mother Tigress try out how much strength the Old Lion still had.

Ideally, they would both be injured!

At that time, these nobles would swoop down like vultures from the sky.

And then...

What would he do?

Death would be the best outcome!

Lingering death would become the norm!

Thinking this, Arthur's eyes narrowed slightly while the corners of his mouth began to turn up.

When he chose to lure Rat Tail Alley into the game with the 'Golden Acorn' and Marinda chose to cooperate, such an accident was inevitable, but the outcome wasn't entirely bad—

'The Mouse Council' must have prepared thoroughly in advance to understand Marinda so well—not just her personality but also the secret techniques she controlled, thereby setting the stage so precisely.

No, to put it accurately, not setting the stage!

But waiting for an opportunity!

The moment the owner of that house committed the first murder and entered Rat Street, he was probably already targeted by the 'Mouse Council'.

Even others like the owner were under the surveillance of the 'Mouse Council'!

Only then could the 'Mouse Council' ignore whether my argument with Marinda was real or staged and launch their plan with ease.

As long as Marinda acted according to her nature.

In fact, that's what Marinda did.

But...

How much do they know about me?'

The answer is obvious.

In the eyes of the 'Mouse Council,' he carried no real weight.

At best, he was merely a tool to foster the chance.

The cooperation before was also to attract Marinda's attention.

Otherwise, with the 'Mouse Council's' scheming, their treatment of him definitely wouldn't be so 'gentle,' and he couldn't have possibly met Haywood!

The 'Mouse Council's' attention would only be on the real rivals: Marinda, the Earl of South Los.

Even the attention given to those murderers was more than what he received.

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Arthur was not at all annoyed by this.

All he felt was relief and joy!

This would be his opportunity!

Arthur thought to himself, still maintaining an indifferent expression on the outside.

He looked at the returning Wiggins.

"Send one of your men openly and one covertly to No. 6 White Bird Street, and inform Marinda of everything that happened on Pine Street," he said.

Arthur wasn't sure whether Marinda had understood, or if she was simply preparing a new strategy to seek greater benefits—as for his partner, Arthur never underestimated her.

As for that Earl of South Los?

Arthur was even less likely to speculate.

If the confrontation between the Old Lion of Inner Bay and the Mother Tigress of South Los were likened to playing chess, he really was just a pawn, and pawns like him were countless on the board.

Perhaps later, his pawn could become unique.

Even possessing the power to step off the chessboard.

Or perhaps even overturn the chessboard entirely.

But, that would all be in the future!

At this stage?

He just needed to take care of his 'due responsibilities'!

Therefore, before Wiggins left, Arthur spoke again.

"Now go and personally inform Malz to use all his resources to keep a tight hold on all the newspapers in South Los—absolutely prevent the publishing of anything about Pine Street.

Also, have him send the rest of his men to support Pine Street at the highest speed!"

"Yes, my lord!"

Facing Arthur's emphasis, Wiggins immediately quickened his pace and rushed out.

The gate of No. 2 Cork Street closed once again.

Arthur stood up, placed Pendragon in the Cat's Nest, and the big orange cat twisted its body, cuddling into a more comfortable position.

Arthur then started to organize his Spirit Medium Box.

If he were faced with such a rare opportunity, he would definitely strive to do his utmost while being cautious—the newspaper circulation needed to be prepared in advance, and naturally, the residents of Pine Street had to be "suicidally" eradicated.

By this time, Haywood finally noticed something odd.

He had heard with his own ears "provide support to Pine Street with utmost speed"!

It seemed that the situation on Pine Street was far more complex than he had imagined.

Immediately, this ruthless landlord became restless.

"Am I unsuitable for Shire District?"

"Why do things always happen unexpectedly?"

Thinking thus, the ruthless landlord stood up.

He was ready to leave.

And he definitely would not return to Pine Street just yet.

He would find a place to hide first and then return to Pine Street after daylight.

However, Arthur stopped him.

Arthur asked with a smile.

"Excuse me, do you know how to use a firearm?"

...

Due to orders from that superior that had to be kept secret, Dotas did not gather his men within Rat Street—he knew well that once he assembled his capable men there, it would cause a stir, and certainly leave a trail afterward.

Therefore, he ordered his five skilled men to quietly leave Rat Street and then meet at Mule Street in Dort District on Cicico Ruins Road.

Why not choose a location closer to the destination, in that part of Shire District?

Of course, it was to avoid attracting the attention of the patrol officers.

As for those who live on Mule Street?

They needed to work from dawn to dusk every day; at this time, they were already deep in sleep, so deep that probably not even thunder could wake them.

Leaning in the agreed-upon alley, Dotas quietly waited.

He knew that leaving Rat Street silently was not easy; everyone there had eyes proficient in peeping.

Even though his men were skilled and familiar with Rat Street as well.

The night deepened.

As time passed, the five skilled men gradually arrived one by one, each bearing their own weapon.

Looking at the five subordinates before him, Dotas was just about to announce tonight's target.

But at that moment, the last subordinate who arrived suddenly came up and said,

"Boss, that Wiggins you asked me to watch, someone approached him more than an hour ago."

Watching Wiggins was a task given by that superior, but compared to today's mission, it was nothing—because, the superior had stated, this task was of the highest priority.

Therefore, the 'contact person' of Rat Street waved his hand.

"That kid is not important, our current mission is what matters most!"

Hearing Dotas's words, the five men immediately perked up their ears.

They knew well that tonight's significant turnout must be for something major.

"Tonight we head to Pine Street, each of you will take down one household—remember to make it look like a suicide, do not touch any property or women."

The contact person of Rat Street instructed.

The five men exchanged glances.

It was not that the task was too difficult, but rather too simple—compared to the jobs they usually did, taking out a civilian family was child's play.

Thus, they found it somehow incredible.

"Boss, which families are they?"

Someone thought there might be something wrong with those particular families.

"Choose randomly."

The words of Rat Street's 'contact person' puzzled the outlaws even more.

However, they did not inquire further.

They were just some civilians after all.

To take them down was all that mattered.

It was just a pity they couldn't touch any property or women.

With a mix of regret, the six men swiftly avoided patrol officers, passed through Cicico Ruins Road, and turned into Pine Street from there.

Standing at the entrance of Pine Street.

The six men's bloodthirsty gazes fixed on the houses within the district.

"Pick your targets yourself!"

Dotas raised his hand and gestured.

Suddenly, a longsword thrust out from the shadows, piercing through a chest.

Puff!