

Great Master 107

Chapter 107: The Majesty of the Cat!

That person was Alberts!

The young 'Detective' Alberts!

'How could he appear here?'

'Could it be that Alberts is involved with the Mouse Council?!'

'No, that's not right!'

'It couldn't be Alberts, it had to be...

his uncle!'

The moment he saw Alberts, Arthur's brain began to rapidly work—He was impressed by the young detective, recognizing his talent, but also noting his youth and pleasant disposition.

In the three days they spent together, Arthur had confirmed this.

Such a straightforward, inexperienced person was not what the Mouse Council would need.

Besides Alberts himself, there was only his uncle left in South Los.

Coincidentally, it was his uncle who had informed Alberts about the Mouse Council.

So the reason for Alberts's appearance at this moment was naturally to...

save his own uncle!

However, when Arthur saw the guilt and reluctance on Alberts's face, he immediately overturned his initial guess—Without a doubt, Alberts was there to save his uncle, but he was not willing; he had been coerced by his own uncle.

And that guilt?!

Why would Alberts feel guilty at this moment?

It could only be because he had done something he regretted!

And that thing could only be that event—

Pine Street!

Hissh!

Arthur involuntarily took a sharp breath. Assuming Alberts knew about Pine Street, could it be that Alberts's uncle was... a high-ranking member of the Mouse Council?

Only a high-ranking member of the Mouse Council could possibly know about Pine Street!

Similarly, only a high-ranking member of the Mouse Council could realize so quickly that the plan was untenable and start looking for a new way out!

As the pieces of the puzzle gradually came together in his mind, Arthur still maintained a deeply furrowed brow; he needed more information.

Therefore, looking at Alberts, Arthur said in a stern voice—

'You shouldn't have come.'

'I didn't want to come.'

'But you came anyway.'

'Sorry, I...'

The guilt intensified on Alberts's face. The young man tried to explain something, but before he could finish, Roschek, who had been hiding in the shadows, couldn't hold back any longer.

He walked out directly, and seeing that Arthur's expression had not changed in the slightest, he knew the situation was difficult.

He hadn't really believed what Harris had said: 'The Kledos Family was a long-hidden family!'

He didn't believe it before, but now he did!

Because only a long-hidden family could raise a remarkable young man like Arthur!

Because only such a remarkable young man could discern Isidore's plan and then discover him and Alberts hiding nearby!

Even though he didn't know how Arthur did it, his increasingly slow approach, clearly closing in, terrified Roschek, and he immediately decided to confess everything; he didn't believe that just because Alberts and he were acquainted, Arthur would spare him.

Even more, he suspected that if he hadn't urged Alberts to come out, this young man would have already made his move.

Seeing that indifferent demeanor, it was surely a strike to kill!

'Was it the ace up his sleeve left by the Old Spirit Medium?'

Speculating in his mind, Roschek bowed slightly towards Arthur.

'Good evening, Lord Arthur Kledos.'

'I am Alberts's uncle, Roschek.'

With a somewhat sharp voice, Roschek introduced himself, while taking stock of Arthur—Although he was ready to confess everything, the merchant's thinking deep within Roschek still habitually made him attempt to soften the relationship between them using his nephew's name.

Then?

Naturally, to bargain.

However, when he saw the young man's expression becoming more and more emotionless, even his cheeks tensing, a scream of panic erupted from the depths of his heart.

He was about to make a move!

He was about to make a move!

Immediately, the middle-aged man spoke.

"Lord Kledos, please forgive my impertinence for visiting so abruptly—it truly has nothing to do with this plan; it has been orchestrated by Isidore from the start!

Both Harris and I were kept in the dark!

By the time we realized something was wrong, it was already too late—

He had already set things in motion!"

At this point, Roschek really gritted his teeth.

When Isidore said, 'We will soon know how to choose!' I thought it meant maintaining the status quo, or perhaps just yielding.

Who would have thought he chose to wage war against the Countess of South Los!

Yes!

He never trusted the nobles!

But that doesn't mean he was unaware of the nobles' strength!

Especially the Countess of South Los, one of the three councilors of the Mouse Council, he knew too well how strong her family was.

Otherwise, the 'Mouse Council' wouldn't be called so; it might as well be named the 'South Los Council'!

Under the Countess's very nose, they were living like mice, struggling to survive.

But Isidore, that man, must be either crazy or bewitched, to think he could battle the Countess!

He guessed that the Old Lion of Inner Bay had given the other side courage.

After all, the envoy of the Old Lion of Inner Bay had also contacted him, and he had been noncommittal.

But Isidore had taken it seriously!

Damn him!

Do you think if the Countess kills you, the Old Lion will shed a tear?

The cursing inside did not make Roschek pause; he spoke rapidly.

"The 'Mouse Council' we three established will inevitably fall apart!

Isidore has gone mad; he will not die well!

Harris will surely side with the Countess, and I choose to return to Rosha Castle!

Please believe me, at this stage, I have no reason to deceive you—this arcane artifact is one of my treasured possessions, please accept it..."

Arthur listened to Roschek's narrative, and a gigantic wave surged within him.

Alberts's uncle turned out to be one of the founders of the 'Mouse Council'!

While Arthur had previously guessed that the other party was a high-ranking member of the 'Mouse Council,' being a founder was something else altogether!

Arthur, who had been maintaining a stoic facade, was really struggling to hold it together at this moment.

He didn't even look at the prop mentioned, just slightly bowed his head, his gaze shifting from the two men to the ground—Arthur did this only because he was concerned that his gaze or expression might give him away.

But Roschek, who had been closely observing Arthur, trembled when he noticed Arthur's actions.

He hadn't expected his ploy to be seen through so readily!

How could this be?

How could this be?

How could... it be impossible!

As one of the heirs of a family that had been concealed for so long, wasn't it normal to possess such ability?

Seeing through was normal!

Not seeing through was abnormal!

Incredulous, he quickly recovered.

Roschek immediately bowed deeply.

At the same time, he waved his hand lightly.

The next moment, a rectangular grey-brown wicker box appeared on the previously empty ground—a box that could conveniently be carried with one hand—

"I apologize, Lord Kledos, this is some of the wealth I took from the 'Mouse Council'—if possible, I hope to exchange it for your friendship."