

Great Master 118

Chapter 118: Guided from Above, Looking Down!

Arthur looked at the empty vanity and immediately realized what the strange feeling was after entering the villa—

Jewelry!

The entire villa was missing delicate adornments.

All the decorative items were large in size and not easy to carry.

In such a villa, there couldn't possibly be a lack of delicate adornments!

Unless...

Arthur speculated in his heart, and his gaze shifted to the body.

The body was dressed in pajamas, lying on one side of the large bed, head towards the headboard, face down, with one arm stretched forward and the other pressed beneath it.

The bloody and blurred wound was on the back of the head.

Beside the body was a hammer, which was likely the murder weapon—the attacker had struck from behind, killing with a single blow, without any hesitation.

Arthur glanced at the hammer stained with fresh blood and hair, very sure of this point.

He then moved a bit closer to the body.

He caught the scent of blood mingled with the fragrance of jasmine.

'Perfume?'

Arthur flared his nostrils, sniffing several more times, then headed straight for the restroom—he tried looking for the perfume; if it wasn't on the vanity, it should be in the restroom.

And there, beneath the washbasin, Arthur found the perfume.

At the same time, he also found a razor.

It wasn't a new razor, but one that had been used for a long time, its accompanying strop full of marks—yet Jenkins had only returned the day before.

Clearly, the villa had another unregistered male master: Jenkins's wife's lover.

After putting the razor back, Arthur once again approached the body.

"Turn the body over."

Arthur signaled to Malz.

Malz immediately complied, and as the body was turned over, this police chief's eyes widened in shock.

In the hands of the body was a small knife—smaller than a dagger but bigger than a dinner knife; such knives were common in the hands of Golden Finger, but they should not appear in the hands of a painter's wife.

Malz's brows furrowed slightly, but then he immediately looked to Arthur.

With Arthur around, why should he bother thinking?

Wasn't it better to just ask for the answer directly?

"Get Dico to ask the servants here who the lady's lover is? Explore stories on empire

Also, what happened after Jenkins got back yesterday?

The focus is on who visited this place."

Arthur did not answer

"Understood!"

Malz immediately went out.

Arthur, however, walked toward the bedroom window—the window was open, and Arthur could clearly see multiple shoe prints.

There were prints on the windowsill and the wall.

But some had been wiped away.

Arthur's brows knitted slightly, he noted this down temporarily, and began to connect the clues he had just gathered, immediately conjuring up the following scenario in his mind—

Jenkins, trapped for a year, had returned home without having felt the warmth of home when he suddenly discovered his wife had taken a lover.

Moreover, she had packed up all the belongings she could take and was ready to elope with her lover.

In a fit of rage, Jenkins confronted his wife and began to harbor thoughts of murder.

And the wife?

She did not relent easily, the small knife in her hand said enough.

Unfortunately, Jenkins moved faster.

He simply hammered his wife to death from behind.

Lastly, he escaped out the window.

Everything seemed just like that.

But there were a few points Arthur cared about.

If it was as he thought, Jenkins couldn't possibly have amnesia; what then was the other party's purpose in looking for him?

And what was the deal with that cheque?

The perfume, too, was the last thing.

Who would put perfume under a washbasin?

It was as if it was luring him to find that razor, confirming that the lady indeed had a lover, just like that.

Of course, the traces on the windowsill and walls also deserved attention.

Standing in front of the window, Arthur's eyes lit up with clarity—the feeling of standing on the shoulders of a giant was truly unparalleled.

Not only did he have plenty of experience to refer to,

but often, it also gave him the perfect solution.

Soon, Malz returned.

"Yesterday when Jenkins returned, apart from the servants, only Jenkins's wife and the apprentice Elron were in the villa. Elron was happy to hear of his teacher's return, but Jenkins looked stern and gestured for Elron to leave first, saying that they could talk about whatever it was tomorrow.

After Elron left, Jones came—He was the lady's lover.

However, upon learning of Jenkins's return, this lover was shocked and turned to leave immediately.

Then, there was a quarrel upstairs.

The female housekeeper asked what happened, and Jenkins personally said it was nothing."

Both servants could attest to this point.

Until this morning when the lady's body was discovered."

Malz recounted what he had learned.

Then, he unconsciously asked,

"Did Jenkins kill someone in a fit of anger because of his wife's affair?"

"Yes."

Arthur nodded but did not make any further comment.

He shouted downstairs,

"Dico?"

Dico, who had been promoted to apprentice policeman, ran up.

"Consultant, what's the matter?"

Dico saluted and asked.

"There's something I need you to do.

Can you go to Freeman's house for me and invite that cheque expert over? I need to confirm something,"

Arthur instructed.

"Sure!"

After saluting Arthur and Malz again, Dico quickly ran out—Freeman's place wasn't far, located in the White Bird District.

After finishing these tasks, Arthur went directly to the lobby on the first floor and sat down quietly, waiting.

"Don't we need to check out Jones's house?"

"No need."

"He's already dead."

Arthur said very assuredly.

"Dead?"

"Killed by Jenkins?"

Malz was stunned.

If he had already killed his unfaithful wife, then it would be natural not to spare her lover—the murderer would definitely take him out too. Malz had encountered many criminals; initially, they were normal, but once they killed one person, their inherent conscience would collapse. Combined with despair, they would truly kill anyone who had a grudge against them.

Was Jenkins this type of person?

Malz carefully recalled his brief encounter with Jenkins yesterday.

It seemed likely!

When the man had come to the White Bird District yesterday, he had a kind of... anger?

Yes!

It was anger!

That state of mind would make continued killing all too common.

The Police Chief pondered, his gaze once again falling on Arthur.

Arthur shook his head with certainty.

"It wasn't Jenkins."

"After killing his own wife, Jenkins wouldn't have been able to kill anymore,"

Arthur implied.

The Police Chief was stunned once again.

Arthur continued,

"Andy, take a look at Jones's house—remember, it might be dangerous there, so be cautious and don't touch anything."

"Yes, Consultant Sir,"

Andy bowed in response.

"Didn't you say we didn't need to go?"

Malz was full of confusion.

"We don't need to go, but others must—this is necessary preparation for our 'main character' to step onto the stage,"

Arthur said, as he opened the cat cage and took out Pendragon.

He stroked the cat while considering whether he had missed anything.

Soon, Dico returned first, and the invited guest arrived as promised.

The cheque expert.

The visitor had white hair and a beard, wore golden glasses, held a walking stick, moved slowly, but everyone treated the old man with respect—not only was he an expert on cheques, but he was also one of the financial advisors to the Old Lion of Inner Bay.

Of course, he was now retired.

But his presence was enough to make clear how one should treat this elder.

"Which gentleman invited me?"

The elder asked with a smile.

"I did,"

Arthur replied with a smile as well, signaling Malz to take out the cheque again.

He handed the cheque to the expert before him, speaking in a low voice,

"I perceived a strong message from the deceased on it. Can you tell me why?"

Everyone turned their gaze to the elder.

Under the scrutiny of the crowd, the elder replied straightforwardly—

"I cannot!"