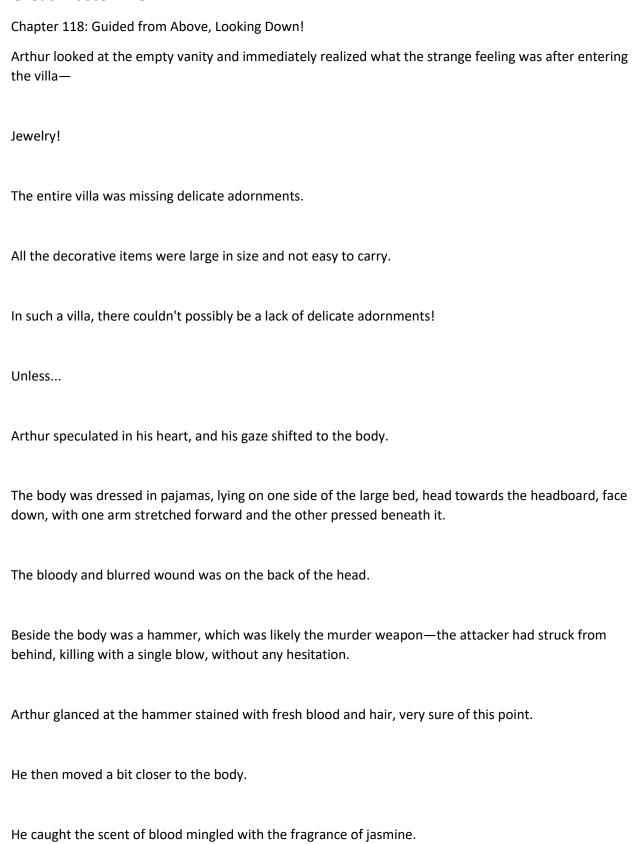
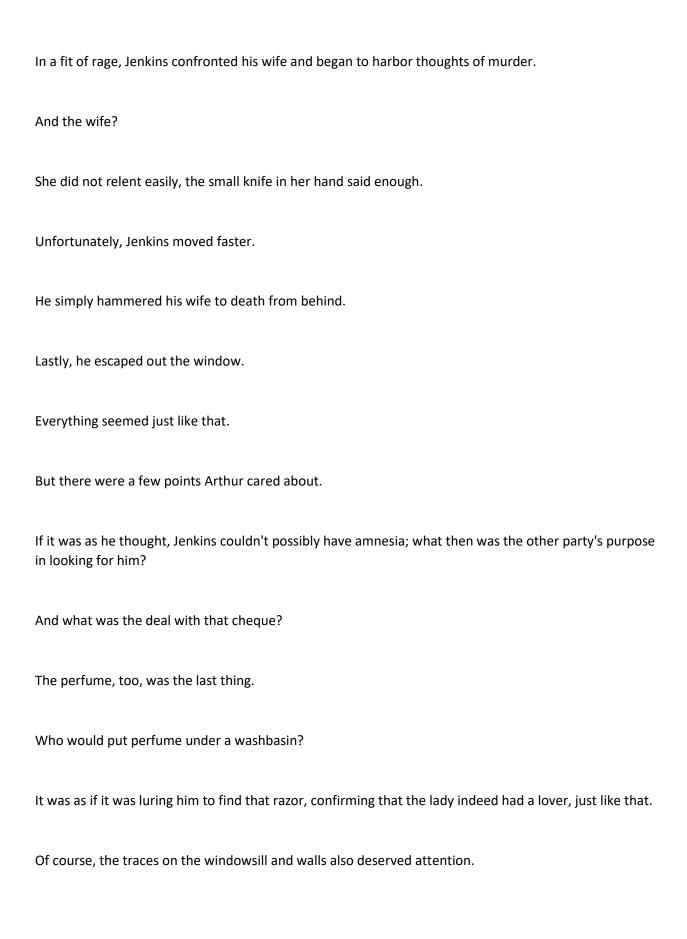
Great Master 118





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.

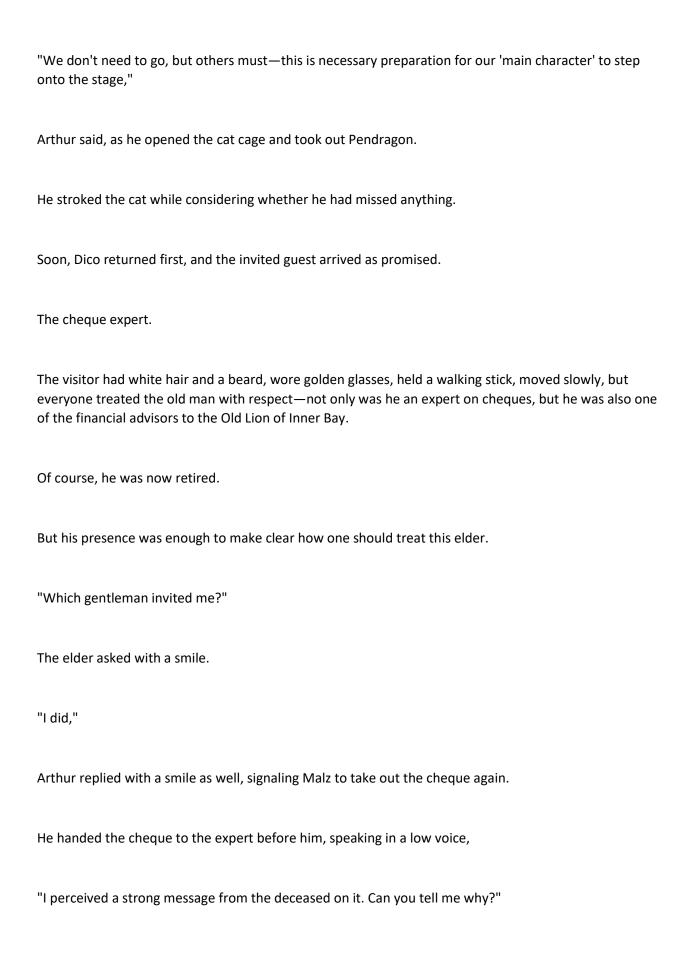




"Yes."
Arthur nodded but did not make any further comment.
He shouted downstairs,
"Dico?"
Dico, who had been promoted to apprentice policeman, ran up.
"Consultant, what's the matter?"
Dico saluted and asked.
"There's something I need you to do.
Can you go to Freeman's house for me and invite that cheque 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.



Everyone turned their gaze to the elder.
Under the scrutiny of the crowd, the elder replied straightforwardly—
"I cannot!"