

Great Master 119

Chapter 119 I'm Just a 'Spirit Medium'!

The voice was firm and distinct.

The people around exchanged glances.

Arthur, holding a cat, maintained a smile.

"Is it because you swore an oath?"

The old man looked at Arthur approvingly and nodded.

"That's right.

This concerns the honor of several nobles, I cannot calmly tell anyone—I can only say, this cheque and the one from that year were made extremely similarly.

Even, one could say they are identical.

It must be those two escapees committing a crime once again.

One of their accomplices has already died, yet they still have not repented!"

The old man said with a smile toward Arthur.

Then, without waiting for anyone to respond, the old man used his cane to support his body and slowly walked out.

"I'm going to continue my card game."

"If you're interested, you can join."

Standing in the corridor, the old man extended an invitation to Arthur, but Arthur did not respond directly—knowing that the person had once been an advisor for the Old Lion, Arthur remained cautious.

Even though retired, one must still be vigilant.

Indeed, it is precisely because he is retired that one has to be more cautious.

"I'm not very good at card games."

Arthur, already determined to find out everything, said this and raised his hand to signal Dico to help the old man.

Just as the apprentice policeman was helping the old man out the door, they brushed past Andy.

Both nodded in greeting and continued on their separate tasks. Andy didn't linger a moment more and hurried back into the villa exclaiming urgently.

"A fire!"

"The Jones's house is on fire!"

"There are two bodies inside!"

One speculation after another was confirmed, the answer that could already be asserted was verified again.

At that moment, a sound of footsteps reached Arthur's ears.

The footsteps from afar were approaching rapidly, filled with urgency, heading straight for No. 44 White Bird Street.

With a slight smile, Arthur lowered his head to look at the 'Anna' placed beside him.

"You say the murderer is coming?"

Arthur whispered.

Everyone's gaze immediately turned toward 'Anna'.

Unfortunately, they couldn't hear anything, seeing only Arthur nodding repeatedly at the terrifying puppet, while outside No. 44 White Bird Street, an argument erupted.

"I am a disciple of Teacher Jenkins!"

"I have the right to enter!"

"Let me in!"

"Let him come in!"

Chief Malz ordered the patrolling officers to clear the way, and a young man in canvas clothes and dungarees burst in. Read the latest on empire

His attire didn't resemble that of a painter's apprentice; instead, it was more akin to a dockworker.

All eyes in the hall turned to this young man, remembering what Arthur had just said.

And under their scrutiny, the young man kept yelling.

"Teacher?"

"Where is my teacher?"

In the midst of shouting, the young man failed to notice Malz had circled behind him, swinging his baton.

Bang!

As the baton harshly struck down and the young man fell unconscious to the floor, Chief Malz then shouted—

"Elron, surrender yourself!"

Among all those present, Malz and Arthur had the closest relationship and naturally trusted Arthur the most.

Thus, having heard Arthur's and 'lady Anna's' dialogue, he acted directly.

And Elron?

He was knocked out cold.

By the time the young painter's apprentice woke up, he was already tied up in place; his canvas clothes torn by the hemp rope, and his simple face twitched continuously due to pain. Malz had already held back, if not needing the culprit to confess, the man would have been dead by now.

Never underestimate the knowledge of vital body points by someone who has survived the Seven Years' War.

Even so, the apprentice's voice remained loud.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Why are you arresting me?"

Elron yelled.

"Because, you are the murderer!"

Arthur said calmly.

Elron was taken aback, staring at Arthur, his simple face full of confusion.

"What murderer?"

"I didn't kill anyone!"

Elron exclaimed loudly.

"You waited a long time and finally found the opportunity—an opportunity for Jenkins and his wife to kill each other. During the time Jenkins planned to 'disappear and pretend to be kidnapped to raise his own value,' you kindly introduced Jenkins's wife to Jones, and accidentally let it slip to Jenkins.

As you had anticipated, Jenkins got angry and left his hiding place.

It was his first visit to his new home.

After asking you to leave, he planned to have a talk with his wife.

Then, Jones arrived.

Jenkins was outraged; he killed his wife and then fled through the window—but as soon as his feet hit the ground, you attacked him.

Just as you attacked Jones and his coachman.

The patrolling police in the Swan District made it impossible for you to enter and exit normally, so you killed Jones's coachman, disguised yourself as him, and took the three bodies out of the Swan District back to Di Jones's residence, feigned a fight between the two, and then set the place on fire—ensuring everything went according to plan, you returned through the window after killing Jenkins, sprayed Jasmine perfume on Jenkins's wife's body, and left the perfume in the bathroom.

Because you knew Jones's razor was there."

Arthur spoke slowly, ignoring Elron's shouts.

The man across, Elron, just laughed.

"Why would I do that?"

"For revenge."

"To avenge your father—back then in the pseudo cheque case at Yan Fort..."

Arthur observed Elron's expressions as he spoke.

The skills "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" were flashing.

Arthur caught a glimpse of anger.

But Elron was still resisting.

"What evidence do you have?"

"I am a 'Spirit Medium,' typically, I do not talk about evidence, because I cannot make the undead personally tell you—but to honor, or perhaps to commemorate your father, you used a cheque identical to the one from those days at the Silver Horse Venue.

Because you saw that expert from back then appear on White Bird Street, entering Freeman's house.

At that moment, you made your decision.

Of course, there's much more evidence!

Just send someone to investigate Yan Fort thoroughly, and they will discover clues left by Jenkins and his wife—they left Yan Fort as fugitives, and even with new identities, they must have left many traces—why do you think he refused Lord Count's invitation and chose a more extreme way to raise his own value?

Isn't it because he feared being discovered yet was unwilling to give up?"

Alright, I believe Chief Malz will provide you with a wonderful memory."

Arthur said as he prepared to end the conversation.

Watching Arthur rise to leave, the young Painter Apprentice suddenly spoke.

"Unexpectedly, it was a cheque that revealed my flaw... This too must be my father's rebuke? After all, for revenge, I've already begun killing the innocent."

The young Painter Apprentice sat collapsed, a bitter smile on his face, his voice full of reluctance but not a hint of regret.

If he were to do it over, he would do the same.

Arthur shook his head.

"No!

Your flaw was not anticipating that Jenkins would come to me!

The cunning Jenkins probably had suspicions, and that's why he came to me yesterday—he promised me that as long as I helped him uncover the truth, No. 44 White Bird Street and his belongings would all be mine as a reward."

Arthur, holding Pendragon, said earnestly.

"Exactly, I can testify."

Malz immediately nodded in agreement.

What does it mean to be a partner?

Those with an understanding are partners.

At that moment, the young Painter Apprentice seemed to snap back to reality, raising his head to stare at the man before him for several seconds before finally asking.

"Who are you, exactly?"

"Arthur Kredos, a 'Spirit Medium.'

Saying that, Arthur, holding Pendragon, walked towards the outside.

The sunlight cast upon that black figure, deepening the black but also bringing a touch of gold—the yawning Pendragon stretching its mouth towards the sun.

Arthur then stuck his finger into Pendragon's mouth.

Immediately, the yawning cat looked utterly baffled.

What happened?

What's going on?

Has the master gone mad?

But Arthur just chuckled, speaking in a voice only he and Pendragon could hear.

"Pendragon, do you also like the new house?"

"Meow?"

Pendragon looked at his master, puzzled.

Arthur laughed softly, but immediately, a cold look flashed through his eyes.

Because, Arthur felt someone was watching him.

And—

"Death Intuition" began to flash.