

Great Master 139

Chapter 139: Prospects and Roses, The Future is Long!

Arthur looked at his solemn partner and nodded with satisfaction.

What he appreciated most about Malz was his prudence and serious attitude.

Only then could he feel at ease.

"Let's go, let's take a look at Ms. Camille's house," he said, and started walking ahead.

The mannequin had come out from there in the morning, so naturally they needed to check it out.

Malz gestured to a patrolman to go back with the message, one to stay behind to guard the site, and the rest followed them.

However, after entering White Bird District, another patrolman was dispatched by Arthur to White Bird Street No. 6—after all, as partners, it was natural to help each other out, wasn't it?

The head of Camille's house was Linda Camille's mother, the family's main business was jewelry, not only occupying a substantial share in South Los but also owning many industries in Inner Bay, making the family extremely wealthy—there had been rumors that many a noble and knight had proposed to Ms. Camille, but unfortunately, all had returned without success.

Therefore, there were various speculations about who Linda Camille's birth father was.

Some guessed that it was a Wanderer Knight.

Some guessed it was the Old Count of South Los.

Others guessed it was the Old Lion of Inner Bay.

But these were all speculations; no one knew who it was.

Standing in front of No. 22 White Bird District, Arthur and Malz quietly awaited the servants' report.

'No wonder at Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home earlier, those rich girls were exceptionally friendly towards Linda Camille—that's the reason,' Arthur thought to himself, recalling some of the rumors about Ms. Camille.

A moment later, a male butler, with hair graying but swift in his actions, came out.

A military man!

Malz immediately recognized the familiar aura on the other party.

Arthur, on the other hand, was somewhat surprised.

Because since the old butler had appeared, he couldn't help but steal glances at him—not out of any malice, but simply out of curiosity.

"Good morning to you both,"

"Camille's house welcomes your arrival,"

"I am Butler Oer,"

The old butler greeted Arthur and his group with impeccable manners.

Then, without waiting for either Arthur or Malz to speak, the old butler continued.

"My master is already waiting in the parlor; please follow me!" he said, then turned and walked toward the interior of the villa.

Arthur and Malz exchanged glances, each seeing the surprise in the other's eyes.

Unlike the usual wealthy ladies, Ms. Camille hardly attended any salon parties except for necessary events and very few people had the chance to meet her.

Therefore, Arthur and Malz hadn't intended to actually meet her.

Their original plan was to inquire with the butler and leave it at that.

'Could there be a catch?' both Arthur and Malz thought.

Without hesitation, Malz gestured to the patrolmen behind him.

One of the patrolmen retreated discreetly.

After the incident at White Bird Street No. 14 the previous day, not a single patrolman was complacent, and conversely, each had fervor in their hearts.

They feared danger,

but they coveted the status of apprentice policeman even more!

If they could achieve the latter, the former would cease to be a problem!

The remaining two patrolmen also became serious, gripping their batons tightly, their gazes scanning the surroundings both watchful for enemies and looking for defensive positions to hold until support arrived.

Butler Oer walking in front saw all this.

He smiled inwardly, feeling satisfied.

Walking on the white marble floor, they entered the villa and went directly to the study. There, the rumored Ms. Camille was sitting on a spacious sofa chair, waiting for their arrival, wearing a pair of half-framed glasses, a red home dress without any adornment, and her hair pinned efficiently behind her head.

The lady waved gently to the old butler, who immediately bowed and backed out, closing the door on his way out.

Then, the lady stood up.

Only at this moment did Arthur realize how tall she was; her height was well above that of an average woman, almost equal to his, and her eyes held a kind of scrutiny and...

Relief?! The mix of both eerily felt like an elder looking at their junior.

Arthur was puzzled by such an expression.

Moreover, she had an extraordinary demeanor. With every move, she seemed different.

At first glance, she appeared to be in her forties.

Upon a closer look, she seemed to be just over thirty.

At a glance, she sometimes seemed to be just over twenty.

"Good morning, ma'am."

Arthur suppressed the strangeness in his heart as he began greeting her.

Malz immediately said by his side.

"I'm sorry to disturb you,

we have a matter here that we'd like to ask you about."

Seeing Ms. Camille nod, the Police Chief immediately began.

"Did the people from Lilith's and Vivian's stores bring fashion mannequins here yesterday to showcase their clothing?"

"Yes, for my daughter's adult ceremony."

The lady was very composed, speaking in an even and unhurried tone.

"Many people knew about this?"

"Before the stores arrived yesterday, only Butler Oer and I knew about it."

"Do you remember how many mannequins there were?"

"Six, three from each store."

"Has anyone disappeared from your household?"

"No."

"Have you offended anyone recently?"

"No."

"Does your home have an ice cellar?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the person who came to take the mannequins this morning?"

"No, you will need to ask Butler Oer about that."

As Malz asked questions and Ms. Camille responded, Arthur silently surveyed his surroundings, but he keenly noticed that Ms. Camille kept sizing him up discreetly. The nostalgia in her eyes was impossible to hide, that fervent feeling caused something to stir within Arthur.

'No way, no way.

Could this lady be connected to one of my uncles?

Who could it be?

Uncle Winters? Uncle Drake?

Not my deceased father, surely?'

Arthur kept guessing but wisely remained silent.

Family affairs were not something the younger generation would get involved in.

And love?

Who could figure out what was going on?

At the moment, Malz had finished his inquiries with Ms. Camille.

"May I take a look at your ice cellar?"

Malz continued to ask.

"Of course, Butler Oer."

At her command, the old butler immediately led Arthur and Malz towards the ice cellar in the villa—while Ms. Camille stood at the entrance of the small hall, quietly watching Arthur's retreating figure. Her eyes gradually became misty and her heart could no longer bear it, whispering the name of the man she yearned for day and night.

'Charlie.'

The intense yearning in Ms. Camille's eyes almost set Arthur's back ablaze.

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'My uncles who left home or my late father, you really have done me wrong!'

With such a sigh, Arthur followed the old butler through the hall and to the side of the storehouse—the ice cellar was below.

"Butler Oer, did you see the person who came to take the mannequins this morning?"

Malz asked while descending.

"No, I was in the kitchen preparing breakfast at that time. Skar was the one who received them. Skar said that the person had concealed their face, but it should have been that coachman— I trust Skar, he's been with the Camille family for fifteen years, he wouldn't make a mistake.

In fact, all the people in the villa are long-serving, the master does not trust those who haven't been tested."

Those who had been tested?

Arthur took note of this phrase.

Without a doubt, under such circumstances, the people in Camille's house were long-serving and loyal servants; it was unlikely for someone from within to be a mole. Arthur believed this lady must have her own methods to have grown her business so large, otherwise, she would have been swallowed up without even a trace left.

While Arthur was pondering, the old butler unlocked the ice cellar and lit the candle in his hand.

The old butler walked right in.

Arthur and Malz paused slightly, waiting until their eyes could adjust to the light inside the ice cellar before preparing to enter.

But just at that moment, a fierce argument suddenly erupted from the direction of the hall.

Immediately, Arthur's steps faltered once more.