

Great Master 140

Chapter 140: Monodrama!

The quarrel was between two young gentlemen, and naturally, the lady was the key issue.

Arthur was quite familiar with one of the voices.

It was that young man, Wil Koss, who had once wanted his autograph and had been deceived and extorted by the gang members on Rat Street because of this.

The other, most likely, was the Chermy mentioned by the opposing party.

The voices of the two young men were fierce, the sound loud—

"Linda is mine!"

"Linda will always be mine!"

Such roars were also heard by Butler Oer.

The old butler sighed helplessly.

"Mr. Wil Koss and Mr. Chermy are both very fine young men, but they are not calm when it comes to Miss Linda.

Mr. Koss's father was one of Camille's family shareholders in Inner Bay, and though he has long passed away, Mr. Koss still enjoys the dividends from Camille's family in Inner Bay.

As for Mr. Chermy... this gentleman previously made some unwise decisions, causing his father, Doctor Chermy, to resign in shame from my service."

The old butler said, shaking his head.

'Terrible love!'

Arthur assessed internally, deciding not to bother with this jealousy any further, but just then, the previously roaring voice resounded again—

"Come on! If you dare, kill me!"

"Koss, don't make me look down on you!"

"If you dare, kill me!"

Such words made Malz unable to ignore it any longer.

The Police Chief looked at Arthur, and after Arthur nodded slightly, the Chief approached.

About ten seconds later, the quarrel ended with a rebuke from the Police Chief.

Two minutes later, the Police Chief returned.

"They were quite persistent at first."

"However, once I drew my sword, they were willing to consider advice."

Malz summarized simply.

Arthur smiled and gave a thumbs up.

Sometimes, physical means are more effective than reasoning.

"I hope they can be quiet for a while longer—Miss Linda lacks decisive ownership, and the young men's hesitations about her only escalate the situation. Yet from the bottom of her heart, Miss Linda has never seen either of them as lovers, but just as childhood friends they grew up playing with."

The old butler was quite talkative, lighting the oil lamp in the cellar while speaking.

The faint light illuminated only a corner of the cellar.

"The mistress and the master are fond of cold drinks, hence this large ice cellar—during summertime, a cup of iced watermelon juice, pineapple juice, or mango juice always leaves a lasting impression."

The old butler, holding the candlestand, walked to the other side of the ice cellar and lit the candles there, yet the ice cellar remained dimly lit.

However, for Arthur and Malz, who were searching, it was enough.

Using the ice cellar's aisle as a boundary, they each began to inspect one side.

All the ice blocks in the ice cellar were covered with blankets and neatly stacked, although the second half of the side Arthur was responsible for seemed to have been used already, leaving a large empty space.

Arthur flared his nostrils.

There was no scent of blood, nor any further traces on the ground.

Similarly, Malz found nothing on his side either.

All the ice blocks were neatly stacked.

All the blankets were neatly arranged.

No scent of blood.

No body.

And no tools of any interest.

This place was neither for keeping bodies nor for altering them.

"How is this possible?!"

Malz furrowed his brow.

In the Police Chief's view, according to previous clues, there should be traces at 22 White Bird Street—it was expected that any passage would leave some mark.

If not here, then surely in other parts of 22 White Bird Street.

"Butler Oer, could you please show us around the mansion."

Malz politely substituted the word "search."

"I need to inform my master!"

"However, what exactly happened?"

Butler Oer stood holding the candlestand, fulfilling his duty.

And further inquiry was also part of his duty.

As a veteran of the Seven Years' War, this old butler was not unfamiliar with the world. He had an inkling of what was about to happen when Arthur and Malz arrived.

However, it was only at this moment that the old butler realized he might have underestimated the trouble involved.

"After the visit, I will inform you,"

Malz made a promise.

The old butler nodded and walked toward the ground.

Arthur and Malz walked upstairs.

Malz quickened his pace, clearly eager to find important clues. The police chief couldn't wait to see the other rooms at 22 White Bird Street.

Meanwhile, Arthur, who was walking slowly, frowned slightly.

He felt something was amiss.

The most direct feeling came from Camille's house!

Arthur believed what the old butler had said, that the servants at 22 White Bird Street were all tested veterans.

However, he most believed in the capabilities expected of Miss Camille.

22 White Bird Street should have been under this lady's control from start to finish.

Under this lady's control, could such a terrible event occur?

The answer was definite.

No!

And following this answer, another thought emerged in Arthur's mind—could a person, who had thought of paving roads with ice in this era and who could grasp the timing so coincidentally and accurately, let their whereabouts be 'leaked' so easily for someone to 'follow the vine'?

No, they wouldn't!

The opponent wouldn't be so careless!

The opponent would certainly use a more cunning method to extract themselves!

For example: a smoke bomb!

Camille's house was this smoke bomb!

The opponent threw this smoke bomb so that when the body was 'accidentally' discovered, there would be enough buffer time—for everyone's attention to shift to Camille's house.

Thus, giving the body time to be safely delayed!

No!

To be precise, it was to delay time for something inside the body!

The opponent's purpose was always to get the body into the police station!

As for who the murderer was?

It was obvious!

Since this morning, it had all been the opponent's 'solo performance'!

All for...

Revenge!

Revenge against him, against Malz!

That body was the perfect tool!

As for what was hidden inside the body?

There was no definite answer, but Arthur knew he had to speed up—with the Mystical Knowledge he knew, anything associated with the body was extremely dangerous,

It could even destroy a city!

The next moment, the young Spirit Medium walked out quickly.

...

Simon's belt snapped.

Truda was beaten to a pulp, the coachman had just confessed that he had taken a bottle of wine from 22 White Bird Street, which resulted in him being severely drunk and delaying the delivery time, but he did not know who had put the goods in his vehicle.

"Prepare to go to prison!"

Simon said and walked out of the interrogation room.

Immediately, only Truda was left in the interrogation room.

The suspended coachman's eyelids twitched slightly, but he still kept his eyes half-closed, and his body didn't move at all.

He was waiting.

Soon!

Soon!

A group of rebels!

Rebels against His Highness!

I will make sure you lie scattered everywhere!

A satisfied and cruel smile emerged unconsciously on Truda's face, but just then, a faint voice suddenly sounded from the shadows behind him—

"You have an ugly smile!"

