

Great Master 143

Chapter 143: Fainting from Blood, Cowardice, and Confusion!

"Young people these days... are a bit terrifying!"

Sitting in the carriage at Camille's house, Malz made such a sigh, yet his gaze involuntarily turned towards his partner.

'Has he still not escaped the Grim Reaper's stare?'

However, as soon as Arthur looked up, the Police Chief cleared his throat,

"What happened after we left?"

Malz asked.

The Police Chief naturally wouldn't forget Wil Koss and Chermy, whom they had encountered in the morning, and he vividly remembered Chermy's shouting and Koss's refusal to back down subsequently.

"Because of Police Chief Malz's 'persuasion,' Wil Koss and Chermy calmed down for the time being, and at noon, they even ate lunch together at the house.

But right after lunch, the master took the young lady upstairs, and while Wil Koss and Chermy waited in the parlor, the tragedy occurred.

Wil Koss killed Chermy.

When he was found, the young man still had the dagger in his hand.

Chermy had long since stopped breathing."

The old butler immediately replied.

"Who discovered Wil Koss committing the murder?"

"It was Miss and me!

After being lectured by the master upstairs, the young lady had already decided to clarify to both young men, Wil Koss and Chermy, that the three of them were just friends since childhood and there were no other feelings involved.

But when we knocked on the parlor door, it wouldn't open, and it was locked from the inside.

After that, it was I who opened the door with the spare key.

Then, I saw Chermy lying in a pool of blood, and Wil Koss slumped on the couch."

The old butler detailed what happened at that time.

While listening, Arthur took out a baked potato from the picnic basket, peeled it, and started eating, dipping it first into sugar, then into butter.

The lunch was interrupted.

But that didn't mean lunch could not be resumed.

Handing over a baked potato to Malz, the Police Chief didn't refuse—having gone from morning till mid-afternoon was enough to make any normal person hungry.

"I'm terribly sorry.

If you wouldn't mind, please allow me to treat you both after this is over," the old butler, Oer, said apologetically.

Arthur didn't refuse; after swallowing the baked potato in his mouth, he tore off a piece of roast beef, stuffed it into his mouth with salt and black pepper, and continued to eat while asking,

"Has Wil Koss admitted to killing Chermy?"

"No!

Wil Koss seemed a bit strange at the time.

His expression was confused as if he had just woken up but also as if he had been scared silly; he was very out of it."

The old butler recalled Wil Koss's appearance at the time, his eyes reflecting a hint of strangeness.

"Did he say anything?"

After passing a portion of salad with smoked chicken leg to Malz from the basket and dipping his own portion of roast beef into salt and black pepper, Arthur continued to ask.

"He said it wasn't him!"

The old butler smiled bitterly.

From their interactions over the years, the old butler believed what Wil Koss said.

The young man was definitely not one to act on brash courage.

But the parlor door was locked from the inside, the windows were closed, and only Wil Koss and Chermy were inside when Chermy ended up dead.

How could he believe otherwise?

And more importantly, the dagger was Wil Koss's.

Everything was pointing to Wil Koss being the murderer.

Dun dun dun!

After Arthur finished his sweetened stewed fruit soup in one gulp, the carriage stopped in front of 22 White Bird Street, and Arthur stepped down, promptly letting out a full burp.

Two pounds of roast beef, one complete smoked chicken leg, a salad, and three fist-sized baked potatoes, plus a pot of sweetened stewed fruit soup, were enough to satisfy Arthur's stomach.

What about Malz?

He's older, and his digestive system isn't so good; eating less is better for his health.

Arthur silently gave himself a thumbs-up for caring about his partner's health.

"How is it?"

Malz came close and asked.

"Let's go inside."

Arthur said as he headed into the villa.

Malz gestured for Simon to go in with two patrol officers, while the remaining four were stationed at the entrance of 22 White Bird Street and the villa's door, just in case.

"Mr. Kledos!"

Shouts of surprise came from Linda Camille.

The cat-loving girl with the round face hurried up to Arthur, admiration plain on her face, and yet, this girl was not so blinded as to lose all sense.

"Mr. Kledos, Wil Koss wouldn't dare kill anyone, please help him," she said.

Wouldn't dare.

Not wouldn't know how.

Arthur gave her a look of surprise.

"Wil faints at the sight of blood—he only told me this, and I also promised to keep it a secret, but to save him, I must speak out.

Wil, who faints at blood, would surely choose another method if he wanted to kill Chermy, using a dagger would be the most foolish.

Moreover, he wouldn't choose a time when only he and Chermy were together," Linda Camille explained.

Although she seemed a bit rushed, Arthur, looking at her, saw an unexpected shrewdness—the girl who had appeared not so bright and quite blunt was, it seemed, both insightful and delicate in thought.

'Is it any wonder she is of the Kledos bloodline?' he wondered, looking into Linda Camille's black eyes.

Afterward, the young 'Spirit Medium' looked toward Ms. Camille.

Even with someone dead in the villa, the lady maintained her composure as she inquired with her eyes. She then took the initiative to walk toward the lounge.

"I regret this has happened, but I hope you, Mr. Kledos, can catch the murderer," she said.

And in her heart, she silently added,

'In your grandfather's name!'

At the entrance to the lounge, Simon stopped everyone, except the Shire District Police Station, from entering.

After instructing two patrol officers to guard the place and prevent anyone from barging in, Simon entered the lounge—this new apprentice policeman watched Arthur attentively, not blinking.

He thought he could learn more from the consultant.

As for Malz?

Malz was a good superior, a police chief worthy of respect.

emmm...

That's all.

Malz's gaze swept over the lounge, quickly matching everything to the former butler's narrative—where Wil Koss was tied up and the dagger, the murder weapon, was on the desk.

Clearly, Wil Koss was someone familiar, no doubt.

But when suspected as the murderer, Camille's house knew what to do, rather than blindly trust the supposed familiarity.

Malz observed Wil Koss struggling in his bonds for a moment when he saw Arthur, his mouth opening as if to say something, yet ultimately he chose to remain silent.

Obviously, Wil Koss recognized his partner.

And that expression was one believing his partner could save him.

'Could it be Wil Koss is really not the murderer?

But in such a case of two people alone, if not Wil Koss, then who?' Malz thought to himself, his gaze inevitably turning toward Arthur.

Similarly, the other people inside the villa also looked involuntarily towards Arthur.

Clearly, they did not truly believe Wil Koss was capable of murder in their hearts.

They all hoped that the young 'Spirit Medium' could create a miracle.

Linda Camille especially, holding her fists to her mouth, was evidently praying.

And under everyone's gaze, Arthur paced slowly within the lounge.

His steps were measured, his expression serene, unfazed by the situation.

When he reached the desk, he stopped, tilted his head slightly as if listening intently.

After a moment, he murmured to himself—

"So that's how it is!"