

Great Master 144

Chapter 144 Chairs!

Arthur, with his ear turned to the side, caught the attention of everyone inside the villa, and when he heard the whispers, Malz sighed deeply with relief.

The Police Chief knew, it was settled.

The people beside him were whispering quietly.

"He's here! He's arrived!"

"What, could this be what the newspapers were talking about..."

"Yes, exactly!"

"This is the 'Spirit Medium's' necromancy!"

...

Among the crowd, Linda Camille was the most excited—one could not pinpoint why, but when she first read about Arthur's 'necromancy' in the newspaper, she felt a thrill deep inside her.

And when she first witnessed 'necromancy' at 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home,' that thrill grew clearer.

This moment?

It reached some kind of peak.

She took deep, involuntary breaths, her eyes firmly fixed on Arthur.

She unconsciously began imitating him.

Everything became different.

Yet everything seemed unchanged.

Apart from Ms. Camille, Wil Koss, and Arthur, no one noticed this scene.

Ms. Camille's expression was complex, yet there was a hint of relief.

Wil Koss appeared utterly heartbroken.

Then, the young man began shouting recklessly—

"It's me!"

"I killed Chermy!"

"Please arrest me!"

The shouts startled everyone around.

They looked at the somewhat hysterical Wil Koss with uncertainty.

Had he succumbed to pressure and confessed?

Everyone was left guessing.

But Arthur was once again silently sighing in his heart.

'Terrible love!'

Then he spoke—

"Is that so?

But Miss 'Anna' told me that it wasn't you who killed him!"

As Arthur said this, he looked toward the large office chair behind the small reception desk, and spoke slowly, "Aren't you coming out?"

Coming out?

Everyone paused.

Then, everyone's eyes widened.

The back of the large couch began to bulge, and as the bulge grew bigger, just when it seemed about to burst through the back of the chair, it suddenly disappeared.

At the same time, a man wearing only underpants emerged from inside the couch.

There was someone inside the couch!

And it was someone familiar!

"Doctor Chermy?!"

An incredulous shout rose from the crowd.

People stared unblinkingly at the man who used to be the private doctor of 22 White Bird Street. He wasn't a resident of the villa, but he visited monthly without fail.

Could the murderer be him?!

Everyone was filled with surprise.

Yet this former private doctor paid no attention to this, whether it was the villa's servants, the police, or even his son's body on the floor, they all seemed non-existent to him.

In his eyes, there was only one person.

Ms. Camille.

His eyes burned with passion, his cheeks trembled with excitement, showing a madness and fervor that was uniquely his, and he involuntarily walked toward Camille.

"Stop!"

Malz shouted lowly, drawing his longsword from its sheath.

Seeing the longsword in front of him, the private doctor's eyes filled with irritation.

"You want to stop me too?"

His voice was hoarse, like the growl of a wild beast.

Most of the villa's servants turned pale with fear, but Oer, the old butler, and a few others in the crowd had a cold glint in their eyes as they stared at the private doctor.

Malz was utterly unconcerned by the doctor's threat, pointing his longsword directly at the doctor's throat.

"Was it you who killed Chermy? Your son?"

"Yes!"

"I killed him!"

"This damned guy, daring to disturb my midday rest with Camille—every day at this time, Camille would come here, would nap in this chair, I could clearly hear Camille's gentle breaths, feel that unprecedented warmth, but today because of their noise, Camille isn't here, and they just keep babbling on about Linda's matter...

Absolutely unforgivable!

They have desecrated my love for Camille!

"Of course I wanted to kill him!"

"And that Wil Koss!"

"He deserved to die too!"

The private doctor nodded decisively in agreement, showing not a tiny bit of sorrow for having killed his own son.

The casualness and disgust in his expression made Malz raise an eyebrow.

Having been on the battlefield and served as a police officer for many years, Malz thought he had seen his share of fierce and twisted individuals. He had even encountered fathers killing their sons but he had never seen someone kill their son just because the boy had been in the way of his voyeurism.

But, as the Police Chief, Malz still remembered his duty.

"Since when were you hiding inside the sofa?"

Malz pressed on.

"One month after Camille bought this sofa, I accidentally discovered its true purpose—it was simply marvelous.

I shamelessly wanted to use it to steal Camille's business secrets.

But, I soon felt ashamed of my despicable actions!"

"It was designed by heaven for my love!

It was the garden of the god of love, allowing me to convey my feelings to Camille through it—using it for anything else would be an insult!

It would also tarnish my love!"

The private doctor's face at first showed strong guilt, but soon it was replaced by a flush of emotion as he turned and looked deeply at Ms. Camille.

"You haven't rested all afternoon, you must be very tired.

Come here and take a nap!

Leave the rest to me!

I'll sort out all those bothersome people and matters for you!"

After saying this, the private doctor opened his arms and walked toward Camille.

Camille's expression stern and frosty, she stepped forward—

Bang!

A swift, slicing groin kick made the private doctor kneel, then she immediately followed with a sidekick.

Bang!

The taut surface of her foot, the leather shoe's tip smashing against his nasal bone.

The private doctor rolled backward, his head heavily thudding against the desk.

Bang!

After that sound, the room went completely quiet.

"Disgusting!"

Ms. Camille coldly remarked.

Everyone watched the unconscious doctor, their faces filled with disbelief.

Did Doctor Chermy kill Chermy?

A father killed his son?

How could that be possible?

Merely for such a reason, a father killed his son?

And...

Ms. Camille hadn't taken a nap in the living room for a long time!

Ever since she bought that sofa, Ms. Camille had changed her usual habit and chose to rest upstairs in her bedroom after lunch!

This was common knowledge!

"Who used the living room during the nap period, please step forward."

Oer, the old butler, said with a grim face.

The living room was meant exclusively for receiving guests at Camille's house.

In simple terms, apart from Camille herself, only guests could use it.

Yet, someone had taken the opportunity to use the living room while Ms. Camille was supposed to be upstairs resting—this angered the old butler.

He had always prided himself on trusting everyone, as all had been tested.

But unexpectedly, reality made his cheeks burn with pain.

Faced with Oer's sweeping gaze, the villa's servants looked at each other; none had ever overstepped their boundaries.

This made the old butler's expression even more gloomy; murder was already flickering in his eyes.

The atmosphere in the entire villa was exceedingly oppressive.

Just then, Arthur came over—

"If you want to know who the audacious culprit is, everyone please come this way to the hall."

Arthur said, pointing toward the hall.

People did not understand but having witnessed Arthur's marvels, no one objected. After Malz and Simon had tied up the private doctor and led him away, everyone else followed Arthur to the directed side of the hall corridor.

Following Arthur's gesture, they all concealed themselves.

After everyone had passed, Arthur closed the door and walked over.

He just closed the door, not locking it.

When Arthur reached the corridor, everyone turned to look at him.

The young 'Spirit Medium' signaled everyone to be patient.

About a few minutes later—

"Meow!"