

Great Master 145

Chapter 145: The Reckless Guy!

A soft meow sounded as a black and white cow-patterned cat, clearly full of life, dashed down from the second-floor staircase.

Trailing behind this cat were an ethereal-looking cat and a chubby white cat with a swollen face.

The three cats walked together.

The cow-patterned cat led the way, followed by the ethereal cat, while the chubby white cat lazily lagged behind.

'Haha!'

Linda Camille covered her mouth.

The young girl almost blurted out the name of her cat.

Ms. Camille beside her also breathed a sigh of relief.

The quick-minded people present had already begun to guess what was going on.

But no one spoke out, as everyone watched the three cats.

The lead cow-patterned cat trotted straight into the parlor.

Then, with a light leap, it hugged the doorknob, relied on its own weight to open the door, and confidently headed to a spacious sofa, jumped atop it, and comfortably nestled itself within the cushions.

The ethereal cat also wanted to get on the sofa but didn't dare, timidly lying beside it, meowing softly from time to time.

The chubby white cat with swollen cheeks jumped onto the desk, curled up its front paws, and began squinting to take a nap.

Even those who had suspicions were just as astonished as everyone else, staring wide-eyed at the scene.

Surprise and absurdity filled everyone's hearts.

"It turns out to be so!"

Ms. Camille voiced what everyone was thinking.

"That's right—it's that audacious fellow," Arthur said with a light laugh as he pointed at the cow-patterned cat.

When Arthur had first discovered someone inside the sofa in the parlor, he had observed the entire sofa chair with utmost precision and then, he found several cat hairs.

Of course, the key point was that private doctor's obsession and twisted love.

In such a state, Arthur didn't think Ms. Camille would fail to notice something amiss.

In fact, anyone normal would have realized the anomaly.

And they would definitely be full of suspicion.

The more cowardly ones would surely have screamed.

But the 'Camille' referred to by that private doctor did not—in fact, according to the other party's own words, 'Camille' also enjoyed such 'contact', but Ms. Camille didn't, nor did other people in the house, so there remained only one possibility.

The 'Ms. Camille' wasn't human, which was why she hadn't spoken up to refuse.

Plus the cat hairs, everything became clear.

That private doctor took a cat for Ms. Camille, and even because of that silence, he believed Ms. Camille had given her consent, which further fueled his madness.

Furthermore, the meowing of the cat named Lily served as a distraction, so the private doctor never discovered the truth—or occasionally did, but disregarded it due to being blinded by his own romantic delusions.

A man who killed his own son for love—Arthur didn't consider such a person normal.

Right after entering the parlor, he detected that abnormally strong heartbeat with his 1.8-meter-tall Physique.

At first, he thought it was the fear or excitement from committing murder.

Now? It seemed to be the thrill and joy after expressing love.

'The son licks Linda.'

'The father licks Linda's mum.'

'And moreover, he's willing to kill for it...

What a terrifying love affair!' Arthur thought once more and warned himself to stay calm and not let love hinder a wonderful life.

"Haha!"

Linda Camille rushed into the parlor, scooped up the cow-patterned cat in her arms, and forcefully patted its buttocks twice. The cow-patterned cat, named Haha, put up no resistance but rather propped its head against its owner's hand, while the cats named Lily and Anke also approached, rubbing against the girl's legs, asking to be held.

Arthur could tell that the girl loved cats.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have really brought Lily and Anke back from Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home.

And considering she might be his cousin or sister, Arthur felt an additional sense of amicability towards the girl.

Upon entering the parlor, Arthur nodded and smiled at the girl before turning toward the back of the sofa chair.

On the shoulder of a certain giant, he had encountered a similar situation—that time the story "Human Chair" had startled him so much that he had even taken apart the sofa to check if someone was inside.

He never expected the same was true in the real world.

The inside of the sofa chair was more spacious than it appeared. Arthur estimated that even at his height, he could cross-leggedly fit inside and even slightly move his legs.

Under the armrest of the sofa chair were several compartments storing biscuits, water, poop bags, and a translucent brown bottle.

Arthur picked up the bottle, cracked it open slightly, and took a sniff.

Immediately, a pungent smell similar to alcohol but laced with a hint of sweetness assaulted his senses.

Arthur knew this scent all too well.

Ether!

Without hesitation, Arthur promptly stored it in his "Atos's Box".

At times, an anesthetic like this could be more useful than one might imagine.

Meanwhile, he recalled the scene of that private doctor suddenly appearing, first knocking out Wil Koss, then stabbing his own son—the entire process, Chermey must have seen his own father, yet the young man believed his father was there to help him.

Thus, he didn't make a sound, even intentionally luring Wil Koss, allowing the private doctor to succeed easily. What he didn't expect was for his father to end up killing him.

'Poor guy, probably fantasizing until his last breath that once Wil Koss was out of the way, Linda would be his!'

'What a twisted fellow!' Arthur curled his lips slightly, and at that moment, Chief Malz approached.

As the Police Chief of Shire District, this was the first time Chief Malz had encountered such a case, and he was filled with incredible curiosity—he carefully examined the couch chair.

He even tried it out himself.

He managed to zip up the interior zipper; it was designed ingeniously, covered with thick leather. Unless one reached inside, it was virtually undetectable.

"How does it feel?" Arthur inquired.

"It's a bit more spacious than I imagined, but somewhat stuffy.

If one stayed too long, they definitely couldn't bear it—it's a sure path to madness.

I have no idea how that guy endured it."

Malz spoke as he glanced at Doctor Chermy, who was still unconscious.

"Who says he hasn't gone mad?" Arthur retorted.

Instantly, Malz was taken aback.

Indeed! Would that private doctor commit such a horrific act if he hadn't gone mad?

While the Police Chief was processing this, Arthur approached Ms. Camille.

Arthur certainly hadn't forgotten what the private doctor mentioned earlier, that the secret of the couch chair was initially discovered for stealing business secrets from Ms. Camille.

And such a useful method of theft couldn't have possibly been used just once.

Perhaps it was useless against nobles.

But for common wealthy merchants, it was truly effective.

Following the trail might even lead to uncovering a significant case, sparking a great sensation—and the XP that followed was what Arthur cared most about.

"Ms. Camille, could you tell me more about the origin of that couch chair?" asked Arthur directly.

"Of course!

This isn't the place to talk; let's go to the garden!

Police Chief Malz, please stay back; there are some things I can only disclose to Mr. Kledos."

Having said that, Ms. Camille walked directly towards the garden.

Malz looked at Arthur, seeking his reaction.

Arthur gestured that it was fine.

Yet, deep down, he was full of trepidation.

Was Ms. Camille planning to show her hand?

What did the romance of the older generation have to do with a young person like me?

Though pondering this, Arthur didn't hesitate, walking straight into the garden.

Ms. Camille stood before a flower bed, and upon hearing footsteps, she turned with a smile to look at Arthur, lowering her voice to say—

"Actually, you should call me Grandma."

Arthur: ...

Arthur: Huh???

Arthur: Ah!!!

Boom!

Arthur, as if struck by lightning, stood completely dumbfounded, utterly at a loss for words.

At that moment, a thousand words converged in the depths of Arthur's heart, finally coalescing into one—

F*ck!