

Great Master 52

Chapter 52 Standing on the Shoulders of Giants!

Arthur's words caused Marinda to stop in her tracks, and she unconsciously looked towards Arthur, hoping he could once again save her the trouble.

All the guests in the hall paused momentarily.

Then, several of them brightened up.

Arthur's identity, along with Marinda's 'royal welcome,' had already spread among these people—never underestimate human curiosity, and certainly not the information network a group of people can have when they come together.

As long as one person knows, it's as if everyone knows.

So, those present all knew that Arthur was the recently famed 'Spirit Medium.'

The Curse, the Axe Murderer, vengeance by an Evil Spirit, the Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club murder case, the baby-stealing case—these were the topics most talked about by these people over meals.

Some among them were disdainful, treating it as nothing but a bluff to fool the ignorant.

Some remained neutral, believing that there must be a reason behind such phenomenon if they had occurred.

But most were curious, not only about how Arthur did it but also about what kind of person he was.

However, no matter which group they belonged to, at this moment, they were all staring intently at Arthur, afraid to miss even a little detail.

The disdainful ones were longing to expose the bluff.

The curious ones were there to satisfy their curiosity.

And the neutral ones?

Most were just watching for entertainment.

Arthur understood all this very clearly.

But he was not afraid.

Because he really did know who the killer was.

It wasn't that he had such scrupulous thinking or an amazing deductive ability; he had simply seen too many cases solved by famous detectives, including those who walked through the foggy city with a doctor assistant, those who yelled in the name of their grandfather, those known as grandmothers but in reality were queens, the eternally young elementary school student, or those who went by the name of 'Crow,' bringing omens and eccentric murmurs.

Too many to count.

More than anyone in this world could imagine.

Therefore, cases that people in this world found unimaginable were all traceable in Arthur's eyes.

With a bit of serious observation and calm analysis, the killer could be found.

Just like at this moment—

"Is that so?"

"Are you really going to do this?"

"Alright, I will help you."

Arthur murmured to himself in a low voice, but his gaze was fixed on a female servant among the crowd.

The moment the servant's eyes met Arthur's, her face turned pale.

The people around her instinctively moved their feet, distancing themselves from the female servant.

In an instant, it was as if a stage had appeared out of nowhere.

At one end of the stage stood Arthur, at the other stood the female servant.

Below the stage, a group of onlookers with mixed thoughts.

From above, Marinda's blue eyes stared at the female servant, a hint of chill flickering in them.

"Ilena?"

Arthur asked softly.

This was not the work of a Prophet; it was just something he overheard when he passed by earlier, when Edwin asked her to guard the drinks table.

"Yes!"

The servant placed her hands in front of her, nodding slightly. Her pale complexion made her delicate features even more pitiable; anyone who saw such a servant would not regard her as a murderer.

In fact, someone spoke out righteously on her behalf immediately.

"Impossible!"

"It can't be Ilena!"

"You must be mistaken!"

A male servant, who appeared to have a good relationship with Ilena, shouted loudly.

"Exactly!"

"Is there some kind of mistake?"

"This lady doesn't seem like a murderer!"

Guests in the crowd concurred.

Seeing these 'righteous' defenders, Arthur was not surprised.

Humans have always been visual creatures.

Judging by appearances is found everywhere.

And attractive people do, to some extent, seem to have superpowers—in work, studies, or life's journey, they often receive both tangible and intangible help, smoothing their path forward.

But no matter how attractive a person is, certain facts do not change.

Arthur didn't speak. He simply reached out and took some ice from a bucket nearby.

The ice in the bucket had been pre-cut and insulated with a cotton wrapping to keep it cool.

Even so, some had melted.

Seeing Arthur's action, the servant Ilena's face turned even paler.

The surrounding people were puzzled, but Malz gasped in shock after a moment's surprise.

"Poison hidden in the ice?!"

Upon hearing Malz's statement, the surrounding guests began whispering among themselves.

Some were astonished, some had sudden realizations, and some started to find fault.

"Impossible, all the ice in this bucket has melted. If the poisoned piece had melted too, wouldn't all of us have been poisoned by now!"

A young guest exclaimed loudly.

The surrounding guests nodded in agreement, affirming the young guest's words.

Arthur, however, wore a smile on his face.

He wasn't afraid of questions, he feared the absence of them.

How else to gain more XP without a twist in the tale?

Arthur did not rush to reveal the answer. His gaze swept over the guests, observing the expressions on their faces, silently noting the few who harbored obvious malice towards him.

Especially the young guest who had stepped forward to find faults.

Why had he come?

Naturally, it was for Marinda.

Even those few with clear malice were probably here for Marinda.

But Arthur wasn't upset.

One takes the coins to ward off calamities for others.

Since a deal had been made, it was natural to fulfill it.

The situation at hand was an excellent opportunity!

Confronted with Arthur's gaze, the young guest did not back down but instead took a step forward.

"What's the matter?"

"Didn't you consider this point?"

"Accusing a lady is not the action of a gentleman!"

While speaking, he glanced towards the gallery on the second floor, hoping Marinda would see him exposing Arthur the charlatan.

To witness his brilliance and valor.

To see Arthur's despicableness.

Of course, it would be even better if Marinda developed a fondness for him.

Unfortunately, Marinda did not even glance his way.

His heart immediately sank, and then he looked towards Arthur with even more resentment as did several other young men, driven further to act by not receiving Marinda's favor.

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How could you do such a thing!"

Arthur's smile deepened.

The scene before him was exactly what he wanted.

He watched these young men become increasingly insolent, watched them incite the emotions of the crowd, and then, with a bend, he lifted the tablecloth of the drinks table.

The crowd went silent all at once.

Everyone saw another ice bucket under the table.

"This, this!"

The young men from before began to stammer, sensing that things were going downhill for them.

But Arthur didn't give them any chance to turn things around, and directly opened this ice bucket.

Unlike the half-melted ice in the bucket on the table, the ice in this bucket was not only intact but also neatly arranged.

"The ice bucket above was naturally not prepared for Brody."

"This is the one—imagine, faced with half-melted ice cubes and whole ones, which would you choose?"

"Not to mention, you know him so well, Madam Ilena who has been waiting here the whole time!"

Arthur no longer paid attention to the young men, his gaze once again turned towards Ilena.

Her hands in front of her were twisted together so tightly that her knuckles had turned white, and her teeth were biting her lip hard.

After several seconds, under immense pressure and faced with the evidence, the female servant finally said softly.

"It was me!"

Boom!

Upon hearing Ilena's own confession, the guests erupted into an uproar.

However, at this moment, they were no longer focused on Ilena but on Arthur.

"Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!"

"Truly worthy of being called a 'Spirit Medium'!"

Praise was offered freely.

But Arthur paid no attention to these remarks, silently watching Marinda as she came down from the gallery on the second floor.

The coldness in her eyes had already vanished.

All that remained was concern and worry.

Disregarding the people around her, the lady approached Ilena, took her hand, and asked softly—

"Why?"