

Great Master 53

Chapter 53: Twist!

Everyone could tell that there was no anger, interrogation, or even a tiny bit of resentment in Marinda's words.

Even though Ilena had messed up her salon, there was only perplexity in Marinda's words.

Even more, she gently stroked Ilena's back, comforting the servant.

Stricken by the sudden catastrophe, Ilena had started to cry.

Her speech was intermittent amidst the tears—

"He, he previously promised to marry me, and that we would have many lovely children, but a few days ago, he told me..."

Arthur wasn't listening anymore.

The story was too cliché.

It was the tale of a libertine and a naive girl.

Of course, there were some aspects worthy of suspicion.

Therefore, Arthur pondered for a moment before tagging this cliché story with a prefix and appellation, slightly altered— a wealthy libertine and a gullible girl.

Arthur's gaze swept over the bracelet on Ilena's wrist.

It was supposed to be gold.

And two tiny earrings as well.

They were inlaid with emeralds.

The reason he could ascertain the culprit so quickly was partly these pieces of jewelry. After all, a servant's wages could never afford such items.

That's why, when he saw a servant with such jewelry on the second-floor corridor earlier, he couldn't help but take a second glance at her.

And now?

His attention was completely captured by Marinda.

Brilliant!

It was simply brilliant!

If he hadn't been watching Marinda from the very beginning, he might have also been fooled by the lady's act.

Empathetically speaking, Arthur admitted to himself that he could not be as natural and seamless as Marinda.

This was undoubtedly a great opportunity to learn!

Thus, he kept silent, leaving everything to Marinda.

He believed Marinda would handle everything.

In fact, that was indeed the case—

"Leave the rest to me!"

"Don't worry, it will be all right!"

Marinda whispered to Ilena, but the whisper was so audible that everyone around could hear clearly,

including Coste and Emmond, the two Chamber of Commerce presidents.

As soon as they heard these words, Coste let out a scoff.

"Murder is a serious crime!"

"You think..."

Just having been threatened by Marinda with a look, Coste naturally would not give up this chance for revenge. He elongated his tone, full of mockery.

In all seriousness, this kind of behavior was purely about verbal satisfaction and provided no tangible gain.

In Coste's opinion, Ilena was nothing more than a lower-class person after all.

What did it matter to him whether such a person lived or died?

What he wanted was to provoke Marinda!

Best if Marinda became angry and lost her composure!

That would be quite helpful for his acquisition of Baron Kemir's title.

And with today's murder!

Coste was confident that he could strip Marinda of her eligibility for the title!

So when he saw Marinda angrily glaring at him, Coste was not flustered, but instead felt a surge of inner joy.

However, the next moment, Coste started to panic.

Because—

"What I thought?"

"Is it that you think I don't know about the matter of you and Emmond covertly inciting Ilena?"

"Otherwise, how would Ilena, with her fragility and knowledge, possibly know how to conceal poison in ice cubes?"

"And that poison, I suspect, was provided by you two, wasn't it?"

Marinda stared at Coste and Emmond, her two biggest rivals, and spoke icily.

Immediately, there was an uproar around them.

"It was Coste and Emmond?!"

"Of course, it was them!"

"Other than them, it couldn't be anyone else!"

Almost everyone present knew what Marinda and Coste, Emmond, had been vying for recently, and just as Marinda spoke out, they believed her somewhat.

Especially the few younger people who outright began to speak.

They firmly believed everything Marinda said.

Not to mention, Marinda presented it so logically.

Then, Ilena, who had been appeased by Marinda, also spoke up.

"It was them who incited me!"

The innocent look of the pretty Ilena, who naturally invoked a protective desire in others, pointed at Coste and Emmond, making those around her believe even more.

At this point, Arthur, watching from the side, almost wanted to applaud.

A woman is born with a talent for acting!

Marinda's performance was masterful.

Ilena was quite remarkable as well.

Were Ilena's actions instigated by Coste and Emmond?

Arthur was uncertain.

...

Perhaps there is, perhaps there isn't.

But Arthur was certain of one thing—Ilena saw Marinda as a lifeline!

Especially since after she committed murder, Marinda kept comforting her, repeatedly saying how 'tender', 'innocent', and 'naive' Ilena was, while also providing a plausible behind-the-scenes murderer.

As long as Ilena wasn't a fool.

As long as Ilena still wanted to live.

Then she knew what choice to make.

After all, she was a woman who was tender, innocent, and naive, which was why she was deceived by Brody, and why she had been provoked by Coste and Emmond.

Arthur's gaze shifted towards Marinda, his eyes full of admiration.

To be able to turn the tables on a disadvantageous situation in an instant, this woman was truly formidable!

Similarly, her level of danger had to be raised by another notch!

While Arthur thought this, Malz had already taken action.

He beckoned for people to take away the corpse, and Ilena was led away.

Similarly, Coste and Emmond were also taken for investigation—there were no coercive measures, only politeness.

A courtesy towards wealth, prestige, and hidden connections.

And Ilena wasn't treated harshly either.

Because Marinda personally escorted the servant girl out.

From the hall to the courtyard, Arthur didn't pay attention to what Marinda said. He only saw that when Marinda returned to the hall, the ladies began to applaud first.

"Marinda, I will support you!"

"And me!"

"Those who use others' feelings, unforgivable!"

"Count me in!"

One after another, the ladies gathered around Marinda, some young women were already wiping away tears, evidently projecting themselves into Ilena, empathizing with the deep and unforgettable pain and...

Love!

How sacred love is!

And how rare it is!

When it is desecrated, the defiler should go to hell!

Without a doubt, Brody was a defiler.

Coste and Emmond were too.

Arthur was certain that at this moment, Coste and Emmond had lost the battle for the title of Baron Kemir.

Never underestimate the power of these ladies.

Perhaps they were just some rich daughters, but their circles were definitely filled with noble ladies.

And the night's events would surely be known among those noble ladies through their tales.

And then?

United in their indignation!

'Not only turning the tide of an unfavorable situation but also gaining a group of natural allies, adding a significant chip for claiming the title—this capability is beyond ordinary!'

Arthur marveled inwardly once again, then he completely left the stage downstairs to Marinda and returned to the upper-floor lounge.

He was worried that the ladies might notice him.

And their attention might shift from Ilena.

If he had to be lumped together with Marinda, he feared he would be spat upon.

Of course, what was more important was that Arthur started to suspect the real motive behind Marinda's collaboration with him.

When Marinda fired the gun in the upstairs corridor, he could feel the chill emanating from her.

It was a murderous intent!

Murderous intent directed at Coste and Emmond!

If it were merely to shift everyone's attention, with her performance, she shouldn't have revealed any murderous intent, but instead should have hidden it.

Therefore, her collaboration with him was most likely...

Paralyzing the opponent!

Thinking of this, Arthur couldn't help but shake his head in amusement, raising Marinda's danger level up a notch in his mind.

As for keeping his distance?

Arthur didn't consider it.

It wasn't just the XP that came with working with her, but also because he needed more mystical knowledge to understand more about the world he was now in—the changes brought about after the increase in "Spirituality" made him very uneasy.

Sitting alone in the lounge, Arthur pondered Marinda's next moves.

And just a few minutes later, Marinda returned to the lounge too.

She picked up the billiard pipe, packed it with tobacco, and lit it immediately, taking a deep breath before turning to look at the relaxed Arthur sitting in the chair.

She knew Arthur had seen through it.

But she didn't mind.

Their relationship had been one of cooperation, and Marinda was, thanks to Arthur's previous actions, willing to deepen their partnership a bit.

Of course, just a bit.

"Want a puff?"

As she spoke, Marinda passed the pipe over.

Seeing the moist stain on the mouthpiece, Arthur waved his hand, declining.

"Disgusted by me?"

Marinda frowned slightly, somewhat dissatisfied.

"Please, brother, I'm not accustomed to sharing a pipe with a man who also fancies women!"

Arthur shrugged his shoulders.

And at that banter, Marinda's face instantly lit up with a smile.

She liked the term 'brother'.

Then, she took a deep puff from the pipe, walked slowly to Arthur's side, bent down, and as the smoke wafted past Arthur's ear and dispersed in front of him, her voice softly rose.

"Is the undead spirit of Ilena, angry?"