

Great Master 77

Chapter 77 Bastard!

Arthur, who had a refusal on the tip of his tongue, swallowed his words forcefully.

He sized up the Fengter before him.

Although wearing a top hat, one could still see strands of hair poking out from under it, suggesting that without the hat, his hair would surely be a disheveled mess. His clothes, while of good quality, were wrinkled and obviously hadn't been ironed for a long time, and up close, there was a faint smell of sweat.

His shoes, which should have been clean and bright, were now soiled, not just with mud, but what appeared to be horse dung as well.

Especially, his eyes were bloodshot, filled with red veins, and he blinked repeatedly while speaking just one sentence to Arthur.

Clearly, the man was extremely nervous.

The activation of the skills "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" allowed Arthur to quickly grasp Fengter's details.

Arthur's impression of Fengter was still stuck at the time when the latter compensated him with 20 gold notes—an archetype of the idle, thrill-seeking scion of a wealthy family.

But now?

The man was conspicuously ragged, and even somehow connected to Oakwood Manor.

Even though Marinda had been with him the whole previous evening and had just left, Arthur still suspected that this could be a play staged in collusion with her.

Wasn't this too coincidental?

Just when he needed the Golden Acorn, Oak Manor suddenly required his help?

Arthur furrowed his brow.

However, he still invited the man into No. 2 Cork Street.

"Lord Kledos, please help me!"

Upon entering the Spirit Medium Parlor, the young man spoke again.

"Don't panic, please sit down and tell me slowly."

"I need to know what exactly happened."

Arthur raised his hand and gently patted the young man's shoulder, signaling him to explain the situation.

Meanwhile, Pendragon, who had awoken, ate a bowl of cat food and was about to return to his cat's nest. However, he was scooped up by Arthur and seated in the chair—Arthur thought he should build a deeper friendship with Pendragon.

Pendragon was adaptable, found a comfortable position, and continued to sleep, allowing Arthur's hand to stroke from head to spine, with only the tail flicking occasionally to remind Arthur of the right pressure.

With Arthur's comforting touch and a few minutes of petting the cat, Fengter finally calmed down.

He began to introduce himself in detail.

"Lord Doyle is my father, and my mother is a bartender from South Los. Their acquaintance was purely due to the effects of alcohol, and my birth was a beautiful mistake—my father's status made it impossible for him to bring my mother and me to Oak Manor, so he bought us a house in South Los and provided me with the opportunity to go to school and learn to read."

Despite Fengter's euphemistic words, Arthur immediately confirmed the man's status as a bastard, and that Lord Doyle was quite benevolent towards his illegitimate son.

'No wonder he could wander around in South Los!' Arthur marveled inwardly.

Every person in South Los had heard of the reclusive Doyle family.

To curry favor with the Earl of South Los, Lord Doyle did not allow any member of the family to leave Oak Manor—of course, this did not include the servants.

Though the manor was self-sufficient, some fresh fruits, seafood, and meat still needed to be purchased by the servants.

Some called Lord Doyle a 'Diehard' of the Earl of South Los.

Others even derisively labeled him as the Earl's 'Lapdog.'

But Lord Doyle did not care and remained true to himself.

Arthur speculated that Lord Doyle was simply trying to remain neutral between the Old Lion of Inner Bay and the Mother Tigress of South Los.

Of course, there could be other reasons.

Unable to be certain yet, Arthur continued listening.

"Every year on my birthday, my father would have a servant bring me a birthday gift. From my birth until now, it has never been interrupted, but this time it was—initially, I just thought my father had forgotten, or was delayed by something. After all, he is getting older, and it is normal."

"But a day ago, I finally received my 22nd birthday gift, a finely crafted dagger—only I had received a similar gift when I was 15 years old. Back then, I was overjoyed, but my excitement turned to grief when I cut my arm with the dagger, nearly losing my life."

"My mother was furiously incensed, forbidding me from touching weapons again, and my father also wrote an apologetic letter, expressing concern and ensuring that he would never again send me the same gift."

"This puzzled me, so I examined the dagger, and then..."

Fengter paused, then reached into his pocket and handed a piece of silk to Arthur.

The silk was delicate, seemingly a part of a nightgown.

On it were two crimson words—

Save me!

Arthur frowned.

The handwriting was sloppy, looking as wide as a finger.

'Bit his finger and wrote on the torn pajama fabric, then sought help from a bastard child?'

Arthur speculated at the bottom of his heart, his gaze shifting back to Fengter.

He believed that Fengter, having received this secret message, couldn't possibly remain indifferent.

Facing Arthur's speculative gaze, Fengter nodded.

"I didn't tell my mother; I just took some people with me—some necessary bodyguards and a few reporters, and went back to Oakwood Manor—They tried to stop me, but I forced my way in, and then...

I saw my father's body enter the coffin.

My father is dead!

He died after sending me a plea for help!

It was them who killed my father!"

Fengter clenched his fists, his eyes wide open.

"They?"

Arthur inquired.

"My two older brothers."

Fengter spoke through gritted teeth.

"Why?"

Arthur continued to inquire, facing the firm Fengter.

"Because, in my father's will, I and those two fellows had the same succession rights—Oakwood Manor, the deposits, and some properties in South Los were all to be divided into four parts, and I owned one of them, my father's current wife owned one, and they were dissatisfied with this arrangement. They had quarreled with my father several times, which directly caused my father to fall ill and die."

While speaking, Fengter banged his thigh and a cold look that Arthur was familiar with emerged in his reddened eyes.

It was a murderous intent!

Seeing this murderous intent, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

Clearly, this rich heir, although idle, was not foolish.

At the very least, he knew to bring some bodyguards and hire a few reporters before returning to Oakwood Manor.

Otherwise, he might not have made it back.

Never underestimate the power of money.

Facing a brother they had never met who would take away a big chunk of their inheritance, it wouldn't be odd if Fengter's two brothers harbored a will to kill.

Of course, if Fengter himself wanted to get rid of his two brothers, it would make sense.

But, he would definitely not be so obvious about it.

It should be more covert.

"What did you find?"

Arthur asked directly.

"Indeed, I can't hide it from you—not that I found something, but someone mailed me a letter, stating that my father was murdered!"

Fengter sighed and took out that letter from his pocket.

A very ordinary letter, with no signature, just a sentence 'Your father, Lord Doyle, died by murder!', and nothing else.

"The letter was found in my carriage, and the coachman didn't see anyone approach. I don't know if what's written is true or false, but I hope you can help me investigate the truth!"

Fengter looked at Arthur with a pleading gaze.

But Arthur contemplated internally.

'This letter brought Fengter to me, coupled with the earlier coincidence when I needed the Golden Acorn—could it have been aimed at me?'

'And Marinda... does she know about this?'

The relationship between him and Fengter was not a secret; a little investigation would reveal it.

Instinctively, he wanted to decline.

Though he lacked a Golden Acorn, he felt it was safer to purchase one rather than get involved with the affairs of Oak Manor.

Who knows what was hidden within?

However, as Arthur considered how to refuse, the young man said directly—

"I'm willing to use half of my inherited fortune as your commission!"