

## Great Master 79

### Chapter 79 Detective

To upgrade the "Hand of Void" and "Glyphic Language" to the next level required 60 XP, and now Arthur had 82 XP, which meant he had 22 XP to use freely.

22 XP was more than enough for him to upgrade all the skills in his "Auxiliary Skill Bar" not just once over.

However, considering the potential issues he might encounter at Oakwood Manor, Arthur prioritized upgrading his "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" by two levels each.

In the end, he still had 1 XP left over, which Arthur decided to invest in "Painting."

The auxiliary skills were upgraded as follows—

"Riding Lv2 (0/5)," "Intimidation Lv3 (0/10)," "Bluff Lv3 (0/10)," "Eagle Eye Lv3 (0/10)," "Insight Lv3 (0/10)"

...

Besides that, the general skill "Painting" was upgraded to Lv2

Just like when combat skills were improved, the synchronization of knowledge and body both completed in a short time.

Even with a large number of skills, it hadn't caused Arthur any discomfort.

With his eyes closed, Arthur carefully savored the differences now apparent to him.

Now that his "Riding" advanced to Lv2, not only could he mount and dismount with ease, but he could also trot around on a warhorse. If he took advantage of his "Physique" of 1.8, even galloping wasn't a problem.

However, using weapons on the horse, especially shooting, was extremely challenging—yet, with the Thunder Gun, Arthur was confident he could hit his mark every time, after all, aiming wasn't necessary.

"Intimidation" and "Bluff" seemed to share a correlating trend with "Eagle Eye" and "Insight."

For example, seeing Fengter as he was now, Arthur was confident he could squeeze more money out of him, and that required only some words and expressions.

'Is this the quintessential skill of a 'poor' Spirit Medium?' he pondered.

Despite his emotion-filled realization, Arthur did not extort Fengter. For him, going against his own hire after already owning an eighth of Oakwood Manor crossed a line.

It wasn't that he didn't want more.

He just didn't want to attain more in that way.

'Those who are insatiably greedy will be spurned by destiny!'

Old Charlie had once spoken similar words.

His predecessor had heard them only to forget them, but Arthur, reflecting on the memories of his former self, found them truly profound.

Hadn't he been hit by a muck cart because of his greed?

He had already suffered once from it.

And he wasn't about to repeat that mistake.

Moreover, rather than getting more compensation from Fengter, Arthur was currently thinking—

'I wonder if Lv3 "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" could penetrate Marinda's expression?'

Suddenly, Arthur was looking forward to it.

He believed he would soon meet Marinda.

Because, this lady would undoubtedly be very interested in Oak Manor.

And what he had to do was to get everything ready before the lady's arrival, or at least to appear fully prepared on the surface.

As for why he should inform her to come?

Naturally, for...

Safety!

Facing a Noble for the first time, Arthur thought it couldn't hurt to be too careful.

Who knew what powers lay hidden within the Doyle family?

If it weren't for the lack of bargaining chips, he would have been eager to bring in the Countess he had never met.

Clatter, clatter.

Amid the rolling sound of the wheels, Arthur leaned back in his seat, his neck resting against the headrest, and even his eyes were shut, his breathing even—no matter how beautiful the scenery, it doesn't stand up to prolonged scrutiny; people naturally desire change, and cats are no different.

Pan turned his body, nestled comfortably into Arthur's arms, and soon fell into a slumber.

After a good hour and a half, the jolting of the carriage against the road finally made Arthur open his eyes.

"We've arrived outside the manor," said Fengter the moment he saw Arthur wake up.

Oakwood Manor wasn't located on the main road, but Lord Doyle had a gravel path stretching about two kilometers to the side of it.

This was done for the convenience of the servants buying fresh fruit and meat.

To this, Scott showed no surprise.

The young journalist had a rough understanding of the nobility's wealth, but he was curious as to why there were no guards—according to Noble customs, there should be 2-4 guards acting as a facade, letting everyone who passed by understand the grandeur of the Doyle family.

Perhaps it was due to the Lord's passing?

The young journalist speculated.

But Arthur's gaze was fixed straight ahead to the end of the branch road.

There it was...

His manor!

The white walls, red roof, towering gates, and a drawbridge over a rapid river.

Listening to the rumbling river, it was clear this was no stagnant water.

'Such rich natural resources!' Arthur couldn't help but exclaim to himself.

Oakwood Manor was roughly divided into two parts aside from the manor itself, which contained a wine cellar, mill, and sweet water well. There was also a 16-hectare farm, and now a lack of water wasn't a problem, which made Arthur even more expectant.

However, the people within the manor were clearly resistant and unwelcoming to Arthur's party—

"Stop! Stop!" they shouted.

"This is a private property!"

A robust man carrying a longbow and sword at his waist, along with four others similarly armed but with muskets, blocked the way in front of Arthur and the others.

"Head Hunter Albert!"

Fengter jumped off the carriage.

Upon seeing Fengter, the robust man named Albert was momentarily stunned and then reluctantly bowed and paid his respects.

"Young Master Fengter, good afternoon,"

"I still need to be on duty."

Without waiting for a response from Fengter, he led the four guards back the way they had come.

Watching the departure of the five men, Fengter rubbed the tip of his nose with an embarrassed look on his face, but then he turned his gaze toward the drawbridge of Oakwood Manor.

A carriage was still parked there.

His two elder brothers were there, greeting someone.

Clearly, it was because of this person that there were fewer guards at the fork in the road.

What was more obvious was that Fengter's two elder brothers clearly saw them, but pretended not to, continuing to speak in low voices to their guest.

"We're less welcome than we thought!"

On the carriage, Scott said in a lowered voice.

"Whoever it would be, they wouldn't welcome us, the helpers of Fengter."

Arthur temporarily returned Pendragon to the cat cage—Pendragon was unwilling, but when Arthur threw a small dried fish inside, Pendragon immediately jumped in.

Holding 'Anna' and picking up his Spirit Medium Box, Arthur hopped off the carriage.

He made eye contact with Fengter, then turned directly to Scott and said,

"Scott, please make an accurate record of the heirs of the Doyle family's arrogance. They not only ignore their own flesh and blood brother, but also turn away visitors who come with good intentions. Perhaps... the death of Lord Doyle really has another cause."

"I think the readers of the Horn Report would be very interested in such a cause!"

Arthur's voice was neither loud nor soft, but it was just enough for the two brothers of Fengter to hear.

Lord Doyle's eldest son, Lamit, frowned, his face showing anger.

Lord Doyle's second son, Gilt, had a smile on his face, but his eyes were filled with disdain and contempt.

Both harbored malice.

But both inevitably had to approach Arthur and his entourage—honor and bloodline were rules a Noble always maintained.

If the newspaper really published such information, the Doyle family would become a laughingstock.

Especially after learning the truth, they might even lose their eligibility to marry into another Noble family.

This was something they absolutely could not accept.

Lamit, leading the way, was dressed in black hunting attire, wearing a wide-brimmed hat characteristic of old South Los Nobility, laden with heaps of white swan feathers—a favorite decoration of Nobles during the Silver Era, which although originally coming from the West Coast, had become a trend on the East Coast.

Gilt, a step behind, wore the latest styled four-piece suit, with glasses that made him look refined and cultured.

Upon seeing Arthur holding 'Anna,' both were startled, and the eldest Lord's son even stepped back in fear.

Thinking it had damaged his pride, Lamit immediately chastised Fengter.

"What are you doing here? And you brought such a person to the manor!"

"I'm here to clarify the cause of my father's death—Oakwood Manor has a portion that belongs to me; I'm free to come and go and can also bring friends!"

"Father's will made this clear, something that even Lord Count can attest to. Are you challenging Father's will and provoking the dignity of Lord Count?"

Faced with the unrelenting opponent, Fengter immediately responded with sharp retort.

Lamit's face turned red with anger, and he instinctively wanted to act.

But Gilt pulled at his brother's sleeve.

The smiling Lord Doyle's second son stepped forward, ignoring Fengter and instead looking at Arthur.

"Are you the famous 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kledos?"

"Fengter spoke of your wonders, but my brother and I still have our doubts, as we are too foolish to discern whether you are truly miraculous, or if you have employed some tricks."

"So, we have invited a friend—

'Detective' Alberts."



Compared to the irritable Lamit, Lord Doyle's second son was much more amiable.

At least, he seemed much more amiable.

But in reality?

He was far more dangerous.

He had clearly investigated Fengter, knew that Fengter would invite him, and even, this was precisely what Fengter had said—facing two dismissive and scornful elder brothers, the young Fengter would very likely say, 'The renowned 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kledos is my friend, and he will surely help me uncover the cause of Father's death!' something along those lines.

Hence, Lamit and Gilt had invited a Detective.

Detective VS Spirit Medium!

In their view, the Detective had the absolute upper hand!

Therefore, after the second son of the Lord had spoken, he stepped aside to reveal the guest who had just arrived a moment ago.

The Detective Alberts, wearing a black trench coat, boots, and a suit but without a hat, had dense but seemingly unwashed long hair, sticking together and carrying a slight odor.

Moreover, it appeared he didn't know small talk nor manners, for as soon as he saw Arthur, he walked over and said,

"I don't believe in 'Spirit Mediums'!"

Hearing such impolite words, Arthur simply chuckled.

That smile, warm and harmless, full of tolerance.

Especially now, as Arthur looked at the other with eyes full of friendship.

Then, Arthur said in a very earnest tone,

"I very much believe in 'Detectives'!"

Under the flicker of Bluff Lv3, his voice became even more sincere and heartfelt.

Instantly, the Detective, who had never encountered this kind of situation, paused.

Then, before the Detective could speak, Arthur continued, "So, as a Detective, you must clarify the cause of Lord Doyle's death!"

'Detective' Alberts felt something was off, but instinctively nodded—

"Alright!"