

Great Master 80

Chapter 80: Shadow by the Window!

Lamit and Gelt looked at each other.

The development of events was not as they had imagined!

This 'Detective' Alberts seemed... not very bright!

Lamit, looking at his brother Gelt, couldn't help but feel annoyed and resentful—it was his brother who had told him that Alberts was an excellent 'Detective,' and it was his brother who had assured him that if Alberts showed up at Oakwood Manor, the bastard and his assistant would definitely fail miserably.

But what about now?

They were actually going to investigate their father's cause of death!

Could he still not know how their father had died?

He died of illness!

This was beyond doubt!

Lamit snorted coldly and turned to walk towards the drawbridge.

Gelt maintained a smile and signaled to Alberts to come along—however, no matter how one looked at it, the noble's second son's smile was stiff at the moment.

The carriage of 'Detective' Alberts led the way, with Arthur's party following behind.

On the carriage, Scott exclaimed,

"This detective is indeed as good as the rumors say—although he has a peculiar temper!"

"Have you heard of this detective?"

Fengter looked surprised.

As a former libertine, a model of indolence, Fengter prided himself on being well-informed. Nothing happening in South Los could be hidden from him.

"'Detective' Alberts is from Rosha Castle, which is quite far from South Los. You have to pass through Inner Bay to get there. I wonder how this detective ended up in South Los?

Could it be because of some major case we are unaware of?"

Scott's excitement grew as he spoke.

As a journalist, he was always in pursuit of news, and it was such pursuits that habitually led him to collect more information, thus he knew about 'Detective' Alberts from far-off Rosha Castle.

"A major case?"

Fengter's eyes lit up, but then dimmed immediately.

The wealthy son thought of his own inexplicably deceased father.

And Arthur, who remained silent, was also pondering about this 'Detective.'

The man from distant Rosha Castle, who just happened to come to South Los, who just happened to know Gelt, and just when an incident occurred in Gelt's family—wasn't all this a bit too coincidental?

As for confirming that the 'Detective' knew Gelt?

After seeing Lamit's angry, discontented look filled with blame towards Gelt, Arthur was quite sure of it.

The successive 'coincidences' gave Arthur a familiar feeling—it was like the cases he had encountered continuously before.

But it was much cruder this time, traceable.

It was as if...

The person orchestrating behind the scenes was getting anxious.

To put it simply—

'It's highly likely that 'Detective' Alberts was drawn to South Los because of that person. When that person heard the news, they hastily tried to divert Alberts' attention... Maybe it's worth having a chat with Alberts!'

Arthur speculated in his mind.

Meanwhile, in the carriage ahead, Alberts was scratching his head in annoyance.

He had come to realise.

He had been deceived by that 'Spirit Medium.'

He was being led by the nose.

And even though he knew this, Alberts had no way to solve it.

Even if he could do it all over again, he would still be duped.

Because—

As a detective, one must naturally pursue the truth!

In fact, after a brief annoyance, the detective began to seriously consider the cause of Lord Doyle's death.

According to his friend Gelt, the lord had succumbed to a severe illness.

But the bastard son evidently didn't think so; he believed that his father had been murdered and even sought a 'Spirit Medium' to verify it.

If this bastard son hadn't received an inheritance, it would make sense.

But the bastard son had already received his share, and from his attire, it seemed that he lived quite well.

This proved that the lord took good care of his illegitimate son.

So, was there really something fishy about the lord's death?

Or was it just a crafty ploy by a greedy person?

Alberts leaned towards the former.

Not because he chose to trust Fengter.

But because he believed Arthur, the 'Spirit Medium.'

'Like us, he's a keen observer and seems to have a great reputation in South Los... maybe it's worth having a chat?'

'Detective' Alberts thought.

The three carriages crossed the drawbridge and entered the core building complex of Oakwood Manor—standing in a row in front of the main building, supported by six spiral columns that required two people to embrace and were 10 meters high, were twenty servants including cooks, male and female servants, hunter apprentices, leatherworkers, blacksmiths, and coachmen, all middle-aged and clearly long-term servants of the Doyle family.

In front of the servants, at a slightly greater distance to the right, stood four squads of forty guards. Their bodies were erect, swords at their waists, with long firearms slung over their backs. Their uniforms were uniform and neat, their faces determined, and their eyes sharp.

Arthur scanned the posture and expressions of these guards; he could tell they were well-trained and not just farmers filling in.

Moreover, considering the farmers outside the manor, if something were to happen, the old lord could probably muster a force of 300 men in less than an hour—if disregarding the consequences, this force could perhaps reach 800-1000 men.

'A noble's heritage, huh?'

Arthur mused, looking towards the water tower and bell tower to the side of the estate buildings—these two places, he thought, could have secret sentries during a war.

However, Arthur wasn't truly concerned about these things; he was mainly searching for the oak forest.

Unfortunately, he found nothing.

'At the back of the manor?'

Arthur's gaze stretched past the main buildings, but unfortunately his view was blocked, and he couldn't see anything.

However, just as Arthur withdrew his gaze, his "Death Intuition" suddenly flickered, and a cold, malicious gaze was fixed on him.

Arthur looked nonchalantly and saw a figure flashing past at a window on the second floor, to the right of the main building.

'Who is that?'

Arthur's eyes narrowed slightly.

At that moment, three carriages had already rounded the fountain square and stopped in front of the manor's stables. The coachmen began to unleash the horses, and Arthur gave Malz a meaningful glance as he disembarked.

The latter immediately understood and gestured for Andy to head towards the stables as an attendant.

Of course, the stables were not the focus.

The purpose was to gather information.

And himself?

He chose the best support position—the very back of the group.

"I asked the cook to prepare lunch, please..."

"I want to see the body!"

Facing Gilt's invitation, Alberts said unceremoniously.

This made Lamit even more infuriated; the eldest son of the lord was about to reprimand the 'detective', but when he saw Scott on the side rapidly taking notes with a charcoal pencil, he immediately huffed and headed towards the main building.

"Please follow me!"

Gilt said helplessly.

The butler Vick immediately went to one end of the hall, took a trident candlestick from the hand of a maid, lit the candles on it, and led the way to the basement.

The group closely followed behind.

Arthur keenly sensed bursts of cold and some herbal smells.

'Ice blocks and some special embalming techniques?'

Arthur guessed, looking towards the underground hall.

By the light of the candlestick in the butler's hand, he could clearly see the solid wood coffin placed in the center of the hall, with thick ice piled around it, leaving a passage on one side for people to pass through.

The old lord's body lay with eyes tightly closed, palms crossed above his lower abdomen, and a sheathed longsword placed on his left side to signify the old lord's former bravery, with a notebook on the right—recording the old lord's deeds, a practice every noble adopted.

Even if the noble had no deeds to speak of.

"Father!"

Fengter, looking at the old lord in the coffin, immediately knelt down beside it.

The tears in his eyes proved the bond between the bastard son and his biological father.

In South Los, although bastards were recognized, that recognition was merely nominal. Biological fathers and their families had no obligations to support or nurture them, let alone provide for their education or share in the inheritance—in some noble families, even the legitimate younger sons didn't have that right, usually given a knighthood and a small amount of money before being sent to wander.

Those fortunate enough earned enough to buy their manors as territories and continued their bloodlines.

Those who were not ended up having their armor and weapons become spoils of war, their bodies lost to the wilderness or consumed by wild beasts.

This situation improved slightly with the end of the Silver Era, but most of the time, younger sons still ended up with nothing.

It was extremely rare for someone like the old lord who split his estate equally among his three sons and current wife.

Fengter knew this, so he understood his father's love for him.

Therefore, he had to uncover the truth.

Wiping away his tears, Fengter stood up, took one last look at his father's body, then silently moved to the side, staring fiercely at Lamie and Gilt.

He was waiting for results.

On the side, the eager 'detective' Alberts, carrying a box, rushed forward.

Arthur watched as the other person took out a saw, pliers, scissors, tweezers, white gauze, containers with alcohol and vinegar, and more from the box and began the examination starting from the eyelids and mouth, followed by the body.

'Forensic pathologist?'

Somewhat unconsciously, Arthur thought of this profession, then continued observing the man as well as the body.

"No external injuries, no poisoning, not suffocation..."

Alberts murmured to himself as he examined.

"Hmph, I said before, my father died of illness, not murder!"

Lamie said this with a face full of anger and a hint of sadness in his eyes, which quickly turned into even more anger.

Gilt didn't speak, the younger lord son remained calm, but the disdain in his gaze toward Fengter became increasingly apparent.

Arthur glanced at the two, then turned to look at the 'detective' Alberts, who picked up the saw, ready to examine the body more meticulously.

"Stop!"

"What are you doing?"

Lamit scolded Alberts angrily; Gilt could no longer remain calm and stared menacingly at him.

Fengter had already rushed over and grabbed the other's arm.

But Alberts said indifferently,

"Autopsy."

However, obviously, such a statement could not convince the lord's three sons.

In South Los, or rather in the entire South County's nobility, bodies were meant to be kept intact—this was a noble tradition, and any act of desecrating a body was unforgivable in the eyes of nobles.

But to Alberts, it didn't matter.

He, merely wanted to find the truth.

Differing beliefs naturally led to clashes. Just as a conflict was about to erupt, Arthur calmly said—

"Hair!"