

Great Master 81

Chapter 81: A Blow to Honor!

Arthur's indifferent voice made everyone poised for conflict hesitate for a moment.

Lamit and Gilt were taken aback.

Fengter subconsciously looked towards his father's body.

'Detective' Alberts had already raised his hand to touch the hair of the deceased lord—unlike the middle-aged with receding hairlines, the old lord, even in his old age, still had the thick hair that many young people envied.

And thus, such hair could conceal many things.

For instance...

"A nail!"

When Alberts parted the old lord's hair, Fengter immediately saw the nail on his father's head, causing Lamit and Gilt to also show shocked expressions.

Arthur was watching the two of them.

With [Eagle Eye] and [Insight], there was nothing wrong with their expressions, clearly they didn't know how the old lord had died.

But Arthur wasn't disappointed.

Because, while the two didn't know how the old lord had died, it didn't mean they weren't the murderers.

Almost subconsciously, Arthur thought of the fleeting figure by the window just moments before.

The intent to kill from that figure was crystal clear to Arthur.

As for who it was?

Arthur had guessed roughly who it could be.

During this time, Fengter had already, his eyes red with rage, charged towards Lamit and Gilt, only to be stopped by Butler Vick.

Vick, who had fought in the Seven Years' War in his youth, still possessed considerable skills, and after grabbing Fengter, he used his body to block Lamit and Gilt.

"Wait a minute!"

"Young Master Fengter, wait a minute!"

"Young Masters Lamit and Gilt, wait a minute!"

The butler tried his best to calm the three men down.

Seeing this, Arthur narrowed his eyes, his mind filling with more thoughts, and when he noticed that Lamit and Gilt were starting to gain the upper hand and his employer was about to suffer a disadvantage, he subtly gestured to Malz.

"Stop! Stop!"

"I am the Sheriff of Shire District, Malz!"

Malz, who had been unobtrusively watching, now stepped forward.

This police chief, holding up his badge in front of Lamit and Gilt, said in an indisputable tone, "Both of you, please return to your rooms now. Without my permission, neither of you may leave—in the name of the Earl of South Los!"

Who is the high judge of South Los?

The Earl of South Los!

And it was well known that the Doyle family was the most loyal subject of the Earl of South Los Family.

Lamit and Gilt were successfully separated.

After glaring at Fengter, they followed Malz upstairs.

Butler Vick escorted Fengter behind them.

The basement was immediately left with only the 'Spirit Medium' and the 'Detective.'

The 'Detective' approached the 'Spirit Medium.'

"How did you know?"

"Why are you so sure?"

"Have you used it before?"

Alberts was as impolite as ever.

But Arthur remained genial, looking at the detective before him, he smiled and said, "I swear on the Kledos Family, I have never used such a despicable method to harm anyone—about this nail, it was the old lord who informed me."

Alberts's brow furrowed immediately.

He did not believe what Arthur had said, the only possibility was...

'While I was examining the body, he was also examining it, and even more thoroughly than I was!'

Coming to this conclusion didn't make Alberts feel defeated.

On the contrary, the detective made big strides towards the ground.

Being a step behind was not terrible.

As long as he was one step ahead in discovering the truth, the victory would be his.

The detective, full of competitiveness, strode forward.

And the 'Spirit Medium,' who stood upon the shoulders of so many giants, having discerned most of the truth, did not leave immediately; he turned his head to glance at the coffin sinking into darkness and sighed softly.

It was a helpless sigh.

"Lord Kledos, do you know who the murderer is?"

As soon as Arthur came up, Fengter rushed over to ask.

At this moment, in the hall, besides Fengter, only the butler and some servants remained. Seeing the butler closely following Fengter, Arthur became even more certain of his guess.

Therefore, he did not answer immediately but turned to look at Butler Vick, inquiring.

"How long has the old Lord been bedridden?"

"A month ago, one afternoon, it suddenly began to rain, and after the old Lord returned from hunting, he fell down the stairs from the third floor."

The butler gave the precise answer immediately without a thought.

"It was you who sent the birthday gift to Fengter, wasn't it?"

Arthur continued to ask.

Fengter, too, looked at the old butler in surprise—he had received the gift, but it was handed over by someone else. When he asked the person who delivered it, they only told him that the noble rode in a carriage and wasn't visible, so Fengter did not know who had sent it.

And in his heart, Fengter had taken it to be from his father, who couldn't show his face.

He hadn't expected it to be the old butler.

Fengter looked at the old butler.

The old butler did not answer right away. First, he gestured for the servants to leave. After all the servants had left, he nodded.

"Yes, it was me."

"But, you shouldn't know about this, should you?"

As Arthur took out the corner of a nightshirt with the words 'Save me' from his pocket, he purposely elongated his tone. When he saw the old butler's eyes widen in surprise, he immediately corrected himself.

However, when he saw the old butler's tightly pursed lips and the regret and self-blame struggling in his eyes, he immediately guessed what had happened, and then he added.

"But you must have guessed something, yet you weren't certain—or rather, you didn't believe things could escalate to this extent. So, when you returned to find the old Lord dead, you started to fall into self-reproach, thinking it was your negligence."

Arthur didn't specify, but spoke with great certainty in a vague manner.

But the already panicked old butler didn't notice these subtleties; he just mechanically nodded his head.

"Yes, yes, when I returned, I found the old Master dead.

I shouldn't have left the old Master's side!

No, even so, I've lost the old Master's trust!"

The old butler nodded with difficulty, his words confusing Fengter.

What had happened that caused his father to no longer trust his butler?

Fengter couldn't figure it out.

But Arthur had a guess.

"Butler Vick, who resides in the room on the second floor to the right?"

He asked.

"It's Lady Marian, she lives there..."

The old butler instinctively answered, but after speaking, he trembled all over, looking incredulously at Arthur and asked, "You, you know everything?"

"No, I was merely informed by the old Lord,"

Arthur shook his head, stating with certainty while looking at the old butler's current expression.

He is a "Spirit Medium," not a detective, and he doesn't have any evidence.

So, he would never say that he felt the murderous intent of Lady Marian as soon as he entered the manor.

Nor would he say that he saw an even bigger flaw in the butler from the Doyle family—when it was time to intervene in the scuffle, as a butler, Vick should have sided more with Lamit and Gilt, the legitimate sons who had grown up in Oakwood Manor.

But what was the result?

Butler Vick actually sided with the bastard, Fengter.

What situation would make such a loyal butler act this way?

It must mean that the butler does not recognize Lamit and Gilt.

And what have the two done to make the butler not recognize them?

In the traditions of the nobility, there are two things that cannot be overlooked: honor and bloodline.

Speaking of bloodline, it's highly possible that one of them has an issue, but for both to have a problem is highly unlikely.

Therefore, only 'honor' is left!

The two have done something that tarnishes the honor of the Doyle family!

Plus the murderous intent of the present wife of the old Lord!

Then...

What exactly did Lamit and Gilt do?