

Great Master 82

Chapter 82 Truth?

The sealed manor.

Family members who cannot enter or leave.

An elderly lord, a young and beautiful current wife, and two equally young and vigorous sons—Arthur could imagine with just the heel of his foot what Lamit and Gilt were capable of doing that would tarnish the Doyle family's honor.

Especially after the old lord tumbled down the stairs, Lady Marian, Lamit, or even Gilt, or all three together, became even bolder.

This made the old lord sense that something was amiss.

Similarly, the three of them realized it as well.

That's why the old lord sought help from his "only son."

And that's why the old lord was murdered.

As for who did it?

It was still uncertain!

Lady Marian, Lamit, or Gilt all could be the culprits.

Having mostly figured out the situation, Arthur, without a change of expression, took out the ordinary letter without a signature and asked the old steward Vick about it.

"Have you seen this letter before?"

"Or, do you recognize the handwriting on it?"

Compared to the murder of the old lord, Arthur was more concerned about the person who had left the letter.

"I don't recognize it!"

"I have never seen this letter or this handwriting before," affirmed the old steward after examining the letter carefully.

At the same time, the old steward looked at Arthur with eyes full of pleading—the other party did not wish for the Doyle family to be shamed, yet Arthur subtly gestured towards Fengter.

The old steward was taken aback.

Arthur, however, did not say anything more; he just continued to inquire.

"Can you take me to see the stairs where his lordship had the fall?"

"Of course!"

The old steward nodded and took Arthur towards the third floor.

However, this steward did not forget to remind Fengter to stay close by his side—even if a little slow to react, at this moment, the young man was starting to understand the steward's excessive concern for him.

But why?

The young man looked at Arthur, puzzled.

Arthur gestured for the young man to be patient.

He did not know if the old steward understood his meaning.

But, it was not important.

Even if the steward didn't understand, he would hint again in a moment.

And now?

Arthur started to meticulously inspect the stairs before him.

Hardwood handrails and steps, no breakage or missing parts; the varnish on top made the wood all the more lustrous, giving it the appearance of jade.

Arthur tried rubbing his shoe soles several times.

Every time, the resistance was substantial.

Slipping was impossible.

What about slipping on a wet spot?

It might be possible in an ordinary household, but not likely in a noble family like the Doles—cleaners might be careless, but the old steward Vick would surely check everything meticulously, especially the areas the old lord walked every day.

"Did his lordship have a good hunt last time?" Arthur inquired.

"He caught two rabbits and a fox—all shot by the master himself," the steward spoke with certainty, confirming to Arthur that the old lord would not have just fallen down the stairs for no reason—a person capable of hunting and hitting his quarry, even an elderly one, must have stable legs and good eyesight.

Unless there had been a significant mishap...

Pondering, Arthur pointed at the only set of double doors on the third floor.

"Is that the lord's room on the third floor?"

"Yes!"

"The entire third floor is the master and his wife's living quarters, including the bedroom, dining room, study, reception room, washroom, balcony, and so on," the steward nodded and explained.

In Arthur's mind, he pictured the possibility of the old lord, returning from a hunt with a good catch, inadvertently witnessing his sons and his wife together, and the old lord, unable to accept it, misstepping and falling down the stairs, or perhaps...

Being pushed down!

Arthur leaned towards the theory that the Old Lord was pushed!

The reason lay in the Old Lord's "help" letter—only when the Old Lord himself couldn't be sure who had pushed him, would he distrust even his own butler.

It must have been that in the eyes of the Old Lord, anyone within the entire manor could have been a suspect, therefore, he chose to rely on the only person outside of the manor.

So, let's assume for a moment that the Old Lord really was pushed, why would the person who pushed the Old Lord cooperate with the one who left the letter for Fengter, drawing Detective Alberts' attention?

"They know each other!"

"Not just acquaintances, but closely connected!"

Arthur thought to himself, then two possibilities emerged in his mind—

First, the person who left the letter and the one who pushed the Old Lord already knew each other. Pushing the Old Lord might have been an accident, but since Detective Alberts showed up, the letter-leaver took advantage of the situation to stall Alberts' progress.

And the second?

Pushing the Old Lord was part of their plan, precisely to wait for Detective Alberts' arrival, to kill the Old Lord and lure him into Oakwood Manor.

And him?

He was an accident!

He wasn't the one the mastermind wanted to draw into the game, it was just that the person who pushed the Old Lord wanted to please the mastermind and so left the letter in a crude manner for Fengter to find, drawing him into the game—in this hypothesis, the mastermind never showed up, and the letter-leaver and the one who pushed the Old Lord were one and the same person from start to finish!

Arthur again leaned towards the latter explanation.

Because the coincidental timing of Detective Alberts' appearance and the Old Lord's death was just too perfect—only a premeditated plan could achieve such a purpose.

According to the mastermind's plan, after inviting Detective Alberts, the one who pushed the Old Lord would know that the detective would discover the strange circumstances of the Old Lord's death.

After that?

It would naturally shine and draw attention...

"Could it be?"

"No way!"

Arthur was suddenly startled by a thought.

He frowned secretly, but outwardly remained composed as he said to the old butler—

"Please take me to meet Lady Marian!"

Arthur spoke to the old butler.

He wanted to meet this lady who had shown a clear intent to kill him.

"Of course!"

The old butler immediately led Arthur towards the second floor—since the Old Lord's death, following the tradition of South Los, Lady Marian had moved into the room on the right side on the second floor.

Knock, knock-knock!

After the rhythmic knocking, the door opened.

Lady Marian, dressed in a black gown, appeared there.

It must be said that the Old Lord's taste was indeed very good; Marian was not only tall but also had fine features. She stood there with the charm of a young girl but also the grace of a young matron, making it hard for one to look away.

"The detective leaves, and the Spirit Medium comes?"

"Did you see the lord's Undead?"

Her words were filled with sarcasm, but she still stepped aside to let Arthur and his two companions inside.

"Have you seen these before?"

Arthur brought out the strip of cloth with the word "help" and the letter.

Marian looked frightened at the sight of the cloth strip.

But upon seeing the letter, her expression became indifferent, seemingly not caring much for it.

"I haven't seen them before!"

Marian shook her head.

"Very well, thank you for your cooperation."

Arthur got up and walked towards the door.

The old butler and Fengter looked puzzled, and so did Marian; after all, the previous detective had asked many questions for a long time and repeatedly scrutinized her personal belongings.

Outside the door, Arthur continued to speak.

"Please take me to Lamit and Gilt's rooms."

"Alright."

Just as the old butler was preparing to lead Arthur down the hallway to the other side, they saw Detective Alberts and Malz coming out of that room.

At this time, Alberts had a rare smile on his face.

He looked at Arthur and said softly—

"I've discovered the truth!"