

Great Master 83

Chapter 83: Beneath the Truth!

Alberts was staring at Arthur the entire time he spoke these words.

When he saw that Arthur still had a warm smile on his face and his eyes were full of sincerity, with not a trace of annoyance or resentment, the detective was somewhat puzzled.

'Could it be that he doesn't care at all about being outdone by me?'

'Impossible!'

'Aren't we both handling a case?'

'Even if he doesn't care about the case itself, shouldn't he at least care about his own reputation?'

Alberts put himself in the other's shoes.

The thought of headlines proclaiming 'Detective' no match for 'Spirit Medium' made him restless, but what about Arthur?

Under Alberts's scrutiny, Arthur took out the cloth strip with 'save me' written on it and the unsigned letter.

"I wanted to inform you of these earlier,"

"but you left too quickly."

"I want to ask Lamit and Gilt some questions, and you're welcome to observe."

Arthur invited Alberts.

Suddenly, the detective felt a sense of shame deep down.

Not only was Arthur sharing his clues, but he was also happy to let him observe.

And him?

He was acting alone and always trying to get ahead.

'Am I being too selfish?'

Thinking so, Alberts declined Arthur's offer—he was somewhat concerned about the two new clues, but his detective's pride didn't allow him to accept freely.

Of course, what was more important was that he believed the emergence of these two clues wouldn't change the final outcome.

'Arrogant, yet still kind-hearted.'

'At least he knows shame.'

Arthur thought quietly.

Alberts was observing Arthur.

Arthur was also observing Alberts.

One clue after another began to converge in Arthur's mind.

Undoubtedly, Alberts was a 'Detective' with a small reputation at Rosha Castle, but compared to the 'Detectives' in his memory, there was quite a gap.

Seriously speaking, the other party was that kind of detective who had graduated from being a novice and possessed considerable potential, yet was not truly experienced.

Such people...

Were most suitable to be scapegoats!

Novices, easy to suspect.

Experienced detectives, not so easily deceived.

Someone in between, just perfect.

That's why he would come all this way to South Los, not for the case—if there were a case in South Los, Scott would surely know; even if it were more concealed, Wiggins should know; even more concealed, Marinda would be aware.

But none of them knew, not even a whisper.

Was Alberts in South Los to deliver a message, or to see someone?

Arthur didn't know these things.

But after the case at Oakwood Manor, Arthur did know who Alberts would meet—

the Earl of South Los!

Arthur thought of the answer just now—let's not forget the Doyle family's loyalty to the Earl of South Los. For the man who brought to light the truth about Lord Doyle's murder, the earl would surely grant an audience. What were the chances of Alberts suddenly attacking the earl at that moment?

Very low!

Given the earl's personal protection, his surrounding guards, and the interference of mystery powers, even if Alberts got close enough to attack, the success rate would be extremely low.

The mastermind behind the scenes was well aware of this.

So, when he 'let' Alberts be summoned by the Earl of South Los, it wasn't to assassinate the earl, but to ensure Alberts's death!

Assassinating the Earl of South Los was difficult.

But getting Alberts killed was much simpler.

Especially after helping Oakwood Manor, it would be reasonable for Oakwood Manor to treat Alberts kindly; within a banquet, it would be all too easy to deal with Alberts.

Besides, there was a complete opportunity to replace him.

In the end, as long as Alberts died in front of the Earl of South Los, that was enough!

As for how he died?

Did it matter whether he was killed by the earl's guards or simply blew himself up?

In any case, Alberts's attempt at assassinating the Earl of South Los would surely end in 'death'!

If the Earl of South Los was even slightly injured in the process, it would be the icing on the cake!

And the one waiting for Alberts's message, or the person who wanted to see Alberts, would surely be infuriated, seething with rage—considering it an absurd notion, suspecting it to be a conspiracy by the Earl of South Los against him.

That's exactly what the mastermind wanted.

Moreover, this strategist believed that person would definitely cause big trouble for the Earl of South Los.

If he hadn't been cunningly drawn into this game by some clever individual, would the other party have succeeded?

Arthur wasn't sure.

The dread he felt for the Earl of South Los always made him think that the earl had something up his sleeve.

But it was no longer his concern!

All he wanted was what he deserved!

The thoughts he quickly organized in his mind did not change Arthur's expression; he still went first to knock on Lamit's door.

"Have you seen these two items?"

"No!"

The other's tone was harsh; when he looked at the cloth strip with the words 'save me', there was a clear moment of confusion, and his expression turned to anger at the sight of the unsigned letter.

Furthermore, without waiting for Arthur to ask anything else, the man closed the door.

Next was Gilt.

"Have you seen these two items?"

"No."

"Is there anything I need to do?"

Gilt asked calmly and rationally, without any anger.

"Thank you for everything you've done."

Having gotten the answer he wanted, Arthur turned to go downstairs, signaling to Alberts that his questioning was over.

'That was quick?'

The detective expressed surprise, but still charged the butler with the task.

"Please inform everyone to come to the hall; I'm going to reveal the truth!"

The old butler instinctively looked toward Arthur.

Arthur nodded slightly without changing his expression.

Then, the old butler went to the rooms of the Doyle family members, notifying everyone to come to the hall on the first floor.

Standing in the hall on the first floor, Arthur could even hear Lamit's impatient bellowing.

"I know! I'll be there!"

"Such an arrogant fellow, isn't he?"

Alberts looked up toward the ceiling before speaking to Arthur.

The detective, who had taken a liking to Arthur after discovering the truth, not only pulled a chair for himself but also for Arthur.

The two sat face to face.

Arthur maintained a warm smile.

Even after hearing Alberts's evaluation of the lord's eldest son, he did not contradict but simply made a gesture indicating for him to come along.

...

It worked!

Hearing his brother's voice, Gilt took a deep breath.

He was finally going to be free from these shackles!

What next?

He would naturally enjoy the life he deserved.

He no longer needed to pretend along with that fool, Lamit.

Nor did he have to stay with whore Marian — just getting close to that whore now made him feel sick.

It was a disgust that went from psychological to physical.

As a noble, he should be seeking out his equal in nobility!

If it weren't for using her to get rid of the old bastard and Lamit, he wouldn't have given her the time of day.

Besides, he now had a slight fear of that whore.

'She actually thought of nailing a nail into the bastard's head!'

Just thinking about Marian's methods made Gilt frown.

But he soon breathed a sigh of relief.

Because only such a Marian would pull the trigger without hesitation when Lamit crawled through the window — Lamit went there, of course, after arranging with him to take out Marian, leaving behind a letter of guilt about her killing the old bastard.

The gunshot from Marian was also arranged with him.

It was only when he heard the gunshot and rushed into the room to finish Marian off with a knife that he needed to take action.

Lamit framing Marian, but getting shot dead by her, and Marian also being stabbed — that was the plan originally.

What next?

Naturally, the entire Doyle family would be his.

Until that bastard popped up!

Thinking about this, he grew even more resentful toward his father, for leaving an inheritance to that bastard!

Why?

He had been confined here like in prison.

And that bastard could enjoy life and inherit at the same time?

It's not fair!

That's why he wanted Alberts to target that "Spirit Medium"!

He wanted to stir the waters and then fish in troubled waters!

But what was the result?

The detective turned out to be an idiot!

And that "Spirit Medium" seemed not to be trifled with, seeing through Marian's tricks at a glance!

'Should I come up with a plan to take out that bastard too?'

'No!'

'It's too frequent!'

'The Lord would not be pleased!'

'Hmm, consider yourself lucky!'

With that thought, Gilt took a deep breath and prepared to go downstairs to the hall.

After all, he had to play out the whole charade, didn't he?

Thinking this, Gilt reined in his emotions, opened the door, and began to walk downstairs.

And just at that moment—

Bang!

A gunshot rang out from a room on the second floor to the right.

Even with restrained emotions, the lord's second son couldn't help but curl his lips into a smile.

He turned and rushed toward the room where the gunshot had sounded, yelling as he did so.

"What happened? What's going on? Marian... what the—?!!"