

Great Master 84

Chapter 84: The Well-Intentioned Spirit Medium!

In Lady Marian's room, Arthur, Alberts, and Malz looked at Gilt who rushed in. On the floor lay Lady Marian and Lamit, who had long been tied up and gagged.

The muzzle of the firearm in Malz's hand was still smoking.

Gilt was initially stunned, then asked in a confused tone.

"What happened?"

"Why did you tie up Lamit and Lady Marian?"

The voice of the younger son of the lord gradually rose, but his steps moved backward step by step. However, outside the door in the corridor, the old butler, Young Master Fengter, and Andy had already been waiting there.

Yet, this younger son of the lord did not panic; he still intended to say something more.

Obviously, he had not given up yet.

But Arthur was no longer willing to wait.

He spoke before anyone else could.

"Enough, enough!"

"Your father has already told me how you pushed him down the stairs and then conspired with Lady Marian to kill him—look, your father is right beside you watching you!"

Immediately, the younger son of the lord shook his head from side to side, looking around himself. He even stepped back in fear.

When he realized nothing was there, the younger son of the lord roared.

"This is just your trick!"

"Where's the evidence?"

Arthur's gaze towards the younger son of the lord suddenly became strange, filled with a sense of pity.

'No wonder he took matters into his own hands, he still hasn't seen the situation clearly even now.'

Thinking to himself, Arthur remained silent but pointed towards Lamit and Lady Marian, who were trapped on the ground.

The younger son of the lord's face turned pale

He had told Lamit they were allies, like brothers.

He had told Lady Marian they were allies, true lovers.

Because Lamit and Lady Marian were supposed to die.

But now, since they weren't dead, it meant that he ought to be the one to die.

Alberts, standing to the side, didn't miss the opportunity to hit further, saying, "The potion I found in a secret compartment in Lamit's room which can cause numbness must have been placed by you as well? The purpose being so that I would erroneously think Lamit used such potions to completely deprive His Lordship of the ability to call for help thereby killing the lord.

Adding to that, if Lady Marian had shot Lamit and his letter found on him, his guilt would be confirmed beyond doubt!"

With Alberts's words, Lamit on the ground started to struggle violently.

Your journey continues with empire

Clearly, Lamit realized what his younger brother was trying to do.

Meanwhile, Lady Marian seemed somewhat calm. She glanced at Gilt and then lowered her head.

But the exposed Gilt became hysterical.

"It's all your fault!"

"If it weren't for your intervention, everything would have been mine!"

"Mine!"

"All mine!"

The younger son of the lord drew a dagger from his sleeve and attempted to rush towards Fengter.

In the presence of so many people, the person the younger lord hated the most was Fengter. If it weren't for this bastard, everything in the Oakwood Manor, everything of the Doyle family, would have been his!

Thwack!

The dagger was knocked out by Andy's baton.

The blow was quick and harsh, breaking the wrist of the younger lord.

Holding his broken wrist, the younger lord fell to the ground, howling loudly.

"How dare you strike a noble?"

"You're done for!"

"Your whole family is done for!"

Andy shuddered, his baton nearly slipping from his grip.

Though the Silver Era had ended and the rule of nobles had long been over, the power of nobles still remained. If the Doyle family really sought revenge, he could not escape; his entire family would be doomed.

Instinctively, Andy looked towards his superior.

Malz did not disappoint his subordinate.

He stepped forward and kicked.

Bang!

The kick landed on Gilt's abdomen, immediately doubling him over like a shrimp, unable to speak.

"Damn scum, still shouting even now—as a noble, you haven't forgotten the tradition that a kin-slaying noble will not be recognized, have you?"

"You are not a noble anymore!"

Panting heavily, Gilt gasped for air. After three or four seconds, he raised his head, his gaze ferociously fixed on Malz and Andy.

"You're finished!"

"You're all finished!"

"Even if a noble is no longer a noble, they are not to be insulted by mere commoners—other nobles of South Los will stand up at this time to seek justice for me!"

Humans are social animals.

Different classes mix together, forming what is called social circles.

Nobles are no exception.

Moreover, this small circle is bloodline-oriented, interweaving interests, and highly exclusive.

When one member is insulted, it is really possible that other members will take action.

Of course, it's not for free.

Malz knew these things well, but he didn't care, for he had the support of the head of the nobles of South Los—albeit nominally, it was enough.

Just as the Sheriff of Shire District was about to re-educate Gilt, Arthur suddenly spoke up.

"Butler Vick, will you continue to remain silent?"

Arthur's words made the old butler tremble all over.

The people around were somewhat puzzled by Arthur's remarks.

Under everyone's gaze, Arthur stated calmly,

"Lord just told me that his bloodline consists of only Fengter, the rest are not of the Doyle family bloodline."

"What?!"

Everyone was shocked.

But upon thinking it over, they felt it made some sense.

If it weren't so, why would the Old Lord be so good to a bastard?

Lamit, tied up, had a face ashen as death.

Gilt was even more vocal, shouting repeatedly.

"Impossible!"

"Absolutely impossible!"

"What's so impossible?"

Arthur walked up to Fengter, pulled the young man forward, and said word by word, "Do you know that the real will only mentions Fengter himself—he is the only heir recognized by Lord Doyle, and you? You are just people with empty reputations!

Am I right, Butler Vick?"

Everyone's eyes turned to the old butler.

By then, the old butler had calmed down, finally understanding what Arthur meant when he beseeched him not to let the Doyle family be shamed, pointing to Fengter.

As long as Fengter is the only heir of the Doyle family.

Then, the Doyle family will not be shamed!

The Doyle family had already lost the old master, at such a time...

Phew!

The old butler took a deep breath.

Then, he said,

"Indeed, Young Master Fengter is the only heir of the Doyle family—the will is hidden in the secret chamber."

Everyone was stunned in place.

They were a bit slow to catch on.

Only Arthur had a smile—honor and bloodline are the constants and traditions of nobility, anything that concerns these two requires deference.

And sometimes, honor is above everything else.

Thus, Arthur knew very well what the old butler would do.

He certainly wasn't worried that some people would use their privilege to let Lamit, Gilt, and Lady Marian keep living, scheming to seize his Oakwood Manor.

Definitely not!

He just is a "Spirit Medium," what ill intentions could he have?

So—

"Then, what are we?"

As Gilt murmured to himself unable to restrain, Arthur said with a smile,

"Of course, you are there to shield Fengter, ensuring his healthy and happy growth, and then, letting him inherit the family business!"

Pfft!

Gilt, as if struck by lightning, spat out fresh blood and collapsed to the ground.

Arthur made a discreet gesture to Malz.

The affair was far from over.

