

Great Master 85

Chapter 85: Let the Professionals Handle Their Business!

Lady Marian and Lamit were locked in the dungeon—within Oak Manor, there were not only dungeons but also accompanying torture chambers and rooms for torture equipment.

Even in the previous years, there had been a dedicated Interrogator.

However, with his death, that position had become vacant.

Therefore, when Gilt was hung in the interrogation room, only Malz was left to guard him, while the old butler stood outside.

Arthur, however, after surveying the dungeon, walked over to Malz.

"Will there be trouble?"

The Sheriff of Shire District asked in a lowered voice.

Having cooperated with Arthur several times, Malz was naturally familiar with Arthur's style—this method of segregating the imprisonment, careful examination, and choosing a professional room, all informed the Sheriff of Shire District that the matter was not yet concluded.

Not to mention, Andy had just been sent back quietly to call for reinforcements.

"There will be!"

Arthur nodded, his gaze once again turning to the unconscious Gilt.

"It all depends on whether our Gilt is clever enough."

"If he is clever enough, then it's a minor issue."

"If he isn't clever enough, then it will be a major problem."

"Also..."

"You'd better stand outside the door."

Arthur cautioned Malz.

Immediately, the Sheriff of Shire District stepped out of the interrogation room's door and firmly closed it.

Even the viewing window was left with just a small crack, striving to close it immediately should something happen—Malz always believed in leaving professional tasks to professionals.

Especially after experiencing bizarre incidents, the police chief absolutely believed Arthur's words.

Seeing Malz's actions, the old butler's face grew more anxious.

"He wouldn't be that irrational, would he?"

The old butler asked hesitantly.

"Greed can devour rationality—I just hope he won't sign any contracts or the like with someone scheming behind the scenes because of greed."

Living in a world with a 'Mystic Side,' Arthur's greatest worry was such unpredictable power.

"No!"

"Including the Doyle family, all nobles undergo a 'Baptism' at birth—this baptism leaves each noble offspring with a 'Mark.' If any contract-like power interferes with the 'Mark,' it will trigger an alarm!"

The old butler immediately said.

"What kind of alarm?"

Arthur asked with interest.

He was always curious about everything on the 'Mystic Side,' especially when such information could be known without any cost.

The old butler did not answer directly but made a gesture on his face.

Branding?!

That's quite harsh!

Arthur marveled internally.

The nobility spared no effort in preserving their bloodline, but precisely because of this, they could not tolerate betrayal—they chose the most direct way to minimize potential losses.

"If that is the case, then we only need to screen the people at Oakwood Manor."

Arthur breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as Gilt was not disturbed by mystic forces, the trouble wouldn't be too severe, at least within his control.

As for whether Oakwood Manor had others who were chess pieces of the schemer behind the scenes?

That was certain!

One must know that Oakwood Manor was isolated.

Members of the Doyle family could not leave, only servants could.

The schemer behind the scenes would need such a 'bridge' to contact Gilt—either passing messages or some arcane artifact allowing them to communicate.

But no matter what, this intermediary definitely existed.

And probably, not just one!

Putting himself in that situation, Arthur considered that he would need at least three pawns.

The first pawn, for regular contact.

The second pawn, for backup contact.

Because servants who went out to buy fresh food and fruits weren't always the same people, they went on shifts—this point, Arthur had already verified with the old butler.

As for the third pawn?

Naturally, it was for emergencies, to kill and silence as needed.

"Identify the people within the manor?"

The old butler looked even more worried than before.

He certainly knew there was a traitor inside the manor, but not counting the farmers outside the manor, there were almost a hundred people just inside the manor.

To identify them one by one would not only yield uncertain results but the time it would take was more than they could afford—the old butler had lived through the fires of the Seven Years' War, he had seen too many nobles fall, and he was well aware that whoever was behind this plot must have made thorough preparations.

If Gilt succeeded, it would be one thing, but if Gilt failed, the opponent would definitely have a backup plan.

And given the current situation, it was not just about killing Gilt to silence him; it was about erasing the entire Doyle family!

Simply put, it was necessary to check if the manor's weapons and gunpowder stores had been tampered with, whether there were explosives in hidden dead angles, and whether the food and water had been poisoned, and...

Send out people to seek reinforcements!

The first few items were manageable, but reinforcements were key!

Because no one could be sure whether there were traitors among those sent out for help!

If there really were, that would be the worst scenario!

Arthur guessed the old butler's concerns.

"Don't worry, the identification process will be very quick!"

"All you need to do now is what you should be doing, and meanwhile, gather everyone at the entrance to the basement of the hall. I'll be right there—and please tell Alberts to come down, I need to talk to him for a moment."

Arthur gave the old butler a smile.

[Bluff]fluttered, the confidence in Arthur's smile affected the old butler.

"Alright,"

The old butler immediately nodded then began heading towards the dungeons.

Shortly after, 'Detective' Alberts jumped down.

"Is there more to the story?"

Upon meeting, Alberts immediately asked.

Arthur nodded and pointed towards Lady Marian's cell.

"You haven't forgotten how she killed the Old Lord, have you?"

"Are you suggesting?"

Alberts was stunned, then quickly realized.

The method of killing someone as if nailing into their brain was something no ordinary person could think of, let alone a lady of affluence.

Unless she had heard of it, seen it, or tried it.

Alberts immediately wanted to rush to the cell, but Arthur held him back.

"You know about the 'Mystic Side,' right?"

"The person plotting from behind likely comes from there!"

Facing Alberts' puzzled look, Arthur directly questioned.

"Really... huh?"

"You mean, the person behind this is not only dealing with Gilt but also has a deal with Marian, and perhaps, Marian has a trump card that could turn defeat into victory?"

Momentarily, Alberts grasped the situation.

If the conspirator could allure a Gilt, naturally he could lure a Marian too, and unlike Gilt, who had the noble 'Baptism' as protection, Marian had nothing.

No one could be sure what excessive actions she might take.

So, Arthur wanted Alberts to probe—when the old butler mentioned 'Baptism,' Arthur had this idea.

His face was grave, but his eyes were resolute.

"Right now, the danger inside this manor hasn't been eliminated; in fact, it's only just begun with Gilt's exposure and arrest—we're facing increasing danger—I need to handle these to keep everyone as safe as possible!

But Marian here is an extremely crucial point!

Yet I can't be distracted!

I have few people I can trust, Malz is one, you're another, but your caution, meticulousness, seriousness, and your knowledge of the 'Mystic Side' are things Malz doesn't have—so, I'm hoping you can find out whether that lady indeed has an ace up her sleeve."

As he spoke, Arthur looked at Alberts with hopeful eyes.

Flashing like a light, [Bluff]made Arthur appear so sincere to Alberts.

The latter scratched his head.

"I'm actually not as good as you say I am."

"Leave it to me!"

Saying this, the rookie detective strode towards the cell where Marian was held.

Passing by Malz, the Sheriff of Shire District, who looked reluctant, he firmly patted Malz's shoulder.

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"Don't worry, other parts of the manor need you, but here..."

This will be my battlefield!"

The door to Lady Marian's cell opened then closed again.

Alberts' figure disappeared behind it.

Arthur and Malz exchanged a look then dashed out of the dungeons.