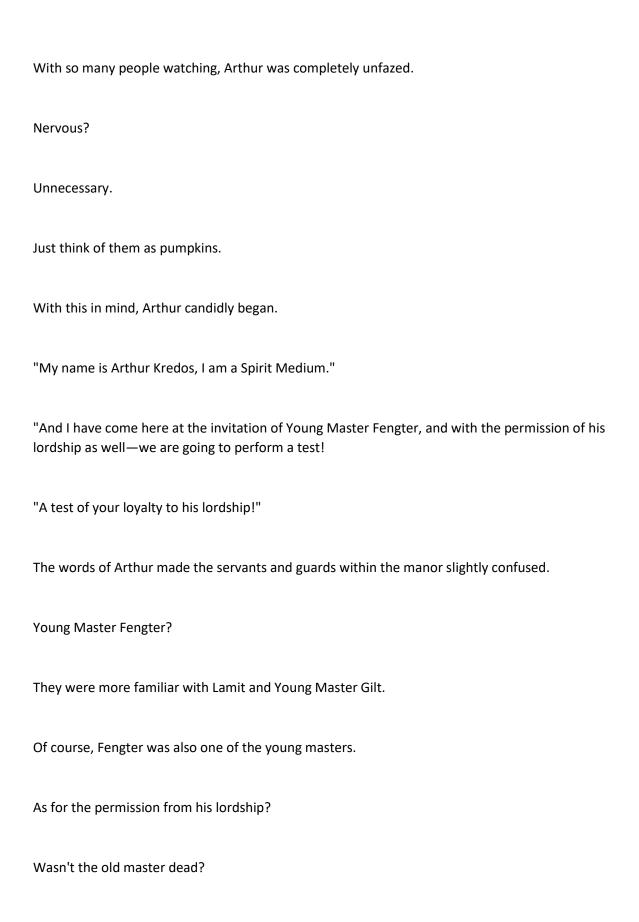
## **Great Master 86**



| The Sheriff of Shire District watched Arthur's departing figure, his face etched with desolation.   |
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| Those around them witnessed this scene.   |
| The servants summoned to the manor, upon seeing this, were all quite curious.   |
| Arthur noticed these curious gazes and maintained his composure—even though in his heart, he knew this was exactly what he wanted.  |
| The charade must be played to the fullest!  |
| He needed to make Alberts believe that he was needed.   |
| Of course, there were also concerns about the person Alberts had come to South Los to meet or receive a letter from—this was someone whom the Earl of South Los took seriously. |
| As for worrying that Alberts might run into trouble?  |
| Arthur was confident that under normal circumstances, there would be nothing to worry about.  |
| Because anyone whom the Earl of South Los took seriously, someone Alberts was to meet or receive a letter from, wouldn't be so easily harmed, would they?                       |
| In Arthur's speculation, Alberts had something about him that was enough for self-protection.   |
| But it would only be effective if he were in a clear state of mind.   |
| If he were drunk, for instance, it would not work.  |
| Stay connected with empire  |



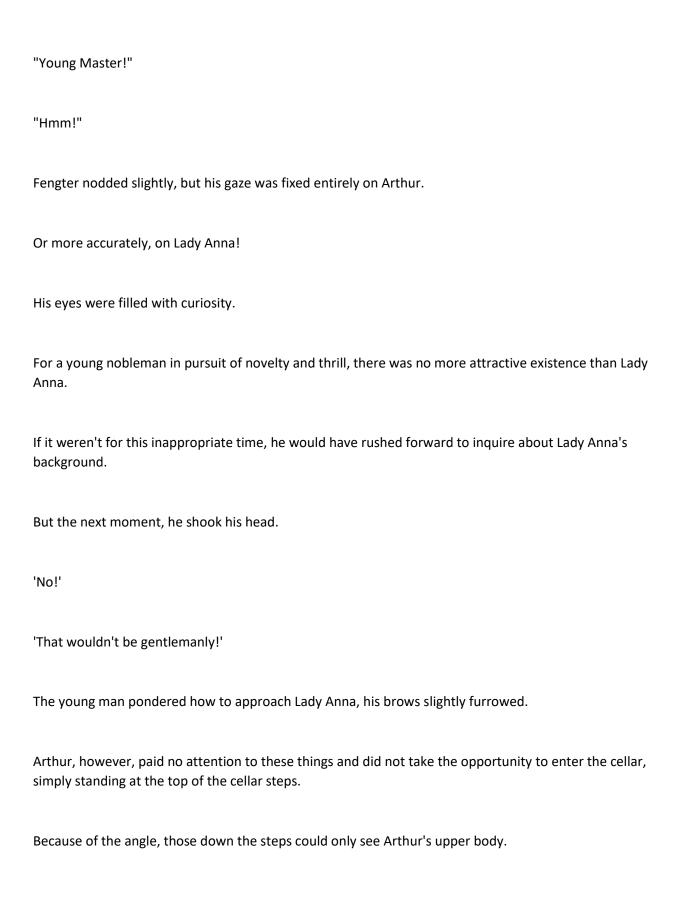
| Clearly, as the Chief Hunter and Swordsmanship Chief who was now aware of the Old Lord's true will, he didn't know what to do next.  |
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| Especially since that morning, he had been impolite to Fengter.  |
| "Fengter will handle everything."  |
| Arthur said softly.  |
| "Yes, Young Master Fengter is smart and sincere—I will help the young master quickly adapt to his new role,"   |
| the old butler replied in a low voice.   |
| To be sincere is not derogatory anywhere, but in noble circles, it is a term that must be handled with care if one doesn't want to be cheated or devoured to the bone, so one must be very, very careful with 'sincerity.' |
| "I believe you will do the best."  |
| "Now?"   |
| Arthur inquired.   |
| "Over to you!"   |
| The old butler immediately moved aside, giving the stage to Arthur.  |
| Instantly, a hundred and thirty-two pairs of eyes fell on Arthur.  |



| His body was right there in the cellar beneath the hall.  |
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| How could he have given permission?   |
| Doubts arose in the minds of these servants and guards, but as servants and guards of the Doyle family, they did not whisper amongst themselves; instead, they just looked at Arthur. |
| Following this, everyone's pupils began to dilate.  |
| They saw—   |
| The 'Lady Anna' in Arthur's arms jumped down.   |
| And just like that, she walked towards the cellar where the old lord's body was kept.   |
| "This, this"  |
| "What is this?"   |
| Even the servants from a noble family couldn't help but exclaim in shock at such a spectacle.   |
| It was not that they were oblivious to the mystical.  |
| As servants of a noble family, they naturally knew a bit about it.  |
| But although they were aware of the mystical, they had never encountered it so closely.   |
|   |

| Add to that, Lady Anna's appearance—which would strike terror in anyone who saw it—made an extraordinary impact.   |
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| Watching the scene before him, Arthur maintained a smile.  |
| "As I said, I am a Spirit Medium, and 'Lady Anna' is my assistant—she will stand before the old lord's casket to judge your loyalty. You only need to kneel on one knee in front of the old lord's casket and declare your loyalty. Don't worry, no one else will be there, only |
| 'Lady Anna' will be!"  |
| As soon as Arthur's words fell, two people in the crowd were already on their knees.   |
| "Taber?! Alice?!"  |
| The crowd exclaimed around them.   |
| The old butler's face turned pale.   |
| Alice was one of the cooks at Oakwood Manor.   |
| She had direct access to the food.   |
| Even though the butler had just checked that the food and water sources were safe, he still felt frightened and without hesitating, signaled to Albert with a wave of his hand.  |
| Immediately, the powerfully built middle-aged man landed a punch on Taber, a lumberjack, and then knocked out the cook Alice with another blow, lifting both of them and heading straight for the dungeon.   |

As he passed by Fengter, the strong middle-aged man gave a respectful bow.



| As for the Spirit Medium Box?  |
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| It was even less visible.  |
| "Now, let's begin!"  |
| Catching two traitors hadn't stopped Arthur.   |
| Those two traitors had simply been scared into revealing themselves.                                     |
| But what if there were others who had slipped through the net?   |
| He couldn't guarantee it.  |
| Therefore, he had more moves to play.  |
| Standing in place, Arthur revealed his habitual smile, and with a raise of his hand, he calmly beckoned— |
| "Please!"  |
|  |