

Great Master 86

Chapter 86 Screening!

The dungeon door was closed.

The setting sun cast a unique metallic sheen upon it.

Cold, yet sturdy.

Arthur walked straight toward the hall of Oakwood Manor, followed by Malz who chased after him until, ten meters down the corridor, the Sheriff of Shire District felt certain of their safety and seemingly unable to restrain himself any longer, grabbed Arthur.

"You should have handed him over to me!"

"Although Alberts is a detective, he is young, inexperienced!"

Malz said loudly, his face filled with an unmistakable sense of grievance.

"I trust him!"

"I can see the potential in him—

He needs to be seasoned!

Only through enough seasoning will he truly become a 'detective'!"

After saying this, Arthur headed again toward the hall.

This time, Malz did not pursue.

The Sheriff of Shire District watched Arthur's departing figure, his face etched with desolation.

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

And yet, under normal sleep, it would still be effective.

'What could it be?'

Arthur was somewhat curious and a little envious.

He wondered when he might possess a similar item for self-defense.

With these thoughts in mind, the image of Marinda inadvertently surfaced in Arthur's mind.

With a subconscious frown, Arthur shook the image of the lady out of his thoughts.

This collaborator wasn't as straightforward as Malz.

He had to be on guard at all times.

After all, a straightforward person like himself never knew when he might be deceived.

Carrying within him a heartfelt sigh, Arthur, holding the Spirit Medium Box and carrying Miss 'Anna', approached the hall where the servants had already gathered.

"Has everyone arrived?"

"Yes, all are here, including Hunter Chief Albert and the four guards who just came off duty."

The old butler Vick signalled to Arthur.

The middle-aged man previously seen carrying a longbow stood there awkwardly.

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.

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.

With so many people watching, Arthur was completely unfazed.

Nervous?

Unnecessary.

Just think of them as pumpkins.

With this in mind, Arthur candidly began.

"My name is Arthur Kredos, I am a Spirit Medium."

"And I have come here at the invitation of Young Master Fengter, and with the permission of his lordship as well—we are going to perform a test!

"A test of your loyalty to his lordship!"

The words of Arthur made the servants and guards within the manor slightly confused.

Young Master Fengter?

They were more familiar with Lamit and Young Master Gilt.

Of course, Fengter was also one of the young masters.

As for the permission from his lordship?

Wasn't the old master dead?

His body was right there in the cellar beneath the hall.

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.

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.

"Young Master!"

"Hmm!"

Fengter nodded slightly, but his gaze was fixed entirely on Arthur.

Or more accurately, on Lady Anna!

His eyes were filled with curiosity.

For a young nobleman in pursuit of novelty and thrill, there was no more attractive existence than Lady Anna.

If it weren't for this inappropriate time, he would have rushed forward to inquire about Lady Anna's background.

But the next moment, he shook his head.

'No!'

'That wouldn't be gentlemanly!'

The young man pondered how to approach Lady Anna, his brows slightly furrowed.

Arthur, however, paid no attention to these things and did not take the opportunity to enter the cellar, simply standing at the top of the cellar steps.

Because of the angle, those down the steps could only see Arthur's upper body.

As for the Spirit Medium Box?

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!"