

## [Chapter 105 - Are There Any Useful Clues?](#)

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[Prev Chapter](#)



[Next Chapter](#)

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### Chapter 105: Are There Any Useful Clues?

**Translator:** Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Making death threats against a player was the most ridiculous and outrageous thing Roland had ever seen.

Under the wash of the moonlight, Roland's smile seemed somewhat mysterious in the dark. Little Edward saw this and felt an inexplicable sense of adoration in his heart.

Unlike his dim-witted brother, Little Edward was quite smart. He could see details that nobody else could. For example, their eldest brother who was usually optimistic unexpectedly showed a gloomy expression two days before he went to kidnap young girls.

And there were, for no reason, an additional fifty gold coins in the storeroom of their house.

Combined with what he had heard and seen in the last two days, one thing became clear to him.

His own brother took the fall for someone else.

Such things were common in the noble class and were the default rule.

When someone did something wrong and was investigated by someone of similar standing, if both sides ended up in a fight, neither side would win, and then the wolves watching the show would gain small advantages from this. At this time, the wrongdoer could throw out someone lesser than himself and have them take the fall for their mistake, thus eliminating the grudge through death. If the investigator had the intention of promptly minimizing damages, then both parties would reach a mutual understanding and never mention this matter again.

After smiling, Roland looked at the boy who was young and inexperienced but had a somewhat mature temperament and said, "I know your eldest brother was the fall guy. We didn't intend to kill him. We even wanted to save him. It's just that he was too unwavering—he immediately killed himself. We do feel a little bit of responsibility for this, but we're not going to apologize."

"I understand."

Little Edward was also very clear that this matter certainly had nothing to do with the Golden Sons.

Although the Golden Sons were quite notorious among the noble class for their disregard for the nobility's honor and privilege, infuriating the nobles, they had to admit that Golden Sons were all neutral-good professionals.

The five Golden Sons had been in Delpon for two or three months, but they had never bullied anyone for no reason, not to mention doing anything evil, or even causing mischief.

They just killed a family of heart-eating nobles, saved an untouchable girl at a great price, and now they were trying to find a way for beggars to live. These were the only three things they had done.

Every single matter was a good thing.

The Golden Sons were good, no matter whether it was their motive or the end results of their various causes—the only misfortune was their eldest brother.

He was a sacrifice in the struggle between the two sides.

"I want to ask you whether your eldest brother behaved in an unusual way these past two days, or saw anyone in particular."

Little Edward shook his head. "No, our big brother usually doesn't like to tell us—he didn't want to give us too much pressure. If anything, he'd been going out more often."

Roland tossed another question he had held inside for a long time. "Where are your parents?"

"Long dead." Little Edward's voice trailed off. "Big Brother has always looked after us. We are only the descendants of merchants, our so-called noble status is only quasi-noble, only a false name, without any real power."

The real power of the nobility was perpetuated by only two things: estates, even small estates counted, and the right to recruit soldiers.

The right to recruit soldiers varied according to the title, but the maximum number of troops that could be recruited was also not the same. From Earl and above, there was no limit to the number of soldiers that could be recruited.

As to the other rights like a badge and tax exemption and so on, these were all just minor benefits.

The so-called quasi-nobles were generally titles obtained by merchants who donated large quantities of gold coins.

Roland sighed. He reckoned that the murderer took the two young boys as bargaining chips to get close to their eldest brother to take the fall and, of course, a sufficient reward was offered.

Fifty gold coins! That was considered a lot of money.

“Why did you tell me to come, then, when you know nothing?” Roland asked crossly.

“I don’t know anything, but I wanted to give you something.” Little Edward took out a small wooden square plate from inside his clothes. It was about the size of his palm. “My eldest brother left it on his desk. I thought it might be useful to you.”

Roland accepted the wooden plate and found that it was quite hard and had a light blue surface, with a white cloud sign on the front and a black spiral pattern on the back.

After a few glances, Roland stored the wooden plate into his Backpack.

Then, he placed a number of drawings on the table. “Here are some of my magic tips and experiences. Keep them for yourself.”

“Magic? Can I do it?” Little Edward looked at the drawings, a little emotional, but more so unconfident.

Roland had just discovered that Little Edward’s mental power was quite active, only a little less so than Vivian’s.

Vivian was now adept at using Hand of Magic and she could turn it into a magic pike, so Little Edward might be able to do the same.

Of course! Roland wouldn’t teach him. After all, if Little Edward had too much contact with him, the mastermind behind the scenes would probably come for Little Edward.

“Try it. I won’t take your money anyway. It doesn’t matter if you fail—the recoil from level-zero tricks won’t kill you.”

With these words, Roland left.

Little Edward looked at the drawings on the table in silence. Then, he wiped away his tears and was about to put the drawings away when the door opened again. A boy a little younger than him came in, rubbing his eyes.

“Second elder brother, this is where you were. You scared me. I thought you also didn’t want me and left on your own.” The young boy had an anxious expression on his face.

“Don’t worry, we brothers will always be together.” Edward looked at his younger brother, then at the drawings on the table, and decided.

Roland sneaked back to the Magic Tower and changed back into his magic robes.

Then Vivian came in, with slightly dark circles under her eyes. As she served up the pastries and fruit drinks, she looked at Roland and said, “Deputy Chairman, you’ve worked hard. Here is your breakfast.”

*Breakfast? It’s only two or three o’clock in the morning at most—it’s no time for breakfast!*

But Roland stroked his stomach, and found he was indeed a little hungry.

So, he smiled and thanked Vivian.

Vivian walked out of Roland’s study and immediately smiled.

The Deputy Chairman didn’t have the smell of women on him, and he didn’t look tired, which meant that he didn’t do anything naughty.

*Very good, very good!*

Vivian thought she could have a good night’s sleep at last.

After eating some pastries, Roland went on to study the derivative abilities of Spell Puppets.

The capacity of the spell model was limited, so he had to figure out how to use the limited capacity to allocate the properties of Spell Puppet in order to ensure the highest return.

Like this, a few more hours passed, and then the game time stopped again.

He climbed out of the game cabin, turned on his computer, entered the official gaming homepage, and saw the game update announcement.

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[Prev Chapter](#)  [Next Chapter](#)

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