

Great Master 78

Chapter 78: Oakwood Manor!

Arthur accepted Fengter's commission.

The offer was simply too much.

Arthur couldn't refuse.

A Golden Acorn's market price is around 500-600 gold notes, but most of the time, direct purchases aren't accepted, you need to barter.

So how much is a manor that produces Golden Acorns continuously worth?

Arthur couldn't estimate.

Even if he only owned one-eighth of it.

Therefore, he really couldn't refuse.

After all, he was truly in need of money!

Anything tied to the Mystic Side was never cheap, especially some knowledge, which could be priced so high it made Arthur's heart tremble.

Not to mention some Mystic Side materials that were considered to be unique.

Describing them as priceless wasn't an exaggeration.

Arthur, of course, wasn't eyeing those materials, but in order to sustain his daily study of the Mystic Side, he needed sufficient support.

Support his profession as a 'Spirit Medium'?

Wasn't he already doing just that?

And in order to complete the commission more smoothly, Arthur wrote three letters, addressed respectively to Marinda, Malz, and Scott.

The letter to Marinda simply stated, 'Lord Doyle's death, his need to visit Oakwood Manor, and his need for compensation!'

Up to now, Arthur wasn't sure whether Marinda knew of the Lord's death, nor whether the previous mention of Oakwood Manor was merely a 'coincidence.'

But since Marinda indeed mentioned it, he took it as if Marinda was aware and had set him up.

And him?

He fell for it.

So, compensation was needed.

This was definitely not freeloading—because he had informed the other party about the 'coincidence' and had given them a 'reminder.'

Moreover, facing this series of 'coincidences,' Arthur became increasingly vigilant.

He always felt like someone was scheming!

He had to be cautious about every move he made!.

Thus, he also informed Malz.

Compared to his collaborator Marinda, the letter to Malz was much simpler—'I need some helpers, and it would be best if you could come in person!'

Arthur believed that Malz would give him the best answer.

As for Scott?

Though he had already appeared in the South Los Daily, he had no intention of giving up on the Horn Report.

Of course, when dealing with a noble's manor, journalists were more useful than thugs—though the Silver Era had ended with the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, and the nobility of the Pioneer Era were not what they once were, no one could deny the martial power of the nobles, especially Arthur, who had come into contact with the Mystic Side.

Arthur's speculations about the martial power of nobles led him to maintain a considerable amount of awe.

He still employed those newsboys to run errands.

Quickly, Scott was the first to arrive.

Upon seeing this morning's South Los Daily, the young journalist felt a sense of betrayal; he thought Arthur was going to abandon him, leaving him disoriented.

Therefore, when he received Arthur's letter asking for his help, he rushed over without hesitation.

"Arthur!"

Upon meeting, Scott called out excitedly.

"Sorry, you know, sometimes I can't help it—it was Marinda's idea; she thinks I should be recognized by more people.

It's helpful for her career.

After all, the Baron Kemir title needs more fame."

Arthur gave the young journalist a hug, speaking very seriously.

Blaming Marinda, Arthur felt no guilt whatsoever.

Because Marinda most likely had that in mind.

Arthur knew very well about the lady's 'meticulousness.'

"Understood!"

Looking at Arthur's guilt-ridden face, Scott nodded immediately and patted Arthur's arm forcefully— as long as he wasn't abandoned or betrayed, that was fine.

The young journalist thought to himself and looked towards Fengter, whom he had met once before.

Before the young journalist could inquire, Fengter took the initiative to inform him of everything.

Immediately, the justice-minded Scott promised.

"Leave it to me!"

"I will certainly inform everyone of the truth!"

About fifteen minutes later, Malz also arrived.

He brought with him a patrol officer, not the familiar Dico, but a new one.

The man's demeanor was respectful and his behavior polite.

Clearly, he was the next patrol officer Malz was preparing to train.

"What happened?"

As soon as he entered No. 2 Cork Street, the Sheriff of Shire District asked.

Fengter recounted the story once again.

Arthur listened to it one more time.

In fact, while Fengter was narrating to Scott, Arthur had been observing Fengter — even though the young man spoke logically and convincingly, Arthur was not one to take one side's word, and with Malz's cooperation, it was even more convenient.

Arthur gave Malz a look.

"When did you arrive at Oakwood Manor?"

"Yesterday evening, before 6 PM."

"Among the people you brought, was there one named 'Hack'?"

"Yes, he has some reputation at the docks."

Malz would occasionally interrupt the conversation, or suddenly ask about something Fengter had just mentioned.

The interrupted speech could be continued smoothly.

Recounted speech matched up as well.

So far, it all indicated Fengter had not lied.

Arthur gave Malz another look and, after instructing him to take charge for the moment, went aside to a room to organize his Spirit Medium Box.

And the cat cage, cat food, etc.

Arthur would not leave Pendragon alone in No. 2 Cork Street.

It was simply too dangerous.

Of course, the most important was to bring along 'Anna'.

At 10 AM, two carriages departed from No. 2 Cork Street, heading for Oakwood Manor in the outskirts of South Los.

Arthur, along with Pendragon, 'Anna', Scott, and Fengter took one carriage.

Malz and Andy sat in the carriage behind them.

The coachman was hired by Fengter and also worked part-time as a bodyguard.

Arthur saw at a glance that both men were armed but, in the presence of Malz, they immediately bowed their heads and hunched their bodies, looking guilty.

To this, Arthur was not surprised.

'Hack', whom Fengter had hired, was a gang member.

These two men?

Naturally, they were too.

Clatter, clatter.

As the two carriages left South Los, the road immediately became muddier, but the air also became cleaner. Free from the pollution of Dort District's factories, the breeze here mixed with the scent of seawater and earth, prompting one to inhale deeply without resistance.

Having never left South Los in his previous life, this was Arthur's first time leaving the city. Watching the fields, forests, streams by the roadside, and the occasional rabbit that would pop up and quickly run away, his lips curled into a smile, and Pendragon, lying in his arms, looked curiously with round eyes.

Arthur stroked Pendragon's head, feeling increasingly pleased.

Especially when he saw the text that only he could see —

[The publication in the South Los Daily makes you recognized by more people, XP+30]

[More people have heard your name; XP+2]

...

Yesterday's report on Amanda's Cat's Best Friend Home was being written by Scott in the carriage, but the XP prompt for its publication in the South Los Daily had already appeared.

More importantly, with the publication in the South Los Daily, Arthur believed that for the following period, he would have more XP passively coming in.

As for the last few days, where he only had a passive income of 1-2 points of XP per day, Arthur did not disdain it.

But XP, the more the better.

[XP: 82]

...

Arthur glanced at his current total of XP and turned his gaze towards his skill bar.

To be exact, the Auxiliary Skill Bar!

Glyphic Language was classified under combat skills by Omnivorous.

Before he resolved the 'spirituality' issue with ritual Orange Cat, Arthur definitely would not arbitrarily increase the levels of Hand of Void or Glyphic Language, or learn any of the new secret techniques he had acquired.

Looking at the skills [Horsemanship Lv1 (0/1)], [Intimidation Lv2 (0/5)], [Bluff Lv2 (2/5)], [Eagle Eye Lv1 (0/1)], [Insight Lv1 (0/1)].

After calculating what was needed for the next level of Hand of Void and Glyphic Language, Arthur made a decision.

He wanted them all!