

Great Master 87

Chapter 87: Incurable!

Watching Arthur, who had already disappeared halfway up the steps, Bowerby couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

Sweat had long since soaked through the clothes on his back.

In fact, if it weren't for Taber and Alice's frightening tumble to their knees, he would already be kneeling there as well.

And now?

Having seen the dire state of Taber and Alice, he was scared; he dared not do the same.

He knew the methods of the Head Hunter, Albert.

What he was best at was flaying his prey!

Bowerby certainly didn't want to be skinned!

'Maybe it's just to scare us!'

'Maybe it'll be all right!'

Under the grips of fear, a glimmer of hope started to spread like wild grass; Bowerby lowered his head and trailed at the back of the queue, heading towards the basement.

Only one person could go in at a time.

Once inside, the door would close.

And then?

There were no prayers, no confessions.

Just a single knee on the ground!

No one was around; could I bluff my way through? Stay tuned to empire

Bowerby thought so at the bottom of his heart, but the sweat on his forehead only increased—because the Spirit Medium was not far away from him, her calm visage exerting endless pressure as if to strangle him, as if he was about to suffocate.

Fortunately, Butler Vick was setting up a curtain with Albert.

This curtain extended to the front of the basement door, separating those entering from those leaving.

Butler Vick and Albert stood on the entering side.

Why they did this, Bowerby did not know.

But he knew he finally didn't have to face that terrifying Spirit Medium anymore.

Because the Spirit Medium was standing on the leaving side.

This was such a relief!

Thinking this, Bowerby heaved a sigh of relief.

When his turn came, he cautiously entered the basement.

Under the dim candlelight, Bowerby saw the terrifying 'Lady Anna' once more, his knees immediately growing weak.

But he bit his teeth and didn't let himself kneel.

'If I kneel, it's over!'

'If I kneel to the ground, the ritual is successful!'

'I can't kneel!'

As an old man who had served the Doyle family for twenty years, Bowerby had heard of some 'Mystic Side' things.

He knew that the 'Mystic Side' was incredibly miraculous, but to witness such miracles, one had to follow the steps—that is, the ritual.

If the ritual wasn't completed, that wonder would not manifest.

Clearly, the one-knee kneeling that the Spirit Medium emphasized was part of the ritual!

'I definitely won't be fooled!' Bowerby loudly assured himself at the bottom of his heart, clinging to his belief.

However, when he saw the remains of Lord Doyle, he still felt a twinge of guilt.

'I'm sorry, my lord, I didn't want to!'

'But I also don't know why I lost so much!'

'You've said it yourself, you would only forgive me once. If it happened a second time, you would drive me out of the manor!'

Unwillingly, Bowerby's mind drifted back to his days as a personal servant, a time when he was well-compensated and much esteemed.

Had it not been for his gambling being discovered during a holiday outing, he could have continued in his glory—those damned creditors even had the audacity to come to the manor!

'Damn it, those guys dared to come knocking for just 200 gold notes, the bastards!'

'Do you know it's because of you that the master, although he repaid the money for me, cost me my job as a personal servant and made me a third-class servant?'

'And also because of you, I've spent the last fifteen years muddled through life on the manor?'

'However, I'm fortunate that it looks like I'm about to hit the jackpot!'

With that thought, an unnatural flush spread across Bowerby's face.

His breathing became rapid, his eyes alight with excitement.

"Just this once, if I gamble right, I will turn my life around completely!"

"I'll become a respected lord, no longer a servant!"

"Mark my words, Lord, I'll earn more respect than you ever did, and prove how big of a mistake you made by not valuing me!"

Bowerby's imagined emotions grew more intense, and he gritted his teeth to keep from cursing out loud.

However, this time, when his gaze settled on Lord Doyle's deathly pallor, any guilt in his eyes had vanished, replaced with thick resentment.

Even... malice!

In Bowerby's heart, it was Lord Doyle's suppression that had shaped him into what he was today.

Otherwise, how could someone as talented as he be a third-class manservant?

He should at least be Butler Vick... No!

At the very least, he should be a Knight!

Just as that person had promised!

Thinking of the promise that person had made, Bowerby didn't linger any longer. He turned and walked up the aisle separated by curtains—Upon exiting the basement, he felt a bit guilty, but after nothing happened except a pat down on his knees, he breathed a sigh of relief.

And when he had quickly moved away from Arthur, and learned from two familiar servants that their knees had also been patted twice, Bowerby's heart was completely at ease.

Clearly, the ritual was useless on him, as he had guessed.

"Damn this test, let it be over already!"

Inwardly, Bowerby cursed loudly.

And behind him, he failed to notice the playful look that flitted across Arthur's face—using lime to trace on the ground was not a clever trick, even requiring a curtain to block the watchers nearby, and needing the "Hand of Void" to pat the lime to distract and maintain the last bit of mystery.

But the effect was good.

At least another traitor had been caught.

However, Arthur had no intention of sending the man to the dungeons to keep Taber and Alice company.

The man had much greater use!

About fifty minutes later, the loyalty test ended.

By this time, it was approaching evening.

Old Butler Vick stood back on the stairs, his face beaming with satisfaction.

"Thank you all for your cooperation—due to some issues, I had to do this, and as compensation, you may all rest from now until tomorrow morning.

And tonight, there will be a party at the manor.

Not only will everything be explained at the party, but an important announcement will also be made.

Additionally, at tonight's party, wine, roast meat, and fruit will be provided in unlimited quantities for everyone.

Waters, blow your whistle now!"

Following the old butler's announcement, any lingering dissatisfaction in the servants vanished instantly, replaced by eager anticipation.

Although it was already evening, the rare rest and the party at night made them look forward to it.

And Waters, mentioned by the old butler, was all smiles, because this was his most anticipated moment of performance—as the Old Lord's musician, he was not only proficient at playing the flute but also at singing, and even playing the harp.

The servants dispersed.

The old butler's expression, however, darkened.

Just now, Arthur had informed him that another traitor had been discovered.

The Old Lord's former personal manservant, that gambling addict Bowerby!

He knew that giving such a gambler a chance to reform was like gambling with life!

The Old Lord was truly too kind!

With this thought, the old butler personally watched the traitor, and when he saw him hurrying away from the manor, the murderous intent in the old butler's heart was palpable, undoubtedly predicting disaster for the manor upon his return—if he wasn't discovered.

And now?

Carrying a box of explosives, the old butler began tinkering quietly on the drawbridge.

However, as the old butler cut open a section of the drawbridge to insert the explosives, a figure on horseback approached rapidly.

The old butler hastily covered the explosives with his clothes before examining the newcomer—smartly dressed and respectable, yet with gaunt cheeks that did not suit his attire, and wearing golden spectacles, giving him the look of a monkey in glasses.

Pulling on the reins, the figure smiled and said—

"Good day, is Lord Arthur Kredos present?"

I am his lawyer, Lottel!

I've come at his summons!"