

Great Master 88

Chapter 88: Contracts, Bonfires, Cavalry!

Lawyer Lottel, upon meeting Arthur, found Arthur alongside Fengter, 'Anna,' and Pendragon seated in a parlor on the first floor—which was also once one of Lord Doyle's reception rooms, typically used to entertain friends who were somewhat closer than his ordinary acquaintances.

As for the reception room on the third floor?

It was reserved, according to noble tradition, exclusively for the intimate confidantes of Lady Doyle—likewise, it also provided certain conveniences for the male host, given that between the bedroom and the drawing room was a connecting washroom.

But discussions about major decisions concerning the future of Oakwood Manor took place in a parlor on the second floor.

Such was the tedious and troublesome tradition of the Nobles of South Los.

However, the pastries were quite delightful.

Sitting in a chair carved from birch wood, Arthur picked up a flaky fruit tart—adorned with trembling slices of apple, orange, peach, and pear in tandem with his hand's movements, the cream inside oozing out from both sides.

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Starting from the corner, Arthur bit off half in one go, balancing the sweet and sour taste of the various fruits with the sweetness of the cream, and the crust's satisfying crunch brought a sense of dancing delight to his teeth and tongue.

Almost with the second bite, Arthur finished the tart in his hand.

Next up was the second one.

Meanwhile, Fengter paid no attention to the food at all, earnestly introducing himself to 'Anna'—including but not limited to his name and interests—going so far as to extend an invitation to 'Anna' to join a 'society of like-minded individuals,' composed of a group of idle rich young men from South Los in pursuit of novelty and excitement.

Of course, 'Anna' maintained her silence.

This somewhat deflated Fengter.

But the young man promptly began to encourage himself.

'Giving up at the first sign of difficulty is not the Doyle family tradition—perseverance is!'

Arthur, watching the young rich man psyching himself up, rubbed his temples before picking up the third flaky fruit tart—he didn't want to explain, as the consequences of some matters, once spelled out, were too much for him to bear.

So, he let things run their course.

After all, 'Anna' wasn't actually going to move.

Thus, when Lottel and the old butler entered, they saw Fengter talking endlessly with 'Anna.'

The well-experienced butler wasn't surprised, but the lawyer who broke into a sweat at the first encounter with the bizarre was drenched.

Lottel felt his heart leap into his throat once again.

Why had he ridden here on horseback as soon as he received a message from Andy?

Was it not because of Arthur's 'mysterious unpredictability'?

He might have known about it, but facing it again was nonetheless disconcerting.

"Lord Kledos, do you require anything?"

"I am at your complete service!" Lottel said with utmost respect, the more nervous he felt.

And that was exactly what Arthur needed—he did not require everyone to be friendly with him, he just needed each person to perform their proper role when it was called for.

A contract drafted by Fengter proposing to divide half of Oakwood Manor to give to Arthur was laid out before Lottel.

The lawyer was taken aback at once.

As a lawyer, he was certainly aware of Oakwood Manor.

And precisely because he was aware, he understood the value of the contract.

Instinctively, the lawyer looked from the completely unconcerned Fengter to the silent old butler, his mind racing in that instant with various thoughts.

Thoughts like: Seizing by guile.

Thoughts like: Enchanting others with a Spell.

None of them were good thoughts.

But wasn't this what he excelled at?

"If you would please wait, my lord, I need to read it carefully!" Lottel requested of Arthur.

Arthur nodded, casually lifting Pendragon from the floor into his arms, continuously stroking Pendragon's head and chin, then pinching Pendragon's soft, pliable paw pads.

"Vick, could you find me some little dried fish?" Arthur smilingly asked the old butler.

"Of course, Young Master Arthur."

After bowing, the butler headed towards the kitchen—given that the Doyle family was nobility, it was customary to keep cat favorites like little dried fish on hand in the kitchen.

As for how to address Arthur?

Upon learning that Young Master Fengter had previously promised half of his inheritance to Arthur, the old butler felt like he was going mad, his whole being almost exploded.

Because that promise at that time represented half of Oakwood Manor at this moment.

However, when the old butler calmed down, he realized that what Young Master Fengter had done was not bad after all.

Oakwood Manor needed Young Master Arthur.

Not just for the current crisis, but also... for the future!

The lord had already passed away.

Lamit and Gilt were no longer members of the Doyle family.

Young Master Fengter, emmm...

The old butler turned his head to glance at Young Master Fengter, who was still communicating with Miss 'Anna', and unconsciously decided to automatically ignore him.

Pursuing 'mystery' is not the mark of a qualified noble.

Even if mystery comes with miracles.

Because—

Miracles come with a price!

Therefore, Young Master Arthur became at least a reasonably good choice.

Much better than those bastards who fly various flags but actually aim to swallow up the Doyle family.

At least, the presence of Young Master Arthur could deter some people and allow the Doyle family to endure through these difficult times.

Moreover, it might be enough for Young Master Fengter's children to grow up and take over the Doyle family.

Of course, if Arthur is willing to give his first child the Doyle surname, then that would be even better.

That child would be the most outstanding heir of the Doyle family!

When the heir inherits the entire Doyle family, he could die peacefully, he could meet the lord without any shame.

Maybe starting tomorrow, it will be necessary to find suitable ladies for Young Master Arthur and Young Master Fengter... Ah, wait, Arthur has that lady, he doesn't need my concern!

Indeed, it's Young Master Fengter who needs the most attention!

The butler who returned with the dried fish seemed like a fretful old mother, sighing continuously in his heart while observing Fengter, who remained undaunted in his pursuit of Miss 'Anna'.

Arthur, holding the dried fish, did not directly feed it to Pendragon but placed it on Pendragon's right first, then quickly moved it to the left when Pendragon opened his mouth to bite. After several such motions, Pendragon sat still in Arthur's arms and simply stared at him.

Without speaking, it surpassed countless words.

"Alright! Alright!"

"It was just a joke."

"All of these are yours!"

Arthur picked up two more sticks of dried fish and threw them into the cat cage.

Pendragon immediately dived in.

It was hard to tell from the speed that its legs were injured.

Watching Pendragon nibble on the dried fish, Arthur's mouth turned up slightly.

But then, as he made sure Pendragon was settled and stood back up, his eyes took on a colder edge.

"Is everyone ready?"

Arthur asked softly.

"Ready."

The old butler immediately nodded.

By now, night had fallen.

Bonfires were lit within the manor, and the servants had gathered around.

The music of flutes, harps, and singing spread with the wind, and above all, laughter.

In the midst of this merry laughter, a 50-man cavalry troop silently appeared on a fork in the road of Oakwood Manor, shrouded in black cloaks, wearing masks, Thunder Guns strapped to their backs, with longswords and short spears hanging from their saddles, and leading them was Bowerby.

This lord's former personal servant pointed ahead—

"There, there lies Oakwood Manor!"