

Great Master 92

Chapter 92 Legacy!

The drawbridge connecting Oakwood Manor had not been repaired.

Four bonfires were placed on the racks at the entrance of the manor, and more than a dozen torches were inserted into the ground; the manor's servants and the surrounding farmers were working overtime to rush the repair.

Fortunately, the Doyle family owned a large oak forest and did not lack materials.

However, even with sufficient materials and manpower, it would take until after dawn to fully repair the drawbridge.

Therefore, Marinda's luxurious carriage naturally stopped across from the manor.

Next to the carriage, Marinda, clad in hunting attire and smoking a pipe, took a deep breath of relief when she saw that Arthur was safe and sound on the other side.

Of course, this wasn't a matter of romantic affection, but merely a business cooperation—at this stage, if anything happened to Arthur, her interests would suffer a significant loss.

This was something Marinda definitely did not want to see happen.

But this did not stop Marinda from using this opportunity to cleanse the inside—therefore, when she received Arthur's message for the second time through Andy, she sent some of her subordinates rushing to Oakwood Manor.

And her?

She was observing these subordinates.

If there was anyone among them who had a connection with Oakwood Manor, they would definitely show a flaw.

But the result was both disappointing and satisfying to her.

Disappointing because she did not find a traitor.

Satisfying because she did not find a traitor.

Therefore, she 'arrived' late.

Therefore, she 'arrived' just in time—she saw the charge of the black cavalry, heard the roar of the Little Emperor Cannon, and saw the drawbridge collapse in the explosion.

She also heard the wailing of the 'Wailing Banshee'.

That wail amidst the explosion made her marvel at Arthur's good luck.

If the 'Wailing Banshee' hadn't appeared in a dungeon, a place where one could not dodge, it would have been impossible to take it down so easily.

Even if...

The times had changed, it would be the same!

Huh!

Taking a puff from her pipe, the lady's brows suddenly furrowed.

Because she saw someone appear beside Arthur.

The lawyer, Lottel.

She knew Lottel, to a certain extent, the 'unscrupulous lawyer' had a considerable reputation among the middle class and above.

'Lottel appearing here...'

Marinda then saw Old Butler Vick standing respectfully behind Arthur.

Immediately, some guesses arose in the lady's mind.

She understood why Arthur was doing this.

To guard against her!

To prevent her from sharing a piece of Oakwood Manor!

Was she such a person?

Subconsciously, Marinda narrowed her eyes, staring at Arthur with a more vicious look.

However, soon after, the lady laughed.

Wasn't this the partner she had chosen?

Completely qualified and satisfying!

While thinking this, Marinda gave Arthur the middle finger.

Then, the lady boarded her carriage and left.

As sudden as her arrival had been.

But unlike the silent stealth of her arrival, Marinda's departure was marked by grandeur—

Grey smoke poured continuously from the carriage windows.

In just an instant, it not only enveloped the entire carriage but also spread all around, layer upon layer, swirling endlessly, as figures began to appear in the smoke.

Some carried broken swords and hunched bodies, some were in full armor but without heads, others rode warhorses with both arms severed.

Battlefield Lost Souls!

A mass of Battlefield Lost Souls!

The souls in the smoke kept emerging, kneeling on one knee, lifting the carriage, ignoring the obstruction of the trees, and shuttling through.

"Hiss!"

There was a collective gasp from inside and outside Oakwood Manor.

All of them widened their eyes at the sight.

Malz murmured softly.

"Is this the 'Eternal Night' of the Lady of the Long Night?"

The Eternal Night, in the legends of South Los, is the Land of Eternal Sleep.

Certainly, one who could pull the Undying from the Land of Eternal Sleep could rightfully be called the 'Lady of the Long Night'.

Arthur quietly watched the scene, his lips curling with a smile.

He knew this was Marinda demonstrating her power to him—as a partner's power grew, it was necessary to show more of one's own power.

Otherwise, an unbalanced partnership was doomed not to last.

'Truly a qualified partner!' Arthur marveled in his heart.

At the same time, he understood why Marinda cared so much about whether he could really communicate with the 'Undead'.

It must be similar abilities that she found interesting... No, no!

Marinda would never be so bored.

She should be more pragmatic!

Which means—

'She can control these battlefield Undead, yet she can't communicate?'

'And if she could communicate, her power would grow even further?'

'But this process must be extremely dangerous; that's why she tested it repeatedly!'

'And just now, was that a kind of showdown?'

A sense of enlightenment rose from the depths of Arthur's heart, and the smile on his face grew even more intense.

It wasn't the worst-case scenario; there was room to maneuver, which naturally was a reason to be happy.

While Arthur was considering his next move, the old butler Vick approached—

"Young Master Arthur, there are some matters I must inform you about."

"Please follow me."

With that, the old butler gestured towards the main building of the estate.

Not the first floor.

But the second.

Immediately, Arthur guessed what it was.

At once, the smile on his face grew even richer.

"Alright."

Arthur followed the old butler and arrived at the second-floor lounge of the main building.

Accompanying him was the astonished Fengter.

"Is that 'Mystery'?"

"Such power..."

"So cool!"

Fengter murmured to himself, and when Arthur put Lady 'Anna' aside, this wealthy young man moved closer, as if to discuss, and started chatting with Lady 'Anna'.

But from beginning to end, he was the only one talking.

Seeing this, old butler Vick sighed again, feeling more convinced that Arthur's involvement with the estate was the right decision.

"Young Masters, please wait a moment!"

The old butler bowed and temporarily left the lounge.

About 5 minutes later, the old butler returned.

This time, he carried a box in his arms.

Looking at this ancient-looking box with intricate decorations, Arthur's eyes lit up; he watched as the old butler placed the box on the coffee table and listened carefully to the old butler's narration—

"The Doyle family also has a mysterious Legacy!"

"Really?" Enjoy more content from empire

Fengter immediately leaped up in excitement.

"But Young Master Fengter, you cannot learn it; any mysterious legacy can only be learned by the 'Gifted One.' You, and the lord, do not have the 'Talent'!

Only the lord's father had the 'Talent,' and it was because of such a Talent that he was awarded the title of Lord by the Earl of South Los and hence the Doyle family came into being!"

The old butler shook his head.

Suddenly, Fengter deflated.

"Is there absolutely no chance that I can learn it?"

Fengter didn't give up.

The young, adventure-seeking scion of wealth did not want to give up.

The old butler hesitated,

But in the end, he chose to tell the truth—

"There is!"

"People without 'Talent' can possibly reach the same effect as a 'Gifted One' if they practice with ten times the effort. However, the disasters it brings could also be ten times greater—that's a disaster no one can bear.

That's why the past South Los forbade all 'civilian Mystery'!

Mystery can bring miracles, but miracles have their price...

Please remember these words!"

The old butler admonished Fengter.

The scion looked disappointed, but he still couldn't let go and asked.

"Isn't there any other, safer way?"

"There is!"

The old butler nodded again.

This answer surprised Fengter. He was just not content; he hadn't expected there to be another way.

Subconsciously, Fengter looked to the old butler.

And then, the wealthy young man noticed something different about the old butler.

At this moment, there was a light on the old butler's face!

It was a different kind of spirit.

It was reverence!

And it was faith!

Suddenly, Fengter's heart brimmed with curiosity, and he listened even more intently to what the old butler had to say.