

Great Master 94

Chapter 94: Exchange!

The butler's face once again showed that distinct expression.

He emphatically declared—

"No!"

"The Bloodline is supreme!"

"An awakened Bloodline can embrace all powers!"

Looking at the butler, who was now revered with zeal, Arthur truly couldn't fully believe what the man was saying—not because he feared being deceived.

But because he feared the man's blindness!

Or to put it simply, the man truly believed it!

And the reality?

It was biased!

Even diametrically opposed!

One ought to know, a tiny deviation on the Mystic Side could be fatal!

He definitely did not want to become the next Graham!

'Should I talk to Marinda?'

Arthur opened the cat cage, again held the drowsy Pendragon in his arms, gently stroked its head, and thought about his top choice deep in his heart.

But soon he shook his head inwardly.

This lady had just shown a wave of 'honesty'.

Meeting again might mean more direct probes.

One misstep and he might be exposed!

Although in some ways, she was extremely reliable, most of the time, she was dangerous—without proper preparations, avoiding her for now was the best choice.

Besides this lady...

Arthur, holding the cat, and petting its head, couldn't help but look downstairs in the courtyard, where Alberts was talking with Malz.

Qualified, yet young.

Brave, yet lacking experience.

Wasn't this the perfect candidate?

Gradually, Arthur's eyes lit up.

The next moment, he instructed the butler.

"Vick, please prepare some of the kitchen's existing Food, snacks, and drinks, and then invite Malz and Alberts up—oh, and add one more chair."

As he spoke, Arthur tossed the wooden box that contained the Doyle family's legacy into Pendragon's cage.

This action did not displease or surprise the butler at all—once, when the first mistress had been alive, the master used to hide pocket money in the dog kennel.

Compared to that, placing it in a cat cage was really nothing.

He just nodded his head.

"Very well, Young Master Arthur!"

Having said that, the butler went to give orders to the servants.

Two second-class servants began moving chairs—beside the coffee table where Arthur and Fengter were seated, there were only four chairs, and besides the two of them, 'Anna' occupied one.

Without planning to move, adding one more chair was the best choice.

Fortunately, 'Anna' was slim enough that adding two people would not seem crowded.

The servants busied themselves efficiently, and soon the coffee table was adorned with two roasted geese, ample amounts of venison, puff pastry cakes, orange juice, apple juice, and milk, in addition to wine, and also white porcelain dishes filled with black pepper, honey, butter, and salt.

The roasted goose and venison were preparations for the evening, and given the still unilluminated sky, they did not count as leftovers, so bringing them out did not lose any dignity.

Especially since the chef had reshaped the roasted goose and venison in the shortest amount of time.

The roasted goose was fashioned to appear as if flying, while the venison was assembled to look like a deer in full sprint.

However, looking at the two roasted geese with their spread wings and standing on one foot, Arthur's mind couldn't help but conjure the phrase 'two roasted ducks walking north.'

As for the assembled venison?

Perhaps it was the chef's lacking knife skills, maybe it was the rush, but what Arthur saw resembled more a 'Frankenstein' of a roast deer.

Arthur, slightly silent, picked up the milk and puff pastry cake.

Indeed, he had a penchant for sweets.

Yet the other people at the table were enjoying their food immensely.

"Anna, do you need some Food?"

Fengter asked.

Even though Miss Anna did not reply, she picked a little bit of everything and placed it in front of Miss Anna's plate.

For those present at the scene, no one found this odd.

Arthur was accustomed to it.

Malz thought it should be so. Stay connected through empire

Alberts believed there must be a reason Arthur did this—although he saw nothing magical about Miss Anna, who knew if something was hidden?

After all, Arthur was a master!

A true master who helped the commoners and never feared the powerful!

He was the role model he needed to emulate.

Arthur noticed Alberts's gaze on him was a bit strange, and tapped Malz with his toes, who immediately smiled at Arthur.

The meaning in the smile was self-evident.

Arthur sighed helplessly.

He knew what Malz was up to.

But he was just a "Spirit Medium" without any ill intentions, definitely not a charlatan.

Thinking this, Arthur picked up his milk.

"Thank you for your help, Alberts!"

"Without you, Oakwood Manor would definitely not have survived tonight!"

"To you!"

Saying so, Arthur drained his glass.

Watching Arthur drink it all in one go, Alberts picked up the light beer in front of him and also began to gulp it down—a full pint of light beer was drunk clean in no time.

And as soon as Alberts set down his beer mug, Malz also picked up his orange juice.

"Alberts, although I think I am no less brave and cautious than you, I admire your courage and prudence—I am willing to become your friend, cheers!"

Malz drank it all in one go.

Facing the sincere Malz, Alberts did not hesitate and continued to drink it all in one go.

After the detective set down his mug, Fengter also picked up his apple juice.

"For Oakwood Manor, thank you, Sir Alberts!"

Fengter truly appreciated the detective before him.

The sincerity brought by his true feelings made the young detective unable to refuse himself, even though after two large pints of light beer, he was already a bit dizzy and his stomach was somewhat stretching.

And after the third pint of light beer went down, the young detective's face turned red, and he sat somewhat askew in his chair.

Seeing this scene, Arthur spoke again.

"Alberts, to show my gratitude, I have some secret techniques as a gift for you—

One can make ropes come to life.

One can create various noises.

One can guide arrows.

All are just some small tricks, please do accept them!"

With Arthur's words, "Bluff" lit up again, and under the orange light, he helped Alberts up, walking him to the window and pointing at the busy manor servants by the drawbridge, his voice firm.

"Even for them, you absolutely must accept it!"

"You saved not only the manor but also their lives!"

"I can't even imagine how tragic their destinies would have been if the manor had been breached without your help!"

Alberts was stunned.

The somewhat woozy young detective turned his head and looked at Arthur at this moment.

Bathed in the light of the lamps, Arthur stood amid the light, but his eyes steadfastly stared into the darkness outside the window, and the pity and mercy visible on his expression gave those steadfast eyes...

Light!

At that moment, Alberts perhaps better understood the meaning of master that Malz had spoken of!

Moved inexplicably and under the influence of alcohol, the young detective blurted out—

"Let's exchange!"

"Let's swap!"

"I have a lot of Mystic Side knowledge taught to me by my uncle, we can exchange all of it!"