

Great Master 95

Chapter 95 The Whispering Tree!

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Three days!

After spending another three days at Oakwood Manor, Alberts finally, with great reluctance, bid farewell to Arthur—

"Arthur, believe me, we will see each other again soon!"

As he boarded the carriage, Alberts did not forget to say to Arthur.

"Of course!"

Arthur nodded firmly and, at the same time, stuffed a leather-bound notebook into Alberts' hands, whispering.

"This is the manuscript for 'Rope Animating Technique,' 'Noise Technique,' and 'Arrow Guiding Technique.' I've written it in the common tongue."

Alberts' eyes immediately brimmed with emotion.

Although he had taught Arthur the 'Lockpicking Technique,' 'Memory Technique,' and 'Wand Combat Technique,' he had not transcribed them, but only spoken them, and the other Mystic Side knowledge and rumors had also been conveyed verbally.

Thinking of this, Alberts felt a deep sense of guilt.

For most of the past three days, it was he who had been pouring out his knowledge to Arthur, forgetting to record it for him, whereas Arthur had remembered to do so.

Tolerant, patient, and genuinely recognizing him.

Even, approving of some of his absurd ideas: establishing a 'Detective Alliance,' recruiting and training more young detectives, cooperating with local police officers to fight crime—ideas that had been laughed at by those closest to him, thought impossible even by his uncle whom he respected, who advised him to give up.

But Arthur supported him and even helped him strategize.

Truly, he had guided Alberts like an elder brother.

If it weren't for the extreme limit of the time agreed upon with his uncle, he would definitely not want to leave Arthur's side—here, he believed he could learn so much more!

"Arthur..."

"We will meet soon!"

"Don't keep your uncle waiting—he has already waited for three days!"

Arthur interrupted Alberts with a smile, signaling the coachman to proceed.

Alberts waved his arm vigorously, and Arthur responded in kind.

He stood before the newly repaired drawbridge, watching the carriage disappear at the crossroads, before he turned to return to the manor.

Stay tuned to empire

And just as he turned, the corners of Arthur's mouth could no longer be restrained from turning upward.

A great harvest!

Not only had he acquired the three secret techniques of 'Lockpicking Technique,' 'Memory Technique,' and 'Wand Combat Technique,' he had also confirmed that the 'Noble Bloodline' does not conflict with the ritual for harmonizing and stabilizing Spirituality.

Furthermore, once the 'Noble Bloodline' is awakened, it not only ensures that the Awakener's elicited 'Spirituality' is safe but also grants a certain margin of safety to the Awakener.

In simple terms, apart from their own 'Spirituality,' Bloodline Awakeners can still safely add a portion of 'Spirituality'—while ordinary 'Gifted Ones' have to face bizarre threats as soon as they manifest their talent, and if their talent is outstanding, it could even lead to disaster.

To possess power and yet be safe, as well as to bring safety to ordinary people!

That is why Nobles inherently have an incomparable advantage!

And over time, this advantage became authority!

However, this information was not the most important to Arthur at the moment.

The most important thing was that Arthur learned from Alberts that the fragmented Noble Bloodlines could be completed—and among the Nobles, there is no shortage of heirs with 'incomplete awakening.' To address these successors, the Great Nobles of the Silver Age went to great lengths to develop the 'Glory Potion!'

Glory is life itself!

Drink the Glory, inherit the Glory, become the Glory!

Any Noble with incomplete awakening can use the 'Glory Potion' to complete their Bloodline.

Of course, the 'Glory Potion' is also extremely precious, possessed only by the true Great Nobles.

And luckily, Arthur is on good terms with a certain Great Noble!

The Mother Tigress of South Los... No!

The Lady of South Los, the respected Countess!

Arthur had already formulated a plan on how to obtain the 'Glory Potion' from her.

Rat Street, Rat Tail Alley!

Clearly, that would be an area of priority for her.

And it was his opportunity!

'I need the right moment!'

Arthur thought to himself, gesturing to the old butler not far away.

"Young Master Arthur, what are your orders?"

The old butler asked, bowing.

After three days together, the old butler grew even more satisfied with Arthur—the young master was not as impulsive or proud as one might expect from someone his age; rather, he was quite calm, modest, and polite. Combined with possessing 'Talent,' he truly was the ideal heir.

Thinking back to the ridiculous mannerisms of those individuals who had come to the manor to inquire about news, arrogant at first but then obsequious, the old butler couldn't help but think how good it would be if Young Master Arthur were to inherit the title of Lord.

Unfortunately, Young Master Arthur had refused.

Unfortunately, the Lord Count would not allow it.

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"Before I leave, I want to visit that—Golden Oak Tree!

And pick a few Golden Acorns."

Arthur declared solemnly.

However, Arthur was indeed quite curious about the Golden Oak Tree that could produce Golden Acorns.

The centennial oak normally yields Golden Acorns, but the oak tree in Oakwood Manor that produces Golden Acorns has a history of five hundred years.

For this reason, the tree was known as the Golden Oak Tree.

Moreover, rumor had it that the tree was once in a 'fake death' state and only came back to life after the land was sealed off by Lord Doyle's father, which also contributed to the Doyle family's splendor.

This information was provided by the old butler, Vick.

As for this, Arthur remained objective and calm; he was more convinced that the 'revival' of the Golden Oak Tree had been due to some necessary existences of legal and reasonable means.

It wasn't like it had always been alive and merely concealed or anything.

Just like at this moment, if anyone dared to question the legitimacy of the Golden Oak Tree, Arthur would surely purify and pass judgment upon them—unless they were possessed by an Evil Spirit, how could they utter such cold and merciless words?

After all, this was his tree!

Following the old butler, Arthur and Fengter, who was compelled to come along, made their way towards the manor's rear section.

The guards here were even more stringent.

And as they approached the Golden Oak Tree, the old butler immediately cautioned—

"Follow my footsteps exactly, do not make a mistake!"

Fengter nodded immediately, though his face bore a look of resignation.

The more he encountered the 'Mystery', the more he felt 'Anna' was friendly.

Other 'Mysteries' were not only complicated but far too dangerous.

Meanwhile, Arthur was following the old butler while observing the surroundings.

Since just now, his "Death Intuition" had been flashing non-stop, but as he followed the old butler's steps, the flashing frequency rapidly decreased, and by the time he walked along a narrow path, the "Death Intuition" had completely extinguished.

'What was that just now?'

'What had its eyes set on me?'

Arthur was certain that what he had just experienced was definitely not some common mechanical trap but something 'alive'.

'A Guardian Spirit that has made a contract with the Doyle family?'

'Or a type of Guardian Spirit that lives by the side of the Golden Oak Tree?'

After communicating with Alberts, Arthur was no longer a novice who barely understood the Mystic Side, he was starting to shed his rookie status.

But to pinpoint what it was at a glance, Arthur still couldn't manage.

Continuing along the narrow path, at the end of the road, Arthur finally saw the Golden Oak Tree.

It took five people together to embrace its main trunk that had a well-developed root system deeply entrenched in the earth. The sturdy branches spread outwards in all directions, covering a radius of 50 meters like an umbrella, and among the branches, hidden were acorns tinged with gold.

Arthur spotted seven or eight of them at a glance.

"This is the foundation of the Doyle family!"

"It is also the wealth of the Doyle family!"

"Only the heirs of Oakwood Manor are allowed to come here and pick the Golden Acorns!"

The old butler whispered softly.

Arthur nodded, while Fengter completely lost interest—in the eyes of a young, wealthy lad, this oak tree, aside from being large, wasn't anything magical and certainly didn't match the depiction in legendary novels where it could not only talk but also contained supreme treasures, waiting for him, the protagonist, to arrive.

Then, with enemies attacking, he would obtain the treasure at the most critical moment, persevere through tribulations, and seek his revenge!

Hmph, novels are always reality!

It must be that this tree isn't magical enough!

Fengter firmly thought.

"This tree is enormous!"

Arthur marveled, but in his ears, an unceasing voice began to whisper—

"Young warrior, can you hear my voice?"

"Young warrior, I have waited for you for so, so long!"

"Young warrior, the treasures here are all yours!"

...

The voice was soft, like the rustling wind.

But Arthur turned a deaf ear.

Because—

The "Death Intuition" that had just quieted down was now rapidly flickering again.