

Great Master 96

Chapter 96: Stay Away!

In a vision only Arthur could see, "Death Intuition" flickered like a small light bulb.

Simultaneously flickering was the elevated to Lv3 "Bluff".

Arthur's expression remained normal, his heartbeat steady, and his muscles maintained the same state as before, while his eyes carried a hint of astonishment usually reserved for moments of wonder.

It seemed as if he was truly amazed by the grandeur of the oak tree.

Even as in his vision at this moment, the strong and mighty branches of the oak tree swayed like seaweed in water.

He was simply astonished by the size of the tree.

Beyond that—

"So this is what Golden Acorns are like!"

Arthur looked at the golden fruits.

Their shape was not much different from ordinary acorns, but their skin had a golden sheen.

"Yes, these are Golden Acorns!"

The old butler nodded with pride.

Thereafter, the old butler saw Arthur standing still, head held high, gazing at the Golden Oak Tree and the Golden Acorns, his eyes betraying an indescribable palpitation—that look seemed to reflect on the history of the entire Golden Oak Tree and to marvel at the Doyle family's splendor.

After a good four or five seconds, Arthur then turned his gaze back to Fengter.

At this moment, his face bore a solemn look.

"What is it?"

The young noble, still contemplating how to properly interact with 'Anna' lady, was startled by the seriousness on Arthur's face.

"Although we are both heirs of Oakwood Manor, you are the direct bloodline of the Old Lord, so—the first harvest of the Golden Acorns must be done by you!

It is your rightful power!

It is also an honor of being part of the Old Lord's bloodline!"

Arthur said earnestly.

This speech almost brought the old butler to tears with emotion.

He had never imagined that Young Master Arthur, faced with such wealth, would still remember the honor.

Taking a deep breath, the old butler bowed to Arthur with the utmost respect.

Unlike before, this time it was a very formal ninety-degree bow.

"Young Master Arthur, your character shines incredibly bright, even in the Silver Age. Oakwood Manor is truly fortunate to have an heir like you!"

The old butler's voice was choked with emotion.

For the old butler, who had spent his life upholding bloodline and honor, nothing could touch his heart more deeply than Arthur's words.

When the old butler straightened up again, he fixed his bright eyes on Fengter.

The young noble felt a heavy burden under such scrutiny, and without a word, he approached the Golden Oak Tree—although the Golden Oak Tree was large, it was not tall, and its curving branches were easy to climb, allowing the harvested acorns to be directly pocketed in a coat.

Arthur and the old butler stood shoulder to shoulder, watching Fengter pick the acorns.

"Perhaps this is also a part of the legacy?"

Arthur whispered.

The old butler silently nodded—in the butler's eyes, with Arthur's words, it was as if he saw the Old Lord picking the Golden Acorns for the first time.

Yes, this is the legacy!

The old butler's face held a trace of sorrow, which was soon replaced by a smile—he glanced at Fengter, who was picking the Golden Acorns, then at Arthur by his side.

The Doyle family will not decline!

On the contrary, it could even take a step further!

Thinking about the future prosperity of the Doyle family, the old butler's breath quickened.

Arthur heard the old butler breathing faster, yet he said nothing, pretending to stand like him under the Golden Oak Tree, watching Fengter pick the Golden Acorns and envisaging the future.

Meanwhile, the voices in his ear did not stop—

"Young warrior, do you wish to gain power?"

"Young warrior, I know a lady unmatched in beauty!"

"Young warrior, I also know a lady, wealthy beyond compare!"

...

Arthur kept himself deliberately oblivious to the sounds.

About half an hour later, Fengter, who had picked 10 Golden Acorns, jumped down from the tree.

There were still plenty of Golden Acorns on the Golden Oak Tree.

However, the remaining ones were quite troublesome to pick. Without tools, one small mishap meant a fall—a particularly bad omen just after the Old Lord's death. It would be no good for the Heir to get injured, and those gossips would certainly take the opportunity to stir up trouble.

They might even start a rumor about the "Doyle family" being a "Cursed family."

Thus, the butler called Fengter back.

Arthur had no objections.

Ten Golden Acorns were more than enough for him.

The ritual for "Orange Cat" only required one.

"Kolodi's Holy Wood Shield" needed three.

So, it was enough. Your journey continues at empire

As for getting him to pick them?

Arthur would never willingly get close to the Golden Oak, which emanated a palpable sense of death.

Afterward, the three of them continued towards the manor, led by the butler.

Along the way, all was peaceful.

At least, that's how it seemed to the butler and Fengter.

As for Arthur?

The frequency of his "Death Intuition" had more than doubled.

But in the end, nothing happened.

'Was it restrained?'

'No, no, no!'

'It must be a restriction!'

Having returned to the front half of the manor and on his way to the upstairs hall, Young Master Arthur breathed a sigh of relief—he couldn't imagine what would happen if he had responded to the Golden Oak and broken such a restriction!

Probably become fertilizer for the tree, right?

Or even worse, lose control of himself.

During the three days of discussion with Alberts, the young Detective mentioned more than once that the "bizarre" from the "Mystic Side" had an affinity for the bodies of "Gifted Ones."

They possessed an extremely perverse obsession—not content with just tearing to shreds or engulfing, they must replace the host, monopolizing and devouring everything related to them before they could rest.

Moreover, rumors suggested that the first "Shapeshifter" was born from a "Bizarre" and the host's wife.

Nobody knew why the "Bizarre" did not devour the original host's wife, or perhaps it was just an exaggeration that turned into a tale.

But, it's clearly recorded in the "Mystic Side" that the first "Shapeshifter" was indeed born from a human woman—Silver Age, year 109, on Mount Freyrel, documented by "Sir Rota," and this "Shapeshifter" even got a human name: "Rota."

It was also recorded that "Shapeshifters" could acquire a human's appearance by touching their forehead, shedding skin in the process, inheriting memories, and possessing a strong intuition, unafraid of any weapon other than silver; and in mirrors, their eyes flashed with white light.

Although the appearance of "Shapeshifters" generated immense research enthusiasm among the mystical individuals of the Silver Age, Arthur had no desire to become a subject of study.

Especially not to become a tiny tree person, or one that spewed spores or something of the sort.

'Truly a dangerous Mystic Side!' thought Arthur as he sat on the couch, scooping Pendragon into his arms.

The soft touch of the cat allowed Arthur to fully relax and temporarily put aside his speculations about the Golden Oak Tree. In Graham's diary and through his exchanges with Alberts, Arthur had never encountered or heard of such a situation before.

And the unknown always kept Arthur extremely cautious.

He had already decided that until he understood what was happening, he wouldn't go near the Golden Oak Tree again, let alone the latter half of the manor.

Therefore, he needed a reliable laborer to obtain the Golden Acorns—

"Eh, you're giving me five?" exclaimed Fengter, who was sitting opposite him, just finishing greeting "Miss Anna."

"According to our agreement—one half for each person!"

Arthur placed five Golden Acorns into a specially made box provided by the butler and pushed the remaining five toward Fengter.

This action made the butler appreciate Arthur's noble character once again.

"Your spirit of contract is in line with the perfect Noble!" he exclaimed.

"I'm just... huh?"

Midway through his automatic response, Arthur caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye, causing him to pause mid-sentence.

Then, his eyes lit up with delight.