

Great Master 97

Chapter 97: Return Trip!

Pendragon's whisker had fallen off.

Arthur was filled with joy—according to Amanda, a cat's whiskers would be replaced every six months, naturally falling off as they shed their fur and then growing back.

Of course, there were also the day-to-day losses.

Depending on the cat's constitution, there might be daily losses of whiskers every week, but as long as they weren't broken or messy, there was no need to worry.

Clearly, Pendragon's whisker belonged to the category of daily losses.

Arthur picked up the whisker and was about to put it into a test tube.

However, in the moment he picked up the whisker, Arthur couldn't help but look at the top of Pendragon's head.

Then, subconsciously, he stuck the whisker onto the top of Pendragon's head.

Pendragon, who had been purring contentedly, suddenly froze as if a switch had been flipped, standing there stunned,

while Arthur looked on, the corners of his mouth turning up.

"Pan, you've grown a whisker on your head!"

"Meow!"

Pendragon's meow deepened, and he began to thrash his tail with force.

He was becoming irritable!

Remembering what Amanda had taught him, Arthur immediately plucked the whisker and put it into the test tube, which he then placed into the Spirit Medium Box—of course, a piece of dried fish was also a must.

Straight away, Pendragon forgot everything and started gnawing on the dried fish.

Arthur watched this scene, clapping his hands as he stood up, and then proposed his farewell to Fengter and the old butler.

"Arthur, you're leaving?"

Fengter looked surprised.

"I only own half of Oakwood Manor, but I am not of the Old Lord's bloodline—thus, the Old Lord's promise can only be inherited by you.

Believe me, this is the beginning of honor!"

Arthur smiled at Fengter.

Being the only bloodline of Lord Doyle, Fengter naturally had to abide by the Old Lord's promise and not set foot outside Oakwood Manor again.

Of course, Fengter was aware of this.

But...

he couldn't bear to part with 'Anna.'

Fengter turned his head to look at 'Anna,' seemingly ready to use his gaze to move the lady, to get her to stay of her own accord.

As for the old butler, he spoke very simply.

"Do I need to arrange a few reliable servants to accompany you back to South Los?"

"As you've said, I am returning to South Los—although No. 2 Cork Street has ample space, my 'Spirit Medium' business doesn't allow me to live with several servants.

However, I promise you, I will take time every year to come here for a vacation!

After all, everything here feels wonderful to me!"

Arthur looked sincerely at the old butler.

"You're always welcome to come home!"

"I will arrange for some special products to be sent with you, do not refuse them—they are just some food and drinks produced by the manor."

The old butler said, winking.

"Alright."

Arthur nodded knowingly.

After lunch, the old butler personally packed Arthur's luggage and the special products onto the carriage. Then the Head Hunter of the manor, with four mounted guards, personally drove Arthur back to South Los—despite Arthur's insistence that it wasn't necessary, the old butler still insisted.

"This is a necessary formality and rule!"

Facing such words from the old butler, Arthur chose to accept.

"I wish you a pleasant journey!"

"Arthur, remember to bring 'Anna' back often!"

In front of the drawbridge, they waved goodbye to each other.

The carriage, with a flick of Albert's whip, started to move steadily forward, with two guards at the front and two at the back, maintaining formation as they proceeded.

From South Los to Oakwood Manor, it took about two hours by carriage, while by horseback it would be somewhat faster—Arthur remembered clearly that when he came, he spent at least half an hour admiring the scenery and then another hour and a half traveling.

About two hours had passed, and Arthur was far from idle.

After replaying the trip to Oakwood Manor, he focused his whole mind on considering what would happen once he returned to South Los.

First and foremost was Marinda.

This lady, after her confession, would definitely get serious with him—if he exposed his inability to communicate with Lost Souls, that would be a terrible thing.

Therefore, he must skillfully evade.

Next up, "Rat Street, Rat Tail Alley".

Still about the cooperation with Lady Marinda, but secretly there was the interest of the Countess—Arthur couldn't know the true relationship between Marinda and the Countess.

But what he did know was that because of the Countess, he seemed able to avoid Marinda!

Arthur held Pendragon, tapping the cat's head gently with his fingers, his eyes narrowing, as a plan gradually took shape in his mind.

By the time they were nearing South Los, Arthur had perfected his plan and also formulated a backup plan.

After thinking it through once more, and confirming there were no errors, a slightly relieved Arthur allowed himself to recline more comfortably in his seat, his eyes turning towards the XP gains of the past few days—

[The murder of a noble at Oakwood Manor shocked South Los, with the Horn Report and South Los Daily reporting simultaneously, leaving a deep impression of your name on everyone, XP+50]

[More people have heard your name; XP+5]

[More people have heard your name; XP+5]

[More people have heard your name; XP+4]

...

Scott returned to South Los after the drawbridge was fixed at daybreak that day.

As for the publication in the South Los Daily?

It should be a negotiation with the Horn Report.

Stay tuned with empire

Facing the big boss of South Los's newspaper industry, the editor-in-chief of the Horn Report knew very well what to do and smartly chose a different reporting angle.

And this ultimately brought great gains to Arthur.

Of course, Arthur was also clear that the 'noble murder' was the most critical.

'At all times, nobles are the core—even in the Pioneer Era!'

Arthur sighed, his mind recalling what was required for Lockpicking Technique, Memory Technique, and Wand Combat Technique.

The Lockpicking Technique needed 10 XP and a hair from a deceiver.

The Memory Technique needed 20 XP and the brain of a Slote Territory goldfish.

The Wand Combat Technique needed 20 XP and a stick sturdy by your own standards.

Of these, the Memory Technique, which Arthur was most concerned about, would allow him to remember anything he had seen within an hour, as long as it was cast.

The Lockpicking Technique, on the other hand, could unlock any non-Mystery lock.

As for the Wand Combat Technique?

Select a wood with suitable thickness and no taller than your own wrist as the base material, which cannot be mixed with any metal. After casting the secret technique, you would gain a wand with decent combat capabilities—simply choose a target and the wand will attack on its own, lasting about 1 minute. To use it again, you would need to cast the secret technique once more.

Simultaneously, the caster could have only one Magic Wand at a time.

Only when the designated Magic Wand was completely broken, could a new Magic Wand be chosen.

For this, Arthur was very eager to try a branch of the Golden Oak Tree.

'Perhaps Fengter could give it a try?'

Arthur thought, but then shook his head almost immediately.

Fengter was a fairly decent person still.

He didn't wish for the other to encounter any danger.

And while Arthur was pondering, the carriage had already entered South Los—the carriage's crest, the guards in tow, passersby moved aside at the sight of such noble pageantry.

Even when they reached Cork Street, the middle class also chose to step aside politely.

Of course, when they looked at Arthur stepping down from the carriage, their gazes were filled with intense envy and jealousy.

No one had greater class anxiety than the middle class!

Arthur clearly sensed this kind of gaze.

It did not cause him any trouble.

This was exactly the kind of attention he wanted—for the sake of laying the groundwork for his next plan, these were necessary. Next, Arthur's gaze turned to the Head Hunter driving the carriage and he asked with a smile.

"Albert, could you do me a favor?"