

Great Master 98

Chapter 98: Note!

"Invitation."

"I need you to deliver this invitation to Miss Marinda Julius Caesar and ask her to make an evening appointment."

Arthur pulled out the letter he had written in the car and handed it to Albert.

"Yes, Young Master Arthur."

Without hesitation, Albert left with the guards.

Arthur watched as the Head Hunter and guards of Oakwood Manor departed before he finally opened the courtyard gate of No. 2 Cork Street.

After bringing in the luggage, the special products brought by the old butler, and the cat cage containing Pendragon, Arthur began a thorough check.

'Windows and doors are intact!'

'Machinery has not been triggered!'

'No outsiders have come over!'

After confirming these things, Arthur finally turned off the machinery and let Pendragon out.

Pendragon, back home, seemed a bit excited, rushing straight to his scratching board and starting to scratch vigorously.

Arthur then hung up his coat, put away his luggage, and turned his attention to the special products the old butler had given him—

A large box with a square body and an arched flip lid.

Upon inspection, Arthur opened the box.

Inside were Acorn Wine and Acorn Powder.

Both were genuine special products of Oakwood Manor.

However, after taking out four bottles of Acorn Wine and ten pounds of Acorn Powder, the real special products finally revealed themselves.

Gold coins and explosives!

The gold coins were neatly stacked inside a small case.

The explosives were bundled and wrapped in oil paper, twenty bundles in total.

After the Pioneer Era began, large denominations of currency were primarily in gold notes, but this didn't mean that gold coins had lost their standing.

In fact, since the gold notes were issued by the Old Lion of Inner Bay, in the black market of South Los, gold coins were even more welcome—1 gold coin could be exchanged for 1.5 gold notes, and sometimes even as much as 2 gold notes.

And there were as many as 300 gold coins in front of him.

"These are indeed nice special products!"

Looking at the gold coins in the case and the twenty bundles of explosives, Arthur couldn't help but laugh—it seemed that the battle with the 'Wailing Banshee' had caused the butler to misunderstand his combat preferences.

It wasn't that he exclusively loved explosives.

They were just more convenient, that's all!

However, Arthur certainly wouldn't disdain these explosives; they were just what he needed to replenish his stock.

Even though Old Charlie had left plenty, with this kind of thing, more is always better.

Just like with gold coins!

300 gold coins exchanged for gold notes would amount to at least 450 gold notes at the lowest, and together with his remaining 312 gold notes, that made 762 gold notes in total.

This amount of money wouldn't be enough to buy a ship, naturally, it would be a drop in the bucket.

But it was certainly enough to further expand Wiggins's team.

Not only for the plans targeting Rat Street and Rat Tail Alley, which required Wiggins to have more hands, but he also needed Wiggins's help to gather information routinely.

Therefore, to a certain extent, the larger Wiggins's team, the better.

And with the support of Oakwood Manor, that day wasn't far off.

After all, this 'special product' wouldn't be all—according to the agreement, Oakwood Manor would bring Arthur a considerable income every month.

Even, if his plan went well, without the need for the long waits at the shipyards and the exorbitant prices as high as tens of thousands, he could acquire at least two decent ships.

Such a plan, of course, wasn't aimed at Oakwood Manor.

That was his steady source of gold notes.

His target was Rat Street and Rat Tail Alley.

Of course, the first step of the plan had to wait until Marinda's arrival before it could begin.

By this time, the sun had already begun to set.

In the distance, dark clouds emerged once more, and it was clear that South Los was about to experience another heavy downpour. However, before the rain fell, someone visited No. 2 Cork Street.

It wasn't Marinda.

It was Malz.

Ding! Ding!

The Sheriff of Shire District pulled the doorbell very politely.

And when Arthur opened the door, Malz embraced him warmly.

"Welcome back!"

I thought you'd stay on the estate until just before winter—the start of the Swordsmanship Competition," said Malz jokingly as he walked into the room.

"If that were true, it'd mean that everything is just perfect, and we could retire in peace!" Arthur joked back, his gaze turning to the briefcase in Malz's hands.

"Your appointment letter—the one personally signed by Lord Count himself."

Without beating around the bush, Malz opened the briefcase and handed the document to Arthur.

It was written in round cursive:

Arthur Kredos, your abilities are clear for all to see.

I hope you can provide more services for me.

Therefore, I've decided to appoint you as the Special Consultant for Shire District, to enjoy second-level police treatment (a weekly salary of 10 gold notes, clothing subsidies in spring and winter, holiday subsidies in summer and fall; a one-time subsidy of 28 gold notes for coal and food during winter; moreover, you will be exempted from taxes as a 'Spirit Medium').

I hope you will accept.

I also look forward to your performance.

Ash Bonaparte South Los

1797.9.21

...

Looking at the round handwriting and extremely humble, polite content, Arthur clicked his tongue in appreciation.

"As expected of the Earl of South Los, who holds so much expectation—if it weren't for the signature, I'd hardly believe this was written by a noble."

"I'm rather curious to see Old Lion's handwriting now!"

"Believe me, you definitely wouldn't be happy to receive a letter from that Old Lion," Malz rolled his eyes.

Receiving a letter from that Old Lion, regardless of its content, meant they were in a tight corner—given Old Lion's overbearing nature, he wouldn't be as courteous as the Earl of South Los.

Most likely, it would be that kind of notice.

A notice to submit.

Or...

Death.

"So, Lord Count is not too bad, huh?"

"At least he's exempted my tax of 29 Suo!" Arthur said, shaking the appointment letter humorously.

Arthur wouldn't refuse the Countess's appointment letter—this letter isn't just the Countess's kind olive branch.

It also greatly aids his forthcoming plans.

Plans involving not just Rat Street and Rat Tail Alley but also...

Glory Potion!

He was quite eager to erase the 'Cripple' part from his alias "Dark Serpent. Cripple."

So, Arthur picked up the pen, dipped it in ink, and signed his name.

Malz, standing nearby, let out a somewhat envious sigh.

"Salary, subsidies, you're overlooking them!"

"Come on, I'm not some Special Consultant who can sit at home and still draw a salary—I've still got a ton of things to do."

Having said that, the Police Chief of Shire District got up to leave.

It wasn't that there was really something urgent.

It was a secret gesture from Arthur.

And after the Police Chief of Shire District left, Arthur immediately sprang into action.

For his upcoming meeting with Marinda, he had some preparations to make—picking up a stack of papers, Arthur began writing quickly.

As night fell completely, Marinda arrived by carriage.

Still driven by Edwin. Explore more stories with empire

After alighting from the carriage, this lady headed straight for No. 2 Cork Street, affectionately linking arms with Arthur—Arthur could clearly feel the sweat on her palm.

Clearly, her physiological male phobia hadn't eased.

After swiftly inviting her into the house, the lady had a moment of shock.

Because Arthur had just picked up the paper he had just finished writing and was showing it to her.

Two big words were written very clearly on it—

Hit me!