

Great Master 89

Chapter 89: When the Sword Falls at Nightfall!

Bowerby bowed his head subserviently, obsequiously rubbing his hands together.

This former servant of Lord Doyle stood at the very front of the cavalry troop, whispering, "There should be four guards here, but with the banquet tonight, they've been called back — this has happened before! I'll head back to the manor now, and then, I'll lower the drawbridge for you!"

Having said that, Bowerby looked towards the leading cavalryman.

But he didn't receive a reply from the cavalryman; instead, the snorting of the cavalryman's horse startled Bowerby.

Bowerby kept retreating until he finally fell flat on the ground.

The pain made him grimace, but he dared not complain. Instead, he quickly scrambled back to his feet and continued to look up at the cavalryman with a sycophantic smile.

"Go!"

This time, the leading cavalryman finally spoke.

Like receiving a pardon, Bowerby turned and ran towards Oakwood Manor.

"Heh, Doyle?"

The leading cavalryman sneered coldly.

His words carried an indescribable mix of mockery and hatred.

And...

Eagerness!

The opponent was already desperate to set Oakwood Manor ablaze.

So, he waited very patiently.

Waiting for the drawbridge to be lowered.

Bowerby hurried along the forked path, which he knew all too well; he could navigate it with his eyes closed, but for some reason, today he was filled with dread.

'Could I be discovered?'

'No! No!'

'I am just nervous!'

'Yes, just nervous!'

'After tonight, I'll be Lord Bowerby!'

Telling himself this, Bowerby immediately sped up.

Before long, Bowerby reached the drawbridge and began shouting loudly—

"It's me, Bowerby!"

The voice carried far into the night.

"Bowerby, where have you been?"

"The banquet has already started!"

Albert's voice startled Bowerby; he had not expected the Head Hunter and Swordsmanship Chief to be guarding the drawbridge, but then, the sound of the winch turning the drawbridge made him breathe a sigh of relief.

"I played a hand in the neighboring village, so I'm late coming back!"

Bowerby called out loudly in response.

At such a reply, Albert involuntarily mumbled a few rural expressions.

Bowerby heard them but didn't care.

Going to the neighboring village was true.

But it wasn't for play; it was to contact the cavalry.

Humph, Albert, you fool, you would never guess what kind of grand deed Lord Bowerby has done!

A series of cold laughs echoed in the servant's heart.

However, the approaching sound of horse hoofs made Bowerby's face pale with shock.

He turned his head to see the cavalry charging at him from behind, his face a picture of disbelief.

"It's not supposed to be like this! It's not like this!"

"I was to return to the manor first, then lower the drawbridge for you!"

"It's..."

Whistle!

Thud!

A flying spear pierced Bowerby's chest, nailing him to the ground.

The servant writhed trying to stand, but the flowing blood and punctured organs had already robbed him of his strength.

Under the gaze of the dying servant, the black-clad cavalry swept near like the wind.

In the servant's ears, the last thing he heard was a loud shout—

"Enemy attack!"

Albert shouted, preparing to raise the drawbridge with the guards, but it was too late. The black-clad cavalry moved too quickly.

The leading knight pulled on the reins, and his warhorse leapt into the air, landing on the drawbridge that had not yet fully descended and was about to be raised again.

The weight of the horse and the force of its charge caused the winch to slip from grasp.

Bang!

The drawbridge crashed down heavily.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

Continue your journey with empire

Albert beckoned to two guards to run towards the manor, while he himself bent his bow and shot an arrow at the knight on the drawbridge.

Whoosh!

Crack!

The arrow hit its mark, but a ripple spread over the black knight's body like water, causing the arrow to bounce off ineffectually.

Albert turned pale with shock, and didn't even have the courage to shoot a second arrow; he turned and ran towards the manor as well.

Watching this, the black knight didn't pursue. With the drawbridge taken, Oak Manor had already become like a turtle in a jar.

The knight arrogantly surveyed Oakwood Manor, slowly drew his sword, and with a shout after raising it above his head —

"Attack!"

He then led the charge.

The black cavalry roared in unison, following closely behind.

The drawbridge was crossed in a flash as they entered the interior of the manor.

The once cheerful Oakwood Manor was now in a state of panic, but the leading knight felt something was amiss.

Where were the cries?

The desperate shouts?

None! There were none!

The seemingly panicked crowd wasn't making such noises!

"Sto—"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Before the leading knight could finish speaking, five "Little Emperor Cannons" hidden in the darkness roared, their six-pound cannonballs plowing through the charging black cavalry like a plow through soil.

The chests of the horses were smashed, the bodies of the cavalry shattered.

The cannonballs blazed through, instantly creating five channels of flesh and blood.

In an instant, more than half of the 50 black cavalry were dead.

And then—

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The forty-man Musketeer Squad, under Albert's command, began to fire in an interlocking left and right pattern.

The bullets from the flintlock guns were erratic, but when fired in volleys, they still had a terrifying power that astonished the age.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

Watching his subordinates fall from their horses one after another, the leading knight shouted, turning his horse's head towards the drawbridge first.

The remaining cavalry immediately followed.

But just as they charged onto the drawbridge, the explosives hidden within the planks and attached to very short fuses were ignited by an invisible hand.

As the ignited fuses burned to their ends, the remaining cavalry just happened to charge onto the drawbridge.

Boom!

Blistering flames surged up and swallowed the rushing darkness.

In the midst of the huge explosion, the violent gusts fluttered double-breasted black coats, and Arthur, holding the Spirit Medium Box and carrying "Anna" stepped out from the Shadows with a deliberate pace.

He walked back into the manor.

From beginning to end, he never looked back once.

Because in the moment that explosion occurred, he knew those remaining cavalry were doomed.

The secret techniques that could defend against arrows and musket bullets were no match for a sufficient amount of explosives.

Not that the secret techniques weren't strong enough.

It was just that the era had changed.

And...

Arrogance!

The arrogance of that cavalry led to their own demise.

It wasn't their fault.

After all, the mastermind behind it all was just as arrogant—appearing to blend in with the surroundings, stirring everything in sight, yet always taking a condescending position, like a hunter playing with his prey... no, to be precise, a butcher!

It was this attitude of the mastermind that influenced the demeanor of his subordinates.

And that led to the death of the entire cavalry.

However, the mastermind's arrogance didn't really affect his arrangements.

Or rather, it was his arrangements that gave him a reason to be arrogant.

Arthur waved to the old butler and received two bundles of explosives and a longsword tossed by Malz.

He directly drew the Spider's Claw, put the explosives in his coat pocket, and took two vials of Holy Water from the Spirit Medium Box before heading towards the dungeon, where strange noises continued—his 1.8 Physique allowed him to clearly hear the inhuman howling and Alberts's angry rebuke as the black cavalry charged.

Listening to the noises below and confirming that the inhuman howling was on the other side, Arthur signaled to Malz.

The Police Chief forcefully pulled the bolt of the dungeon door and then gave it a hard tug.

Creak!

The dungeon door opened.

Arthur raised his sword in hand and leaped down.