

## Great Master 90

### Chapter 90 Dungeon Siege!

The dim dungeon was illuminated by oil lamps hanging from the pillars.

Under the orange flame, Alberts wore a smile.

He was very satisfied with his dinner.

Not only was there a whole roast goose, but also a 3-kilogram roast venison chop, and of course, his favorite grape wine and light beer.

The sweet and sour grape wine was clearly blended by the manor's winemaker, and Alberts guessed sugar had been added.

As for the 'fresh', 'soft', and 'bitter' qualities of the light beer, they were distinctly the result of twelve weeks of settling.

He drained two glasses of grape wine in one gulp—that was all the wine there was. Oakwood Manor had been quite generous, for in the Silver Age, knights only had grape wine when they went off to war and upon their victorious return.

The roast goose and venison chop were also among the nobles' favorite foods, their status at banquets surpassing that of pork, beef, and mutton.

As for fish?

For a long time, the nobility of South Los did not consider fish to be meat; they saw it as vegetarian food—because, for the most part, it was what the commoners ate.

Of course, that wouldn't be the case now, but some customs still lingered.

He tore off a goose leg, and the crispy skin made a crunching noise as it was pulled apart, falling onto the plate in large pieces. Alberts grabbed the crispy skin and stuffed it into his mouth, and amidst the crackling sounds, he washed it down with a mouthful of light beer.

The fresh taste of the beer merged fully with the goose's fat—truly a delicious treat for the palette!

Almost subconsciously, Alberts wanted another bite—compared to the rare wine, the light beer was much more common, and the old butler had even brought a whole barrel.

But Alberts held back.

The detective had not forgotten his mission.

His gaze occasionally swept over Marian's cell. Continue your adventure with empire

It was eerily quiet there, and if not for the faint sound of breathing, Alberts would have been certain there was no one inside.

'Indeed, there's something fishy here!' he affirmed more strongly within himself.

If at the beginning the detective was not sure, now he was quite certain there was a problem with Marian.

Because she was too quiet.

Alberts had seen many criminals, and every one had a different demeanor after being captured, but none could remain as quiet for so long—outbursts like those of Lamit and Gilt were normal—

"Let me out! I am the first heir of Oakwood Manor!"

"You bastard! Let me out!"

This was Lamit's yelling.

Ever since he came to his senses, he had been shouting like this.

When he got tired, he would rest for a while, then continue yelling.

Clearly, he could not accept the reality and had become hysterical.

And Gilt was even more interesting.

"Alberts, we're friends!"

"I invited you to Oakwood Manor!"

"Help me! I won't forget your kindness!"

The former second son of a lord started to appeal to the detective's emotions.

Alberts was disdainful—for although he lacked experience, he was not foolish. As events unfolded, he had realized that Gilt harbored ulterior motives and meant him no good.

And Alberts' silence only made Gilt's words grow increasingly agitated.

"Alberts, you don't know that person's methods!"

"Let me out! I can ensure you leave safely!"

"Let me out! Do you hear me? Let me out!"

In the face of Gilt's threats and temptations, Alberts tore off another goose leg—there was no doubt, the cooks at Oakwood Manor were skilled at roasting the goose leg to crispy on the outside, tender on the inside; one bite and the juice flowed from the corner of his mouth.

'Did they spread it with pork jelly?' Alberts speculated.

And the aroma of food tormented Lamit and Gilt.

The two men, who had never suffered hardship, felt the hunger in their bellies and, smelling the scent of the food, Lamit outright yelled, "Give me food! It's against the rules to mistreat a captive like this—you are breaking the noble's accord!"

"Yes!"

"You're breaking the noble's accord!"

Gilt certainly remembered the words that neither he nor Lamit were offspring of the old lord, but even then, he chose to continue his obstinate ruckus.

'Breaking the noble's accord?'

'Firstly, you are not nobles.'

'And me?'

'I hardly count either!' Alberts thought to himself, still not uttering a word.

This wasn't a natural inclination to silence, but the training he received from his uncle—just thinking of that uncle, Alberts felt a surge of excitement.

He hadn't seen his uncle since he came to South Los five years ago!

Nostalgia briefly distracted the detective.

Until—

"Enemy attack!"

The loud voices of Oakwood Manor's Head Hunter and Swordsmanship Chief could still be heard even within the dungeon, causing Alberts to tense up.

"Haha!"

"The Lord has come!"

"You're done for!"

Gilt was shouting loudly, while Lamit joined in without much thought—driven solely by anger.

However, Alberts didn't pay any attention to them.

His gaze was fixed on Marian's cell.

After a prolonged silence in Marian's cell, a sound finally emerged—the crisp clink of chains hitting the floor.

Afterward, a faint blackness began to stain the cell door from the inside out.

The door was instantly corroded.

Marian walked out slowly.

Quite unlike her previous radiant beauty, her face now bore a pallor with a hint of greenish undertone.

She raised a hand and pointed toward Alberts.

A black, foul-smelling smoke billowed towards Alberts.

But—

Ding!

A copper coin flipped by Alberts' thumb chimed crisply through the air, and the smoke was blocked by an invisible barrier.

At the same time, a magnifying glass with a copper rim appeared in the young detective's hand.

Alberts lifted the magnifying glass towards Marian.

Suddenly, information visible only to Alberts appeared before his eyes.

"Alias Marian, true name Evis, 57 years old."

As Alberts spoke with a resonant voice, his greasy hair was neatly swept back by an invisible force, and the pale-faced Marian was bound in place by this same unseen power.

She let out a silent shriek, but the binding force did not weaken.

On the contrary, it grew stronger with each word from Alberts—

"Once murdered 37 people!"

"Participated in the 'Massacre of Ande Town'!"

"Collaborated with the 'Mysterious Person', using Lord Doyle's kindness to infiltrate Oakwood Manor!"

"The true murderer who killed Lord Doyle by her own hand!"

With the first statement, a deerstalker cap appeared out of thin air and settled on Alberts' head.

With the second statement, a long khaki trench coat clothed Alberts.

With the third statement, a pipe fell into Alberts' hands.

With the fourth statement, a cane appeared to one side. Alberts put away the magnifying glass and pointed the cane at the opposing Marian.

The pale-faced Marian looked stunned for a moment, then turned over and fell down, lifeless.

The next moment—

Panting! Panting!

Alberts gasped for air, the props that had formed on him vanished into thin air, and sweat cascaded down like rain.

'Indeed, using these props forcibly is too much of a burden!'

'Moreover, my "Spirituality" has become unstable again!'

'It's alright, it should be fine, the situation has been resolved!'

Alberts consoled himself, but under his watch, the unstable "Spirituality" caused the supposedly dead Marian to stir once more.

And the transformation was rapid—

In a single breath, Marian's body swelled to twice its size, with four limbs like goats' hooves sprouting from her back and waist, and her head elongated to an extreme, like a winter melon carved with nose and mouth.

Tiny green flames flickered inside the winter melon head, emitting roars resembling those of a wild beast.

"Fuck, a Wailing Banshee!"

Even the usually silent Alberts couldn't help but curse at the sight of Marian in her current state.

He knew very well that a mere instability in his 'Spirituality' could not lead to such a bizarre transformation.

It must be the result of forcibly using the props!

'It's over!'

A feeling of helplessness surged within Alberts, yet his hand moved toward the inside of his left sleeve, ready to use his last trump card.

But just then, the dungeon's door above opened, and a figure descended with a sword in hand.

The figure dropped like a circling bird, with sword light stirring fiercely as a gust of wind.

Then, a voice was heard—

"Evil spirit, be purified!"

Hiss!