

Great Master 91

Chapter 91: Fresh Blood, Gunpowder, and Land!

Alberts's eyes widened.

What had he seen?

He had seen Arthur dousing the Wailing Banshee with two tubes of concentrated sulfuric acid!

Although Arthur was shouting 'Evil Spirit, purification,' what he poured out was definitely not Holy Water—after the end of the Holy Era, the formula for making Holy Water had long been lost, leaving only some finished Holy Water to be collected by people.

But after the entire Silver Age, even if some nobles still preserved Holy Water, how much of its power remained?

It was probably just slightly warm boiled water at best.

Seriously speaking, concentrated sulfuric acid was far more useful.

Moreover, what was more important was that the concentrated sulfuric acid actually worked.

Against the rumored Banshee who 'killed her husband and children, dedicated her body and soul to the 'Divine Spirits,' yet felt regret at the last moment and kept wailing,' the concentrated sulfuric acid actually proved effective!

One must know that in the mid-Silver Age, a Wailing Banshee by the Senna River had the achievement of slaughtering a hundred-man brigade—like a gust of wind, immune to swords and exceptionally bloodthirsty, the Wailing Banshee was a nightmare on the battlefield for any soldier.

Hiss!

The sulfuric acid corroded the Banshee's face, causing her to let out continuous roars while Arthur's Spider's Claw had already swept across the Banshee's neck.

The sharp blade cut through the Banshee's neck without any hindrance.

But blue phosphorus fire ignited at the wound.

Then, the wound healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Be careful, it fears not the sword!"

Alberts warned Arthur.

And Arthur had already grabbed Alberts and rushed towards the dungeon's surface.

This action bewildered Alberts.

Wasn't he supposed to come down to rescue him and then fight a decisive battle with the Wailing Banshee?

Why did they leave right away?

While being carried in Arthur's hand, Alberts saw, in the midst of Arthur's leaping, smoldering ... explosives at the feet of the Wailing Banshee?

Explosives?!

In an instant, the detective's eyes bulged round.

Not one or two, but two bundles of ignited explosives!

When did that happen?

The detective instinctively looked up at Arthur who was already working with Chief Malz to close the dungeon's great door, realizing he might need to reassess this 'Spirit Medium'!

'Sulfuric acid purification, explosives clearance, is this the 'Spirit Medium' of the Pioneer Era?'

As a contemporary detective, Alberts felt as if he had pushed open the door to a new world at that moment.

Boom!

After a loud explosion, the dungeon became quiet.

The shrieks of the Wailing Banshee disappeared.

The tremendous impact had deformed the metal door of the dungeon.

Arthur did not approach to check; he stayed far away, tossing sticks of ignited explosives through the gap in the deformed dungeon door.

This scene made Alberts's eyes light up once again.

Boom boom boom!

A succession of explosions came from within the dungeon.

Only after thirty counts did Arthur signal the manor guards to cooperate in dismantling the deformed door.

A kerosene lamp was lowered down by a rope.

In the light, only the limbs and fragments of the Wailing Banshee remained.

The frightfully ghastly head had been blown to powder.

"Dead!"

Alberts said with certainty.

Immediately, the people around breathed a sigh of relief.

"Clear the battlefield!"

"Albert, take care of the wounded lads!"

The old butler, along with the Head Hunter, began to manage the aftermath.

The gunpowder smoke was heavy, the firelight lingering, and people of Oakwood Manor busily set to work.

As for the other two people who had been in the dungeon?

Who were they?

Important?

Not important, everyone chose to forget them—just before the battle began, the old butler had informed everyone in the manor of the 'truth.'

The Old Lord had died from murder.

Fortunately, the Old Lord had arranged for the true Heir in advance.

And they also had a reliable "ally".

These words, after being processed by the old steward, became more reasonable and easier for people to accept.

"How terrifying!"

Malz squatted to one side, looking toward the entrance of the manor—the scene here always reminded him of the Seven Years' War.

The same cruelty.

And the same... luck!

Subconsciously, Malz looked towards Arthur.

Continue reading at empire

He well knew where such luck came from.

It was at this time that Alberts approached.

"Chief Malz, could you tell me about Arthur?"

The detective looked at the Police Chief of Shire District with anticipation.

Malz was stunned for a moment, then he laughed.

He knew what Alberts wanted to learn and immediately said,

"Arthur is a true Master..."

As Malz was 'truthfully recounting' to Alberts, Arthur was squatting beside the corpses of the black cavalry—he watched the old steward remove the helmet of this black cavalryman.

Although the faces of many were destroyed beyond recognition, there were also many that were intact.

"Do you recognize them?"

Arthur asked.

"I do not recognize them, they're very unfamiliar."

The old steward shook his head.

Instantly, Arthur narrowed his eyes, but the corners of his mouth turned slightly upward.

"Have you discovered anything?"

The old steward noticed Arthur's expression and immediately inquired.

"I haven't found anything either, only that it's worth considering how a cavalry of 50 people could appear silently in South Los—of course, that's for the Lord Count to ponder over!"

As for us here?

Could you have someone repair the drawbridge first?

I fear guests will be arriving shortly."

Arthur did not spell it out, but the old steward understood instantly.

After all, it's well-known that the Earl of South Los is the ruler of South Los, but South Los is not united as one.

To conceal a cavalry of 50 people in the vicinity of South Los is something an ordinary person definitely cannot do.

Noble!

Only a noble could do that!

The old steward almost subconsciously began to consider the time of Bowerby's departure and return, the distance he could have traveled, and so on.

But as the old steward thought about it, he found that Arthur was shaking his head slightly at him.

The old steward was taken aback.

"We are victims!"

"Not only have we suffered heavy losses and lack the strength to search for the enemy, but we also have sustained great losses in terms of property—please let everyone know this."

Arthur lowered his voice, emphasizing repeatedly.

Previously, it didn't matter!

But now, Oakwood Manor was his property!

The subsequent war between the Old Lion of Inner Bay and the Mother Tigress of South Los absolutely could not spread to Oakwood Manor—because after the recent battle, Oakwood Manor was nearly depleted.

Oakwood Manor had fulfilled its duty as a vassal, so the Earl of South Los naturally had to keep his promise as a lord.

Right now, they must not initiate another attack and draw the Old Lion's attention.

Even, they had to feign weakness!

'Although it's just an excuse, the longer it can be delayed, the better!' thought Arthur with a sigh.

He once again felt his own weakness.

Compared to those two, what was he?

But that did not prevent him from bending over to pick up the earth stained with fresh blood and gunpowder.

Arthur squeezed the earth in his hand, feeling the reality of the land and the attachment to the land within his bloodline unconsciously awakening.

He narrowed his eyes, then pocketed the handful of earth.

Then he strode towards the manor entrance.

There, a carriage drawn by horses came to a steady stop.

Marinda had arrived.