

Great Master 153

Chapter 153: Bureau and Snake!

After Malz left with the jewels from No. 44 White Bird Street, two patrol officers from the Docklands took over the guard duty at 10 Clara Street—until the case was closed by the Shire District Police Station, two officers were needed here every day to guard the place, a task that naturally nobody liked.

Before, the Docklands would have refused, but everything changed when Malz became the Sheriff of Shire District.

Because Malz's appointment as sheriff was signed by the Countess of South Los.

Facing the master of South Los, the High Judge, the remaining two crafty old men of the Docklands didn't dare to slack off. Each one dispatched a patrol officer, making it seem as if they were seriously and dutifully completing the guard mission.

And, naturally, the two unlucky patrol officers complained nonstop.

However, soon enough, their conversation shifted to 10 Clara Street—

"What kind of injury could fill the entire room with blood?"

"I heard it was a decapitation that, after the entire head was severed, the blood spraying from the chest cavity caused it!"

"What?"

"That guy really suffered!"

"Suffered?"

"This guy is the real victor!"

One patrol officer leaned against the wall at the side of the door, mumbling.

The officer standing by was immediately intrigued.

"Do you know something?"

"Hehe."

The officer with his arms crossed laughed and said nothing, and the other officer immediately understood what he meant.

"One beer!"

"Two beers, plus a snack!"

"Impossible, at most one beer and a snack—I just came a little late, otherwise, I could have gathered enough information too!"

This officer was not neglecting his duty, just that he lived farther away and arrived later.

"All right, all right."

The officer with his arms crossed knew when to stop, being colleagues, of course, they knew each other's limits. One beer and a snack were quite good, and he could also cop a feel of the plump waitress—although he wasn't the only one, advantages like these were never enough.

"Do you know Auburn?"

"Auburn?"

"The Golden Finger of Dort District?"

The officer promising the treat frowned slightly, then remembered where he had heard that name.

For patrol officers like them, their positions always allowed them to meet some people that ordinary folks couldn't.

"That's right!

It's that guy! He is the victor of 10 Clara Street—he set everything up, starting from bluffing Chief James, to luring out the opponent...

In short, he's a really terrifying fellow!"

The officer with his arms crossed said this, looking around warily, then whispered in a very low voice:
"Do you know why there was so much blood at the scene?"

I heard that guy can manipulate blood!

And...

Drain blood!"

"Hiss!"

The officer who agreed to treat gasped, involuntarily looked inside 10 Clara Street, and began to feel a chill at the back of his neck.

Instinctively, he walked to the side of the officer with his arms crossed.

"Scared?"

"No, just a bit cold."

Facing his colleague's mockery, the officer who agreed to treat stubbornly replied.

However, he shifted his steps even farther away.

The officer with his arms crossed looked at his colleague, snorted coldly, but his body also shifted a bit—he was scared too!

The night filled with cold wind, a room full of blood, a blood-sucking monster.

Who wouldn't be scared?

Plus, they were just patrol officers, the money they made each month wasn't worth risking their lives for.

The figure standing in the shadow listened to the conversation of the two patrol officers, his eyebrows had already been tightly knit, then, as the other entered the room, his eyes flickered.

'Orville had launched the attack here out of habit, by severing the opponent's head when the crossbow arrow was fired, he dodged it effortlessly, then rushed towards the direction from which the crossbow arrow came. But he missed and almost instantaneously lost the ability to counterattack.'

This figure simulated the fight that had happened earlier at 10 Clara Street in his mind, but his gaze was drawn by the blood on the floor.

Then, he sharply noticed several bloodstains different from the large widespread spray on the ground.

Yes, the bleeding was dripping.

The amount was minimal.

But such a volume of bleeding couldn't possibly have disabled Orville.

Unless...

He was bitten in the throat, his blood sucked—almost involuntarily, this image appeared in the mind of the figure.

At the same time, a family came to the mind of the other.

"Bloodline Clan!"

The long-extinct "Blood Marquis" family!

"Damn it, it was supposed to be such a simple task, why did a descendant of the 'Blood Marquis' show up?"

It was universally acknowledged that the "Blood Marquis" family had perished, but everyone also believed they hadn't been completely wiped out—given the family's capabilities, escaping with a family member or two would have been all too easy; it was only because of some mysteries that they had concealed themselves.

After all, how could the powerful "Blood Marquis" family have been destroyed overnight without external interference?

And as for who that external force was?

The Old Lion of Inner Bay?

The Mother Tigress of South Los?

Or perhaps the Fox of Seberlin?

It could have been the Crocodile of Ainhars as well.

Too many possibilities, no one could be certain.

The only certainty was that a descendant of the "Blood Marquis" had to be lurking in the shadows.

But why would such a person attack us? It makes no sense...

"Wait!"

"Could it be..."

The figure shuddered, suddenly thinking of something.

Thereupon, he turned to leave.

But just at that moment, a wisp of smoke drifted in.

In just an instant, this wisp of smoke enveloped No. 10 Clara Street, swirling and revealing person-shaped figures within.

They were carrying broken swords, wielding bulky firearms, and stumbling in their steps.

"Lady of the Long Night, we mean no harm!"

The other party shouted, their hands igniting a flame.

Boom!

The blaze exploded like a bomb.

The entire building was destroyed, and the figure disappeared amidst the flames.

Atop the carriage, Marinda looked on with disdain.

Her smoke had already clung to the other party.

Later, as Marinda gazed at the destroyed building, she couldn't help muttering to herself.

"Erasing traces?"

The lady pondered.

Finally, she took a deep draw from her pipe, exhaling a smoke ring.

She raised her hand to pass through the smoke ring, pulling out a...

Femur!

The pale-as-jade femur was covered in tiny cracks.

Ding!

The lady flicked her finger, and immediately, another fine crack appeared on it.

Marinda stared at this crack, her eyebrows gradually furrowing.

'Hmm, is the plotter nearby?'

'Someone from the Death Poetry Society?'

With these thoughts in mind, she flicked her finger again.

Ding!

New tiny cracks appeared and, unlike before, this crack began to connect with the previous cracks, quickly all of them merging into one, forming a...

Snake!