

Great Master 171

Chapter 171: Blood Bride!

Creak, creak!

In the shrill, teeth-grating noise, a rickety carriage pulled by a scrawny old horse entered Moon Street.

A group of people followed.

However, as the carriage stopped in front of number 5 Moon Street and the 'Blood Descendant' jumped off to walk towards it, some couldn't bear it anymore—as they saw it, once the 'Blood Descendant' entered number 5 a tactical advantage would be gained, much better to deal with the opponent here.

The next moment—

Small stones the size of fingertips lifted from the ground.

In a breath, hundreds had gathered.

A man, also with disheveled hair, emerged from the shadows excitedly surveying other pursuers with similar intentions.

His eyes were filled with warning.

Once he confirmed that the other pursuers had yielded, the man felt satisfied.

He turned to the 'Blood Descendant,' uttering words he himself didn't believe.

"I mean no harm, I just want to know the truth of what happened that year!"

Unfortunately, the 'Blood Descendant' turned a deaf ear and continued walking forward.

"Hmph!"

The man snorted coldly and waved his hand.

Suddenly, hundreds of stones shot out, each with the force comparable to a bullet fired from a firearm, with hundreds launching simultaneously like a volley from a Musketeer Squad, enveloping the 'Blood Descendant'.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

An incessant ripping noise— the dilapidated carriage was directly shattered, that scrawny old horse fell to the ground with a wail, quickly becoming a bloodied, breathless mess.

But the 'Blood Descendant' had turned into mist and vanished on the spot.

When he appeared again, he was ten paces away, on the small path inside numbers 5 courtyard of Moon Street.

He not only avoided the stones but had also moved closer to the main building of number 5.

"Stop him!"

"Don't let him go in!"

Someone in the crowd shouted.

Without thinking, those who had already made their move charged at the 'Blood Descendant.'

The man who had been unsuccessful in his attack roared furiously and activated his secret technique again—dirt and stone clung to this man, and in an instant, he transformed into a three-meter-tall stone giant.

"Rock'!"

Clearly, someone among the pursuers recognized him and exclaimed in shock.

But 'Rock' paid them no heed. Despite his enormous form, his speed did not decrease.

With just two strides, he reached the front of the charging group, reached out, and ripped the gate of Moon Street number 5 right off its hinges.

The people behind grew even more anxious, accelerating their charge.

But just as they neared the fallen scrawny horse—

Boom!

The scrawny horse exploded as if hundreds of kilograms of explosives were ignited, 'Rock' taking the brunt of the blast and being directly shattered.

As flames shot up into the sky, thick smoke mingled with charred flesh swept across a dozen meters.

Almost instantly, it engulfed the area in front of Moon Street number 5's gate.

Those who escaped the explosion emitted terrible wails within the smoke, with the sound of flesh corroding, turning the faces of the surviving pursuers pale with dread.

They retreated faster than before, distancing themselves from Moon Street number 5.

As the toxic smoke dissipated, the pursuers saw the 'Blood Descendant' standing on the pathway leading to the main building of Moon Street number 5, staring at them. Even though his face was obscured by fog, all the pursuers could feel his mockery.

Facing mockery, all the pursuers dared not act recklessly anymore.

The death in South Los of the well-known Mystic Side Person 'Rock' made them hesitate. Yet, it was just hesitation; they weren't scared. They only hoped that someone among them would volunteer to move forward first when facing danger—they weren't allies to begin with, but rather a temporary assembly of various forces. The fact that they restrained themselves from attacking each other was the biggest concession they were willing to make.

Especially the abrupt shout from earlier; upon reflection, these people realized that no one could discern who had shouted. Several individuals, strangers to each other but all willing to use "You killed my friend" as an excuse to let the shouter scout ahead first, were the first to notice this. Then, those guarding these individuals realized it too. And when each observer of these guards became aware, nearly all pursuers became conscious of this fact.

Thereupon, all pursuers became wary, unconsciously pulling away from each other.

They saw the 'Blood Descendant' enter number 5 Moon Street but had to ignore him; already distrustful of each other, they began to harbor suspicions.

And then—

The fog thickened.

A few breaths later, the grey fog surged like a tidal wave, engulfing the entire Moon Street.

Almost instantly, the trackers began covering their noses and mouths.

Some of the trackers, after a slight hesitation, turned and ran.

Compared to the legacy of the Blood Marquis, they valued their own lives more.

After breaking away from the main group of trackers, these individuals ran even faster towards the direction they remembered, completely unaware of the pairs of crimson eyes flickering behind them.

"Ah!"

The first scream shattered the silence in the dense fog.

It was followed by a series of screams.

The trackers who had just left the main group were decimated in less than a minute.

This caused the people who stayed behind to unconsciously draw closer to each other.

However, some still held their ground, believing they were safer on their own.

Then, the screams rang out again.

This time, no one hesitated—they quickly formed defensive circles and, as soon as the crimson eyes appeared in the fog before them, they launched their attacks.

Mostly with firearms, occasionally with crossbow arrows, throwing knives, and darts.

Secret techniques were few and far between.

Clearly, with the advancement of the age, the convenient, labor-saving, and powerful firearms were changing the way of fighting on the Mystic Side.

But this time, the firearms didn't have the immediate effect they usually did.

In the mist, the monsters with red eyes were driven back, but they soon surged forward again,

and became more aggressive than before.

Several defensive circles were instantly broken.

"There's something strange about this fog!"

"Don't hold back anymore!"

"Otherwise, we'll all die here!"

A voice called out from within one of the defensive circles, followed by the howling of a fierce wind —

Whoosh!

The wind dispersed the fog.

The true form of the monsters was revealed.

Six corpses clad in wedding dresses, their skin bluish, eyes crimson, and with horrifying claws.

They exhaled, their sharp claws unconsciously slicing through the air as their fingers fluttered, creating a stark contrast between the malice-filled crimson eyes and their spotless white wedding gowns.

"Blood Brides!"

Someone immediately screamed out in the crowd.

Within that voice was sheer terror.

The Blood Brides, notorious warriors of the Bloodline Clan, held a much higher status than Blood Slaves, Slave Gladiators, and Bloody Warriors.

Not only because the Blood Brides were originally brides of members of the Bloodline Clan, but also because they possessed traits similar to those of Wailing Banshees—moving like the wind, invulnerable to swords and knives, and extremely bloodthirsty.

If it weren't for the fact that each Blood Bride had to be personally killed by her own husband, and needed large amounts of Blood Extraction Grass to preserve her body, along with the sincere and constant emotional infusion required for their creation, the Blood Marquis would indeed have been the true ruler of South County.

At its zenith, the Bloodline Clan had thirty-seven Blood Brides assisting their husbands in ruling vast territories, and making all submit to them.

Indeed, some even openly admitted that if it weren't for the Blood Brides' fear of sunlight, the Bloodline Clan would never have been annihilated.

With the downfall of the Bloodline Clan, the Blood Brides had long since disappeared.

Nobody expected to see Blood Brides here—and six of them at once.

More importantly, it was now...

Night!

Midnight had just passed, with six more hours until dawn!

What to do?

The trackers looked at each other.

And then, almost without order, they made their decision—

Run!