

Great Master 172

Chapter 172: The Sound of Havoc!

That's right, run!

I can't defeat the Blood Bride, but as long as I outrun the people next to me, I can save my life!

This thought appeared simultaneously in the minds of those trackers.

Then, the next moment—

Someone acted.

When the heart moves, the body follows!

One person quickly leaped out of the formed defensive circle and sprinted towards the distance, the rest of the people were stunned; they did not expect someone to have the same idea as them.

Immediately afterwards, these people reacted as well, each turning and running away.

Then, like a domino effect, the people in the other defensive circles, seeing this, did not hesitate to start running as well.

With low cries of despair, the Blood Brides pursued closely behind.

A one-sided slaughter began.

In the distance, Lady of the Long Night watched this scene with a smile.

This death, isn't it exactly what she wanted?

Using others to eliminate one target after another, it was truly splendid.

However, not a tiny bit of a smile could be seen in the lady's deep blue eyes.

What was there was only coldness.

She silently observed the 'Blood Descendant' appearing in front of Moon Street No. 5's gate.

The 'Blood Descendant's' crimson eyes responded with the same icy coldness to Lady of the Long Night.

Fresh blood continued to scatter, one body after another piled up on the ground, the night's killing seemed endless, and wails, pleas for mercy, curses, and roars intertwined at this moment to form a symphony of human despair.

The 'Blood Descendant,' as the performer, silently awaited the audience's response.

The Lady of the Long Night, as the audience, quietly awaited the music's end.

Neither was in a hurry.

After all, at this moment on Moon Street, in the eyes of both, only the other could be considered a worthy opponent.

The rest of the people?

In the eyes of Lady of the Long Night, they had already begun to become irrelevant.

However, in the eyes of the 'Blood Descendant,' these people were just expendables—expendables to fan the flames for the battle about to unfold between the two!

The 'Blood Descendant,' staring at Lady of the Long Night's pale neck, unconsciously began to lick his lips, and said in a hoarse voice—

"You really excite me!"

"If you and your 'Spirit Medium' lover appeared together in my bed, I'm afraid I would have started shivering by now.

Unfortunately...

He will probably not have that opportunity.

He actually betrayed the Bloodline Clan.

Has he forgotten who gave him everything?

He, should die!

Does he know the grace he has forsaken?

I, am the King of the Night!"

The 'Blood Descendant,' agitatedly swung his fist, and his hoarse voice reached the ears of everyone present, even those trackers being pursued by the Blood Brides showed surprise at this moment.

They had been speculating about the relationship between the 'Spirit Medium' and the Bloodline Clan.

They had not expected the other party to be from the Bloodline Clan, seeming to be some sort of servant.

Lady of the Long Night did not believe the enemy's words, she simply took note, planning to investigate thoroughly afterward, but now?

She naturally intended to seize the guy before her!

She needed to learn more from his mouth!

Not only the relationship between Dort District Police Chief James and the Bloodline Clan.

But also...

The secrets of the Bloodline Clan!

Especially the latter, she was determined to obtain!

Whoosh!

Thick smoke was exhaled by the Eternal Night, and the Undead Warriors concealed around her materialised one by one from the smoke, letting out silent roars towards the heavens, raising their Broken Blade Spears.

The 'Blood Descendant' scoffed coldly, fog churned around him, and six Blood Brides spread their claws, their mouths emitting sharp, piercing howls.

The ashen, colorless Undead.

The crimson-crazed Blood Descendant.

In an instant, Moon Street, as if a cake sliced diagonally, was cleaved in two right along number five, defining a clear boundary.

The remaining trackers, granted a moment of respite, were now more terrified than ever.

Because they knew all too well that neither the Lady of the Long Night nor the "Blood Descendants" were entities they could handle—once these monsters commenced battle, the trackers would perish even more miserably than before, crushed into a pulp!

They looked left, then right.

In the end, these remaining trackers scrambled towards the direction away from the standoff—that was their only exit.

Their chance at survival.

But just as they were about to break into a sprint, a blurred figure emerged within the mist.

From blurred to clear.

Just a flicker.

But when that figure took the first step—

Hum!

The air began to vibrate.

Every sound on Moon Street vanished at that moment.

All that was left were...

Thump, thump, thump!

The sound of a heartbeat!

Yet it sounded more like war drums!

In an instant, that sound echoed through the entire street—the remaining trackers stared at that figure. They were astonished, they were afraid, their fear intertwined with the terror of being hunted by the Blood Brides, merging into one, marking the start of their breakdown.

They ran around like headless flies.

They knelt there, holding their heads, wailing bitterly.

They spouted gibberish, their eyes lost and confused.

Even the Blood Brides were no exception, those who had just completed their slaughter, baring their fangs and claws, were now prostrate on the ground before that figure in the depths of Moon Street.

They... or more precisely, she, began to quiver ever so slightly, those hands that could easily tear through human bodies were palms up, not daring to move, as if on a pilgrimage, or as though they beheld their own...

King!

This turn of events made the "Blood Descendant" tremble.

The Lady of the Long Night's expression held a hint of caution as well.

Because—

The figure that walked slowly out from the mist had a pair of blood-red eyes, and that face...

Auburn!

The very source who brought back the names, the attention, and importance of the "Blood Marquis," "Bloodline Clan," and "Blood Descendants": Auburn.

Despite the slightly pale complexion, the youthfully handsome features were undisguised, and those crimson eyes, when lit, emitted an even more sinister aura.

And when this sinister presence met the prostrate Blood Brides and the wailing, chaotic trackers, there was a subtle change...

Submission!

Or death!

"You say you are the king of the night?"

Then...

Who am I?"

The icy words were filled with uncontested tyranny, striking like a tangible force against the "Blood Descendant," causing another tremor in his body.

"Tell me!

I, am, who!"

Each word was soft and slow.

But to the ears of those around who were gripped by terror, they were like the roar of a Tyrant.

Bang, bang, bang!

The six prostrate Blood Brides burst apart, bodies exploding as if six dazzling flowers of blood bloomed beside Auburn, red and black merging perfectly in that moment.

Raising a slender, pale hand, Auburn wiped the specks of fresh blood from his cheek and gently placed it into his mouth, his pale complexion instantly flushing with color.

But the "Blood Descendant" opposite him continued to retreat, stumbling backward until he tripped over a step and tumbled to the ground, his facial confusion dissipating with his fall.

Suddenly, a face that surprised everyone was revealed.