

Great Master 174

Chapter 174: The 'Awakening' of the Spirit Medium!

The night was deep, the crimson, glaring.

Amid the widespread wailing and moaning, the 'Blood Descendant' stood straight on Moon Street, gently caressing the "Blood of Doting" on his left index finger. He ignored Freeman prostrating before him, his face filled with excitement and his eyes pleading. He did not care about the fearsome Lady of the Long Night, his focus was solely on the ring on his left index finger, his eyes filled with a deep reminiscence, seemingly narrating a past story.

Freeman, the owner of the Silver Horse Venue and the former resident of No. 14 White Bird District, knelt there, barely daring to breathe. He was terrified of disturbing the 'Blood Descendant'.

Although the gaze of the Lady of the Long Night seemed to rest on the 'Blood Descendant', she had already been discreetly surveying her surroundings.

Compared to the already revealed 'Blood Descendant', the person who deceived everyone using Freeman's identity concerned this lady even more.

This provided Arthur, who had been secretly observing this lady, a slight sense of relief.

Compared to the veteran 'Death Poetry Society' members who concealed themselves like spiders weaving webs, he was more concerned about the lady before him.

Look at the undead in the smoke, the lady's deterrence and strength were genuinely formidable.

Fortunately, this lady was intelligent!

And intelligent people always think more!

This was something he could use!

Thinking this, Arthur uttered a sigh filled with loneliness and helplessness - the sigh was faint, but Arthur ensured Marinda could hear it.

Subsequently, the 'Blood Descendant' completely emerged from his memories, and his expression turned cold again as he lowered his hand.

"What is your name?"

When the 'Blood Descendant's' crimson eyes looked over, Freeman dared not meet his gaze. He bowed his head, his voice, however, was particularly loud.

"My lord, my name is Freeman.

I am your most loyal servant!"

Freeman introduced himself loudly.

"I am willing to fulfill the contract, but you will not be my blood kin, nor have any relation with the 'Bloodline Clan' - you are just Freeman who was compensated for returning the 'Bloodline Clan's' legacy, not the Freeman welcomed by the 'Bloodline Clan'."

The 'Blood Descendant' shook his head, correcting the errors in Freeman's statement.

At the same time, he gave no further chance for rebuttal and raised his left hand immediately.

Dots of crimson appeared out of nowhere in the dark night, like dancing fireflies, gravitating towards the 'Blood Descendant's' left hand.

Gathering more and more.

Becoming increasingly bright.

The next moment -

The crimson became tangible, a long spear as vivid as blood, gripped in the hand of the 'Blood Descendant'.

Thump!

The Crimson Spear pierced through Freeman's chest.

In an instant, Freeman's heart was penetrated.

Yet Freeman did not die.

A very special power emerged in Freeman's pierced heart, not only beginning to repair the damaged organ but also transforming it -Arthur could clearly feel the "Blood of Doting" on his left index finger absorbing from the "Exquisite Human Puppet."

The rustic silver ring, like thorns, deeply penetrated the "Exquisite Human Puppet's" finger.

The 'blood' of the 'Exquisite Human Puppet' was being consumed.

The fragmentary Blood Ancestor Worm hidden in the "Blood of Doting" emitted a long-missed sound of joy.

Then came a furious roar!

'Swindler!'

The Blood Ancestor Worm that did not enjoy the expected fresh blood wanted to devour the scoundrel wearing the "Blood of Doting," but it couldn't.

Not only because it was fragmentary and not whole, but also because the scoundrel had fulfilled the 'contract'!

Not an additional contract, but the one embedded in the forging of the "Blood of Doting."

This scoundrel truly provided 'his own blood'!

Even though this 'blood' was not what it needed!

'Swindler!'

The fragmentary Blood Ancestor Worm roared again.

Unlike before, this time the roar almost burst like thunder next to Arthur's ears, but Arthur did not care.

Had he deceived it?

No!

How could he, a plain, kind, weak, pitiable 'Spirit Medium', possibly deceive anyone?

He had simply utilized a loophole!

'Come, don't be shy, please thoroughly enjoy this body~'

Arthur, borrowing the body of the "Exquisite Human Puppet," silently responded to the fragmentary Blood Ancestor Worm - when he saw the Blood Marquis and Marchioness slaughter his son's fiancée's

entire family, then used 3000 kilograms of Blood Extraction Grass to craft this ring and the engraving that actively absorbed blood, he had already been vigilant.

Compared to the arcane artifacts he had obtained before.

This prop was extremely special.

Because among its essential materials, one was still alive.

This was of great concern to Arthur.

He wasn't sure if this fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm could communicate.

If it couldn't communicate, then it wasn't very meaningful, at best carrying out some inhumane experiments based on maintaining the "Blood of Doting."

But if it could communicate...

The other might have survived a long time; had he mastered some unknown knowledge or history?

Especially the secrets of the Blood Marquis family!

Arthur was greatly excited.

It wasn't out of greed, nor did he harbor any ill intentions.

It was simply what he needed to do!

After all, as a Spirit Medium faced with such evil, he must take a stand!

Therefore, Arthur was utterly composed.

So when he realized the fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm possessed emotions and seemed to be able to express itself simply, Arthur felt delighted.

Especially when he found that the constraints on the fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm were much greater than he had imagined — After the initial confirmation signal he gave, but the "Exquisite Human Puppet" oozing 'fresh blood' hadn't increased, Arthur knew this 'evil' was something he had to confront.

However, he wasn't in a hurry.

There was plenty of time to communicate slowly.

Now—

The 'Blood Descendant' slowly drew out the Crimson Spear.

Then, under everyone's gaze, Freeman's relaxed skin became elastic, all wrinkles on his face disappeared, his hair also turned golden again, but the bigger change was his body, without personal experience, one could feel the amazing power from his nearly 2-meter height and 60-centimeter arm circumference.

Freeman trembled all over, looking down at his body and continuously clenching his fists.

Tears involuntarily streamed from the eyes of this former owner of number 14, White Bird District.

"I've become young!"

"Power! And this kind of power!"

Freeman, overwhelmed with joy, shouted out loud with tears streaming down.

Such shouts made the people around look sideways.

Even those in fear couldn't help but show a trace of covetousness in their eyes.

Seeing this spectacle of greed, Arthur smiled.

This was the effect he wanted.

This was also why he turned Freeman into a Blood Gladiator rather than a lower-level, yet still youth-restoring Blood Slave.

He needed the people around to be greedy.

Everyone ages and declines, who doesn't want to revert to youth.

If returning to youth also granted power, it would be tempting for countless people.

Even Mystic Side Persons are no exceptions.

Or rather, these individuals are more easily tempted.

Because they once held power.

But their rationality would 'bind' desire, therefore, he had just told Freeman: this is merely a 'trade'!

A fair trade!

A mutually agreeable trade!

With this trade, when someone else later gains the heritage of the 'Bloodline Clan,' chances are they would seek him, the 'Blood Descendant', for a trade.

To this, Arthur eagerly looked forward.

And at that moment, the 'Blood Descendant' with the power of the "Blood of Doting - Blood's Child" felt a strangely accelerating, searing flow of blood.

Who?

Obviously, that old-fashioned Death Poetry Society member.

The opponent had realized what he intended to do.

But, too late!

Arthur sneered—perhaps he was not yet a match for this old-fashioned Death Poetry Society member, but some had the power to instill fear of death in him.

In the midst of Freeman's cheering, the 'Blood Descendant' looked at Marinda, his crimson eyes filled with a hint of guilt.

The next moment, he heard the 'Blood Descendant' whisper gently—

"I've always remembered the favor I owe you."

What?

Marinda immediately looked perplexed.