

Great Master 175

Chapter 175 Snow White X Pale X Hand

Upon seeing that Lady of the Long Night seemed to have forgotten the matter, a self-deprecating smile crossed the lips of the 'Blood Descendant'.

"To you, it might be insignificant, perhaps just an effortless gesture.

But for me, your slight effort is worth remembering."

The 'Blood Descendant' changed their address from 'you' to 'your honor', appearing even more polite, but those around could sense the unfamiliarity in this act.

Arthur was certainly doing it on purpose.

How could the 'Blood Descendant' possibly owe a favor to Marinda?

Arthur merely needed an excuse to divert a disaster elsewhere.

Without giving Lady of the Long Night a chance to think or speak, the 'Blood Descendant' thus raised his left hand—

Whoosh!

It was as if a polar north wind swarmed in.

A chilling Cold Aura, accompanied by a white hue that sent shivers down the spine, materialized in the hand of the 'Blood Descendant'.

The cold began to ravage.

People nearby shivered unconsciously.

Starting from where the 'Blood Descendant' stood, frost appeared on the ground and spread outward at a visibly rapid pace.

Creak, creak, creak.

The sound of freezing was incessant; breath turned visible from everyone's noses and mouths, and for those closer to the 'Blood Descendant', their hair tips began to ice over.

In just an instant, the climate of Moon Street changed from early autumn to deep winter.

And it was a deep winter that South Los had never experienced before!

This was the legendary cold that was said to exist only further north of North County!

Everyone knew that the 'Bloodline Clan' could wield the power of frost.

But no one had truly experienced the frost power used by the 'Bloodline Clan'.

However, at this moment, they experienced it!

Almost everyone had the same thought rising from the bottom of their hearts—

Winter has come!

All were astonished by this power, but soon, many thought back to the recent trade and a fervor appeared in their eyes.

Even in deep winter, their eagerness could hardly be concealed.

Especially Freeman, who had now obtained his own 'true power', no longer merely relying on the faint force in that ring, could feel the terror of this 'Power of the Same Origin' and... desire for it.

Without any hesitation, Freeman kneeled down on one knee, bowing his head in respect towards the 'Blood Descendant'.

Even though the 'Blood Descendant' did not acknowledge him as a member of the 'Bloodline Clan', that did not prevent him from following the traditions of the 'Blood Descendant'—a created 'Blood Descendant', in the presence of their creator, should show respect as to a father.

The 'Blood Descendant' saw this.

But he did not care.

Arthur was well aware of what the other party wanted.

It was power!

Utterly pure power!

Respect?

It was merely built upon this power alone.

Moreover, compared to the power the other party desired, Arthur was more eager to know how the other party would save his life soon—how he was not a fool, and although a pawn, he must have known what he had done, an act detrimental enough to deserve death ten times over. If he had no means to save his life, he would have been panicking by now, instead of performing here.

With curiosity at heart, Arthur's actions did not cease—

The frost continued to accumulate incessantly.

The extreme cold had now completely enveloped the entire Moon Street.

'Worthy of the frost power exchanged for more than half of the 'Fresh Blood' in an 'Exquisite Human Puppet'.

The effect, truly remarkable!

With such a thought, the five fingers of the 'Blood Descendant's left hand began to clench inward, and a crystalline, transparent arrow appeared before everyone's eyes.

As everyone's gaze was captivated by this arrow, the voice of the 'Blood Descendant' rang out again.

"The guy you are looking for is over there!"

As the words fell, the arrow in the hand of the 'Blood Descendant' shot straight in one direction.

Whiz!

The fierce sound of slicing through the air tingled the scalp.

This was not a Level 1 "Arrow Guiding Technique".

It was the power of a 'Child of Blood'.

The power gained in exchange for blood!

As the icy crystal arrow moved, everyone's eyes followed, and then—

"Auburn!"

A voice with a slightly sinister tone suddenly appeared, and a figure appeared within everyone's field of vision, yet no one could clearly make out the other's face or figure.

The figure possessed only a vague human shape.

Moreover, as soon as the figure appeared, it retreated at extreme speed.

Its speed was so fast that it withdrew a hundred meters in an instant.

But it was still being chased by the icy crystal arrows.

The 'Bloodline Clan's' power of frost was not merely intense cold.

It also included tracking!

Clearly, the opponent knew this.

After withdrawing a hundred meters, the figure suddenly stopped, and a pale airflow burst from the figure's sleeve.

Silence!

The moment that pale airflow appeared, a hundred-meter radius fell into absolute silence.

No sound.

No life.

Wild grass withered, birds vanished, and animals turned to skeletons.

It was as if both the earth and sky were about to die at that moment.

Death!

Everyone fears death, but nobody can accurately describe it, yet at this moment, when they saw the scene before their eyes, everyone felt this was the true face of death.

Those whose hearts harbored fear and who were also driven by greed, were now staring at death itself.

One by one, their eyes began to lose their luster.

Their hearts, utterly devoid of vitality.

Their entire beings turned numb.

They shambled towards that place like walking corpses.

But the next moment—

Boom!

The icy crystal arrows struck the silent expanse.

As the arrowhead touched the edge of the silence, ripples began to spread, growing larger and more expansive.

Until it shattered.

The silence shattered.

The icy crystal arrows also shattered.

The sky filled with ice crystals turned into falling snowflakes, landing on this silent land.

White covered the pale.

Just as corpses are covered by heavy snow.

The remnants awoken by the explosion, trackers interwoven with fear, greed, and thoughts of death, stared blankly at this scene, speechless for a long time.

Some whose psyche was more fragile had already begun to weep bitterly.

It wasn't that they weren't tough enough, but in such a short time, they had experienced too much.

When they saw that expanse of white, it was as if they saw their own bodies being buried in the snow.

Despair and regret intermingled.

Crying was the only way to release everything.

But, the event was not over—

Smoke surged, the Eternal Night stretched across the sky.

One undead after another charged onto that snowy white area.

Swinging their weapons, with silent howls, they tracked their target.

The lady in the air stared intently at the figure.

Upon confirming that the fellow standing behind Freeman was the bastard who had provoked her repeatedly, the Lady of the Long Night immediately made her choice.

After all, compared to a 'Blood Descendant' with whom she had a slight friendly relationship, whom she might later reconcile with, alleviate, or even pull into her camp, this 'Death Poetry Society' bastard was the one who truly deserved to die.

'Goodnight,'

The 'Blood Descendant' watched the distant battle and sent his sincere blessings from the bottom of his heart.

Soon after, his figure turned into a mist and disappeared from the spot.

Fear disappeared, death receded, and greed also temporarily subsided.

Those trackers collapsed on the spot, gasping for breath.

They were all celebrating their narrow escape from death.

They utterly failed to notice the four invisible 'Hands of Void' cleaning up every corner of the battlefield at an astonishing speed.