

Great Master 176

Chapter 176: Crimson X Chaos X Frenzy

Arthur originally didn't want to come.

But the spoils of war were simply too abundant!

It would have been disgraceful to waste them, Arthur felt.

So he came, bringing with him four "Hand of Void," carrying "Atos's Box" as well.

Once he confirmed that Marinda's attention was drawn by the elderly member of the "Death Poetry Society," he immediately used the "Shadow Concealment" trait of the "Dark Serpent" Bloodline to cover himself with shadows, rapidly searching the bodies on the ground before swiftly exiting the scene.

Arthur was well aware of how dangerous it was to snatch chestnuts from the fire, a slight misstep and he would be engulfed in flames.

In fact, had it not been that he had several tricks up his sleeve, and that the two most concerning individuals had already started fighting, with most of the remaining people also being mentally distracted, he definitely would not have come.

Arthur left just as he had arrived, hurried yet silently.

Meanwhile, the fastest-reacting among the still-alive trackers came around, and despite having faced terror and death, greed reestablished itself more quickly than one could imagine.

These individuals began stealthily approaching the bodies, reaching out toward them.

But in the next instant, their expressions changed.

Damn it, someone had beaten them to it!

The feeling of emptiness made these people glare at each other—they all thought the other had gotten there first.

Afterward, they rushed toward the nearest body even faster.

Such actions finally alerted the remaining people.

These people also started to take action.

It was complete chaos!

It was like throwing a bone among a pack of wild dogs!

The dog that got the bone would feast contentedly, while those that didn't would eye the bones in the mouths of others.

Unfortunately, what these trackers were fighting over wasn't as conspicuous as a bone; even though some trackers explained they got nothing, the others wouldn't believe them.

And some, in their desire to leave quickly, were deemed guilty by others, thinking they were trying to escape.

Thus, the scramble began.

When one tracker killed another severely injured one and snatched a ring from his hand, such disputes escalated into a chaotic climax instantly.

The sense of gaining profits, tainted with the thrill of fresh blood, completely stimulated these people who had just been under the shadow of fear and death.

It was as if venting, they began attacking each other insanely.

Among them, naturally, were those who remained rational.

Just like the one who first thought to leave, he was among the few rational ones.

But by now, his body had already been dismembered, fallen onto the muddy ground.

Insufficient strength, despite being rational, was utterly useless.

If powerful, rationality simply succumbs to instinct.

All here were caught in a vortex called 'entanglement'!

The insane ones dragged those with remaining sanity into this bloody slaughter—

Moon Street was stained red.

Not in the hands of the fake 'Blood Descendants.'

Not in the hands of the real 'Blood Descendants.'

Not even in the fight between the Lady of the Eternal Night and the old-school 'Death Poetry Society.'

Instead, it was in the hands of a bunch of survivors.

When one person decapitated another in front of him and, exhausted, fell to the ground, screaming crazily, no one else jumped him.

Becuase, including him, only seven were still alive.

The seven survivors glared fiercely at each other, their brains bombarded by the scent of blood in their nostrils, gradually regaining their sanity, but some preferred to continue sinking—

"Aaaah!"

The lucky one with the knife looked at the decapitated head in front of him and let out a piercing scream.

"Eileen! Eileen!"

"No! This can't be real!"

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"It's all that 'Blood Descendant's' curse, it's he who drove us into madness! All his fault!"

In the midst of piercing screams, this lucky person picked up his wife's head and stumbled away.

The remaining six survivors also fled in different directions.

Some of their faces were pale, their expressions frantic.

Others clenched their teeth, faces showing reluctance.

But regardless, they all fled Moon Street and blended into the deep night, leaving behind a crimson street and bodies all around.

"Hehehahaha!"

The unnoticed Freeman, who had hidden early upon sensing something wrong, reappeared, emitting a piercing laughter, this unrecognized 'Blood Descendant.'

"Blood, chaos, death—

Father, is this your symphony?

So captivating!

So marvelous!"

Amidst his maniacal laughter, Freeman's upper body bent backward in an exaggerated arc. He clutched his hair, his face contorted with indescribable joy.

The crow perched on the branch watched silently; only when undead creatures appeared in the distance did it take flight, sweeping through the night sky back to No. 2 Cork Street—

'I won't be considered the prime suspect, will I?'

Arthur raised an eyebrow inside the Spirit Medium Parlor.

He swore he was just there to retrieve his own spoils of war, with absolutely no ill intentions.

Everything that followed was a coincidence!

He also hadn't anticipated that, under the continuous impact of various extreme emotions, those people would fall into such a state of madness.

'Greed... Terrible greed!'

Arthur sighed, curiosity rising in his heart.

Given such extreme events, he wondered how the Countess would handle it.

Not just on Moon Street, but on Cork Street as well—there had been gunshots and cannon fire earlier, and by all logic, it had been quiet for a while now; the neighboring residents should have appeared by now. Yet, there was still no sign of activity.

'Some kind of secret technique aimed at ordinary people? A ritual? Props?'

Arthur speculated in his mind, his gaze then shifted towards the Exquisite Human Puppet—nearly dehydrated by using the "Blood of Doting" copiously, the palm-sized puppet appeared shriveled, as if dehydrated.

Without hesitation, Arthur placed the Exquisite Human Puppet into the money chest.

300 gold coins, a special product from the farewell of the old steward of Oakwood Manor.

At this moment, under Arthur's gaze, the quantity visibly decreased at speed.

With every breath, ten gold coins disappeared.

After ten breaths, the rate at which the gold coins were diminishing did not decrease.

Arthur's corner of the eye twitched.

The Exquisite Human Puppet's rate of consuming gold was beyond his expectations—knowing that, in the age of openers, although gold coins co-existed with gold notes to some extent, real gold coins rarely appeared in the market; most gold products also appeared as 'equivalent gold notes' + labor charges.

It's well known that 1 gold coin could be exchanged for 1.5 gold notes, and sometimes even as much as 2 gold notes.

This was the 'market price,' entirely transparent, with no loopholes—The Old Lion of Inner Bay, holding the biggest gold mine in South County, executed anyone who dared to exploit loopholes mercilessly.

Together with a coalition of several Great Nobles from South County, everything was as secure as a metal fortress.

Finally, when there were only 66 gold coins left inside the money chest, the Exquisite Human Puppet returned to its original form.

'Such restoration requires 234 gold... Would it be even more expensive if there were missing limbs?

I must start stockpiling gold!'

Arthur squinted his eyes, beginning to ponder where to get gold from—he didn't mind exchanging gold notes, but it had to be done discreetly. A one-time, large-scale purchase was outright impossible; it would definitely attract attention, and then expose his secret.

And sequential small-scale exchanges weren't reliable either.

Given the 'market's' sensitivity to gold, such behavior would inevitably draw scrutiny sooner or later. If he encountered someone who dug deeper into the matter, they might discover something suspicious.

After all, only buying and never selling looked very suspicious.

'Perhaps...

I should start learning alchemy in advance!'

Only by spending extravagantly with 'alchemy' could he cover up the deficit from repairing the Exquisite Human Puppet.

'Right, Buggy.'

Arthur picked up the "Blood of Doting," inside which the fragmented Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm roared and bellowed madly, but it was helpless since Arthur completed the contract with the Exquisite Human Puppet.

It was merely impotently furious.

Afterward, it was placed aside—it seemed that because of the presence of this fragmented Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm, the "Blood of Doting" could not be placed inside Atos's Box.

It was nowhere near as convenient as the Exquisite Human Puppet.

Pendragon displayed considerable interest in the ring that had newly appeared in the Spirit Medium Parlor by first sniffing it, then began to play with the ring using his paws, gradually dragging it from the table to the carpet.

The Hand of Void placed the ring back on the table once more.

Pendragon immediately began dragging it again, seemingly tireless.

During this time, Arthur emerged from the washroom.

Being a 'Spirit Medium,' he felt there were certain rules he should follow.

For example: washing hands before opening a blind box.

Phew!

Arthur took a deep breath and then opened Atos's Box.

The next moment—

Whoosh!

The spoils surged out like a tide, flooding the entire desk.