

BloodLine 278

Chapter 278 Scolding Everyone!

Grand Elder Chris feels unease hearing from the First Elder. What's making him unsettled? Then he sees ugly expressions of nine elders. They are reacting like they have seen ghosts. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "What is it Casey?"

The First Elder Sighed and decided to explain about their misadventures in the Westword City. At first, the Grand Elder begins to listen patiently but when the First Elder reveals the news about the death of their prodigy.

"Trash" The Grand Elder slammed the table in displeasure. This sudden action caught all of them off guard. All of them stood up from their seats in fear, including the First Elder.

For a moment silence fills the place. None of them dare to say anything. Each one of them is responsible for good and bad related to the Crimson Hall. Some of the Elders started to sweat in worry.

Only the First Elder maintained the icy cold expression. He had already expected such a reaction , that's why he wasn't unsettled.

Various thoughts run in Grand Elder Chris's mind. He doesn't care about the death of the child, but what annoys him is that none of them could find the traces of the culprit.

What would happen? If the culprit chooses to target higher officials in Crimson Hall. Then it would be too late to regret. His old bone can't tolerate much anger so he tries to calm himself down.

After sometime he let out a deep sigh, then he gestures to the First Elder to continue. At this point of time he was clearly disappointed with First Elder's management. He knows it's rare for him to miss a chance. But now it's implications will be greater, Considering they are having Exhibition Event in coming months.

He doesn't want to see a scenario where someone will mess up the event in front of those recruiters.

This time none of the Elders choose to sit back. The First Elder begins to explain further about their actions at the border. Which in turn enrages Grand Elder further. "Are you even serious, Casey?" He shouts at the First Elder angrily.

Next second, A horrible aura of Peak Elite envelops the meeting room completely. Facing such huge pressure some of the Elders break down immediately. Only People with Elite Cultivation manage to hold down.

Even they break down after a couple of seconds leaving behind the First Elder. He is the last person who is holding on against such pressure. Finally he too was brought down to his knee.

He gritted his teeth in frustration. He knows only Grand Elder could do something about it, if things got out of control.

Seeing that everyone is on the ground, Grand Elder Chris finally loses his pressure. He knitted his eyebrows and said in displeasure, "Do you think Star Tower is a soft permission?"

The First Elder was ashamed to hear that.

Grand Elder further added, "If they knew Crimson Hall was too involved in their border conflict, I couldn't imagine the implications."

He sighed, "Let's just hope they don't find anything."

After saying that he calms down finally and pressure weighs in, everyone fades away completely. Grand Elder motions everyone to sit back in their seat. "It's not right time to teach them a lesson. Right now We need to focus on our event" He thought to himself.

If he injures everyone out of anger, then there is no one to manage the event. So he chose to turn blind eye for now.

Seeing his action, one by one sat back in their seats and let go of their hanging hearts. After the First Elder sat back in his seat, he breathed in relief. He feels like came back from hell. If the Head Master sees the state of the First Elder, He wouldn't have believed his eyes.

Usually the First Elder is the one who gives order to others. Now he is being taught by the Grand Elder. But unfortunately no one will leak out what happens inside after the meeting. Everyone has some face to maintain.

Seeing that everyone is back on their seat, Grand Elder looks at First Elder and says in a deep voice, "So you hope that Star Tower geniuses die by the hands of Class 3 Monsters."

A cold glint flashes in the First Elder's eyes he replied, "Yes, In this way we can avoid some future troubles." After saying that he added further, "There are some of our own allied forces disrespectful to us lately. Everyone relies on their descendants to change the status quo. But if their descendants dies, nothing can be done."

Grand Elder Chirs nodded but he was in a dilemma. Unlike the First Elder he is not much concerned about the future. If most of the good seedling dies then what will recruiters do? They obviously won't select medicores. Instead they will slander Crimson Hall even more if they won't make up the numbers.

Rubbing his forehead slightly, he decided to go make some changes.

"Class 3 won't do, If there is a large number of casualties. Then those Academy guys won't sit back. Then it will be more troublesome for us." He said with a calm tone.

Grand Elder's words make Elders realise the attitude of those recruiters. What they call talent among themselves is only waste in the eyes of recruiters. They are usually very picky about it, it's good that there is a quota system otherwise they won't select in large numbers.

Like Elder said they couldn't imagine what would happen if everyone turns out medicores. All of their expressions turn ugly thinking about it.

The First Elder contemplates hearing Grand Elder's words. But he couldn't judge what the recruiters would do. He thinks that recruiters won't do too much. Since there is a quota system, it's enough to make up the numbers.

Not everyone is going to participate in the exhibition event. Only warriors who don't have a quota or someone who wants to improve their quota seat will choose to participate. So Those A and B rank quota warriors are already enough for them to make up the numbers.

He also knows people having such quotas were from powerful and influential forces. Even some forces were stronger than Crimson Hall. So his target is naturally not them. His target's were allied and hostile forces's descendants and most of them have C and D rank quota.