Empress 187

Chapter 187: Moonlit Night, Werewolves Dance (Part 2)

The moonlight tonight is beautiful.

The scattered moonlight not only illuminates the earth but also ripples on the river’s surface.

By the moonlight, Roland could discern the true identity of the ambushers.

"Werewolves?"

"Damn humans, die!" The werewolf, stunned by the explosion, let out an angry howl and transformed on the spot to pounce.

Tonight is a full moon night; it is their home field.

For this hunt, they set traps in the forest, planning to give Roland a big surprise.

But this pair of human scoundrels didn’t play by the rules, choosing a small path instead of the main road.

They had to change tactics, switching from ambush to assault.

Roland squinted his eyes, staring intently at the werewolves appearing from all directions.

These strange creatures, half-human and half-wolf, claim to be the favored of the Moon God, differing from humans.

In recent centuries, werewolves have been mere legends, rarely seen in person.

However, as the Day of Return approaches, these special beings hidden in the dark are emerging one by one.

It seems everyone is in a hurry.

Faced with the swift werewolves, Roland didn't use a short sword, but instead drew two pistols from his Moonlit Silver Armor.

This special cloth armor, resembling a robe, has a hidden space.

Roland unceremoniously packed a row of pistols in it.

Since pistols are slow to reload, he used reverse thinking and prepared several pistols instead.

Sif's pistol, though only one, can pre-load five rounds, and after the bullets are spent, there are three additional magic bullets.

These three magic bullets are the real trump card of this pistol.

The werewolf leader, seeing Roland and Sif draw pistols, couldn't help but laugh out loud.

He knew the power of pistols.

The power is decent, but the accuracy is poor and takes a long time to reload, almost unusable a second time in a battle.

In the face of the werewolves' swift speed, a pistol is just a toy.

The werewolf leader let out a long howl, signaling a full attack.

This river is teeming with humans; they dare not delay, needing to resolve the trouble as quickly as possible, then flee swiftly.

The reason werewolves act at night is not just because they enjoy the night, but also because they dare not show themselves in daylight.

Go, brothers!

All the werewolves transformed, enclosing Roland and Sif in an arc.

Roland and Sif stood back-to-back against the riverbank, leaving no shooting blind spots.

The werewolves launched their charge.

Fully transformed into wolves, they are larger than ordinary gray wolves, faster, and more aggressive.

A common person caught by their claws would lose a large chunk of flesh.

Bitten by their fangs in the throat, one would quickly suffocate.

An adult human male can defeat a gray wolf barehanded, but is no match for a werewolf.

A strong adult werewolf can handle three ordinary human soldiers at night, ten on a full moon night.

This time, over thirty werewolves were dispatched, their battle prowess equivalent to a fully staffed human battalion.

Facing merely two people, it’s like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut.

Their plan was solid, but they encountered the wrong opponents.

Roland and Sif are not ordinary Transcendents.

Under Roland’s influence, Sif’s combat concepts have become increasingly flexible.

She wasn’t flustered at all, quietly waiting for the werewolves to approach.

The pistol’s accuracy is poor, but within seven steps, raising it means a hit.

The werewolves attacked in waves.

The werewolf leader found a small hill to act as commander.

The other werewolves, eyes red and slowly losing sanity, still remembered one thing deep down: follow the leader’s orders and kill the humans.

Sif fixed her gaze on the approaching werewolves, calculating the distance.

Fifty meters, thirty meters, twenty meters...

Closer!

The werewolves, seeing Sif and Roland not move, assumed in their transformed, irrational minds that the two humans were scared stiff.

Since the humans have given up resistance, let’s go!

"Awooo!"

A werewolf leaped high, its claws aimed at Sif’s delicate face.

Another werewolf sprinted low to the ground, targeting Sif’s calf.

A third werewolf slithered closer, aiming for Sif’s waist.

The last two werewolves circled left and right, separately attacking Sif’s throat and arm.

Despite being mindless, they instinctively made the best tactical choice.

Five meters!

The werewolves’ bloodthirsty eyes flickered eerily in the night like lanterns.

Their foul stench filled the air.

Sif wrinkled her nose.

The smell is awful, unlike the Golden Retrievers in the Imperial Palace, pampered with daily baths.

She was angry.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Five consecutive gunshots sounded, almost as one.

Beyond seven steps, the gun is fast; within seven steps, the gun is both fast and precise.

The most effective traditional martial art, American-style Iai, played out under the moonlight.

All five bullets hit the throat.

The five werewolves howled in agony, unable to maintain their wolf form, reverting to human form, struggling slightly before dying with wide-open eyes.

Five consecutive shots, each a kill.

Whether human or wolf, the throat is an absolute weak point.

Roland silently praised, almost simultaneously taking down the charging werewolves.

The werewolf leader standing at the top of the hill was dumbfounded.

The other charging werewolves instinctively felt some fear, slowing down their charge.

What's going on?

Isn't a pistol supposed to be single-shot? How can this human fire five consecutive shots?

That human male over there can't fire continuously, but his reloading speed is incredibly fast.

Werewolves may be reckless, but they're not really stupid.

If these two humans can fire their guns infinitely, their charge would be in vain.

The werewolf at the front died, the ones in the middle slowed their steps, even considering retreat.

Seeing the morale damaged, the werewolf leader quickly rushed over, letting out an angry howl.

This is a means of communication between werewolves.

The other werewolves received a very clear command from the leader.

"Charge, they’re out of bullets!"

Watching Roland and Sif simultaneously loading bullets, the werewolves knew the leader was right.

They couldn’t give the damned humans a chance to catch their breath, charge!

A dozen werewolves continued their charge.

Their speed increased, their roars becoming louder.

The werewolf leader anxiously glanced at the ship docked at the pier.

He knew very well that with the sound of gunfire, Roland’s subordinates would surely come to the rescue.

They didn’t have much time left.

Without caring too much, he pushed aside a bothersome werewolf in the way, blending into the group to launch a charge.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

Three magic bullets were fired.

Sif’s pistol had a five-shot capacity for consecutive firing.

But this could only be considered a top-tier mechanical weapon, not a magic weapon.

The real trump card was these three magic bullets.

The special magical properties of Arcane, Void, and Annihilation had excellent penetration ability on any armor.

Even the tightly wrapped Samurai couldn’t withstand these three magic bullets.

Sif recalled what Roland had said, "To capture the thief, one must capture the leader."

Without hesitation, she aimed at the werewolf leader’s eyes, throat, and lower body.

As the magic bullets flew out, the werewolf leader was terrified.

Fortunately, the full moon night granted him exceptionally high speed.

He narrowly dodged the Void bullet aimed at his eyes and the Annihilation bullet aimed at his throat, yet he did not evade the most deadly Arcane missile.

A faint purple missile precisely hit the prominent part of the werewolf leader’s thick thigh.

"Ow!"

A piercing scream echoed, even scaring the other werewolves.

Roland drew his sword and chopped off a wolf claw, glimpsing the bleeding spot on the werewolf leader and inexplicably feeling a chill deep in his thigh.

Isn’t this a bit too ruthless?

After all, she’s the distinguished Empress—how could she strike so viciously?

Where did she learn this from?

Silently criticizing while thrusting a flying knife into another werewolf’s lower body, Roland lamented.

With the werewolf leader losing combat ability, the battle was technically over.

What followed was the bravery of the werewolves.

Faced with a one-sided battle and the leader being captured alive, they bravely chose to flee.

If he lives, he’s the leader; if he dies, he’s the former leader!

No one’s life is worth more than their own!

The werewolves dispersed and fled.

Sif didn’t have time to clear her throat and began singing straightaway.

Roland looked at Sif in astonishment.

Is this the Siren’s Song?

It seems like it, but the melody is somewhat different.

It resembles a fusion of the Elf Song and Siren’s Song noted in ancient texts.

Under the accompaniment of the Elf Song, most werewolves stopped moving.

Enchanted by the beautiful music, they reverted their transformations and returned to human form.

Seduced by the song, they saw the river as their home, walking towards it slowly.

Seeing these werewolves about to fall into the water, Roland loudly reminded:

"Werewolves can swim, make them dance, dance hard!"

The sound of horse hooves pounded.

The light cavalry, led by Jes, who had set camp at the dock, galloped swiftly.

When Jes, holding a long spear, attempted to provide support, he was dumbfounded to see Roland keeping time and the Empress singing, while a group of werewolves danced foolishly.

What, what’s happening here?

It doesn’t matter, these damned wolf cubs dared to ambush the Empress, they must all pay for their crimes!

Capture them all!