

Wizard 209

Chapter 209: Full Moon Night, Feast of Blood! (3)

He felt vulgar doing so, yet he inadvertently glanced at the lady's huge chest and could not help himself.

"Beautiful young lady, it's so late, and you're still drinking in the tavern. Are you homeless? Why don't you go to my residence and rest for the night?" This was a fat noble with a plump figure, and he was also an official knight.

The fat man stopped the lady, who could not help but frown.

She looked at the wandering knight who had left and then at the fat noble. She sighed softly and said, "Sure."

Fatty did not expect this young lady to agree. Instantly, he took his drink and pulled the young lady's hand.

She didn't resist and let out a grunt, allowing Fatty to hold her hand.

She followed Fatty home.

The fat noble's house was located in the inner city.

Even now, he still felt like he was dreaming.

Although that young lady's face was still hidden, her breasts tempted him. Even if she looked like a bat, Fatty did not mind. Her body was the most important.

What was the difference in looks when the lights were turned off at night?

The fat noble did not bring the woman to his house but to the hotel.

Because he had sobered up and felt that it was not good to bring her home.

It would be easy for them to find him after the matter.

She asked faintly, "Didn't you say we were going to your house?"

"I forgot to bring my key. Shall I get a room?" Fatty asked softly.

The woman did not say anything. She pulled Fatty to a dark alley with slender hands and pressed him against the wall. Her beautiful, white, slender fingers touched the Fatty's chest, and she even supported one hand against the wall as if she were going to be-press the Fatty.

Fatty could not help but swallow.

He did not expect this woman to be so proactive.

Something was wrong. How could there be such a good thing in the world?

Even if such a good thing existed, would it be his turn?

A gust of cold wind blew over, and Fatty suddenly felt that he was completely sober.

He looked at the woman. There was an indescribable coldness under her beautiful face.

For some reason, he recalled the rumors about the Mind Flayers.

"This..." Fatty had not finished speaking.

The beautiful woman in front of him started to tear apart.

From her back, a ferocious bone spur extended out. The towering thing on her chest also popped out.

They were not her breasts.

Instead, they were two pairs of ugly lumps. The lumps had two slits, like two human heads. They were filled with fine teeth that hissed.

"Monster..."

Fatty was shocked, but he still subconsciously used the black gas.

Unfortunately, his black gas was extremely weak in front of this monster.

Like a thin piece of paper, it broke with a stab.

The beautiful woman had wholly turned into a monster. Her wet skin was red, revealing the veins of her muscles. She seemed to have no skin. Her bald skin was secreting mucus. Her face had become like a bat, showing sharp teeth, and her mouth was split open to the roots.

The moon behind her seemed shrouded in a layer of blood-red mist, like a river of blood across the sky. It was strange yet fascinating.

Fatty wanted to speak, but talking in the face of this monster's terrifying aura was tough for him.

This was the difference between ordinary knights and Blood Clan members. It was too big!

Kacha.

The monster's sharp claws dug out Fatty's heart.

What came out of the heart was blood pulled by a mysterious force and flowed against the flow.

The blood finally gathered and turned into a mini blood river. It was sucked by the two meatballs in the monster's chest, and Fatty visibly shriveled up.

The monster's aura seemed to have become a little stronger.

"Delicious...This is much better than the blood of livestock. Why doesn't the Elder allow us to drink human blood? This is delicious."

The monster did not understand. Its body began to return to normal. Fatty had already become a dried corpse. The deliciousness of human blood made it fm-opt pvprvthincy

A dagger condensed from black gas tore through the air and stabbed deeply into its head.

The dagger exploded in its head, and the liquid inside splashed everywhere.

The monster was in pain. It turned its head mechanically. Its face, which had been blown up, was a little puzzled. Half of its head looked forward.

It saw the figure charging over like a phantom.

"A human grand knight..."

Although the grand knight was not its match, it did not want trouble, so it escaped first.

The skull that the black gas dagger had shattered also gradually recovered.

For a Secondary Blood Clan member like it, even though it could not be reborn like the Primary Blood Clan member, it was not afraid of such a trivial "fatal wound."

Levi looked at the monster. White bones suddenly stretched out on its two ribs, connected to bright red wings.

"It is the Blood Clan! D*mn it!"

Levi sent out another two blades of black gas toward it.

Bang! Bang!

It was in pain. It roared angrily and flapped its wings to fly up. However, it did not escape.

Instead, it flew towards Levi.

At first, it did not want to fight, but this reckless grand knight forced it.

As a noble Blood Clan, it should not have to live in the shadows of humans!

It had never approved of the Elder's idea of living peacefully with humans. It had had enough of drinking the blood of livestock like a human ascetic every day!

Humans believed that those not of the same race would have different hearts.

Why should they follow the wishes of humans?

The Blood Clan was more muscular and superior. Humans were just lowly food.

Now, it could feel that the power of the Blood River Will was gradually approaching this world.

At that time, even more true Primary Blood Clan members, more potent than the “Elders,” would descend into this world.

They no longer needed to live in the shadows.

The Blood Clan should live in this world with their heads held high!

Humans were food, so they had to have an awareness of food!

Its wings tore through the air and charged toward Levi..