

Wizard 501

Chapter 501: Mortal Body, Crushing the Blood clan! (2)

He knew that perhaps that was the truth.

He thought for a moment and secretly sent a signal to the knights to gather. In the end, he decided to follow them and take a look.

The Black Forest was boundless and eerie.

After walking for a long time, the head priest came to a dark cave.

The dense bushes covered this place, and some bats flew in and out from time to time.

The head priest looked nervous and stepped in.

The cave entrance didn't look big, but it was very deep. The deeper they went, the more cramped the space became. Along the way, there were white bones everywhere.

The head priest walked for a long time before arriving at an underground karst cave filled with stalactites.

He raised his head. The stone wall was densely packed with black bats. These bats' eyes emitted a green light that was extremely terrifying.

In an underground blood pool in the karst cave, the corpses of some animals and even all kinds of human corpses could be seen everywhere. There were Lords and children soaking in the blood.

A bloody aura filled this space. In the blood pool, there were two blood-colored monsters floating motionlessly. It was unknown if they were dead or alive.

"You're here, head priest Bancroft, my old friend. Did you bring me any delicious desserts?" A hoarse voice echoed in the cave.

The head priest looked around, but there was no one.

His forehead was covered in cold sweat, and his entire body was trembling involuntarily.

"Lord Yasad, I've already fulfilled our agreement. While you're awake, you've also enjoyed the delicious blood food provided by me. I think it's time for you to fulfill your promise. Don't forget, you swore on the Blood River Will," the head priest said boldly.

"My friend, have you thought it through?" A tall and thin blood-red figure appeared behind the head priest. His long nails gently caressed the back of the head priest.

The head priest felt a chill down his spine. He turned his head abruptly and saw the flesh monster that looked like a skinned corpse looking at him with a faint smile.

"I've thought it through. I want to become a Blood Clan." The head priest swallowed his saliva and said firmly.

"Are you prepared to betray the King of Ten Thousand Dragons you believe in?" Yasad sneered.

"Other than power and money, believing in the King of Ten Thousand Dragons has not brought me any substantial benefits. In this era, without Strength, the first two are all fabrications. I'm willing to become a member of the Blood Clan and join the Blood River Will's camp," the head priest said. Clearly, he had already thought it through.

"It's not that easy to join the Blood Clan. Your test hasn't ended yet. In the next month, I want ten delicious young children to eat. It's best if they're virgins under the age of fourteen. This is the best delicacy in the world." Yasad's voice echoed in the head priest's ears. This Primary Blood Clan member licked his lips and revealed a cruel smile.

"What? Ten virgins? Yasad, although our contract says that I will provide you with blood and food, you are going too far! Although I, Bancroft, am not a good person, I can't do such a heartless thing!"

The head priest's face twitched, and he could not help but question.

After he unintentionally came into contact with this legendary immortal Blood

Clan powerhouse, he had a strong desire for the power of the Blood Clan.

Thus, he made a deal with this Primary Blood Clan Yasad Lösenba. He was in charge of secretly providing blood food for Yasad, and Yasad offered his first embrace to him.

In order to prevent the other party from turning hostile, the head priest even used the mysticism knowledge he had to make Yasad swear an oath to the Blood River Will.

As far as he knew, any Blood Clan could not casually swear an oath to the Blood River Will. Once they made a blood oath, they had to complete it.

Every Primary Blood Clan only had one chance to be embraced. Those who were embraced would become the first-generation Secondary Blood Clan.

The first-generation Secondary Blood Clan could also turn an ordinary person into a second-generation Secondary Blood Clan.

The head priest's idea was to first become the first generation Secondary Blood Clan, then he would turn his bloodline descendants into the second generation Secondary Blood Clan.

This way, his family could become a transcendent family.

Of course, such a dragon could not last more than four generations.

Unless the origin of the Primary Blood Clan was extremely powerful, ordinary Primary Blood Clan were limited to four generations.

But no matter what, wouldn't it be much better to become a Blood Clan family than a traditional knight family?

What era was it now, and he was still cultivating the traditional breathing technique?

He did not need to cultivate the breathing technique to obtain power comparable to that of a grand knight. He could easily live for hundreds of years and regenerate his flesh and blood. The price he had to pay was that he hated sunlight and needed to suck human blood.

Compared to the benefits of becoming a Blood Clan, this price was negligible.

As the head priest of the Church, he had absorbed the blood and sweat of the believers and citizens of Myriad Dragon City over the years. It was much more than the amount of human blood he had absorbed as a member of the Blood Clan.

From the beginning to the end, the head priest did not think of himself as a person of high morals.

Who would be a head priest if they had high morals?

Therefore, he had already considered becoming a Blood Clan.

"My old friend, this is the last time. As long as you complete this test, I can transform you into the Blood Clan that you dream of. You will have an unimaginable lifespan. I've already sworn on the Blood River Will. Would I lie to you?" Yasad revealed a terrifying smile and said softly..