

## Witch 30

### Chapter 30 Out of the fog

The substitute for Fierce Scar came forward to merely receive two fast attacks from Brian before getting his sword swept away.

They were not much of a town patrol, it would be more correct to call them a group of bullies. Thinking this fueled Brian's anger even more. In addition to extortion and blackmail, what else did these people do? Greyhound and Brian had carried out the tasks given by the lord without any loose threads, but the ranks beneath them were a completely different category.

But..... it was this group of trash, who would be the group taking refuge in the stronghold. This scum, the scourge of the two who even dared to kill Greyhound by employing an extremely despicable method.

This was unforgivable!

His sword slashed towards his frightened opponent and cut his neck off – but just in this moment, a shadow which stuck behind his former target's back attacked Brian's heart in the blink of an eye. The blow was too subtle, so when Brian noticed it, it was already too late to parry.

In a desperate act, he violently threw himself backwards to the ground, and at the same time while he was falling backwards, he felt a stabbing pain in his chest region.

After two rolls backwards, he immediately stood up again and took a defensive posture. Brian was lucky that the sneak attack just now had only pierced his coat and skin, and didn't cause any heavy injury. The key was to stab at a man's weak point with the sword! From the impression he had of his own patrol members, he was sure that none of them had fencing skills.

"Huh? You actually escaped," the man kicked the lost weapons of his dead teammates away, and step by step came forward towards Brian.

What the hell? Brian found himself unable to recognize the other one – he was not a tall man, but his hands were too big in comparison to his body, when his arms were hanging down from his sides his hands almost reached his knees, his eyes were so strange; Brian could swear that he had never seen this pair of eyes.

"You are not a member of the town patrol... Who the hell are you?"

Although five of the ten members from the town patrol were living next door and he rarely dealt with them, he could still always recognize these people. So this guy obviously replaced one of them and followed the team on their way into the castle. The fact that he didn't previously see him on their way into the castle was not surprising, after all, the night was pitch-black. However, there was no reaction from the group of Fierce Scar. Since they regarded him without surprise, there was only one possibility, this guy was previously arranged for by Fierce Scar.

"You can guess the answer. Why do you need to ask me?" he replied while smiling indifferently, "Anyway, you are going to die soon."

“Damn, he hurt me!” Fierce Scar bitterly flamed, “Viper, quickly chop off his hands and feet, I want to slowly bathe in his blood!”

“Unfortunately, Mr. Hill, I must give priority to the completion of the task given to me by my Lord.”

Just like his name, this guy was really the incarnation of a serpent. He would always attack from a strange and tricky angle, in addition to his extremely long arm span. He directly forced Brian into a bitter struggle. Brian was forced back again and again, and he could never find an opportunity to counter attack.

He was just too careless! In his heart, Brian could feel some anxiety welling up. He had already fought so long in this underground walkway, so the guards above should have already noticed the fight, right?

He had originally intended to personally avenge Greyhound, but now he could only hope to live a little bit longer, waiting for the Knight Guards of His Highness to come break the siege of these villains.

“You seem to be waiting for something.” Viper suddenly suspended his attacks, “I guess you’re waiting for the prince’s knights to come rescue you? Unfortunately, this stone castle is differently built from the common pubs and brothels. It’s only a matter of time before those wooden shacks break down. But this door here, even if you tear out your throat while shouting, the people behind would never hear any sound. “

When Brian heard the reason, he could not help himself and hesitated for a moment. This was exactly the opportunity Viper had been waiting for. He slashed with his sword downwards, pressing Brian’s sword down, and paralyzing him in his movements, then he slightly raised his other hand and triggered the hidden hand crossbow in his sleeve.

A one-finger long bolt shot from the cuff, and when Brian heard the humming sound of the mechanism, the bolt had already pierced into his lungs.

Suddenly an unbearable pain exploded within his chest. Brian threw his sword in Viper’s direction and then turned back and ran. However, his pulmonary blood was seeping quickly into his trachea and made it difficult for him to breathe. He really couldn’t run far. He tripped over a threshold, took some staggering steps and fell heavily to the ground.

Viper soon caught up, he wanted to end this fight quickly, but was held back by Fierce Scar.

“Let me do it,” hissed Fierce Scar through his gritted teeth, “I want to kill this guy! After all, he stabbed me!”

A cold look flashed through Viper’s eyes, but in the end, he still stepped aside, “But do it fast, and do not forget that we still have other business down here.”

Fierce Scar grabbed Brian’s hair and growled at him, “Believe me, you will die slowly and very painfully.”

Brian wanted to spit into Fierce Scar’s face, but his body strength flowed away like water into a bottomless hole. He did not know how much longer he could live on. The regrets of his life came into his mind, such as not yet meeting his wife and not fulfilling his dream to become a knight. But what he regretted the most was... that he didn’t avenge Greyhound.

Wait, what was that?

He blinked once and suddenly there was a woman sitting on the lid of a box, although within this dark light, he couldn't see her appearance clearly, but with such an exquisite body there was no doubt that she was a woman.

Hell, was this an illusion?... it has to be. He fell into this room at midnight, and there was definitely not anyone inside! Could it be that God in heaven had heard his complaints and specially made this fantasy to comfort him?

"Hey, you're playing so lively in someone else's place and even intend to kill someone in front of my face. I'm afraid this isn't appropriate right?"

Fierce Scar saw something flickering at the edge of his view, so he abruptly let go of Brian's hair. He took his sword out of its scabbard and turned to her while hearing that several other members of his team were doing the same, "Who are you!?"

Why would they too respond to her... Wait, with his dim consciousness Brian begun to think, what if when what he was seeing wasn't an illusion?

"Of course, I'm here," the woman jumped from the box, bent over and patted the dust off her gown. In the dim firelight, Brian could see strange patterns embroidered on her robe – three juxtaposed triangles, and set in the center was a huge eye. The contour of the eye, when illuminated by the fire seemed a bit golden.

"Why are you here? Sneaking through the sewers like rats." Her voice was clear and sweet but her face showed no emotions. This was an anomaly ..... anyone seeing such a murder scene shouldn't be so calm.

Viper was aware of this point. He looked solemn as he slowly turned around to face the new opponent and suddenly attacked with a piercing strike.

The woman didn't look concerned as she casually waved her hand. But Viper didn't even see her arms moving, he only felt a cold wind blowing through his body.

Seeing such an unbelievable sight, Fierce Scar could only stare in disbelief. He rushed forward to help Viper, but he could see that he came too late for Viper because the place where his arm normally was, was already empty.

Along with his falling arm and sword, Viper dropped to the ground.

Seeing this, Fierce Scar was overwhelmed by fright and could feel a strangling pressure in his throat. Others did not know, but he knew very well the ins and outs of Viper. "Vicious, cunning and very dangerous." This was his uncle's evaluation of Viper. He could recruit other people, he held absolute strength, and should never be underestimated, it was even difficult for Brian to hold off Viper's attacks for half a quarter of an hour. But now, he had been casually blown away by a woman, and even got his whole arm cut off.

"Everyone don't stupidly stand around! Go and kill her!" shouted Viper while pressing on his wounds.

Due to his excessive bleeding, Brian's vision began to blur. He could only hear chaotic footsteps, sounds from weapons clashing, as well as the sound of bodies hitting the ground everywhere around him.

Then... everything became muffled. In the end, what happened? He tried to turn his head, and looked in the direction of the fight – what he saw then was a picture which was too difficult to understand.

The woman was just like a ghost, walking in and out of the crowd however she wanted, vanishing out of sight again and again. Every one of her attacks would penetrate the enemy's vitals. It wasn't possible to call it a fight, it would be better to say she was dancing. He had never seen anyone able to wield murderous weapons while having such a sense of rhythm, slaying high and low, drawing an inconceivable path. In contrast, the people around her were nothing more than a group of clumsy clowns. They tried to fight back, only to fall in vain. In the end, only she was left standing, proud and independent.

That was the last scene he saw before he lost his consciousness.