

Lazily 113

Chapter 113: Conspiracy

Current Location: Kong City

"We don't need to steal from people," Lyca uttered. "At least not personally." She stood in front of a club and eyed the neon lights that were illuminating the club's name 'Conspiracy' "I love its name." She added, beaming.

He looked at her side profile. This club was in the middle of Kong City. He eyed the people lining outside of the club and immediately noticed their high-end clothes. He immediately wondered if Lyca was planning to go clubbing just after visiting a hot spring.

"This is a high-end club. What are we doing in this place?" He asked. "It is full of cameras."

"I want to own this place."

His eyebrow rose. A club? Lyca wanted to own a club? Pursing his lips, Shen Qui examined the place. Aside from being really high end, the club looked clean on the outside. It seems that security was pretty tight too. He didn't ask her why she wanted to own a club. Shen Qui already guessed her answer.

Lyca wanted to blend in and disappear in the crowd.

"Law 18- Do not build fortresses to protect yourself Isolation is dangerous," Lyca said without looking at him. She could sense the confusion in Shen Qui's gaze. So she explained further. "In a crowd. You are shielded from your enemy." Shen Qui had learned the art of war and engaging against a more powerful enemy. While she she learned the art of blending in. The art of survival when pursued. She turned towards Shen Qui, a smile was already on her face.

Then she continued. "I am planning to recruit experts, not people who worked from the government. These are people who hated restrictions and rules and being controlled. If I wanted to lead them I need a place like this."

He nodded. He completely understood her point.

"Now since you are the future big boss of the club. You should make all the preparations and talk to the big boss of the club. Negotiate." She added and gave him a folder from the car.

Shen Qui immediately opened the folder and watched a character profile of a man that looked like he was in his early thirties. Blond short hair, and a single earring on his right ears. The man was clearly a foreigner even his name sounded like one. "Santa Rivers." He uttered the name.

"He owns the club. His business is counterfeits from money to jewelry. He is also a coward." Lyca uttered. "You go talk to him after two hours."

Shen Qui looked at her without saying anything. Lyca already gave her the files that included their plan. "You sure about this?"

"Yes, Qui'er." Lyca beamed and tiptoed to kiss him. "Burn them once you're done." She uttered and winked at him. Without waiting for him to say anything, Lyca passed him a leather jacket and drove the car away from the club.

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Two hours later.

Current Location: Conspiracy Club, Kong City.

"He is available to see you now." A man whose face was full of the dark tattoo said. He didn't hide the tinge of disgust in his voice as he looked at the pretty body in front of him. In response, Shen Qui downed the glass of whiskey and followed the man towards the second floor of the club.

Just like his initial observation, the club was indeed not someplace where anyone could get into. It was also clean and most patrons were calmly talking in booths instead of dancing and shouting in the middle of the dance floor. The man let Shen Qui to a black door that needed one's fingerprint to be able to get into. When the two walked inside the door, Shen Qui immediately noticed the soundproof walls that canceled the loud of the music outside.

"This way," the man was just about the same height as Shen Qui. But obviously, he was a bit bulkier. "Gun." He held his hand in front of Shen Qui as he stood on the last door of the VIP rooms.

Shen Qui complied. He handed him the gun from his waist and held his two hands up, a clear sign that he wanted him to check if he had other weapons.

The man snorted. "Even if you have other weapons, you will die before you could lay a finger to our boss. And you should stop acting as if you can kill him. Aren't you here to earn some quick buck?" Then he opened the door and bowed at the man sitting in a black leather chair that was staring at the club from his seat. Shen Qui roamed his eyes inside the room and nodded at its sophisticated decoration. A huge glass wall was located behind the leather chair. This glass wall also acted as a one-way mirror. On the outside, it looked just like a mirror that reflected the lighting of the club. But the people inside the room can clearly see what was going on on the first floor.

"You wanted to see me?" the man turned towards Shen Qui, a smile was on his beautiful face. He was wearing a gray suit that matched his gray eyes. "I heard you have a proposition?"

Shen Qui said nothing as he walked towards the man and sat opposite him. "I wanted to buy the club."

"Eh?" Amusement flashed in the man's eyes as he glanced at Shen Qui's serious face. Slowly, his gaze darted towards Shen Qui's chest. He darted his tongue and lick his lower lip. "You wanted to buy my club? You haven't introduced your name yet."

"I am called Q." Shen Qui said. "Name your price. I will pay you in cash." He couldn't help but wonder if Lyca made him talk to this man because of his preference. Santa Rivers' sexuality was not included in his portfolio but judging from the way he was trying to stop his saliva from flowing out of his mouth as he ogled Shen Qui, it was already obvious. Funny how Lyca immediately sent him here to talk to this man.

"Mr. Q.," The man gave a burst of humorous laughter. "You How old are you? I think you don't understand your own words." He beamed. "Are you perhaps here for some fun?" He lifted an eyebrow as he darted his gaze towards Shen Qui's body. "I am up for some fun." The man added. "Tell me... how much do you want?"

Shen Qui pursed his lips as a sinister glint flashed in his eyes. "Roman Rivers is your grandfather, yes?"

As expected the mention of his grandfather's name made Santa's face ugly. "You "

"And he hated your sexuality?" Shen Qui said in a serious tone. The file didn't contain any reason why this man's grandfather would hate his grandson. However, now

"You " the man's tone immediately changed when he heard Shen Qui's words.

"Good." Shen Qui smirked. "Now that I finally got your attention. Let's do this again. I will buy the club with a discount. In return I will have my people kill your grandfather and the adopted grandson that he was grooming to follow in his footsteps. Everything will be done in the utmost secrecy. All I wanted is the club." He smiled and handed him a piece of contract. "Do we have a deal, Mr. Rivers?"