

Chapter 2659 How About Some Wheat Cake, Young Man?

Late at night, the dense clouds completely covered the moon, making the earth even darker. The cold wind turned more chilling, rattling windows and doors as if foretelling an extraordinary night.

Accompanied by a sharp scream from a wild cat, hundreds of shadows swiftly moved through the darkness until they arrived at Lawson Street. There, the group finally came to a halt.

"Captain, Matthew's location has been confirmed. He is currently inside this lodge."

The leader nodded in response. "Good. Move according to the plan. Snipers, take your positions. Team two, handle the explosives. The rest of you secure the perimeter. Not a single fly should leave this lodge today."

Following the command, more than 500 elite assassins from the Keller Family quickly dispersed. Fifty of them, carrying explosive packages, stealthily moved around the lodge.

If all these explosives were to detonate at once, within a two-mile radius, there would be no survivors. Even if Matthew was a martial arts master, he would undoubtedly be severely injured. With additional snipers positioned at a distance, the ambush was set up perfectly.

The night grew deeper, the sky darker.

"Huh, Matthew Larson, right? This is what you get for killing Mr. Osiris!" one of the assassins mumbled as he set up his explosive device. In his eyes, Matthew had no chance of survival that night. However, as he enthusiastically secured the explosives, a voice suddenly came from behind him.

"Hello, sir. Are you checking in?"

In an instant, every hair on his body stood on end, and his scalp went numb.

Among the entire assassin team, his hearing was the most sensitive, without a doubt. However, at this moment, someone had appeared behind him, and he hadn't heard a single sound. This was undeniably bizarre.

But as an assassin, he possessed exceptional mental composure. After a brief moment of distraction, he swiftly drew his pistol.

However, just as he turned around to prepare to fire, the mysterious figure had already approached him, unknowingly to within one foot.

"Sir, are you checking in?"

Hearing the same question again, the assassin could only reply with an expletive, but he had no chance to finish his response. Both his firearm and his neck were crushed by the sudden and mysterious assailant.

On the other side, the situation for the snipers wasn't any better.

The assassins were intently monitoring the lodge's movements, crouching at their vantage points.

"This is strange. Where is this strong scent of freshly baked bread coming from? It smells so good; it's making me hungry."

The sniper had initially just made a self-deprecating comment to relieve tension. However, after he spoke, someone beside him actually handed over a fragrant, coarse wheat cake.

"Young man, want one? My wheat cake is one of the best in Concordia. I guarantee that after your first bite, you'll want a second."

Seeing that the sniper didn't respond, the lady who had offered the cake stood up disapprovingly.

"Youngsters nowadays lack manners. They won't even eat such delicious bread."

Afterward, she patted her brand-new floral cotton coat, and her face lit up with joy. "Hmm, new coats sure are warm!"

She then carried her bamboo basket and walked toward the next sniper.

The sniper who stayed put wore a face of unwillingness and horror, and he died on the spot. In his neck, there was a bloody piece of wheat cake stuck there.

The leader of the assassins had been waiting for quite some time. Seeing that his subordinates who were responsible for the explosives had not returned, his face darkened.

"You, go and see what's going on over there. What a useless bunch! Can't even get something so minor done!"

After a round of complaints, the subordinate he had sent out quickly rushed over to investigate. However, the scout still hadn't returned even after a long time.

Just as he was becoming increasingly puzzled, his radio suddenly crackled to life, and a familiar voice came through. "Young man, it's so cold out there, and you're still busy. How about eating a piece of wheat cake?"