

Chapter 2660 Night of Massacre

As the somewhat chilling voice came through the intercom, the atmosphere where the leader was began to get restless. Despite working as assassins for so many years, this was the first time they had encountered such a situation.

However, before they could regain their composure, the intercom transmitted more voices. The tone was still eerie and intimate, but this time, it was a male voice speaking. "Guests, it's cold outside. Why don't you come into my lodge and get a room?"

The voice was ghostly, like the Grim Reaper in the dark night. Just the sound of it seemed to chill the souls of those who heard it.

The leader saw the unusual expressions on his subordinates' faces and smashed the intercom on the ground, shattering it to pieces with one swift stomp.

"Who the hell is playing these tricks... Come out!"

If the source of this voice wasn't cut off soon, it could disturb the team's composure. But he was just a step too late, and he wasn't the only one with an intercom.

In this eerie atmosphere, one of the other assassins suddenly turned pale.

"Captain, we have a problem. We can't reach the sniper team or the guys planting the explosives."

When the rest of the team heard this news, an unsettling feeling rushed through them. As elite killers from the Keller Family, they had their own rules. No matter what unexpected situation arose, the top priority was to share information with each other. Even in life-threatening situations, they had to warn the remaining forces.

The situation in front of them was now very clear: the comrades they couldn't reach had undoubtedly been killed. In addition to the ominous words of the two strangers, fear began to spread quietly in the pitch-black environment.

"Captain, could it be that we're dealing with the supernatural? Maybe we should just call it quits." The speaker's voice was quivering, and he seemed to be voicing the thoughts of most people present.

In the span of just a few dozen seconds, dozens of elite assassin teams had been wiped out, and they hadn't even had a chance to relay a message. In their understanding, this was beyond what human capabilities could achieve.

The leader looked at his subordinates and couldn't help but frown. With a serious tone, he scolded them. "You've all disappointed me. Someone's just playing tricks on us, and you're all already scared out of your wits?! Has all the training and practices over the years turned you into a bunch of cowards?! Leave the assassin group if you're scared! Don't embarrass yourselves!"

Perhaps his reprimand had some effect. After being scolded, many of them began to shake off some fear, and determination returned to their eyes.

The leader breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that what they encountered was unlikely to be ghosts or monsters but skilled individuals. Paradoxically, skilled individuals were even more terrifying.

"Gather yourselves. Since the explosives and the sniper team are wiped out, we'll go head-on. If those tricksters are real deals, they won't resort to scaring us like this. So, don't be afraid. Protect each other and follow me to kill Matthew!"

The leader felt that delaying any longer might lead to them scaring themselves spineless before the opposing party had done anything. With his command, the surrounding assassins prepared for action, moving in from all sides to encircle the lodge.

At the same time, inside the lodge room, Ivy had somehow moved to sit beside Matthew.

"What is it that draws you to this lad so much? You seem quite dependent on him. Is it his handsome looks? Well, he is pretty handsome, hehe!" she asked with an inexplicable curiosity, then nodded. "Oh, it's because of his pure kindness. No wonder. Well, since he wields the Bloodreaper, he's likely not a bad person."

Strangely, the room only contained Ivy, who was awake, but she appeared to be engaged in a conversation with someone or something.