

## Chapter 2661 The Terrifying Ivy

Ivy noticed the commotion outside and furrowed her delicate eyebrows. "Really, all grown up and still playing such childish games!" With that, she held her potted cactus and gracefully leaped off the pristine bed.

At that moment, the slumbering Matthew seemed to sense something, but just as his eyelids fluttered and he was about to wake up, Ivy, standing by the door, made a subtle hand gesture, and Matthew once again sank into a deep sleep.

"You must rest well; you're tired," Ivy whispered softly as she closed the door behind her and strolled into the corridor.

Meanwhile, the leader of the assassins, along with his team, ascended to Matthew's floor via the front and rear staircases. However, they were met by a little girl, about six or seven years old, blinking her large eyes and observing them quietly.

Seeing the leader's puzzled expression, one of his subordinates quickly explained, "Captain, this is the little girl that Matthew has been taking care of during this time!"

The leader nodded indifferently. "In that case, we should eliminate her too."

No sooner had he uttered those words than one of his men drew a three-inch blade and advanced toward Ivy. "Little girl, don't blame me; if you must blame someone, blame yourself for choosing the wrong person. Now, die!"

Beneath the icy tone, a glint of ruthlessness, he slashed his blade toward Ivy's delicate neck.

In the midst of a life-and-death crisis, Ivy's face turned cold, and she said, "Noisy!"

With a swift motion of her slender arm, she raised it slowly in front of her. As she squeezed her hand, the assassin in front of her had his pupils dilate instantly, and an inexplicable force seemed to emerge from all directions as if it were about to flatten him into a pulp.

"Ugh... Ugh... Ugh..." Despite his desperate pleas for help, he could only emit painful screams. In the horrified gaze of his companions, he literally burst into a puddle of blood.

When Ivy turned her gaze back toward them, the assassins began to retreat, overwhelmed by the power that exceeded their comprehension.

"Is this still a power achievable by human means?"

"She's too strong. We should retreat for now, Captain."

It would've come as no surprise if the opposing party assassinated their comrades with weaponry. However, what they were witnessing was just too horrifying. A mere raise of her hand resulted in pulverized bones!

Hearing the suggestions from his subordinates, the leader hesitated. Faced with such a powerful adversary, he was also fearful. Having strong mental resilience didn't mean he wasn't afraid of death. However, the thought of the ironclad orders from the patriarch made him grit his teeth.

In a grim tone, he commanded his subordinates, "We have so many people; we shouldn't be afraid of this little girl. Kill her! We can overwhelm her with our numbers!"

If they couldn't complete this mission, given Atlas' current emotional state, they'd have no way out when they return anyway. They might as well give it their all.

As his subordinates rushed forward, the leader discreetly drew his handgun from his waist.

Bang!

Following a gunshot, a bullet flew through the crowd, aimed at Ivy's forehead.

"No way can you even catch bullets!"

Just when the leader was brimming with confidence, the little girl suddenly turned her head and smiled at him. Her innocent smile appeared sweet, but the leader felt his heart skip a beat and his blood run cold.

As the bullet was about to penetrate the little girl's temple, it suddenly stopped, hovering silently in mid-air.

"How is this even possible?!"

With the leader's incredulous exclamation, the bullet abruptly changed direction, flying back even faster, leaving him with no chance to dodge.

He could only watch in horror as the bullet pierced his forehead, collapsing lifeless.

Under the cover of the dark and windy night, it was the hour of death.

When the lodge owner and the wheat cake-selling lady arrived on the second floor, they found a gruesome scene of carnage. Amid the bloodbath, there was only one little girl sitting obediently on the corridor railing, holding a cactus in one hand while her other hand gently caressed a calico kitten that had eluded capture until now.