

Chapter 2692 The Super Assassin Brett Ravel

Outside Lawson Street, a man wearing sunglasses and a black hat calmly read the newspaper in his hands. The article Olivia Perrer had written about Matthew's discrimination against foreigners was printed on it.

"A doctor discriminating against other nationalities? Discriminating against us? Ha, interesting!"

After finishing the newspaper, he casually threw it aside and left some money on the table. Then, he picked up his long-shaped briefcase and prepared to confront Matthew. Brett Ravel wasn't particularly interested in sniping such an insignificant individual who lingered on the outskirts of society. If not for the Durhams' intervention and the foolish actions of the target, he wouldn't have stayed in Seraphis for long.

However, as Brett was about to cross Lawson Street, he couldn't help but recall an urban legend that seemed especially chilling as the north wind blew. Shaking his head, he decided to take a detour and follow Matthew's car from a distance.

"Matthew, is it really a good idea to fly a kite in the middle of winter?" asked the crown prince with a puzzled expression from the driver's seat. It was quite unusual to fly a kite in such windy weather. However, when he glanced at the rearview mirror to look at the back seat, he saw little Ivy staring at him with an indignant expression.

Alright, I shouldn't have interfered!

Thinking this, the crown prince decided to keep quiet and focus on driving. Matthew smiled faintly and absentmindedly smoothed Ivy's hair. Whether they flew a kite or not didn't matter much since he just wanted to take Ivy out for a walk and relax his nerves.

The car slowly came to a stop as they arrived at an open grassland in the countryside. Although the weather was cold, there was no need to worry about snakes, insects, or ants.

"I've prepared the kite. You can go play for a while; just don't wander too far." Matthew pinched Ivy's little nose and placed her on the ground. Ivy was completely overjoyed after landing on the ground and would squat down to carefully observe any flowers or plants she came across.

"Matthew, do you really want to keep her with you all the time?" The crown prince approached.

Preparing the kite, Matthew casually replied, "What can I do? Do you have any news from your subordinates?"

"No. They've practically turned Concordia upside down, but there hasn't been any progress." The crown prince glanced at Ivy, who was happily playing in the distance, and lowered his voice to ensure their conversation wouldn't be overheard.

"Matthew, after our investigation, we found that the neighbors around here don't even know her, as if she has appeared out of thin air. Besides, have you noticed that while Lawson Street looks ordinary and deserted, there's an unshakeable feeling that there's something eerie about it?"

As the crown prince mentioned this, Matthew suddenly stopped what he was doing. He had indeed sensed that something was off on his first day in Lawson Street, but he had thought it was just his exhaustion playing tricks on him. But now, he carefully recalled Lionel's inexplicable warning, who had told him not to get too close to Elara back when the butler and his daughter hadn't recognized each other yet, and also Lionel's astonishingly quick reflexes. Plus, Daisy, the butcher, and Lionel all seemed to have some kind of fear towards Ivy, whether intentional or not.

The crown prince could probably guess what Matthew was thinking when Matthew remained silent. "Matthew, you've noticed it too, haven't you?"

"Don't be ridiculous, and stop overthinking. You're not developing paranoid delusions, are you? Help me lift the kite. I want it to soar!"

"Um, alright!" The crown prince didn't press further upon seeing Matthew's reaction.

However, when he took the kite, Matthew calmly warned him, "There's no need to look for Ivy's parents, and let's not worry too much about Lawson Street. They mean me no harm, and we shouldn't interfere in their affairs."

Matthew's voice was soft and disappeared like scattered ashes in the northern wind.