

The sound of gunshots reverberated in the area, two factions exchanging shots. Phantom's Assassin Guild had become a battlefield between the assassins and the members of Syphiruz, a powerful Mafia organization of the underground world.

Dead bodies scattered everywhere, and the surroundings reeked of smoke, gunpowder, and blood!

Amidst the chaos happening in the area, a tall statuesque woman in her black dress stood in front of the balcony on the second floor of the mansion, playing with her dual-edged dagger.

She just finished eliminating five armed men who sneaked into the second floor. Their dead bodies were now lying on that cold floor, bathing in their own blood.

Despite the chilly and frightening aura surrounding her, her posture exuded elegance and a bewitching beauty which were enough to mesmerize and captivate anyone. She was an epitome of the goddess of beauty, Aphrodite, yet, her charming face was devoid of any emotions. She was as cold as the winter snow.

She swept her emerald eyes across the havoc and bloodshed beneath her. The assassins whom she trained and considered as family were being slaughtered one by one by those armed men.

Lady Phantomflake, the founder of Phantom Assassin Guild, was the most cold-blooded and ruthless assassin of all-time. She found pleasure in seeing her prey cower in fear while begging her desperately for their lives.

She took joy from that, hearing their desperate plea while whimpering and trembling in both pain and fear. But tonight, all she could hear were the dying voices of her fellow assassins... her family members.

Her lips twitched into a bitter smile as it finally dawned on her that she met a powerful enemy that led her to her downfall- Nathan Sparks!

Nathan is the great leader of the Syphiruz. He was as ruthless as her. He would not spare his target even if they would try to negotiate with him. His motto? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

She underestimated this man's power and influence. She blatantly tread on this devil's toes by assassinating the most precious person in his life- his woman!

Syphiruz's opposing faction called the hit, hiring her to kill his beloved woman. She succeeded in her mission. That mission caused demise for her and her assassin guild!

Now, she had nowhere else to go. The Syphiruz already suppressed them, surrounding their headquarters. Nathan and his men launched a surprise attack, sneaking into their headquarters unannounced. They were like thieves in the night.

Although they managed to kill several members of Syphiruz, they were just simply outnumbered. There was no end to this. Armed men just kept appearing from the dark. How many armies did he bring with him? A hundred? One thousand? Ten thousand?

But given this dire situation, she refused to admit defeat even if this might be her last breath. Nathan Sparks came for her. She would not easily give him the luxury to get what he wanted... and that was 'Killing her with his own hands!'

She might be a cruel and an evil assassin but this man was worthy to be called the Devil! In just a blink of an eye, she had lost everything to this devil incarnate! She was being cornered by him, pushing her to the edge. By the looks of it, Nathan Sparks planned to annihilate all of them.

The slamming sound of the door being pushed and kicked by someone snapped her back to the present. She just found herself turning around only to meet a pair of scrutinizing blue eyes.

The devil finally showed up to catch his main target. The man standing before her was surprisingly and strikingly gorgeous despite his cold and frightening demeanor.

He was younger than what people had imagined him to be. The rumor about him having an ugly scar on his face was not true. And he was totally a real deal– a devilish beauty of a man! The pride of men!

This was the first time she saw Nathan Sparks face to face, up-close! She could only see him from a distance before. She could recognize him even if he was wearing his mask in several occasions because she had sharp eyes in assessing people's identity!

Among the three men standing before her, Nathan gave her the vibe of authority and valor. His overall appearance posed threat and danger, especially to her! The way he looked at her seemed like he wanted to skin her alive and torture her to death.

But, what attracted her the most was the blue orbs that were shooting daggers at her. A pool of whirlwind emotions flashed through his eyes–anger, hatred, regret, sadness, and resentment.

Nathan swept his gaze around the balcony, searching for other people. When he saw no one, he expertly pulled his gun out of the holster, pointing it in her direction.magic

"Leave us alone!" He ordered his men, even his voice held some kind of overbearing power.

Following their Supreme Leader's command, the men left the balcony on that second floor, standing outside by the entrance door. They were now guarding the vicinity, taking control of the place.

No one was allowed to interrupt their leader while confronting the killer of his beloved woman. Nathan motioned his men not to enter that area as he would be the one to deal with her.

"Who called the hit? Tell me," he demanded sternly. His cold deep voice could easily send shivers down someone's spine. No wonder people in the underground world called him "The Stone-cold Devil".

"Why should I tell you? You won't even spare me even if I confess," she mocked him as she tightened her grip on her double-edge dagger.

Nathan's expression darkened further. He was dying to pull the trigger but he and this assassin still had something to talk about. He had to know who was the mastermind behind the death of his beloved woman!

"I am just giving you the chance to have an easy death," Nathan said meaningfully. It was also a warning and a threat. "Perhaps, you want to die the hard way?"

However his threat was useless. Lady Phantomflake wasn't afraid of him. She even took a step forward that brought more pressure on Nathan.

Bang!

He finally shot her but the bullet only grazed her right cheek. It was just a warning shot to scare her and make her confess.

"I am impatient. Don't let me repeat my question. Talk now, otherwise, I will give you the most horrible death that a person could ever have!" He mumbled through his gritted teeth.

"Then do it... if you can," she taunted him, wiping the blood on her face using the back of her palm. She had a mischievous smile on her face, no hint of fear nor nervousness.

"You are too cocky for someone who is about to die in my hand," Nathan spat back at her.

Before being shattered and destroyed completely by this devil, she had to take away the opportunity of him accomplishing his revenge.

She let out another sarcastic laugh. "Who told you that I would die in your hands? You are wrong, Mr. Sparks."

In one swift move, she plunged her dual-edge dagger into her own chest, catching Nathan by surprise! It was too late for him to react. Everything happened so fast. Before he knew it, Phantomflake pushed the dagger further deep into her beating heart, her eyes were fixed on his and her lips curling up into a satisfied smile.

Meanwhile, cursing her, Nathan reflexively dashed in her direction, catching her in his arms before she fell to the ground.

"No!!! STOP! You can't die!" He screamed in desperation. He had no intention of killing her just yet. But it was too late! The dagger was now buried deeply into her heart!

And now lying in his warm embrace, her gaze was fixed on Nathan until she was finally engulfed by darkness.

"Nooooo!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Nathan fired his gun several times to vent out his anger and frustration! This was not what he wanted! This was not the kind of revenge he envisioned against the assassin who murdered the most precious person in his life!

"You can't die! You should die in my own hands! I will hunt you down even in hell!"