

BloodLine 164

Chapter 164 - Part One: Assassin Ed's Plan

In a far-off tier-8 city.

A group of six hooded men fleeing from someone. Many of their bodies were riddled with wounds. Despite this, they did not turn away. They continued to flee in terror. This alley was so dark that it was ideal for an assassination. "Quick! Quick! Don't let up your pace. We've almost made it out of the alley."

The group's leader yelled at his men.

Just as he was about to finish his sentence. "Plop," one of the men collapsed. He had a small hole in his brow. The remaining men return their gaze to the corpse. Blood drained from their faces as they watched their companion turn into a corpse in an instant.

In an instant, the leader's face darkened. He couldn't take the pressure any longer. Instead of killing them instantly, that monster is playing with them. He realised it was pointless to run any longer.

When he turned around, he noticed that four of his men had sprung back in different directions. Fear had overcome them to the point where they could no longer listen to his command. He didn't have the energy to think anymore. All he wants is for this nightmare to end. Exactly what he was thinking. Then

Continuous gunshots rang out in the dark alley, "whracck."

The leader didn't need to think any further. It was exactly four shots. They were all dead. As he stumbles backward, the leader's legs have lost strength. His mind was blank, as if he wanted to close his eyes. He heard footsteps close by. His minuscule consciousness reminds him that the game is coming to an end. He was relieved; he didn't want to torment himself in fear any longer.

Death will be his ultimate release. Footsteps continue to approach him. When he saw the person, he opened his eyes wide.

"Who are you?" the leader exclaimed in desperation.

Hearing his words, the person sighed. "Do I really need to tell you?" He pulled the trigger once more. As the gunshot echoed throughout the area, the leader's corpse was left behind with a bloody hole in his head.

"I hope young master Zack will be fine," he said after closing the loopholes. He muttered under his breath as he examined the corpse. He didn't look after the body. The city lord was looking for these rogues. As a result, leaving the corpse behind isn't a problem.

He exited the dark alley a few minutes later, while it was still dark. As he approaches a nearby lodge for lodging. His wristwatch beeps in response to a notification. Observing that he did not open it to read it right away. With his consciousness, he casually observed his surroundings. Seeing as there isn't a single problem around here. He entered the lodge.

As he walks up to the registration desk. A middle-aged man in winter clothes snoozing without a care in the world.

"Tup.. Tup..Tup," he taps the front desk, hoping to rouse the elderly gentleman.

Seeing as how the old man didn't appear to hear anything. He furrowed his brows. He couldn't put it off any longer. He must read the message. Because technology has advanced so much. He is not required to address the elderly gentleman. He scanned his identification, and the virtual screen appeared in an instant. As he looks around the available space. He discovered that all of the low-cost rooms were fully booked. Few costly remain unaccommodated.

He had no choice but to stay in an expensive hotel. He moves on to room ten after paying the rent for one night. Inside the room a few minutes later. The person receives a phone call out of the blue. Seeing this, he erected a small shield around himself. He heard a calm voice once the call was connected.

"Jonathan, where have you gone?" Sir Lowell McClain was curious.

When Jonathan heard this, he replied, "Master, I'm in Brown City." I was in charge of the clearing underground organization's few hideouts. "I'm leaving tomorrow morning," he said with a smile.

"All right, once you find out where they are. Wait for them to move before acting. I'm still looking for someone who is brave enough to stand by them in this situation." Sir Lowell McClain weighed in.

"All right, Master. I'll let you know when I'm finished." Jonathan responded with assurance.

They then hung up the phone. Jonathan read the message that he had opened. He furrows his brows after reading it. "Young Master Zack requested that I obtain a few lightning-related Monster cores or blood essence pills. He appears to be short on resources. Rather, he is having difficulty collecting lightning-related items. Should I notify Master? He could arrange them in a matter of minutes if he knew. But the master will not approve; he has already informed me of his decision.

Everything must be put on hold until young master Zack enrolls in the academy. If Zack's master gave him lightning resources.

Zack's talent allows him to easily outperform the rest of them in cultivation. It will sow discord among the factions. They'll look for any information they can find about Zack. This is something Master does not want to happen before he enrolls in the academy. I'm sure you have some plans, Master. That's why he's allowing this so much trouble for young master Zack." He reflected to himself.

Mr. Jonathan then let out a sharp exhale. "Master, I'm afraid I'm unable to assist you at this time." Perhaps I should try my luck with my contacts." He made a passing remark in his head.

The hours flew by. The next morning, Mr. Jonathan left the brown hut city.

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The next morning, the masked man was reading his organization's report. He heard a knocking sound in the door. He frowns slightly before allowing the person to enter.

The door slid open with a "Creak."

A guard approaches him and says, "Boss, We've had some trouble contacting our base in Brown Hut City."

The masked man looked at the guard when he heard that. Then he asked, "How long has it been?" "Did you communicate with the other warriors in that base?"

Hearing that, the guard became agitated for a brief moment. He then regained his composure and replied, "Boss, No one from that base is answering the phone. They were very active until yesterday afternoon. They did not share their intelligence report from the previous night. We assumed it was a technical problem. As a result, we didn't take it seriously. However, the same thing happened this morning. We're at a loss for what to do. That is why I have come to inform you."

Hearing the masked man's heart skip a beat. In his heart, a bad omen arose. "No way, it can't be." He thought to himself. He shook his head, looked at the guard, and said, "Send a batch of people to investigate at the brown hut city."

Hearing that, the guard nodded and asked for his permission to leave.

The masked man then sat in his seat, deep in thought. "The brown hut city is a rather powerful household for gathering intelligence." It's ranked third in their organisation." This is why he couldn't help but be concerned. He has a nagging feeling inside that tells him he should go instead. But he couldn't stop his current work based solely on instinct.

He then examines the kill list's completion rate. Taking a look at the kill list. His heart is filled with greed. There are only a few seed candidates to eliminate. If he completes his mission completely, he will be promoted directly to a higher position. Then there will be no shortage of resources. In his eyes, a vicious glint flashes. Finally, he made a firm decision.

After he had made up his mind. He dialled the number of a specific individual. He heard a playful voice once the call was connected. "Yo! Masked man, it appears you've been doing well lately. "What are you doing now?"

He always felt dreadful when he heard this person's voice.

He had no choice but to organise his assistance. "Mr. Ed, I almost finished the kill list," he said, staring at the holographic image of the person. I omitted a few. "I'm hoping you'll take my order to finish them."

When the person heard that, immediately He answered, "Wait, what happened to you?" You'll always refer to me as "Assassin Ed."

Hearing that, the masked man embarrassedly smiled behind his mask. He gathered his thoughts and stated, "No one in history has completed their kill list completely." "I liked being the first." He told it like it was.

The other individual is the same assassin named Ed. He once took the order to assassinate Zack. Later, due to an emergency, he dropped it.

After hearing the words of the masked man. He was deafeningly quiet for a minute. Ed is not responding because he is pondering it.

The masked man couldn't help but become concerned. All of his future plans were made with assassin Ed in mind. "What happened, assassin Ed?" he inquired.

When Ed heard about the assassin, he said, "You know I'm working on a different assignment." And you are not the only one who is obsessed with your organization's kill list. Other underground organisations have their own list of people to kill. "Don't you realise that?"

Hearing this, the masked man realises his hidden meaning.. He is well aware that he is wishing for a perfect finish.