

BloodLine 182

Chapter 182 - Part One: The Masked Man's Fear

Elder Jensen is strolling down the corridor. His grandson's death, on the other hand, is unbearable. He must keep it together and move forward for the sake of his clan. He was the father of one son. His son has a short temper and his personality is unsuitable for clan management. He expected his grandson to prosper the next generation of his clan.

Now it's all been for naught. Despite this, he wishes to assassinate Zack and avenge his grandson. However, acting directly is impossible at this moment. All he can do is wait for a chance to kill that brat. In the meantime, one must endure. After he had sorted out his inner thoughts, Elder Jensen approached the lift. Just as he was about to press the button.

Someone called out behind his back, "Elder Jensen." He turned away from the person.

"Arthur!" Elder Jensen muttered between his teeth. Certainly, he has a negative opinion of Arthur. All he knows is that Arthur has never been on his side. Even when it came to his grandson's death, he remembered Arthur's carefree demeanour at the time. His heart was churning with rage, but he managed to calm down.

"What exactly do you want?" With a poker face, he said. No one can deduce anything from his expression, and the same is true for Mr. Arthur.

Mr. Arthur makes it in time to meet Elder Jensen. But, judging by Elder Jensen's expression, his suspicion grows even stronger. "As expected, this old fellow is hiding something," Mr. Arthur reflected.

After hearing his words, Mr. Arthur smiled and said, "Oh, Elder Jensen, it's nothing, I just saw you." So I stopped by to say hello. You can contact me if you have any questions."

Elder Jensen snorted after hearing his words, "Harumph." He entered the lift without saying anything and proceeded to his office cabin.

Mr. Arthur smiled helplessly as he watched Elder Jensen's back disappear. "My hands will be full hereafter," he thought to himself, shaking his head. He then returns to his cabin.

Elder Jensen, on the other hand, entered his cabin. His heart is content after carefully inspecting each item placed inside here. He confirmed that no one trespassed after that incident.

Elder Jensen, on the other hand, opened the door to his cabin. After carefully inspecting each item placed inside here, his heart is content. He confirmed that no one trespassed in the aftermath of the incident.

Elder Jensen sat in his heat before logging into the campus server to get the most up-to-date information. Elder Jensen let out a sigh a few minutes later. "May Ford Academy, what a shambles!" He muttered something venomous under his breath. He, too, saw the video of today's challenge duel, which took place in the morning.

Leon's face almost turned green as he listened to his statement. "On the campus website, there is no official announcement of holidays." So, where are they? "How come they didn't accept his challenge?" Elder Jensen reflected to himself.

The more he tried to understand, the more dissatisfied he became. It appears that he has withheld some information from him. Typically, their staff will update weekly reports. Where he can learn about important events that occurred on campus.

Nonetheless, there is no mention of the arrival of May Ford campus personnel. It struck him as odd. Since Luke fought the day before. Why didn't he show up today? He shook his head. He decided to contact another Elder to find out more information.

He learned a few things from his colleague a few minutes later. For example, Elder Thornton's frequent absences and the uninvited sudden appearance of the May Ford students. These were one things, but he was also aware of strange activities on the Hansen campus. It's mostly because of Seed Candidate.

He knows a few things about Zack and his current situation thanks to his contacts. When he found out about the intelligence report, he threw a big party for his entire family. "I hope that beast dies sooner," he said.

Then he remembered Elder Thornton. His ambition to become chairman has been dashed. As a result, he must remain silent in order to complete his vengeance. As a result, he was unconcerned about his current activities. After thinking about it, he goes through the other important reports.

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At the moment, Elder Thornton is erecting a tent at the foot of Mountain Liz. He is perplexed by Zack's current behaviour. "What brought him to this small mountain?" There are no class 2 Monsters in this area. Even Class 1 is uncommon." Elder Thornton thought to himself. When he noticed Zack entering his tent. He chooses to spend the night in his tent at the foot of the mountain.

This location is quite far away from Zack's. Initially, he assumed Zack had come here to train himself by fighting Class Monsters. But now that he's learned more about the Mountain Liz, he's a little unsure.

Zack, on the other hand, is not looking for monsters to fight. He understood unequivocally that Zack is not here to fight. Deep down he want ask him directly at that time. However, according to that esteemed individual. He should not reveal his activities to Zack. As a result, he calmed down. So thinking about it any further is pointless. He then fell asleep.

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(From Zack's perspective)

Zack, on the other hand, is cultivating peacefully.

I opened my eyes a few minutes later. I planned at first to practise my sword technique. But my mood has darkened as a result of the strange circumstances that have arisen. I'm not sure if it's foe or if it's for a friend. I'll have to tell Uncle about it. If it had been Mr. Jonathan, he would have informed me. I made it clear after our last conversation.

If he wants to keep an eye on me in private. He must first inform me. So I'm pretty sure this incident isn't the fault of Mr. Jonathan.

I furrowed my brows as I considered my next course of action. For the time being, I am unable to practise my lightning sword moves. I have to devote the rest of my time to my cultivation. Even if it isn't the outcome I had hoped for. I don't have a choice until I clarify things. I sighed once everything was in order. After that, I began my cultivation a few minutes later.

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The masked man's face twists in a faraway place in his hideout, as he reads the current report. In a matter of weeks, the majority of the second and third hideouts were demolished.

His organisation, as well as himself, are unsure of the enemy. Every single hideout is well guarded. Thought it was a second and third rate, but all of their activities were well recorded. It is not possible for information to be leaked.

Since no one knows who the enemy is. As a result, his organisation is not harsh on him. But they still want him to find out anything he can about the enemy. He thought everything was fine a few weeks ago. He devised a plan for the future in which he would sit and relax and enjoy his life. But now, every piece of information is lethal.

One part of him tells him about the kill list assassination deep down. "Does it have anything to do with the victim's family?" He muttered something under his breath. He was lost in his own thoughts as he tapped his finger on the desk. But he has no idea that Mr. Jonathan is to blame for everything.

Sir. Lowell McClain's orders were received. He went from city to city, dealing massive blows to Masked Man's organisation.

Suddenly, The masked man's sci-fi watch flashed with an alert.

Hearing that irritating sound caused him to knit his brows. He straightened his back to examine it. When he saw the name Assassin Ed, his face became solemn. He remembered giving him the order to finish the kill list.

He answered the phone and said, "Yes, Mr. Ed." "What transpired?"

"I have to ask you what happened?" said assassin Ed on the other end of the line.

Certainly not you! I heard a favourable report about your organisation. "It appears that your organisation has hit an iron plate this time."

Hearing his words, the Masked Man's bad mood worsens even more. But he doesn't want to provoke him. Because Assassin Ed frightens him. Because he appears to be friendly and his conversations are almost casual. But this person, who knows what his inner thoughts were, might kill me without a reason.

As a result, he stated unequivocally, "Yeah, it's true. We weren't sure who the enemy was."

"Ha...Ha...Ha..." Assassin Ed burst out laughing. "To think your actions were exposed this earlier," he remarked. "I'm at a loss for words."

The Masked Man is becoming irritated. "Leave it, Mr. Ed," he said. "Could you please tell me why you called me this time?"

"Well, I finished my previous assignment." I currently have no assignments other than your request for a kill list." Ed, the assassin, said with a smile. Following on from the recent Intel. He made the decision to demand more rewards from the masked man.. The victim family is almost certainly to blame for their recent problems.