

Extraordinary 991

[Chapter 991 The Heinous Crime](#)

He felt as if he was being amalgamated into the freezing-cold air that was gushing out. Once the box was opened, the temperature within the factory dropped sharply.

“F*ck, why don't you get up?”

Dixon attempted to drag the man inside the box out but quickly realized that the frozen body was stuck to the freezer.

Furrowing his brows, he threw the box's thermostat a glance and saw that it was minus twenty-seven degrees.

“Can he still be alive at such a low temperature?”

The man was clearly not showing any signs of life. Has he been frozen to death?

“How is that possible?” The frowning Dixon instructed everyone, “Quick, open up all the boxes!”

Upon receiving his orders, his men began opening them one by one.

Given the extremely low temperature of the boxes and the fact that it was a winter night, the entire factory suddenly felt like the North Pole.

It was so cold that everyone couldn't help but shiver.

“What's going on?”

Dixon roared in frustration, “You fools! Were you trying to kill them all by setting such a low temperature?”

There were no survivors in any of the tens of boxes there.

Every single one of them had met a miserable end.

From the way they looked, it wasn't difficult to imagine how much they suffered before succumbing to death.

A cruel fate was what met them in a foreign land despite the hopes of a new life they harbored.

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Thereafter, Dixon glared at his stupid subordinates. How am I going to get paid now that all of them are

dead? After all the money and effort I've spent to bring them here for Blackhand Mafia, I ended up with nothing at all!

Dixon's subordinates trembled at his rage. "Mr. Haddock, we didn't know... We did check them on the ship."

"You imbeciles!" Dixon gave the man closest to him a kick, sending him crashing into the ground in excruciating pain.

"Mr. Haddock, I'm beginning to have doubts about your capabilities." Wilson shrugged while staring at the gruesome sight before him.

Given Blackhand Mafia's inherently dangerous activities, death was considered business as usual.

As a result, the scene before his eyes didn't bother him at all.

"Mr. Wilson, don't worry about it. I'll bring in another boatload of people." Taking a deep breath, Dixon suppressed the fury within him and pleaded, "I hope that our cooperation can still continue, so please give me another chance, all right?"

"Mr. Haddock, how am I going to trust you now that Haddock Group has been burned down and all these men are dead?" Wilson ended his sentence with a scoff. "You had better do something to prove your sincerity."

While the men were negotiating inside the factory, Spencer was so shocked outside the window that he could barely maintain his grip on his camera.

These men have no regard for human lives at all! How can they commit such heinous crimes? All those poor souls they smuggled from Alendor have been killed just like that, yet they don't feel any remorse at all. They negotiate as if they are trading meat in the market. Do the lives of these pitiful men mean nothing to them?

The thoughts going through his mind caused Spencer to tremble with rage.

The urge to dash into the building and bring the men to justice began to swell within him.

Nevertheless, he suppressed the anger he felt and instructed the men beside him, "Don't move hastily until Mr. Nolan arrives."

No sooner had he spoken than someone suddenly stepped on a tree branch.

The crisp snapping sound that resulted drew the attention of Dixon and his men.

A frosty expression flashed across Dixon's face as he barked, "Someone's here!"

[Chapter 992 Save Yourselfs](#)

Before anyone could react, a gun had appeared in Wilson's hand, which he then pointed at Dixon's head. "Mr. Haddock, how dare you get others involved!"

Dixon frowned at him. "Mr. Wilson, were you followed on your way here?"

He gestured with his hand while speaking. At his cue, a horde of his subordinates swarmed out of the factory.

Meanwhile, Spencer grabbed his men and took cover immediately. "There's too many of them. We have to leave right away!"

"But..." The subordinate who stepped on the branch was filled with guilt. "I'm sorry, Spencer."

"Let's go! We have the video. It's time to escape!" Spencer replied frantically, cognizant that they were massively outnumbered.

With the evidence in hand, the only thing he hoped for was for Lucas to arrive in time.

The sight of the fleeing figures brought an insidious curl to Dixon's lips. "After them!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, multiple gunshots rang out in the night, giving Lucas and Ashlyn—who were almost there—a shock.

"There's a shootout going on! We have to hurry!" Ashlyn exclaimed.

As Lucas stared into the night, the strands of hair on his forehead swayed with the breeze. "Everyone, pick up the pace!"

Under the cover of darkness, their group sped in the direction of the gunshots.

Meanwhile, Spencer turned around to provide covering fire as he and his men continued to flee.

Unfortunately for them, Dixon's men were a lot more familiar with the lay of the land. By taking a shortcut, they quickly surrounded Spencer and his men.

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“What a coincidence, Mr. White!”

Dixon's lips curved into an insidious smile.

As Spencer turned his head around fearfully, he was greeted by Dixon's towering figure and a smile that sent a chill down his spine.

“Dixon! How can you commit such a terrible act and not even bat an eyelid?”

Spencer felt his heart stop as he stared daggers at Dixon.

Anyone with a sliver of conscience in them would be outraged over what Dixon had done.

Staring right into Spencer's eyes, Dixon approached the former step by step before cocking his brow slightly. “I'm sorry, Mr. White. For seeing something you shouldn't, I've no choice but to bury you here.”

Upon his cue, Dixon's men surged forward and pointed their guns at Spencer's group.

A barrage of gunshots rang out again.

With his face losing all color, Spencer dived to the ground and took cover behind a huge tree.

He pulled out his reserve magazine with his teeth and began reloading his gun.

Due to the enemy's overwhelming firepower, all they could do now was hang on for dear life.

As for Wilson, he had caught up by then. “Leave no one alive! Kill them all!”

Faced with the assault by Blackhand Mafia, Spencer's men were helpless on their own.

All he could do was watch them collapse to the ground, one by one.

Amidst his intensifying anxiety, Spencer and his remaining three men threaded through the trees as fast as they could.

Taken by surprise by how dogged his pursuers were, his mind became a chaotic mess.

With the camera tightly held in his arms, his fists tightened without him realizing it.

I have evidence of Dixon's crimes inside!

Bang!

Another gunshot rang out, followed by a groan from Spencer.

One of his men hurried to help him. "Spencer, are you all right?"

Upon detecting the stench of blood, he exclaimed in a low voice, "Are you hurt?"

However, Spencer replied through his gritted teeth, "Go on ahead! Don't mind me!"

"But Spencer..."

"Run, save yourselves!" Spencer gave him a shove after stuffing the camera into his subordinate's arms.

"Take the other two with you."

"No, we're not leaving without you!"

"Stop wasting time, or no one is going to leave this place alive!" Spencer's eyes fell upon Dixon's subordinates, who were approaching swiftly. "I'll take care of them. You guys should hurry up and leave!"

[Chapter 993 The Knight In Shining Armor](#)

Steeling himself, Spencer pulled out his pistol and fired indiscriminately at his pursuers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

He unloaded all the bullets in the magazine until it was empty.

Spencer's eyes widened upon realizing that he was utterly surrounded.

"Hmph! How dare you lay a finger on my man. Do you have a death wish?"

All of a sudden, an icy voice echoed out.

Thereafter, a low rumble could suddenly be heard coming from the woods.

Out of the surrounding darkness rolled a tank. It had turned off its lights and was traveling under the dim illumination provided by the moon.

A young lady in a loli-like dress was driving it with a devious smile on her face.

Even though her cutesy outfit contrasted with the heavy machinery of the tank, an inexplicable sense of harmony made it feel like she was right at home in it.

"How dare you touch my boyfriend!"

"Cassandra, he's just your boyfriend in name... Not reality..." her co-driver reminded softly.

"I still won't allow it!"

As a wicked glint flashed across her eyes, she barked, "Fire!"

Spencer was wearing a tracker, which she used to locate him while commanding the attack. By doing so, the tank's cannon accurately avoided the former when firing.

Boom! An accurate shot struck Dixon's men, leaving a huge crater in the ground.

Cries of agony filled the air immediately.

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Just like a tractor, the tank charged forward as if it had gone berserk.

Meanwhile, Dixon was left in a daze by the sudden bombardment.

Staring at the tank emerging in his view, he was filled with disbelief.

"D*mn it! How did something like this get here?"

A main battle tank?

Wilson, too, was given a rude shock. He grabbed Dixon by the collar and yelled, "What the f*ck are you doing? Why is the army here?"

From his perspective, only the army had access to tanks.

Under normal circumstances, Blackhand Mafia would dominate the situation regardless of where they went.

Hence, the last thing he expected was to be surrounded during his trip to H Nation.

As the tank rolled up to Spencer's side, Cassandra jumped out from within.

Stretching out her hand, she pulled Spencer into her arms with a powerful tug. What happened next was even more shocking.

Despite his towering figure at one meter and eighty centimeters tall, Cassandra swept him off his feet

and carried him in her arms. Thereafter, she leaped into the air gracefully before landing back on the tank.

T-This...

Spencer blushed in response.

Even though it was dark and no one could see them, his cheeks burned so hard that he felt as if they were about to explode.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would be rescued by a lady who could carry him like a damsel in distress.

Cassandra driving a tank...

Despite the weird imagery, it was a sight that blew him away.

The scene would have been less than perfect if their roles were reversed.

After putting him down, Cassandra whipped two machine guns out from her hips.

Spencer had to rub his eyes to make sure he wasn't seeing things. For an ordinary person, a single machine gun was difficult enough to handle due to its heavy recoil.

Yet Cassandra didn't face this problem at all as she could easily handle one in each hand.

Subsequently, she began to unleash a barrage of gunfire at their enemies.

The sound of rattling guns reverberating throughout the woods was quickly followed by harrowing screams.

Not a single one of Cassandra's shots missed their target.

Dixon could only stand idly by as his subordinates faltered one by one. As for Cassandra, she looked as if she was mowing all of them down effortlessly, one wave after another.

Wilson's eyes almost popped out of their sockets as he stared at the weird-looking girl standing on top of the tank.

[Chapter 994 An Eye For An Eye](#)

“What kind of monster is that?”

“She isn't a monster. She's just a subordinate of mine.”

At that moment, a slender figure suddenly emerged beside the tank.

The woman was clad all in black. Her snug outfit showed off all her curves in the right places.

As she stared nonchalantly at Wilson and Dixon, her lips curled into a sarcastic smile. "It's been a while, Wilson."

"K-Kris?" The familiar voice gave Wilson a shock. "Boss, what are you doing here? Is that weird-looking girl one of yours?"

"Wilson, I thought you would run Blackhand Mafia properly when I handed it to you. Unfortunately, you betrayed the original intention of my doing so."

Ashlyn's eyes were spitting fire as she spoke. "If I had known that you would ruin Blackhand Mafia, I wouldn't have groomed you to take over!"

"Kris... No, Boss... Don't do this. I'm sorry..." Wilson dropped to his knees upon hearing Ashlyn's words.

Watching the scene unfold with a frown, Dixon could feel a sense of dread swelling within him.

Little did he expect the arrogant Wilson to turn into a coward in front of Ashlyn.

Why is such a powerful man begging Ashlyn on his knees?

Underneath the starless sky, all Dixon felt was a chill down his spine, as if he had fallen into an abyss of ice.

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Why is the leader of Blackhand Mafia so terrified of Ashlyn? And what did he call her? Kris?

If I recall correctly, Kris came out of retirement last year to participate in underground fights. Back then, her goal was to resolve the turf wars going on. After winning the competition, the territory, including the seas around the harbor, was returned to Shadow Way. Due to the protection provided by Shadow Way, peace was maintained along the shipping lanes into H Nation.

Dixon had always wondered why Shadow Way wanted to keep the ships safe. It wasn't until now he had an epiphany.

Is it because Kris is actually Ashlyn? How is that possible?

He shook his head vehemently. This is impossible!

Kris is a legendary mafia boss. How is she even remotely related to Ashlyn, someone who has a demure demeanor? Even though she knows how to fight a little, there's no way she and Kris are the same person.

Filled with disappointment, he attempted to drag Wilson up from his knees as he roared, "Have you gone mad? Take a good look at her. She's Ashlyn Berry! How can you act so cowardly by kneeling in front of a mere woman?"

"Get lost! You know nothing!" Wilson shoved Dixon aside. As he frantically crawled up to Ashlyn, he tugged at the hem of her pants. "Boss, K-K... I beg of you. Please forgive me. I'll definitely turn over a new leaf and not commit any unscrupulous deeds going forward!"

Unmoved by Wilson's pleas, Ashlyn simply responded with a scoff.

With her sleeves fluttering in the night breeze, the terrifying aura Ashlyn exuded made her resemble a demon.

As the cloudy night sky was devoid of any natural light, the only illumination was provided by the tank.

Even though she spoke softly, Ashlyn's piercing cold voice struck fear into anyone who heard it.

"But can you bring those frozen souls back to life, Wilson? An eye for an eye is what you deserve."

Ashlyn gave the crying Wilson a piercing look, her face brimming with murderous intent.

No sooner had she spoken than a gunshot rang out.

Wilson's eyes instantly widened in disbelief.

Looking down with some difficulty, he stared at the blood that covered his bleeding thigh before collapsing onto the ground.

[Chapter 995 Sneak An Attack](#)

Wilson lay on the ground as blood pooled beneath him, but no one saw how Ashlyn fired the gun.

He could not help but pant and gasp as excruciating pain coursed through him. As for Ashlyn, no one knew when she had taken out a silver gun.

"Take him away!" Ashlyn's cold voice echoed through the area. Two men in black immediately appeared and dragged the injured Wilson away.

"Mr. Haddock... The fun is about to begin!" Ashlyn smirked as she turned to look at Dixon, who had turned pale. The corners of her lips twitched as she continued, "I've played along with you for such a long time. It's time this act ends."

"Ashlyn! You b*tch!" Dixon yelled as he glared at her. "I didn't expect you to be the legendary boxing champion, Kris! You... Why are you sneaking around in Lake City? What the heck are you trying to do?"

"Mr. Haddock, you're a smart man. How do you not know what my intentions are? My goal since the start has always been you..."

Ashlyn pursed her lips as she glanced at the subordinates behind Dixon.

And the man behind those subordinates...

The man stood tall and firm behind them. When he noticed Ashlyn's gaze on him, his lips curved into a smile as he stepped forward and waved.

In an instant, numerous men in black surrounded Dixon and the others.

Dixon, whose attention was focused on Ashlyn, finally came to a realization.

Surprised, he glared at Lucas, who stepped forward from behind him. "You... Why are you here too?"

Lucas glanced at him before striding toward Ashlyn. Gripping her chin, his lips curved into an evil smile that matched hers as amusement flashed across his eyes.

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"Mr. Haddock, have you heard of a saying?"

Lucas' husky voice sounded exceptionally seductive in the dark.

"What saying?" At that moment, Dixon was in a wretched state. The expensive suit he donned had long since become wrinkled, and he had lost his previous confidence.

"A good Jill makes a good Jack." The smile on Lucas' face grew wider. "I'll go to wherever my wife is."

Ashlyn stared at Lucas with her obsidian-like eyes. She beamed as her slim, pale fingers reached over to grip his shirt and pull him close.

Her rosy red lips pressed onto his as they shared a kiss.

"Your performance isn't so bad. I like it," Ashlyn said, her words laced with wickedness.

Lucas felt warmth spread across his chest as he watched her take the initiative. Happiness filled him as he welcomed the soft press of her lips on his.

As for the other people witnessing the scene, the corners of their lips twitched, obviously annoyed by the display of affection.

Are they treating us as if we're air? Or are they treating this place as somewhere they can show PDA?

Standing on the tank, Cassandra could not help but roll her eyes at Ashlyn. Boss is in her honeymoon phase. I'm speechless! She's clearly trying to provoke us singles! Even if she wanted to provoke us, this isn't the right place for it... Right now, we're trying to capture Dixon!

Just then, a man holding a pair of binoculars told Lucas, "Mr. Nolan! More people are coming!"

Lucas furrowed his brows. "Are they trying to sneak an attack?"

Ashlyn shot a glare at where the man was pointing to. "It looks like someone else is targeting us!"

Dixon stood in the middle of the encirclement. He looked pleased, and his lips curved into a smile. "The organization won't let me die! They must've sent someone to rescue me!"

On top of the trees not far from them, a few men in black jumped from branch to branch as they hurried toward Ashlyn and the others.

Under the trees, a dozen other men in black were also rushing toward Lucas and Ashlyn like madmen.

There were more of them than Ashlyn's men. The man at the front wore a mask, and beneath it, his sharp gaze locked onto Lucas and Ashlyn. He stared at them momentarily before waving his hand and yelling, "Attack!"

In an instant, gunshots echoed throughout the area as splatters of blood painted the night sky a deep red.

In the dark, the few men in black on the trees moved as fast as lightning as they rushed forward amongst the non-stop ringing of gunshots.

[Chapter 996 A New Force](#)

Cassandra raised her eyebrows as she looked through the binoculars to see those few men in black jumping from branch to branch. "I can't believe there are people who can move faster than my bullets! They somehow avoided every shot!"

"It looks like you aren't firing fast enough!" Ashlyn chuckled before she held up her gun.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four continuous shots were fired.

Cassandra watched as the men in black on top of the trees fell to the ground after failing to avoid Ashlyn's bullets.

They had fallen to their deaths, eyes wide open as though they could not believe someone could have such fast marksmanship.

Cassandra clapped her hands excitedly, staring at Ashlyn in awe and jealousy. "You are the master indeed! Your marksmanship is much faster than mine! A lot more accurate too!"

On the other hand, Spencer and the rest of Lucas' subordinates widened their eyes in shock as they felt chills run down their spines.

Wow... Her marksmanship is fast and smooth. She doesn't hesitate to take anyone's life, either. Each shot of hers is more accurate than the one before.

Cassandra was the country's champion gunwoman. They could not believe that Ashlyn could shoot and kill the people that Cassandra could not.

Those four men looked to be ninjas of Dartan and masters of ninjutsu. They were fast, and it was hard for others to land a hit on them, especially since they were moving in the dark.

The other men in black could not help but stare in shock at the slim figure of Ashlyn.

In the forest, anger flashed through the masked man's eyes when he noticed his subordinates had been shot and killed. "F*ck! Why do you have to be on the opposite side?"

"Mr. Silvermoon, are we going to save Mr. Haddock?"

"Mr. Silvermoon, are we going to save Mr. Haddock?"

One of Silvermoon's subordinates was shocked to see those four ninjas fall from the trees to their deaths. Those men were the ninjutsu masters of their organization. They could easily take others' lives without anyone noticing.

Not only that, but they were also good at concealing their whereabouts.

No one had seen how those four people jumped through the tree branches, yet they were suddenly shot to their deaths.

"Yes, we must save him!" Silvermoon's tone was cold. Dixon still had many of Silvermoon's possessions that he had not returned.

Nothing can happen to Dixon now!

Silvermoon's words had barely left his mouth when suddenly, a series of ear-piercing gunshots sounded, and a storm of bullets flew toward them.

Silvermoon instinctively moved to hide behind a tree.

His expression turned grim as he watched a few of his subordinates fall to their misfortune, the thick scent of their blood filling the air.

From the sounds of the footsteps rushing toward them, it was apparent that many people had arrived.

Silvermoon gritted his teeth in frustration. "D*mn it! Why did Lucas bring so many people?"

The current situation was not advantageous for him.

Dixon was still in Ashlyn and Lucas' hands. Silvermoon could care less about Wilson since the latter was cannon fodder. The person Silvermoon truly wanted was Dixon.

All of a sudden, Silvermoon could sense a murderous aura coming from behind him. He frowned and turned to scan an area further from where he was. He could see over a hundred people rushing toward them through his binoculars.

At that moment, not only were Dixon and Wilson in the forest but also Silvermoon, Lucas, and Ashlyn, each with their respective men.

There are already three different forces here. Why is there a fourth?

A hint of murderous intent flashed across Silvermoon's eyes.

He pursed his lips. The group of people he had smuggled out from Alendor had attracted the attention of many, but unfortunately, all of them were now dead.

If four different forces were to fight against each other, he would not have a high chance of winning. The possibility of him snatching Dixon amidst the chaos was not high either.

Silvermoon hesitated momentarily.

While Silvermoon was hesitating, Lucas had observed everything that had happened through a pair of binoculars on a hill not far away.

His face drained of color when he saw hundreds of people arriving. "Retreat! A new force is coming!"

The corners of Ashlyn's lips twitched. She glanced at Cassandra and noticed that the latter had turned serious. Cassandra held up her gun and aimed toward the oncoming people.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The sound of the machine gun firing filled the air.

"The word 'retreat' is not in my dictionary!" Cassandra yelled.

Ashlyn smirked when she heard that.

With a wave of her hand, Luigi led several men from Shadow Way and rushed out of the forest. In the tank, Spencer noticed the co-driver from before starting up the tank.

[Chapter 997 Taking The Lead](#)

With a deafening boom, the tank opened fire, releasing its shell.

The artillery soon landed and exploded, creating a large crater as it blasted all the enemies away and stained the earth red.

Unadulterated fear surged through the hearts of those who were lucky enough to escape the disaster, for they had just had a brush with death.

"Honey!" Lucas did not expect Ashlyn to be so radical and violent.

I can't believe she just ordered the tank to open fire!

"Apart from us, Dixon and Wilson, there are still two other forces out there in the forest eyeing us." Ashlyn pursed her lips, her voice ringing in Lucas' ears. "Can't you just put a little more trust in my abilities, Honey?"

"I just don't want you to get hurt," Lucas said as a shudder ran through his body.

His fear came from the fact that he had someone he loved.

Anxiety and terror gnawed at him, not because he was cowardly but because he instinctively wanted to keep Ashlyn away from danger and face all the remaining perils alone.

He had prepared himself to stay behind and provide cover for Ashlyn's retreat.

However, he didn't expect that not only did his beloved not want to retreat, but she wanted to fight back as well.

Given the current situation, we are now the ones taking the lead. As for all those dead illegal immigrants in the old factory building, they have become the most compelling evidence for us to use against Dixon. If the evidence falls into the hands of any other forces or is destroyed, Dixon may once again escape justice. Apart from that, we could also become cannon fodder for any of these forces.

With that thought in mind, Lucas no longer hesitated and sprinted toward a tall tree before making his way to the top of it. His eyes were gleaming with fierce determination as he pulled out his gun and raised his binoculars.

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He then raised his gun and aimed at the leaders of the newly arrived forces, shooting them one by one with deadly accuracy.

The sudden barrage of fire caught the other party off guard, and almost everyone started to retreat. Unable to get any closer, they could only lie down on the side and shoot from a distance.

Cassandra gaped at Lucas, stunned beyond words. Those people were at least fifty or sixty meters away from us, yet he was able to take them out with a single shot each?

Her confidence as a shooting champion was once again shattered by Lucas' action.

With wide eyes, she muttered at Spencer, "I'm aware of how incredible Boss' marksmanship is, but I didn't expect Mr. Nolan to be so awesome at it as well."

In response, the latter cleared his throat lightly and remarked, "Well... he is the guy who won the amateur shooting competition in Maredania two years ago, after all."

Cassandra was rendered speechless when she heard that.

Back when I was the official shooting champion of the national team, I remembered there was also an amateur shooting competition held in Maredania the year I won the championship. At the time, it was said that there was a champion who could hit the bullseye without fail, which was a really impressive feat. However, since it was in the amateur category, it didn't garner much attention.

All of a sudden, Cassandra felt that her title of shooting champion of the national team meant nothing in the face of Lucas' skill, who was but a mere amateur shooting champion.

She praised, "Mr. Nolan's skills are so d*mn impressive!"

Boss and Lucas are like a power couple who can do anything!

Meanwhile, almost every one of the newly arrived forces had dropped to the ground.

As the crowd started thinning out in the front row, a man in black suddenly appeared from behind when he saw his comrades dropping like flies. In a deep voice, the man uttered, "They'll definitely escape if this goes on."

Another man chimed in, "This is our best chance to kill that woman, Ashlyn. After all, Silvermoon has special feelings for her and has been reluctant to kill her."

"Go, Sebastian. Kill her!" The man's voice rang out, his tone cold and dripping with malice. "We mustn't let her live!"

"Understood!"

When a man in black not far away heard the words, he immediately leaped toward a tree in one fluid motion. With just a few jumps, the man soon disappeared from everyone's sight.

The forest's temperature seemed to drop and the surrounding became darker as the biting wind blew through the midnight air.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn and Lucas were both holding a gun with the muzzles pointed at the front, firing fiercely and killing an enemy with each shot.

"Take a break, Honey. Let me take care of this!" Lucas said with a fierce and dominant look that resembled that of a lone wolf as the corners of his lips curved into a smile.

[Chapter 998 The Beginning Of A Fierce Battle](#)

Meanwhile, Cassandra never stopped firing her machine gun.

As for their subordinates, they were doing their best to pave a way out amidst the chaos.

Lucas' eyes were filled with icy coldness, and his lips were curved into a cold smile as he watched on.

Now that I'm trapped here with Ashlyn, I can't just sit idly by and do nothing. Most importantly, I can't let Ashlyn get hurt. I must protect her!

Cowardice was a term that could never be applied to him.

While Ashlyn was there to capture Dixon, he was there to kill and protect her.

Covering for Ashlyn and Cassandra as they broke out of the encirclement, Lucas put his gun down before a sneer spread across his lips.

At the same time, the tank rampaged forward, and Lucas' gaze turned cold.

Just then, a soft sound suddenly rang out.

After scanning his surroundings, Lucas suddenly narrowed his eyes.

He planted one foot on a tree and propelled himself backward, narrowly dodging an oncoming bullet.

With a flip, he landed on the ground.

He then trained his dark eyes on a man who had suddenly appeared under a tree not far away.

The man was dressed in black and wore a hood that covered his face.

As such, all Lucas could see was the man's tall and robust figure.

Ashlyn rushed to his side and frowned when she saw the man in the black hood, her eyes filling with strong killing intent.

This man just tried to kill Lucas!

This man just tried to kill Lucas!

"Who are you?" Ashlyn asked in a stern voice, her beautiful almond-shaped eyes sizing up the man in black.

As she spoke, her mind raced as she tried to analyze the situation.

She was surprised at how this man had appeared out of nowhere behind her and Lucas.

I can tell that this man's skill is remarkable by the way he was able to catch us off guard and evade our detection. Being the clan leader of an ancient martial arts family, Lucas' martial arts skills are seldom matched by others, and yet, it seems like this man could prove to be quite the trouble for us.

At that thought, a smile formed on Ashlyn's lips. So, he wants to kill me and Lucas, huh? Well, let's see if he has the capability to do so, then!

"Heh..." Sebastian was instantly stunned when he saw Ashlyn's beautiful face.

He furrowed his brows and kept his gaze trained on the slender figure before him. For a moment, he was lost in thought, for the strong murderous aura emanating from the woman surprised him.

This woman is not an ordinary person. Although the night is full and our surrounding is dark, I can still feel the strong hostility coming from her. Her exquisite features make her appear as enchanting as the spirits of the forest in the deep darkness of the night. If it weren't for the presence of the man beside her, I would have thought that this woman did not belong here. Speaking of the man... he is extremely handsome and exudes a strong and intimidating aura. Coupled with his dark clothing, I can see that he is used to others being fearful of him.

Staring at the man's handsome face, Sebastian pursed his lips.

He couldn't help but narrow his eyes as his intuition told him that the man and woman in front of him would be very difficult to deal with.

“Oh? Did your employer fail to mention who we are?” Ashlyn raised the gun in her left hand and stared at Sebastian with a fierce look in her eyes. She was irked by the man's mocking laughter earlier.

No matter who this man is, I'm certain I can finish him off.

For some reason, Sebastian's instincts were telling him not to get entangled with the woman before him.

This woman is exuding such a strong sense of hostility and murderous intent. In fact, the intensity is so strong that it makes even me, a professional assassin, feel rather intimidated.

With that thought in mind, Sebastian decided to wrap up the fight as quickly as he could.

Subsequently, a cold snort escaped from Lucas' lips.

Before Ashlyn could make her move, he shot forward like a bolt of lightning, sweeping up a gust of wind in his wake.

Ashlyn knitted her brows when she saw Lucas charging forward.

Soon after, she noticed Sebastian's eyes going wide.

[Chapter 999 Die At The Hands Of An Elite](#)

Sebastian was shocked at Lucas' sheer speed.

However, as a professional killer, he could not afford to be distracted. He quickly regained his senses and immediately aimed his gun at Lucas.

Somehow, Lucas managed to evade his aim effortlessly.

Just as Sebastian prepared to press the trigger for his second shot, Lucas appeared in front of him with his dark eyes staring straight at him.

He's fast! Like lightning!

As he looked at Lucas, Sebastian's mind suddenly went blank.

At that moment, Lucas lifted his muscular leg and kicked toward Sebastian.

Lucas reached out his hand to grab Sebastian while his leg aimed for the latter's wrist.

Smack!

The gun in Sebastian's hand hit the ground and skidded far away.

Sebastian sobered up from the pain in his wrist and immediately lunged toward Lucas.

Both attacked each other swiftly, and the battle grew increasingly intense.

Ashlyn was watching intently with narrowed eyes when suddenly, she felt a strong force approaching her.

An icy glint flashed across Ashlyn's eyes. She instantly turned around and lifted her leg to defend herself against the incoming attack.

To think the man with the black hood has an accomplice!

A short man subsequently appeared behind her. Ashlyn aimed her gun at the man, Andrew, but he moved swiftly.

She replaced her weapon with a silver dagger and brought it down on him quickly.

Andrew did not expect Ashlyn to be so powerful! His face turned grim as he tried to avoid Ashlyn's assertive attacks.

Andrew did not expect Ashlyn to be so powerful! His face turned grim as he tried to avoid Ashlyn's assertive attacks.

Ashlyn was akin to a deft cobra, and that dagger was like her fangs.

Earlier, Andrew was feeling bitter about being sent here when Sebastian was already assigned the task.

At that moment, he finally realized the reason why.

Just as he was distracted momentarily, Ashlyn lunged forward in another rapid attack. She bent her slender waist, gathered all her strength, and aimed her dagger toward Andrew's neck.

Andrew's body stiffened as he stared at the dagger stabbing straight toward his throat.

A gush of fear suddenly surged through him. So this is how it feels like to come close to death! I can almost feel the presence of the grim reaper. It's so close that it's terrifying!

Andrew was overwhelmed with fear. He froze on the spot because he realized he could not evade Ashlyn's attack.

This is what one calls formidability and power!

Andrew slowly closed his eyes, as if he was resigned to his fate.

Isn't it just death? It doesn't matter if I die at the hands of an elite!

It would be a lie to say that he was not afraid when death was upon him.

However, another thought was on his mind at that moment, and that was that he could no longer serve ZZ Organization! He could also no longer stay by Rosie's side. Without him around, Rosie was bound to be suppressed by Silvermoon.

A whistling sound pierced through the air as the incoming sharp blade whizzed toward Andrew.

Ashlyn's eyes gleamed with murderous intent. She was certain she could take him down this time.

Schlick!

The dagger cut through Andrew's throat, and with a thump, he fell onto the ground with his eyes wide open.

Meanwhile, Lucas was still engaged in the fight with Sebastian. Lucas threw a punch forward, the great force lifting Sebastian's hood with the wind it generated, revealing a handsome face.

At that moment, Lucas, whose fist was about to land on Sebastian, was shocked at what he saw.

In the last second, Lucas forcefully withdrew his fist. Instead, he lifted his left leg and kicked Sebastian away.

Thump!

Sebastian fell hard onto the ground. He felt a throbbing pain in his chest, causing him to cough out a mouthful of blood.

His breathing was heavy as his eyes filled with confusion.

He grabbed his chest tightly, trying to alleviate the pain, and looked at Lucas with a baffled expression.

The somber night sky accentuated Lucas' towering figure, which exuded a chilly aura. Sebastian could not see his expression clearly but could feel the latter's fiery eyes staring at him, sending a chill down his

spine.

Chapter 1000 Twins

Dead silence ensued. The tense and suffocating atmosphere made Sebastian uncomfortable.

Ashlyn furrowed her brows. "Why didn't you kill..."

As she spoke, she raised her eyes, and the moment she saw Sebastian's handsome face, she was stunned.

Shock and confusion simultaneously filled her bright almond-shaped eyes.

She could not help but murmur, "H-How is this possible?"

Sebastian's face was identical to Lucas'. One could even say they looked almost the same! Their eyebrows were identical, and so were their narrow eyes.

However, there was a long scar on Sebastian's left cheek that stretched across his handsome face.

It made him appear somewhat fearsome but did not tarnish his dashing features.

If the scar did not exist, Sebastian's face could be taken for Lucas', and nobody would bat an eyelid.

Lucas and Ashlyn said nothing.

Right then, they heard hurried footsteps coming their way.

"Let's go!" Lucas grabbed Ashlyn's hand and left in a flash. They did not leave any parting words as both swiftly disappeared into the night.

Sebastian stared at their retreating figures in a daze, unable to regain his senses for a while.

Why did both of them look so shocked after seeing my face? Why didn't they kill me?

Those questions circled around Sebastian's mind.

Meanwhile, Lucas was expressionless. His eyes were icy cold, and his lips were pressed into a thin line.

Meanwhile, Lucas was expressionless. His eyes were icy cold, and his lips were pressed into a thin line.

However, his fists were clenched tightly and trembling, revealing his unsettled emotions.

How is it possible? How is it possible?

As he repeated the question in his head, his ebony eyes became darker.

Darn it, why is there a man out there who looks exactly like me? Not only are our faces identical, but even our height and age are also similar.

Lucas could not bring himself to believe this shocking fact.

He punched hard at a tree near him in frustration.

His heart was beating fast and irregularly, as though it was about to pounce out of his chest. It made Lucas feel like he was unable to breathe.

"D*mn it!" He let out a low growl and punched the tree again.

He repeated the same action several times like a madman, venting all his frustrations.

Ashlyn had been following closely behind him. Upon seeing his raging actions, she rushed forward and hugged him tightly. "Lucas, calm down! I'm sure you both just happened to look similar and are not related in any other way."

Lucas looked at the tree that had been battered by him badly. He took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down.

No, I can't be behaving this way. It must be a coincidence that we look similar. I can't let that killer influence my feelings. Now that I've recovered, I can't afford to break down again.

Lucas turned around and leaned against the tree, taking in several deep breaths in a bid to calm himself down.

The thoughts in his mind started to slowly clear up.

He spoke in a deep and hoarse voice. "You're right. This must be the enemy's ploy to trigger my illness."

Lucas lowered his gaze.

I should have known better. There's no way Franklin and Livia aren't aware of what's happening with so many forces gathering here. There's a high possibility that they sent that killer who looks like me. They have been manipulating me and causing me to break down repeatedly for so many years. They won't let it slide after knowing Old Mr. Leno treated my illness.

Lucas knitted his brows, seeming to have a sudden realization.

He now knew why the new force would send a killer with a face identical to his.

Sighing lightly, he hugged Ashlyn tightly. "Honey... I shouldn't have let myself get provoked so easily."

He raised his head and scanned the forest with an icy expression.

His fingers slowly curled into tight fists as he started to suspect that Franklin and Livia were here too.