

Menu 199

Chapter 199: Gathering

Dennise was assailed by sounds around her ears.

Huh?

I seem to be hallucinating again.

Could it be because I stayed up late reading a novel last night?

That's impossible, I clearly went to sleep the moment it got light.

Shaking her swollen head, Dennise curled up in bed once more.

The morning sunlight filtered through the curtains onto the big bed, becoming less harsh and dazzling, offering only comfort and ease.

Dennise rolled over, rubbing her head against the pillow.

Then...

She reached out to grab the novel from the nightstand.

It's almost time for 'breakfast'.

I'll finish this chapter before eating.

Under the faint sunlight, the four bold characters on the cover, "Meteor Legend," shimmered brilliantly.

...

Cloaked in his cape, Raymond stood near the docks.

As a 'sniper,' he was looking for the perfect spot.

Patrols of Hans Port guards passed by in squads.

They would immediately approach and question any suspicious person they found, but they seemed to overlook Raymond entirely.

The guards at the Duron Street No. 111 prison had long sensed something was amiss, but even after scouring the entire Hans Port, they couldn't hope to find them.

The head of security, who used to have a decent amount of hair, was now close to bald from his own anxious plucking.

In just the few days since Lord Gerard's departure, chaos had erupted in Hans Port, and he was at a complete loss for an explanation.

To this, Raymond could only say sorry.

Although it was a small misunderstanding between the sides, he certainly didn't want any complications at such a critical moment.

Moreover...

Nozan's secret technique was really useful!

Feeling unnoticed by anyone, Raymond couldn't help but sing praises.

Then, he bypassed the checkpoint bridge from the docks and headed toward the more distant lighthouse.

He found it to be quite high, making it an ideal location for an ambush.

But as he descended from the checkpoint bridge, another person was about to ascend it. Even with Nozan's secret technique for cover, Raymond knew he wasn't truly invisible.

So, he preemptively dodged out of the way.

The person smiled and nodded at Raymond in thanks.

Raymond reflexively returned the courtesy.

The two passed by each other.

After taking a few steps, Raymond realized something was wrong.

No, that's not right!

With Nozan's secret technique, ordinary people shouldn't be able to notice me!

Reflexively, Raymond turned to look back.

And the person he had just passed also turned their head.

The two scrutinized each other.

Keen perception, standing on tiptoes, back slightly hunched, chest retracted, always in a stance ready to explode into action... An assassin?

Slim palms on his right hand, calluses at the base of the index finger, right shoulder visibly more muscular... A gunman?

After coming to this conclusion, both took a quick step backward.

Raymond gripped his gun's handle.

The other party clutched the dagger hidden in their sleeve.

Both started to adjust their breathing rapidly.

Their momentum continued to escalate.

Just when the situation was about to escalate, boot sounds from the Hans Port patrol echoed from afar.

The suspected assassin began to retreat slowly.

When he realized Raymond was not stopping him, he frowned, but did not let down his guard until he stepped onto the checkpoint bridge and then jumped directly into the sea.

Splash!

The sound of falling into the water attracted the port patrol.

“Attention!”

“Surround them!”

The patrol captain shouted.

But it was useless; by the time they got there, the person had already vanished into the sea.

Raymond stood on the outskirts of the crowd, his narrowed eyes flashing with insight.

An external force from Hans Port?

Why come here?

Is Her Majesty the Queen in danger?

Raymond instinctively thought, then resonated the scene he had just witnessed to others.

The Living Corpse Legion belonging to Dennise, hidden within the dock area, immediately went on alert.

In places invisible to ordinary people, they flickered through the shadows.

...

Leon clambered up from the distant sandy beach in a state of disarray.

He shook the seawater off his body non-stop.

He, born in the 'Cat Hole,' hated water immensely.

He would shower instead of soaking in a bath even when washing.

Yet he had no choice but to do just that a moment ago.

The gunman gave him an extremely dangerous feeling, once the other party drew their gun, he could not guarantee his own survival.

"When did Hans Port become so dangerous?"

"Just walking on the street, one could encounter someone concealing themselves with secret techniques?"

Leon thought to himself while taking off his black coat, then removed his beloved white boots, pouring the water out of them.

Whoosh!

Amid the sound of flowing water, Leon's face showed distress.

He had helped out in the kitchen for three months to afford these white boots and had planned to work another two months to buy a pair of white gloves, but he was summoned by Peters instead.

“What is Peters up to?”

“He summoned us here,”

“yet he doesn’t show up himself.”

“Truly as unreliable as ever.”

With a sigh, Leon’s eyes suddenly sharpened.

Then he leapt backward out of thin air.

Smack!

A lasso tied with stones at both ends smashed onto the spot he was just in.

“Who!”

Leon called out in a low voice.

No one answered.

But a tall, sturdy figure emerged from the distance.

As he walked, he twisted his neck.

Crack, crack.

Amid the crisp sound of joints, the already tall and robust figure swelled up, reaching a height of 3 meters, with arms thicker than a normal person’s waist, and an overwhelming presence bearing down on Leon.

Leon’s breathing hitched.

But not because of the opponent.

It was because a trail of black smoke silently appeared behind him.

What was even more terrifying was that Leon could feel a cold presence targeting him from afar, and even beneath the previously safe sands, another strong presence emerged.

Then, a man with a solid figure and resolute face appeared on the other side of the beach, blocking his escape to the seaside.

It was a complete encirclement.

Did the patrol guards of Hans Port react this quickly?

With gritted teeth, Leon was ready to fight desperately.

He didn't want to end up in prison.

And just as Leon was about to draw his sword, Raymond appeared before his eyes.

"It's you?"

Leon was stunned.

He had not expected a random encounter at Hans Port to have such influence.

Just look at the several people around.

They already possessed the strength comparable to a small sect.

Then, something even more nerve-racking and despairing happened to Leon.

More people of no lesser strength appeared.

A full hundred of them.

These people surrounded him in circles, silently watching him.

The already oppressive atmosphere became even more suffocating.

This was no small sect, it was not far off from the strength of a medium-sized sect even in the heyday of past sects.

How could Hans Port have such power?

Were they the reason Peters had me come here?

Damn it!

I'm here!

Peters, where are you?

Leon tightened his grip on his dagger.

Raymond squinted his eyes and asked:

"Who are you?"

"Where did you come from?"

“Where are you going?”

“Speak!”

As the words fell, the people around them tensed up.

Provoked by their momentum, Leon pulled out his dagger and short sword, ready to fight for his life.

Just at that moment—

Meow!

Awooo!

Screech!

Roar!

A cacophony of cat meows, wolf howls, eagle screeches, and tiger roars erupted all at once.