

## Menu 426

Chapter 426: Change begins at this moment!

Clark excelled in Barehanded Combat, easily able to bend steel bars as thick as fingers.

Lites was a master of Marksmanship, not only did he never miss, but you also never knew where his bullets would come from, piercing through your body.

Facing these two, Edmund dared not be the slightest bit careless.

At the same time, he hoped that the big shot's undercover agent was Clark.

After all, when it came to Marksmanship, he really found it very difficult to contend with Lites.

"Please come in."

Edmund controlled his emotions with his breathing and then he spoke directly.

The door opened.

Two figures appeared outside the door simultaneously.

Clark, Lites!

The person trying to win them over was not one person!

But two!

The moment Edmund realized this, his breath hitched, and he instinctively reached for his gun to shoot, but at this moment, Clark and Lites both raised their hands.

Edmund was taken aback.

"We want to talk."

Clark said as the spokesperson.

"Good,"

Edmund nodded, not refusing.

At this moment, it was clear that the other side had the absolute advantage.

If it was Clark or Lites alone, Edmund felt he had a fifty percent chance, but against both at the same time?

He didn't stand a chance.

If he couldn't be sure in a head-on clash, then he would have to approach the situation from another angle.

Long before he came to Ang City in despair, Edmund knew this.

Clark closed the door, then he and Lites sat down in front of Edmund's desk. After sitting down, they didn't start speaking immediately but remained silent for about ten seconds before Clark spoke again.  
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"We want to join the 'Brotherhood'."

Clark said.

"What?"

Edmund was startled, not quite able to react.

"We want to join the 'Brotherhood'."

Clark reaffirmed, then without waiting for Edmund to speak, he continued, "I know it's hard for you to accept right now. In fact, I was surprised myself—because when I found Lites, he had the same idea."

"We can't stand the torment inside any longer."

"Valen, Kuike, Clive, Aiven, Qiong si, Rodney—the six of them, strictly speaking, were our men, but we couldn't avenge them. Instead, we needed you, Edmund, to do it."

"When we raised some requests with that big shot, it was all just perfunctory!"

"What did he do?"

"He sent that bastard Shaun."

"We know exactly what he wants to do: get rid of us under the guise of an excuse and then support two others who are more obedient."

"So, we're done. We're joining the 'Brotherhood'."

Clark, often silent, spoke as if pouring out his heart.

Lites, too, spoke up at this time.

"It was supposed to be three years, but after three years came another three years, and then another three years!"

"Ten years!"

"I have been tormented!"

"I can't stand it any longer."

"I can no longer watch helplessly as my subordinates, friends, partners, just die like that, inexplicably!"

The deputy commander of the mobile unit vented as he spoke.

Edmund sat there looking at the two men.

Inside, he felt an unexplained, hilarious sense of relief.

But then a touch of sadness welled up.

He could truly see the agony in the two of them.

Because...

He had once been the same.

Wearing a serious expression, Edmund stood up and solemnly said to Clark and Lites, "Welcome to the 'Brotherhood'!"

Smack!

Clark and Lites promptly saluted Edmund.

Like knights swearing fealty.

And like a farewell to the past.

They finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The uncertainty that had been gnawing at their hearts was put to rest.

They did not delve into why that uncertainty had suddenly arisen.

They simply attributed it to the culmination of a long build-up.

But, no matter what,

They felt at ease.

Next...

They naturally had to face that significant figure.

Clark and Lites looked towards Edmund.

"Don't be so nervous,"

"If my report goes smoothly... that big shot is going to run into big trouble,"

"However, he will also anticipate your move,"

"So, he will definitely activate other agents in Ang City,"

"His influence isn't limited to just inside the 'shelter,'"

Edmund spoke in a relaxed tone.

What he was most worried about were the undercover agents in the 'shelter' who belonged to that man.

As for the outside?

He wasn't worried.



He had too many ways to deal with those people.

Whether through civilized means or underhanded tactics, he already had plans in place.

Of course, necessary caution was indispensable.

"Clark, Lites, the next 48 hours will be in your hands,"

"Please rearrange the 'shelter's' security and have the mobile squads on standby,"

Edmund said.

"Yes, sir!"

Clark and Lites saluted again and turned to walk out.

The door closed.

Edmund sat back down in his chair.

He tilted his head back, gazed at the ceiling light, and spoke in a muffled voice,

"I've already left, yet you keep pushing me,"

"Then I will fight you to the death!"

"I'm not trying to prove how great I am, I just want to tell everyone... don't mess with me!"

Having said that, Edmund sat up straight and picked up the phone.

Meanwhile, as Edmund made this call, many bigwigs of Ang City and elites from various industries were at that very moment dining with their families at home or clinking glasses in upscale restaurants, while they also gathered information about the events in Ang City through their own channels, causing some to frown, some to become angry.

But more were filled with terror.

However, these expressions lasted only for a moment.

In the next moment!

They each suddenly showed proud, self-satisfied smiles.

In their hearts, they all exclaimed in unison—

"Long live Hydra!"