

## **Menu 427**

Chapter 427: Second Half

Everything happened quietly.

Silently, change occurred.

Then, like a thunderclap, it caught the A-level administrator of the Sanctuary, Lawrence, off guard.

Lawrence, usually amiable, now had a ghastly pallor. In his normally smiling eyes shone strands of icy coldness.

After Shaun was unexpectedly killed, he had immediately issued the order to Clark and Lites to assassinate Edmund.

The Brotherhood?

Lawrence knew about it.

When Valen, Kuike, Clive, Aidiven, Qiong si, and Luodeni perished, and the Brotherhood was just founded, he was aware because the initial order to Clark and Lites to join came from him.

The idea to sway hearts with so-called grief and indignation was quite clever.

But it was a bit too late.

Edmund, you have truly disappointed me.

To have fallen to the point of awakening only at the final moment, it's truly a pity.

This was Lawrence's seemingly regretful exclamation knowing about the Brotherhood.

But such a sentiment existed only until the moment before Shaun's death!

When Lawrence learned of Shaun's death, that sentiment turned into rage.

He understood that Edmund must have known he would send someone, most likely Shaun, so this was all Edmund's design from the start, with the purpose of killing Shaun.

Lawrence, who quickly understood the process, was furiously unappeasable.

It wasn't just the loss of Shaun, a useful tool; more so, it was his miscalculation.

Moreover, this was the second time he miscalculated with Edmund.

And this was intolerable for Lawrence.

Therefore, Lawrence directly ordered the killing of Edmund.

By now, more than five minutes had passed since Clark and Lites had moved, yet the expected information hadn't come back...

Clark and Lites had failed!

Although Lawrence did not know what had happened, the result of failure was certain.

"Edmund, Edmund..."

"You have made me see you in a new light once again."

Lawrence murmured to himself.

Then, a playful smile returned to the corners of Lawrence's mouth.

His anger had already vanished along with the complete failure of this plan, leaving only a faint excitement. He looked forward to starting the third game with Edmund.

In the first game, he had won.

In the just-concluded second game, he had lost.

What next?

The third game, naturally, was to make Edmund suffer even more.

Last time, Edmund, disheartened, left for Ang City and lived a life of quiet desperation.

This time, he intended to make Edmund's life a living hell, tormenting him day after day.

"The Brotherhood, huh?"

Lawrence narrowed his eyes, pondering.

If Edmund used the Brotherhood to break the game, then of course he would use the Brotherhood to set up the game.

The widows and relatives of Valen, Kuike, Clive, Aidiven, Qiong si, and Luodeni—such useful pawns—ought to be well-utilized, or else it would be an injustice to all of Edmund's efforts.

Almost instantly, Lawrence thought of numerous plans that could make Edmund suffer.

He did not choose, but was prepared to use each one of them.

For instance, to kidnap the sons of Kuike and Luodeni and place them in secret locations on the east and west ends of Ang City, naturally strapping bombs onto them, then let Edmund choose whose whereabouts to learn.

Then, to harm Valen's pregnant wife, forcing Edmund to choose between saving the mother or the child.

An "accident" involving Clive's girlfriend, facing a group of drunk and bold hoodlums, would be a good choice.

Aidiven's parents are too old, so being a bit merciful, it would suffice to have them encounter a car accident.

As for Qiong si's sister, she's youthful, vibrant, tenacious, and not weak, but too impulsive. If I tell her all this is because of Edmund... A good show would be ready to unfold.

However, this is just the beginning of the second game.

The real highlight, of course, is making Edmund watch the destruction of the entire city!

Thinking this, Lawrence smiled affably.

"Quite nice."

He muttered to himself and reached for the communicator, ready to implement his plan.

But just at that moment—

Beep, beep-beep.

Messages came in succession on the communicator.

Horda: I've been exposed, request extraction.

Kriek: I've just been attacked, request extraction.

Will: I'm being watched by several people, request extraction.

These were three individuals he had placed long ago to act as moles on the surface but were actually serving as bait.

Lawrence didn't care about the discovery of the three.

What truly caught his attention was the message that followed.

Simon: It's true! The Hydra, the Night Owl Court, they're real!

Simon, his real mole.

His carefully chosen shadow.

Lawrence trusted him.

But because of that trust, the incredulity grew.

"The Hydra, the Night Owl Court is real?"

For the first time, Lawrence furrowed his brow.

As an administrator of the Sanctuary, his level was high enough to allow him to browse through some secret files, to know some things beyond common knowledge. Before, in order to set up his plan, he had already thoroughly examined Ang City.

The history of Ang City was barely a hundred years, with recorded texts only from the start of the new century. Although certain incidents had occurred, every single one of them had been under control.

Wait!

Under control?

Lawrence's mind inadvertently drifted to what he had dismissed as a joke—the Night Owl Court.

Ang City was not particularly prosperous, but in the documented archives, there had not been a single 'anomaly' or disaster that exceeded the expected range.



And why had Edmund chosen Ang City?

Was it really out of utter desolation?

Wasn't it to accumulate strength for a counterattack?

Furthermore, when he previously checked, the historical records before the new century of Ang City were extremely vague, to say nothing of the many gaps. This would seem normal at any other time, but if the "Night Owl Court" really exists...

These are all man-made!

It's the "Night Owl Court" that is hiding the truth!

Drip, drip drip!

The sound of the communicator went off again.

The message was still from Simon.

But the content was strikingly—

Simon: Brought by the Night Owl, time for judgment!

Night Owl!

Without a doubt, Simon must have died; otherwise, the enemy couldn't possibly have taken away the communicator.

"Edmund, I underestimated you!"

"And also..."

"The 'Night Owl Court'!"

Lawrence said fiercely.

Find more chapters on empire

He knew that in this round, he lost even more miserably than he had imagined.

Moreover, the third round would not be as simple as he thought.

But as long as he still had the identity of an A-grade manager of the 'Sanctuary', there was a chance to start over, he could...

No, that's wrong!

He knew this point!

Edmund certainly knew as well!

Now that Edmund had made his move, would he still give him such a chance?

Lawrence's expression changed.

Without any hesitation, he immediately took out two secretive USB drives from the hidden compartment of the desk in front of him and stood up to walk toward the coat rack.

To leave the 'Sanctuary' headquarters!

This was Lawrence's thought at the moment.

But just as he had taken down his coat and hat, the door to the office was pushed open.

A squad of headquarters' tactical team members rushed in.

The leader was one of his colleagues, Golol.

"Lord Lawrence, I hope you don't resist. There are some matters that require your cooperation for investigation."

"Of course, we all believe in you."

"There must have been some issues."

His colleague stated.

Clearly, Lawrence's usual performance had given him a sliver of room to maneuver at this moment.

"Of course."

Lawrence said this, put on his hat, and donned his coat, appearing very cooperative. Then, he calmly looked at his colleague and said slowly, "Lawrence, I never thought you would do something like this."

As his words fell, without waiting for his colleague to speak again,

Lawrence stepped forward and knocked his colleague to the ground.

"Catch him!"

"Take him away!"

Looking at his colleague collapsed on the ground, Lawrence said very coldly.

The surrounding tactical team members immediately sprang into action.

Meanwhile, Lawrence followed behind and, after going through a series of detention procedures, he swaggered toward the parking lot, got into Golol's car, inserted a blues cassette into the tape deck, and with music playing, he pressed the gas pedal, and the car slowly left the 'Sanctuary' headquarters.

Lawrence was not in a hurry.

He knew he had at least 1 hour.

And this 1 hour was enough for him to do many things.

For example: Contact the 'Sanctuary' to inform them of the events in Ang City.

Or perhaps, inform the 'Sanctuary' of a few special 'Sanctuary' bases.

Surely the people of the 'Sanctuary' would be interested in those special items.

Of course, there was also the 'Holy Serpent Society'.

This, too, was a force that could be utilized.

However, the first thing he did now was to activate the 'bomb' he had long planted in Ang City.

But reason told him that acting now would not yield the best results.

So, he restrained himself.

"Edmund, our third round begins," said Lawrence with a voice cold and sinister, and his face looked as venomous as a snake slithering back into the bushes from the light, not just dangerous, but deadly.

In an office in Ang City, Edmund, who had been waiting for the phone call, remained silent.

Ring-ring.

The phone had just rung when Edmund picked it up.

"Edmund, everything you reported has been verified as true."

"After our confirmation, we have already apprehended Lawrence," said a stern female voice over the phone.

Edmund usually did not want to hear this voice, but at this moment, he found it exceedingly delightful.

However, before he could rejoice,

His communicator went off. When he saw the text on the communicator, his eyebrows furrowed.

Lawrence: Are you ready?

"Lady Wayne, I suggest you check thoroughly," Edmund suggested.

"Are you questioning me?" asked Wayne, her voice dropping, but then the A-grade member issued a command to recheck. Edmund's stern countenance suddenly fell and became languid, especially after shrugging his shoulders, his previously upright figure involuntarily slumped down, relaxing into the soft armchair.

"Indeed, I am still more accustomed to being a slacker," he said. Picking up his communicator again, Edmund thought for a moment, composed a message, and sent it.

Then, he tossed the communicator onto the table.

Under the room's light, the communicator displayed the newly sent message—



Edmund: Sorry, who are you?