

Menu 441

Chapter 441: The Peaceful and Quiet Neighborhood

Vulture was Berg's nickname.

Ever since he became a "freelance mercenary," he had been known by this moniker.

He was acutely aware of the impact his real name's disclosure could have if he still wished to save enough money to return to his homeland and live a wealthy, safe life; it was best to temporarily forget his real name.

This was the very principle his guide and teacher had "taught" him.

He had always kept it in mind.

Because his teacher was killed by him in the second year of his retirement.

Why?

Of course, for money!

He had long coveted his teacher's ever-bountiful pension.

Unfortunately, when the money was split among several people, the seemingly generous pension didn't seem so substantial anymore.

Vulture wanted to kill off a few partners, but these partners were exceptionally shrewd; after splitting the money, none of them were willing to have a drink with him, all left in a hurry.

It was a pity for that bottle of poison-laced wine.

However, he didn't waste it.

He saved that bottle for the "newbies" he had handpicked who needed a guide.

Being a mercenary is a free and dangerous profession; naturally, having a guide is as good as it gets.

With his own teacher as a blueprint, Vulture was very convincing.

He reaped batch after batch of "newbies."

But there are no walls without wind in the world, and as some information leaked out, he had to become a "self-employed mercenary."

What was more important was that the money he had in the "Mercenary Bank" was totally frozen!

Cursing the Mercenary Bank's extortion, he heard the news and went to Ang City.

The emergence of the "Masked Man" gave him a scent of money.

After his savings were drained, he needed a large sum of money to carry out his predetermined retirement plan.

The "Masked Man" was a nice option.

But fate always liked to toy with him.

The emergence of "Hydra" and "Night Owl Court" completely discouraged him from targeting the "Masked Man."

He was very clear that the reason he had lived so long was that he never troubled those who seemed to be extremely problematic and fearsome figures or organizations.

However, the cravings for money at the bottom of his heart stopped him from leaving Ang City immediately.

He was still looking for opportunities.

Opportunity would come to those who were prepared.

Vulture firmly believed in this principle.

In fact, it was indeed the case.

This evening, a bounty surfaced on various channels in the underworld.

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Pasi, 100,000.

Danfoss, 100,000.

Kuituo, 50,000.

Luogen, 50,000.

Two women, two children—a bounty totalling 300,000—made Vulture's heart flutter so much that he immediately began spending his reserve funds to investigate the identities of these four people as soon as the bounty displayed.

Although the bounty was tempting, life was even more so.

Then, he completely let go of his worries.

All four were ordinary people.

It was only because of their association with the "Shelter" that they garnered slight attention, but that was it—just slight. They were relatives of a few mobile squad members, not any C+ level agents, nothing worth fussing over.

At most, after completing this job, he just needed to lie low for a while.

Right away, Vulture made up his mind, packed his gear, and set off.

He had his sights set on this target, and naturally, so would others. If he was late, he might end up with nothing.

And just as Vulture had anticipated, as he approached the detached apartment, he noticed a significant number of his colleagues.

The Vulture had spotted these people.

And these people had also spotted the Vulture.

Many showed looks of disgust, then, spat viciously on the ground.

Mercenaries, referred to as hyenas, vultures of the battlefield, and such.

But most still had their own rules. Like the Vulture, who was a bastard that everyone loathed—if it weren't for the lack of a confirmed bounty and the confirmation that the Vulture's bank account had been frozen by the 'Mercenary Bank', these people wouldn't mind shifting their target.

Yet the Vulture was completely unfazed.

It was but a suspicion, not a confirmation.

Without confirmation, it wasn't his doing.

Besides, even if it were confirmed, so what?

He still would not admit it.

Thinking this way, a malicious smirk appeared on the Vulture's face.

Without a doubt, this smirk brimming with malice was ferocious.

It frightened a middle-aged couple walking their dog.

The couple were likely locals, out for a walk before dinner.

"Get lost."

The Vulture growled lowly.

There were too many people around here; if it had been a less crowded place, he wouldn't have minded using a more direct method.

Count your lucky stars!

The Vulture sneered to himself, brushing past the middle-aged couple.

Then...

A dog leash suddenly appeared around his neck, instantly tightening!

"Ugh...ha..."

The Vulture's mouth let out an ambiguous sound as his hands instinctively reached for the hidden weapons on his body, but the wife of the couple was faster.

Click, click.

With a sweep of her hand and two crisp sounds, the Vulture's wrists were dislocated.

Then, the light in the Vulture's eyes faded away.

"Welcome to 'Ang City'!"

A low voice rose from the husband of the couple, who maintained the position of strangling and applied force to drag the suffocating Vulture into an alley.

Not just the Vulture.

Every mercenary, bounty hunter, and assassin who came near this apartment was almost simultaneously attacked.

The attackers varied in identity, gender, and age.

They all appeared to be locals, yet each moved with lethal agility and ruthless efficiency.

Hydra had also received this mission today but was delayed for over half an hour due to the game 'Shadow Stream's Ambition', thus, he was the last mercenary to arrive nearby.

Likewise, he was among those who witnessed it all.

He watched as mercenaries like himself were strangled, throats slashed, hearts pierced by those they passed, and he stood frozen in shock.

Especially when he saw how those people skillfully cleaned up the bodies, then nonchalantly continued their routine, his whole body began to tremble.

The neighborhood before him was just like any other he had seen.

Before dinner, children returned from school, the elderly headed home, the younger ones left their jobs.

Families washed their hands, sat at the dinner table, ready to eat.

There was no difference.

Had he not witnessed that recent scene.

He had seen that person, who looked like a child, pulling out a dagger and stabbing a colleague in the back, and that kind-looking elderly man slicing another colleague's throat, and that young person just off work turning around with a cheery smile to snap a colleague's neck in an instant.

Crack.

That crisp sound still echoed in his ears.

"What, what kind of neighborhood is this?"

"Hell?"

Trembling, the Wild Fox thought to himself, instinctively turning to leave.

But behind him, an ordinary-looking man dressed in sanitation worker clothes stood there, giving him a slight smile.

Thump!

The Wild Fox fell to his knees.

"Spare me!"

"Don't kill me!"

"I'm useful!"

Without hesitation, the Wild Fox begged for mercy.

Then, he was knocked out, and the man who had knocked him out was reporting the situation—

"All invaders on the streets have been swept."

"Okay, understood."

"Second team, enter alert."

The man responded, and then, picking up the unconscious Wild Fox, he put him into a nearby trash bin and pushed it towards the garbage truck.

At that moment, the garbage truck was already filled with trash.

The Wild Fox was one of them.

However, unlike the others, he was alive.

The rest of the trash was dead.

Of course, some trash was always missed.

In that inconspicuous corner of the street, Hawk looked on with a displeased expression.

A trap?

I knew it wouldn't be easy!

How could there be so many rewards for just ordinary people?

Hawk couldn't help but think.

At the same time, he was glad that he had slipped in stealthily instead of approaching openly.

He also knew that he and those fools had all become the stepping stones for someone else's pathfinding.

But now, he had no other choice.

The entire district had been sealed off.

He could only move forward.

Only by capturing any target could he get out alive.

Thinking this, Hawk clenched his teeth and rushed out, intending to approach the detached apartment as quickly as possible.

And then—

Bang!

Amid the faint sound of gunfire, Hawk fell to the ground.

In the last moments of his life, his face showed despair.

A sniper!

It wasn't just these men in the district—there were snipers in the distance!

Quickly, Hawk's body was swept away.

The district once again returned to its former tranquility.

Or at least, it seemed that way on the surface.

But Kuituo and Luogen remained vigilant.

They withdrew their gaze from the window and continued to scour the room.

Including the doctor.

The already scared doctor felt an overwhelming suffocation when swept by their gazes.

"I..."

"Shut up."

Kuituo cut in coldly.

The doctor immediately shut up and, not wishing to make any sound, even covered his mouth.

Kuituo's eyes widened as he continued to search for something.

Luogen, on the other hand, simply closed his eyes, starting to listen carefully.

Then, both of them locked their gaze towards the direction of the living room.

After exchanging a glance, they both stepped towards the living room.

At this moment, there was no one in the living room.

The pregnant Pasi had already returned to the bedroom to rest.

Danfoss was busy in the kitchen.

Facing the empty living room, Kuituo's young face turned cold again, and Luogen grew nervous, instinctively his eyes reddened, but this didn't stop Luogen from pulling out a small knife and stabbing it towards the empty space.

Then, a hand grasped his wrist.

It belonged to a gaunt man with a malicious face.

He looked at the child before him with a mocking expression.

"Such a terrifying perception."

"Pity, your strength is too little, speed too..."

Bang!

The man wished to continue speaking, but before he could finish, he was kicked by Kuituo and silenced.

The man saw Kuituo's kick but didn't care; a child with a weapon would be dangerous, but unarmed?

What harm could that be?

Could an unarmed child kill him?

He was ready to blandly take Kuituo's kick and then play with his target.

Just like a cat with a mouse.

And then?

Naturally, he would take the target's head and claim his reward.

The defenses around were excellent, but for him, they might as well have been nonexistent.

You should know, he was one of Shadow Stream's most outstanding assassins in the last ten years.

But when Kuituo's kick landed on his shin, the man's face twisted with shock.

An enormous force surged forth.

Crack!

The man's shin broke!

Then, before the man could cry out in pain, Kuituo hit him in the throat with the edge of his hand.

Crack!

Amidst the crisp sound, the man's cry was cut off along with his breath.

"Kuituo, Luogen, what's going on?"

Danfoss's voice came from the kitchen.

"It's nothing, Aunt Danfoss."

"Kuituo accidentally broke a pencil."

Even with tear-stained eyes, Luogen's voice was sweet as he answered.

Kuituo, with a cold face, rolled his eyes and then dragged the assassin's body into Emma's room.

Then, he turned to the doctor who had witnessed the entire process.

By this time, the doctor was no longer trembling, not because he wasn't scared, but because he was genuinely frozen in fear.

Kuituo slightly furrowed his brows, seemingly displeased with the doctor's reaction.

But still, he spoke slowly—

"Long live Hydra!"