

Menu 442

Chapter 442: Announcement!

Ang City, a certain hotel.

In a luxurious suite, Lawrence, who had once again changed his appearance and stolen another person's identity, was swaying a glass of red wine.

The self-contented Lawrence didn't show the slightest bit of nervousness.

Even though this place was Edmund's stronghold, the "Night Owl Court."

To Lawrence, Edmund was a target that needed to be dealt with swiftly, after all, that was the purpose of the third round.

Stay connected with empire

As for the "Night Owl Court"?

He had some other ideas.

So, he began the first round of probing.

He had issued a bounty in the criminal underworld.

He believed that no matter what the outcome was, those hyenas and vultures would definitely give him a most satisfactory answer.

After waiting silently for about ten more minutes, Lawrence picked up a small bell.

This bell was made of pure silver, only the size of a person's thumb, and it had no clapper, but some text was engraved on the inside, though it was blurred and unreadable.

Lawrence shook his wrist holding the bell.

Ding-a-ling!

The bell without a clapper rang out clearly.

Immediately, a short but impeccably dressed butler appeared.

"Sir."

The butler bowed respectfully, the entire process was extremely standard, like something out of a textbook.

"How's the situation?"

Lawrence put away the bell and asked while holding his wine glass.

"Everyone has been taken care of,"

"including that 'Shadow Stream' assassin,"

The butler reported.

"The 'Night Owl Court'?"

"Indeed stronger than I imagined."

Lawrence sighed, but his eyes gleamed with growing excitement, mixed with a hint of anticipation.

"Sorry, sir, please allow me to correct you, the ones who acted weren't the 'Night Owl Court' but 'Hydra.'

The butler corrected Lawrence.

"It's the same."

"It's just a matter of superior and subordinate."

"Ten years ago, something very interesting happened to the 'Night Owl Court,' making them completely go into hiding, and then 'Hydra' had to emerge."

Lawrence said with a smile.

Then, without waiting for the butler to speak again, Lawrence asked another question.

"Can you destroy the 'Night Owl Court'?"

"I'm very sorry, sir, I'm afraid I can't do that,"

The butler pondered seriously for a moment before answering.

"Can you destroy 'Hydra'?"

Lawrence continued to inquire.

"Once again, I apologize, sir, I still cannot do it,"

The butler apologized again.

At this, Lawrence showed no anger.

On the contrary, he thought it was to be expected.

And with that, the last shred of doubt in his mind was gone.

'Hydra'!

'Night Owl Court'!

It was real!

In fact, when he saw some secret files of the 'Sanctuary' as a part of the exchange, he had already confirmed all of this.

It was just his dissatisfaction with the loss to Edmund in the second round that made him unwilling to give up trying.

And now?

He had completely given up.

He needed to look forward...

Huh?!

Lawrence looked out the window with alertness.

The room he was staying in was a luxurious suite of the hotel, naturally with a balcony. At the moment, the balcony's glass door was closed, but on the balcony's railing stood a person.

Wrapped in a black cloak, wearing a somewhat abstract night owl mask.

Lawrence was taken aback.

Then he laughed.

"Worthy of the 'Night Owl Court' that controls the entire Ang City. Although I used the underground channels discreetly, due to the special nature of the target, you still found out about it, right?"

Lawrence exclaimed in admiration.

With the hat as a disguise, no flaws were visible on the fabricated face.

But it was also impossible to be sure it was genuine.

After all, in the eyes of ordinary people, Lawrence at this moment was a portly old man.

And his real age was not even half of that.

Facing the sudden 'claw,' Lawrence did not rise from his chair but continued to hold his wine glass.

It was not arrogance or powerlessness, but he was deterred by a killing intent.

He could feel that the 'claw' in front of him was carrying a terrifyingly fearsome killing intent.

Almost tangible!

It was a killing intent that could only be possessed by someone who had slain thousands.

And in Ang City, only a handful of people could have such killing intent—one of the most likely being...

"Lord Xiba."

"It's an honor to meet you."

"May I ask which 'claw' it is?"

Lawrence asked.

"'Claw' No. 9,"

Siba, the Head of Ang City's assassins guild, said in a flat tone.

He showed no surprise.

When he was briefed in the afternoon about the events, information about Lawrence had already appeared on his desk through special channels.

'Zero Burial Fox'!

This was the opponent's title.

The fox stands for cunning.

Zero, representing the opponent's zero failure.

Burial, signifying that opposing them is tantamount to a funeral.

In any record, the opponent was not to be underestimated.

So, after announcing his name, Siba walked down from the balcony, pushing the door and moving towards Lawrence.

His speed wasn't fast, but one after another, phantoms appeared before Lawrence's eyes.

It was the technique of a certain assassin school, which Lawrence had seen more than once, but never as adept as Siba.

Unfortunately...

He wasn't unprepared.

That short, impeccably dressed butler simply stood in front of Siba.

"Sorry, but I cannot stand idly by as you make a move on the sir,"

With that, a myriad of dinner knives and forks flew towards Siba.

One phantom after another vanished amid the barrage of silverware.

However, Siba still appeared in front of Lawrence, a dagger thrusting straight at him.