

The Deadly 64

Chapter 64 A Debt of Life and Death

"You've got some guts, following me all the way to Draconia

Before Gage and Weston could respond, Robin lunged forward. With a swift mondom do pierced through the throats of the two men from Sakutenta

Blood sprayed from the wounds, mingling with the hot stinky steam that one in the r

In an instant, a terrifying aura erupted from the de consuming the remaining onderso trace behind.

A flicker of cold light glinted from the dragon dagger.

The bodies of the two Sakuranía assassins trembled violently

After about five seconds, their once-powerful forms transformed into mere withered butics.

The cold dragon dagger, gleaming with a chilling radiance, resembled a colling dragon, election a moment of golden light.

What had been a dazzling weapon now looked dull and unassuming, again.

If one hadn't witnessed its lethal prowess, it would be hard to believe it could instantly im lives and spal blood.

After absorbing the essence from the two assassins, the dragon dazzer excitedly twitched twice before settling back into its sheath.

"Come in." Robin pulled out a wet wipe and wiped his hands clean, calling out

Shawn pushed the door open and walked in. "Mr. Ramsey, how may I assist you?"

Upon seeing the two lifeless bodies on the floor, Shawn's legs went weak, nearly copping to the ground

The corpses looked as if they had been drained of every drop of blood.

This horrifying sight was something he had never encountered in his life.

"Ugh!"

A wave of nausea threatened to erupt from his stomach, but he swallowed it down forcefully.

"Have your men dump them straight into the Westhill's graveyard," Robin ordered, tossing the wet wipe onto the bodies of the two men. Shawn was soaked in sweat. "Yes! I'll handle it immediately!"

"Let your subordinates deal with this. I need you for something else, Robin said, standing up and opening the inner room.

Vera had pressed her ear against the door, trying to catch any sound from outside

Robin's sudden entrance startled her. "I was just about to open the door

At this moment, the bodies inside had already been dealt with

Vera paced around the room, noticing Shawn bowing before Robin, drenched in sweat.

"Take out Harris's IOU," Robin instructed.

"Ah?" Vera was momentarily taken aback. "Oh, okay."

Robin handed the IOU to Shawn. "Give this to Knox. I want to pick up the car right now. As for Harris's matter with Davidson Group's Holdings, you'll help M. Silva handle it tomorrow" Shawn took the IOU, utterly confused. "Mr. Ramsey, Harris..."

"Is dead! He crashed while racing with me at the Dragon Ridge Valleyst night; car and man were both lost," Robin stated tly.

"Okay, okay! Just a moment, Mr. Ramsey. I'll take care of it right away!" Shawn dashed out of the private room, exhaling a long breath.

The atmosphere inside the room had been stifling!

At that moment, he finally understood that Rygar wasn't afraid of the Dunns; it was this terrifying figure!

The method of killing and his cold demeanor nearly drove him to the brink.

Quickening his pace, he found a corner and dialed Rygar's number.

"Mr. Rygar, I need to inquire about something. Who exactly is Mr. Ramsey?"

"Uh?" Rygar paused for a brief moment, then roared with fury, "Shawn, are you looking to get yourself killed?"

"If you dare provoke Mr. Ramsey, I'll take you down first!"

"Where are you now?"

Shawn spoke softly, "I'm at Four Seas Entertainment World. Mr. Ramsey sent me here."

"He jus killed two assassins from Sakurania."

"What?" Rygar inhaled sharply. "Shawn, if you want to stay alive, you better not say a word about Mr. Ramsey!"

"I understand, Mr. Rygar," Shawn continued, "Charles's son, Harris, for some unknown reason, raced with Mr. Ramseyst night at Panlong Peak and ended up crashing into Dragon Ridge Valley. "Before the race, he signed a death contract with a wager of a top-tier Porsche 918 supercar and all of Harris's shares in the Davidsons Group.

"The contract was signed by Ms. Silva from the Silvas. Mr. Ramsey has asked me to retrieve that wager."

Rygar paused for a moment. "Tell Charles to settle this immediately, or I'll be after the Davidsons

directly!"

"Also, keep an eye on the relationship between Ms. Silva and Mr. Ramsey."

"I got it, Mr. Rygar. I'll take care of it right away." Shawn hung up, taking a deep breath.

Inwardly, he thought how lucky he was not to have made another mistake; otherwise, he might end up in Westhill's graveyard.

From now on, he needed to treat this esteemed figure with the utmost respect.

Wiping the sweat off his brow, Shawn headed straight to Charles's office on the top floor.

Charles looked quite surprised.

"Mr. Cooper, what brings you here?" Charles asked with a frown.

"Charles, I'm here to collect a debt today. Look at this; handle it immediately."

Shawn handed over the IOU and death contract to Charles.

Charles stared at it for a moment, then chuckled. "Mr. Cooper, you're quite the jokester. You know our relationship; I owe you nothing."

"The Davidson Group's assets are always at your disposal. So, tell me, Mr. Cooper, what do you want?"

Shawn replied sternly, "Look at the IOU. I'm not joking with you! Your son has crossed a line he shouldn't have."

Charles saw that Shawn was serious and lowered his gaze to the IOU and death contract in his hands.

Suddenly, his hands trembled. "Harris is dead? Who did this? I'll wipe out his entire family!"

As he looked up and saw the coldness in Shawn's eyes, he sucked in a breath.

"Harris offended Mr. Rygar? Ms. Silva is Mr. Rygar's..."

Shawn shook his head. "It's not about offending Mr. Rygar; it's about offending Mr. Ramsey."

"Mr. Ramsey? Which Mr. Ramsey?" Charles asked, suppressing his anger and sorrow, gritting his teeth. "Mr. Cooper, who is he?"

Shawn shook his head. "I don't know, but you shouldn't ask."

"Mr. Cooper, we've known each other for many years. You have to let me know who Mr. Ramsey is!"

"I can't just sit back and lose my son and then pay him for a car and 20% of Davidson Group's shares!"

Shawn nced at Charles's mix of grief and anger. "He's the one who wrecked Brookhaven's butcher at the Violetcrest Leisure Club's contract negotiations for the Eastvale Ecological Project." Charles paused, then sneered. "Mr. Cooper, I've heard about this person. He's just a bodyguard for the

Dunns."

"This man was once engaged to the eldest daughter of the Millers. Aftering to Harmonfield, the Millers publicly tore up the engagement, leaving him a man without a home. Why should I be afraid of him?" "I don't acknowledge this IOU! Harris is dead; I certainly won't spare him!"

Shawn scratched his head in frustration, leaning back against the couch, coldly saying, "Do as you wish. Mr. Rygar says he will wipe out the Davidsons if you do that!"

Charles looked at Shawn in shock. "What do you mean? He's Mr. Rygar's man?"

Shawn huffed, "Even Mr. Rygar respects him. As for who he truly is, I don't know. Just understand that I've said my piece: settle the car within half an hour!" "Complete the transfer of shares by noon tomorrow. If you exceed this time, the Abyssal Dominion will act directly!"

Charles's face turned pale. "Is this really what Mr. Rygar said?"

Shawn stood up, glancing at his watch. "Mr. Ramsey gave me half an hour. Ten minutes have already passed. You either handle it or bear the consequences! With that, he turned and walked out.

Charles was momentarily dumbfounded.

"Wait! Mr. Cooper, I'll have the car delivered immediately; Harris's garage has that model!"

Shawn nodded. "Good. I'll be by tomorrow at noon for the share transfer documents."

Charles watched Shawn's retreating figure, fire burning in his eyes.

He quickly arranged for someone to drive the car over to the front entrance of Four Seas Entertainment and then made a call.

"Knox, when can you get back? Your brother's in trouble."

"There is a guy named Robin; he gambled on cars with Harrisst night."

On the other end, Knox's cold voice replied, "You handle it for now. I'll be back at Four Seas Entertainment by tomorrow morning." Charles hung up and copped onto the sofa.

Ten minutester, a Porsche 918 SPYDER supercar was parked outside the Four Seas Entertainment, drawing a crowd of onlookers.

A luxury car worth millions suddenly showing up at a ce like this was bound to cause a stir.

Piper walked out of the club with Connor and a few others. They saw the dazzling Porsche, looking just as surprised and couldn't help but stop and stare.

Just then, Robin and Vera pushed through the crowd and walked right up to the Porsche, about to open the door.

Piper stepped forward and said, "Let me give you some advice: better not touch someone else's luxury car. You scratch it even a bit, and you'll pay it off for the rest of your life." Ignoring her, Robin opened the door and slipped into the passenger seat.

Just as he was about to close the door, Piper blocked his way, her voice icy. "Have you no share? Sitting in someone's car without their permission-aren't you worried you'll dirty it?"