

The Deadly 93

Chapter 93 Dragon Pce

When Connor heard that Howard wanted him in the office, he nearly panicked.

He entered, yelling "Mr. Dizon, I wear about that stuff with Rosalie-I've kept my mounpletely

not a word to anyone

Seeing Connor so shaken pleased Howard. Only someone this submissive could be useful.

"Enough, Mr. Whitman. I'm not here to talk about that

"I called you in to tell you that the sales department is looking to promote a deputy director soon. From what I've seen, you seem qualified. Tll be doing a full assessment on you soon

"And one more thing-fighting against misconduct in thepany is the right thing to do.

"Take the situation with Rosalie, for example. You might let that circte; public pressure has a way of bringing certain people to light"

"Huh?" Connor was taken aback, but he quickly caught Howard's drift

"Understood. Mr. Dixon! I'll make sure everyone in thepany knows soon enough!"

Howard gave a sly smiles I never said that. This is just your personal insight

Got it, Mr. Dixon Connor replied eagerl

"Go on now. Keep up the good work Howard gave a wave of his hand.

As Connor left the office, he was beside highself with joy. He'd originally aimed to reach deputy director i five or ten years. Now, it was within reach!

"Keep going! I'll make sure Piper sees how far I'vee, he vowed, clenching his fists.

He rushed to the stairwell of the building and gave himself a little pep talk. His dream was finally about to

The grand Dragon Mountain rises majestically in the northern expanse of Draconia, soaring to an elevation of 13,000 feet. Atop this lofty peak stands an ancient edifice, solemn and imposing, a

testament to the passage of time. This is the headquarters of the most enigmatic military organization in Draconia: the Dragon Pce. known as the Dragon Soul Headquarters!

Inude the pce's grand hall, under gleaming lights and surrounded by towering military insignia, sat the white-haired General Levi Monroe, a four-star general and supreme leader of Dragon Soul

In the hall, three lieutenant generals and six major generals stood solemnly, examining photos on a screen of two deceased Sakurania assassins. The gravity of the situation was written all over their faces.

After the footage was reved three times, it froze on the screen.

After three long minutes of silence, Levi finally broke the tense quiet.

"Gentlemen, two Sakurania assassins entered Draconia and were dead within two days, their bodies dumped in the unmarked graves in Westhill, Harmonfield.

"ording to the intelligence of the Draconia Security Department, these two assassins were low-level killers from the Rivers family in Sakurania.

"They were identified as Gage Han and Weston de, students of the Northern Star Sword School.

"Their purpose for entering Harmonfield in Draconia is currently unknown.

The cause of death was the work of Shawn Cooper, a member of Harmonfield's Abyssal Dominion. Belonging ? N?velDram/a.Org.

"They killed these two Sakurania assassins at the Four Seas Entertainment Bar, then disposed of them in Westhill

"Any thoughts?"

Major General Jack Grayson's hands trembled.

"General, regardless of their intentions for entering the Draconia, there's one very peculiar thing!

"These two bodies of the Sakurania assassin are quite unusual.

"It's clear that they've been drained of their blood by some kind of force, which has left them in this desated state."

At this, Jack hesitated, a hint of awe in his eyes.

Levi stood up, his expression serious. "General Grayson, are you implying... him?"

Jack nodded, excited. "General, in the past few decades, only one Dragon Soul legend has shown such unusual methods."

The Dragon Hall of the Dragon Pce fell into a suffocating silence once again.

Levi furrowed his brows tightly, his expression growing more serious.

How could he not know who the legendary figure of the Dragon Soul that Jack mentioned was?

"General, back then, the Dragon yer was framed-"

"Enough!" Levi cut him off coldly. The Dragon Pcemand was to never mention that person again. Are you defying orders?"

Jack's face flushed with frustration, and after a long pause, he said, "General, we were there when he built Dragon Soul. He would never betray his cause..." "Enough!" Levi ordered firmly. "This matter ends here.

"The bodies of the Sakurania assassins from the Harmenfield Westhill Graveyard incident are now ssified as a 55-level top secret!"

Jack furrowed his brow. "General, are we just letting this go?"

Levi furrowed his brows, pacing back and forth in the center of the Dragon Hall.

With each passing moment, the silence grew heavier, broken only by the sound of his foot on the stillness.

echoing in

"General Grayson, you need to fly to Harmonfield immediately. You're in charge of the Westhill incident. Remember, this mission is classified as top secret! Contact Colonel Scott Colton, the Draconia's War Wolf Special Forces commander, right away. Give the order to seal off the Harmonfield Westhill Cemetery!" "Yes, General!" Jack gathered his documents and boarded a fighter jet to Harmonfield.

Ten minutes later, Freya, who was on leave in Harmonfield, received a command from the Draconia War Wolf Special Forces headquarters.

She was instructed to immediately mobilize the local military special forces to secretly seal off the Westhill Cemetery and await further orders.

The higher-ups didn't reveal the real reason for this action; they simply sent the coordinates for securing the area.

Freya understood that she was handling the most peripheral role because her rank wasn't high enough to access the mission's core details.

Due to the situation's urgency and the fact that she happened to be in Harmonfield, she was chosen to take on this critical yet peripheral role in executing the task

Generally speaking, such missions are classified at a very high level of secrecy.

Even someone like her, the deputy captain of the War Wolf Special Forces, wouldn't have access to the core details of the operation.

This military operation was under the purview of the most secretive organization within the Draconia's military.

Given that, she had no choice but to set aside everything else for the time being and focus on completing

the task at hand.

She realized she'd be an hour late to meet Robin, whom she'd asked to help her grandfather with a health

matter.

She initially needed to call Robin to explain the situation and cancel their lunch plans. However, after thinking it over, she felt that wouldn't be fair. After all, it was about asking Robin to help treat her grandfather's illness. Turning to her friend, Maya, who had been seeking her help with a contract, Freya found a solution.

"Maya, I've got a task that'll take about two hours.

"I'm supposed to meet a guy named Robin at noon at the Blue Bay across from Dunn Group. I might be a little late.

"Could you go there first and keep him company until I arrive?"

"Don't you want me to talk to Shirley about helping your family sign that outsourcing contract for

Eastvale?"

"Perfect timing! Once I get there, I'll take you to meet Shirley."

Maya raised a brow. "Meeting a guy? Is this a date?"

Freya blushed. "Stop it! It's nothing like that."

"Alright, alright. I'll go. Don't worry; I'll handle it," Maya replied with a knowing smile.

She knew Freya had plenty of admirers but never paid them any mind.

Maya thought Freya was just making an excuse to avoid meeting that guy named Robin because she didn't

want to see him.

Maya and Freya had been ssmates back in high school.

Today, she had hoped Freya could help her secure a contract for an investment project in Eastvale with the Dunn Group.

Since Freya offered to help, she was more than happy to make a trip to Blue Bay.

After Maya left, Freya sent another message to Robin to explain the situation.

She told him she had arranged for one of her female ssmates to go and keep him company for a bit.

At 12:30 PM, Robin arrived at the second-floor lounge of Blue Bay, following the location Freya had sent

him.

As soon as he entered the lounge, he spotted a stylish young woman sitting at the reserved table. She wore a trendy, loose-fitting blue top with a plunging neckline and a ck, ultra-short mini skirt, her long, fair legs bare without stockings. This outfit, bined with her striking looks, drew plenty of attention from the people in the lounge.

The woman was Maya..

Despite her alluring appearance, her inherent pride and cold demeanor kept most people at a distance, leaving them only to admire her from afar.

Robin sat opposite Maya, and the atmosphere in the lounge shifted, filled with disappointment and envy. Some men looked like they could barely restrain themselves from confronting him.

"Are you Robin?" Maya asked frostily.

Robin nodded. "Yeah, you must be Freya's ssmate, Maya?"

Maya didn't respond immediately. Instead, she scrutinized Robin. Her gaze was sweeping over his casual attire.

Noticing that he wore no recognizable brand, she scoffed in disdain.

"What kind of car do you drive?" Maya suddenly asked.

"Do you need a ride?" Robin tossed her the key to his Land Rover. "Feel free to use it."

Maya didn't take the keys; instead, she laughed coldly and held her Lamborghini keys

"You show up to meet Freya in that junk? Seriously, are you out of your mind?"

"Take my advice! Know your place! Just go home! You're not good enough for her!"

Robin was confused. "What's going on? Are you a car salesperson?"

the table.

Maya rolled her eyes. "Please! Does a guy driving a Land Rover think he's got a chance? Just leave! Haha!"