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Chapter 301 A Brawl

At the stage, Snow Fenner was just finished with one of her song rehearsals. The entire process went smoothly, with the stage and sound effects being superb. Snow got on stage again, preparing to rehearse her second song.

This upcoming concert would be three hours long, and Snow was allowed two songs on stage. Although it was far lesser than Maeve Lee and the others, to Snow, this was a good enough opportunity.

Snow was currently wearing the divine creation 'Autumn Field', and the second song she would be bringing on stage was the main theme song of her previous promotional music video, which was also

named 'Autumn Field'.

This arrangement could not only allow Snow to stun the crowd once again but could also raise Autumn Field's reputation.

Snow began singing on stage. This time, the stage effects were even better.

The stage had been decorated to represent changing seasons as backdrops on stage would gradually shift from autumn to spring. This main theme song also brought out the artistic conception of this entire setup. Needless to say, from the stage decor to Snow's outfit and performance, everything had come together harmoniously.

With a few professional dancers performing in the background, this significantly elevated the stage's effect as

well.

Below the stage, Winifred Zea and Lily Zimmerman were watching Snow's rehearsal with delighted smiles on their faces.

"Snow is just too beautiful," Winifred exclaimed from the heart. "I think that being able to hire Snow as our brand's ambassador is like unearthing a great treasure."

Lily said with a chuckle, "Miss Zea, you're too kind. Without Autumn Field, our Snow wouldn't be where she was today."

Winifred replied, "Let's help each other and grow together."

"Yeah." Lily nodded firmly. "I believe that Miss Zea's Autumn Field Group would be able to rise to the country's summit, no...

the world's summit!”

Winifred snorted a laugh. “I’ll be counting on that. I also believe that with Snow’s outstanding looks and solid foundation, she can definitely become a prestigious A-listed celebrity in the country. No, an international star!”

The women giggled in unison.

However, at that moment, a group of people had indignantly came over to the stage. The siblings, Maeve Lee and Zayn Lee, could be seen tastefully ascending the platform.

By then, Snow had completely immersed herself into the performance, plunged deep into a world of her own. To the point of not noticing that someone had come up to the stage from beside.

Snow was still singing. As Maeve got closer, she heard Snow's crystal clear voice with much more clarity, and that sense of danger grew inside Maeve's heart. Her fury grew more intense as well.

Slap!

She suddenly appeared before Snow and gave her a hard slap across the face. "B*tch! How dare a person like you try to ride on my coattails. Who do you think you are?"

For a moment, Snow was stunned. She was staring at Lily, dazed for a good few seconds. The entire venue suddenly fell silent, and the air around seemed to freeze.

"Miss... Miss Lee..." Finally, Snow came to. Staring at the scowling Maeve before her, terror flashed across Snow's face.

Slap!

Maeve slapped Snow once more across the face. This slap was much harder than the last. “If you know what’s good for you, scram! Otherwise, I’ll break your legs!”

“What are you doing?” When she came to her senses, Winifred was enraged. She had never seen anyone so arrogant. As she spoke, Winifred angrily got on stage as Lily looked ghastly pale. Her worst fear had happened after all.

“Miss Zea, calm down,” Lily said.

Perhaps it was because Brilliant Media was too insignificant before Star Entertainment that Lily felt an innate fear for the large company. Although Maeve had slapped Snow, Lily dared not do anything to them.

However, Winifred Zea was no longer the meek girl she was before. Under Tyr's edification, she had subtly become more powerful. Ignoring Lily's dissuasion, Winifred marched up the stage domineeringly.

"What are you doing? Why did you hit her?" Winifred snapped at Maeve before going over to Snow. When she saw the crimson fingerprints on Snow's face, Winifred felt her heart ache. "Are you okay, Snow?"

Snow quickly shook her head. She felt immense grievance, and tears had even welled up in her eyes, but she could only shake her head and say, "I'm fine, Sister Winifred."

The fury in Winifred's heart grew

stronger. She turned to Maeve again and said, “Apologize to Snow.”

Maeve was stunned. Zayn and the others standing beside were also stunned. It was like they had just heard the biggest joke of the century.

Maeve cocked up an eyebrow and glared conceitedly at Winifred. “And who are you? Who do you think you are to dare ask me to apologize to an unknown starlet?”

“You’re at fault for hitting someone.” Winifred was even trying to reason with her.

However, Maeve suddenly threw another slap at them.

Winifred subconsciously dodged it before grabbing Maeve’s wrist.

“And you dare to even fight back?” Maeve

was furious. She simply aimed a kick at Winifred's stomach.

However, Winifred managed to dodge this kick as well.

Standing beside them was a B-listed celebrity named Danielle Xerxes. After seeing Winifred avoid both of Maeve's attacks, making Maeve frenzied, she immediately rushed over.

Danielle wasn't of good character, either. She had relied on bootlicking to rise as Star Entertainment's B-listed celebrity. Her actions and behavior were just as crude, and she would kiss up to whoever had more power. She was like a Hilary White of the entertainment industry.

So, of course, Danielle wouldn't let go of such an excellent opportunity to get into

Maeve's good graces. She could be heard barking, "It's your honor to be hit by Sister Maeve, so how dare you dodge her?!"

Having said that, Danielle had stepped up and suddenly landed a kick at Winifred.

Danielle was wearing high heels with very sharp front tips. Moreover, the girl never knew how to control her strength, so this kick made Winifred stumble back a few steps.

Feeling a searing pain in her stomach, Winifred held her abdomen with a pained expression.

Snow was frightened out of her wits and quickly supported Winifred. "Sister Winifred, are you okay?"

Winifred was in too much pain to speak. After a long while, she managed to stand

back up but her face was slightly pale, and her forehead was covered in sweat.

By then, Drake and the group had rushed onto the stage.

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Chapter 302 I'll Break Both Your Legs

Drake Tucker and the others were taken aback as they witnessed Maeve Lee's assistant, Danielle Xerxes, kicking Winifred Zea.

What an outrageous thing!

That was Brother Tyr's wife. No matter how domineering the Star Entertainment celebrity was, they would put up with it for a while for the sake of the city center concert.

However, now they had the nerve to attack Brother Tyr's wife. Did they have a death wish?

“What do you think you're doing?”

Drake Tucker turned purple with rage. He raced onto the stage and slapped Danielle across her face.

Zachery Smith and Jade Laurell's group, on the other hand, ran to Winifred Zea's side in genuine alarm, nervously asking, "Miss Zea, are you alright? Do you need to be taken to the hospital?"

Winifred shook her head. "I'm alright. There's no need to panic."

If she were a pampered daughter that was struck by a heel, she would have been clamoring to get a hospital specialist to come in for a consultation.

However, Winifred wasn't the spoilt type. After all, were those six years of torture and pain she suffered considered minor?

Maeve was foaming at the mouth when

Drake Tucker slapped Danielle.

“Boss Tucker, what is the meaning of this? How dare you assault my people for a lesser-known female celebrity and an ordinary woman comparable to a stray on the streets?”

In Maeve’s eyes, Snow Fenner was an unknown female celebrity, while Winifred was a random person she did not even know.

‘As the saying goes, look before you leap. You, Drake Tucker, have actually dared to mess with my personnel for two lowly nobodies. Aren’t you a bit discourteous to me?’

Drake Tucker felt as if he was about to blow his top off. This Maeve Lee was too shallow. She dared to compare Winifred

Zea to a stray on the streets. She did not seem to have faced death before.

Danielle Xerxes, who stood on the sidelines, also covered her face and raged, “Sister Maeve, you must call the shots.”

“I just lightly kicked that woman, but Boss Tucker has actually come close to knocking my teeth out. I'm afraid I won't be able to attend the next concert with my facial injuries.”

“Are you trying to threaten me?”

Drake Tucker gave Danielle Xerxes a threatening look, his voice turning increasingly cold by the minute.

“What's going on?”

At that moment, Skyler Yaleman rushed over. With Danielle Xerxes adding fuel to

the situation, Skyler's expression sank.

“Boss Tucker, it’s a bit too much for you to be so brazen as to hit my Star Entertainment’s artists, isn’t it?”

“Ask her who she just kicked,” Drake Tuckered spat back. “Mr. Yang, to tell you the truth, this situation has gotten way out of hand.”

“Way out of hand?”

Skyler grumbled disdainfully, “It’s just a staff member on site. So what if Danielle Xerxes kicked her? Even if she were crippled or beaten to death, Star Entertainment has no problem taking care of her.

“And Mr. Tucker, you failed to inform us that you were going to showcase Brilliant Media’s young artist at the concert. You

made us very unhappy.”

The two sides grew tense, while Drake Tucker was at odds with himself.

On one hand, for the next concert to go smoothly, Drake Tucker did not want to cause strife with Star Entertainment, as they still had to rely on their help for now.

On the other hand, however, if Maeve Lee had just slapped Snow Fenner twice, that would have been it. The matter would have been settled.

Yet, that b*tch Danielle Xerxes just had to lawlessly kick Mrs. Summers. Would Drake Tucker dare not stand up for her?

Just as Drake Tucker was falling into a state of dilemma from not knowing how to handle the situation, Tyr Summers' chilling voice suddenly rang out from

behind them.

“This is my wife. Whoever dared compared her to a mere stray, do gift yourself with a slap.”

The voice was domineering with no room for negotiation.

Tyr striding over with clear murderous intent was a sight to behold. When he caught a glimpse of Winifred’s forehead still beaded with sweat from pain, the ball of fury in Tyr’s heart grew.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Tyr switched into his tender and caring mode immediately as he studied Winifred Zea.

Winifred could feel the murderous intent emanating from Tyr and feared that he would throw a fit for her at such a critical moment, which would affect the city

center's concert.

She hurriedly clarified, "I'm alright, honey. It was just a misunderstanding. Don't be angry."

"A misunderstanding? Who told you it was a misunderstanding?"

"I wonder who had that much guts to berate me. So, it was Boss Summers' wife. However, we're not finished here," Maeve Lee said in a voice dripping with sarcasm. But as soon as the words left her lips, Tyr stood before her in a flash.

Maeve was slapped across the face. In a blink of an eye, half of her face swelled up. She had even spat a mouthful of blood.

The woman had been flung to the floor upon impact. Everyone present was stupefied by the sight.

Brother Tyr was still the same as ever—domineering and direct. If anyone dared to bully his wife, Brother Tyr would definitely show them the reason why burning flames were red.

Drake Tucker, Zachery Smith, Jade Laurell, Henry Walker, and Winifred Zea as well as Snow Fenner were all taken aback, their stomachs clenching violently.

No one thought that Tyr would be quite so bold as to make a move against Maeve Lee, who was the leading lady of Star Entertainment. Things were going to get ugly now that he had hit her.

Zayn Lee and Skyler Yalaman were stunned in place. Maeve Lee had been hit, and the slap was so severe that it had nearly deformed half of Maeve's face.

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Skyler felt as if a bucket of ice-cold water had been dumped over his head. The matter was more than just about Maeve Lee's identity as Star Entertainment's Pillar.

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The more crucial point was that Maeve was the girlfriend of Yulian Quintus, heir to the southern gentry Quintus family. If Julian Quintus were to find out that his most beloved woman had been beaten up here, knowing Young Master Quintus's demeanor, it might implicate Star Entertainment.

“What the f*ck did you just do, Tyr Summers?”

“Do you have any idea how precious Miss Maeve is? And you have actually dared to hit her?”

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Skyler Yalman almost exhausted all his strength to snarl at Tyr Summers.

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However, Tyr paid him no heed and instead shifted his gaze onto Danielle Xerxes.

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Just that glance alone made Danielle feel as though she was being stared down by a primitive beast, causing goosebumps to form all over her body.

“You were the one who kicked my wife just now?” Tyr asked.

“I... I...”

Danielle Xerxes was rambling incoherently as she shook like a leaf.

“Which leg was it?”

“You... What are you trying to do?”

Danielle took large strides backward as she spoke.

She did not dare answer. In her eyes, Tyr looked utterly terrifying to her right now.

It was not only Danielle who felt the fear-inducing aura exuding from Tyr's stature. The other celebrities beside him likewise felt a pit in their stomachs.

“If you won't tell me, I'll break both your legs.”

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Chapter 303 A Through Crossing Of Swords

As soon as the words were said, Tyr Summers had already made his move. He did not give Danielle Xerxes any time to react. Only two clicks were heard before Danielle fell to her knees.

It was silent for about two seconds before Danielle's gut-wrenching scream rang through the air. Tyr had kicked her twice and shattered her shin on one leg and a broken bone was sticking out of her flesh in the other.

The scene was utterly spine chilling.

Skyler Yalaman's jaw dropped. It took him several seconds before he reacted.

Tyr's tactics had his soul trembling. There

was no one on Star Entertainment's side, from Maeve Lee to Skyler Yalaman to those of the second rate entertainers. None dared to walk with their heads held high. All that was left was a feeling of overwhelming dread.

"Call a doctor. Hurry and call a doctor."

Skyler yelled as everyone on the scene broke out of their stupor.

A large group of Star Entertainment members then scrambled to lift Danielle off the stage.

Then, Skyler immediately had everyone from Star Entertainment assembled. They left without saying a word. There was not even an exchange of greetings.

"Honey, you were too impulsive. What you did can be considered a falling out with

Star Entertainment. What are we going to do about the concert?”

Winifred Zea was so laden with anxieties that she was on the verge of tears. Drake Tucker and the others also looked extremely troubled.

“I won’t let anyone who bullies you get away with it.”

Tyr, on the other hand, was remarkably unfazed and relaxed. He gently rubbed Winifred’s stomach and said, “It’s really fine. Do you want to go to the hospital for a checkup? If you were injured, I’d have Star Entertainment buried.”

Winifred hurriedly shook her head. No one present would doubt the sincerity of Tyr’s words because he was a wife protector. That was the kind of thing that he

absolutely would do.

“Brother Tyr, I'd better go over to the hospital and negotiate. After all, we signed a contract with Star Entertainment. Let's see if we can smooth this matter over,” Drake Tucker, who was on the sidelines, offered.

“No need.”

Tyr rejected Drake's proposal. “Let the staff leave today. Take a day off, and Snow Fenner will continue to come over for rehearsals tomorrow.

“As for Star Entertainment, we'll talk about it some other time.”

Tyr did not intend to stay here for much longer after saying what he had to say. He escorted Winifred home.

Although Winifred assured Tyr that she

was alright, she seemed a tad too pale for him to have his worries eased.

When they had returned, Tyr did not care about Winifred's objections. He directly pulled off her clothes and gave her an inspection himself.

Luckily, the kick Winifred received only caused a superficial flesh wound. Only then did he feel more at ease.

At about 2 pm, Drake called Tyr to report that Star Entertainment had made a decision. There were to be no discussions on the matter.

Star Entertainment had all but torn up their partnership with the city center and was refusing to pay contractual damages because the organizers had lashed out at them.

In response to the incident where Tyr attacked Maeve Lee and Danielle Xerxes, they were also going to sue Tyr.

For this sort of thing to have happened before the city center had even managed to make a name for itself, one would fear the negative impact this would bring onto it.

Seeing as the show was about to take place with Star Entertainment pulling out, the concert would become a sham, and then the city would inevitably become a laughing stock.

Drake, who was on the other end of the phone, was already planning to go along with the opposition. “Brother Tyr, Star Entertainment absolutely cannot withdraw. The city’s would be finished if

they do.

“I have contacted Noah Lee and asked him to convene. Since the formal channels won't work, then we can only exploit the loophole. In any case, we must keep Star Entertainment on our side no matter what.”

However, Tyr outrightly rejected Drake. “No need. From now on, the entire stadium will be given to Snow Fenner alone to rehearse in. In addition to that, do ask if Brilliant Media has other artists they want to support and have them brought over. Consider it my compensation for the beating Snow Fenner suffered.”

On the other end, Drake was at a loss. ‘What on earth are you planning, Tyr Summers?’

‘You're not going to invite Brilliant Media’

s artists over to save the day, are you?’

Brilliant Media was just a third-rate entertainment company in the southern region, and its artists were all unknown stars. Were they supposed to come to their rescue?

The city had been building momentum on the internet. Now, there were countless people on all major platforms looking forward to which stars the city center would invite on the day of the broadcast. If, by the time the truth were to be revealed, and the only ones invited were some completely uninspiring and insignificant entertainers, then the city would become a huge laughing stock.

“Brother Tyr, why don't I try reaching out and see if I can get in touch with other large entertainment companies in the next

two days?” Drake asked tactfully. After all, he didn’t dare to question Tyr.

However, Tyr murmured in a chilling voice, “Drake Tucker, did you not understand my words? I said to ask Brilliant Media to bring people over, not to come over and save the day. I want to give Brilliant Media’s artists a chance to rise to fame as compensation for Snow Fenner.

“Just do what I say. As for the rest, I have my own arrangements.”

What more could Drake say now that Tyr had spoken? He could only do as he was told.

After Tyr hung up the phone, Winifred came over with a heavy heart.

“Honey, Star Entertainment is planning to break the contract with the city center,

right? That's absolutely not okay. How about I take the initiative to go over and apologize to them?"

Tyr gave his wife a look of indignation. "What are they to deserve you personally going over to apologize?"

"If anyone should be apologizing, it's them. Don't worry about it, Winifred. I have my arrangements for the live concert."

Winifred obviously had the same thoughts as Drake and hurriedly exclaimed, "But Hubby, Brilliant Media..."

"There is no need to say anything. I've told you, I have my arrangements," Tyr said.

"What arrangements?" Winifred still found it doubtful.

Tyr, however, decided to keep her guessing. “You’ll know when the time comes.”

On the evening of that day, Skyler Yaleman gathered Star Entertainment’s celebrities and staff and drove away from Khanh City.

Despite the driver speeding at 100 miles per hour within the city, Skyler was still urging them to drive faster.

Maeve Lee, who was sitting beside him, was applying salve to her face. Perhaps the car was going too fast, which made it incredibly inconvenient for an assistant who was helping her administer the ointment.

A jolt shook the assistant’s hand, the sudden increase in pressure causing

Maeve excruciating pain.

Slap...

Maeve Lee slapped the assistant across the face as she lashed out. “Are you deliberately trying to hurt me? You’re so clumsy, you can’t even apply the salve right!”

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Chapter 304 Beyond Tyrannical

Although the assistant was aggrieved, he did not dare to speak any more than he had to and could only apologize.

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Maeve Lee, on the other hand, expressed her frustrations toward Skyler Yalman. “Brother Skyler, what’s wrong with you? Why are we leaving in such a hurry?”

“Danielle’s legs are thoroughly crippled. Why won’t you allow her to undergo treatment at the hospital first?”

That was when the convoy drove out of the city and reached the border marker of Khanh City.

Skyler stared at the Khanh City border marker through the car window.

“Maeve, do you see that monument outside the window?”

Confused, Maeve turned her head to look out the glass. “Isn’t this the border marker of Khanh City? What’s so interesting about it?”

“Stop the car.”

Skyler suddenly called a halt to the convoy, then lowered the window and pointed at the tablet. “Take a closer look at what’s written on it.”

The border marker was already some distance away from them. Maeve was not able to see what exactly was written on it properly.

So, she got out of the vehicle and strutted over to the border tablet. That was when

she noticed the words 'God's Forbidden Territory' carved onto it.

On top of that, the words 'God's Forbidden Territory' had been stained black with blood. The broken sword stuck to the monument was even more of a shocking sight.

"Who put that up there?" Maeve stared at the stone tablet in a daze as she drew a breath of cold air.

"I hear it was Tyr Summers."

Skyler continued, "I've just received some information. This Tyr Summers is a very powerful individual of Khanh City and also the entire Riverdale Province. That was why Iron Boxing Master suffered such a big loss in Swampville City.

"He carved the words 'God's Forbidden

Territory' on the tablet as a message to outlanders that no matter how great you are elsewhere, if you want to come to Khanh City, you have to go through him, or else this is a burial place for outsiders—a forbidden zone.”

“So tyrannical?” Maeve frowned.

“He isn't just tyrannical,” Skyler remarked coldly. “He's simply deranged.”

“This time, Star Entertainment has broken off our contract with the city center. The other party will definitely not stop here. If we continue to linger in Khanh City, who can guarantee that Tyr Summers won't use the power of the underground society to deal with us?”

“That veneer of mutual respect has been torn off. This is their territory, so there's

nothing we can really do.”

“Does he dare to?” Maeve Lee remained unconvinced, growling, “He’s just the local tyrant of a prefecture-level city. So what if he’s Riverdale’s king? He’s nothing before the Quintus family in the south.”

Maeve definitely was not exaggerating when she said this. The Quintus family were the most influential family in the south, with more than one province under their control.

Even if he was the king of Riverdale Province, he did not come close to being able to put up a fight with the Quintus family. As the future young lady of the Quintus family, it wasn’t nonsensical for Maeve to say such a thing.

Skyler hurriedly added, “Indeed, Tyr

Summers is nothing before the Quintus family, but we are outside the sphere of the Quintus family's influence here. As you saw for yourself, Tyr Summers is a madman. I'm afraid when he goes out of control, he might even disparage the Quintus family.

“A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him. So, we must escape from Khanh City now. Then, we'll slowly settle the score with Tyr Summers.”

Maeve responded with a nod. “You're right, Brother Skyler.”

Skyler sneered. “They've been heavily advertising the event all this time, yet all Star Entertainment celebrities have withdrawn. I look forward to the night of the live broadcast when the audience realizes there are no big names in the

lineup. With just some obscure performers singing, dancing, rapping... They'll be a laughing stock.”

Maeve queried, “Will they be contacting other entertainment companies to come?”

“Hehe.”

Skyler sighed. “I won't say anything. In Celestial Empire's entertainment circle, big companies still have to treat Star Entertainment with respect. It doesn't matter if they're from the north, Three Princely Provinces, or Imperial Capital City. I've already sent my regards. They will never send their artists to Khanh City.

“Of course, there's no way Star Entertainment can shut down the entertainment industry in its entirety. However, even if they were willing to go

through the trouble of hiring a well sought after artist, the rehearsal time is far from enough. No acclaimed celebrity would dare to take such a risk.”

Having said that, everyone broke into triumphant laughter. “They’re far too reckless to dare challenge Star Entertainment. I heard over ten billion had been invested in the city center as they’re determined to be an international trade center. At a disadvantage right out the gate, their reputation will be down in the dumps. They can say goodbye to the squandered ten billion.”

Maeve gritted her teeth as she was utterly consumed by her hatred toward Tyr.

“When the time comes, I’m not only going to make Tyr Summers pay. I’m going to make his whole family suffer.

“There’s also that small company Brilliant Media, and that insignificant Snow Fenner, I’ll make sure they die a horrible death.”

Skyler laughed. “Just wait and see. This time it was Tyr Summers who started it. Not only will we not count it as a breach of contract, but we can sue him instead. We’ll make him pay for it.”

The convoy continued until they drove out of Khanh City. No one followed them.

The truth was, Skyler and the others were overthinking it. In Tyr’s eyes, he didn’t think it was worth it to use such despicable methods against them.

If Tyr truly had that in mind, he would have had the group detained earlier in the stadium.

Winifred Zea had fallen asleep in that moonlit evening.

Tyr, on the other hand, ambled to the open-air garden on the second floor. He took out his phone and started a video call with Juan Yates.

This time, Juan Yates wasn't fooling around with his two girlfriends in the king-sized bed like before.

Juan was currently inside a temple in Thailand, and behind him was an imposing-looking Four-Face Buddha.

The Four-Face Buddha is Thailand's most distinguished deity. Juan Yates was never one who believed in Buddhism. The temple was covered in blood.

“What are you doing?”

Looking at Juan's appearance on the video, Tyr asked in confusion.

"Haha, you called just in time, Boss! I was just about to send a video over to you. Check out who that is."

Juan switched the camera around and filmed the temple.

Candles flickered in the temple. The floor was densely packed with corpses.

This was supposed to be a sacred site for Buddhism, yet it looked more like hell.

Amid the corpses was a middle-aged man dressed in all black covered in blood, kneeling. His countenance gave off the impression that he was vicious.

His whole body was covered in welts. Gnashing his teeth, he tried to get up, but

as soon as he did, he was beaten back to the ground by two of Juan Yates' men behind him.

“Who is he?” Tyr asked.

“The Black General of Orpheus Six Generals.”

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Chapter 305 Black General

L Juan Yates replied with a grin, “Boss, you’ve found the right person to deal with Orpheus. The men of Orpheus are too well-hidden. Even if Chiroptera were to come here, his Shadow Department wouldn’t be able to find the guy in such a short period.

“Look, it’s a lot easier with my girlfriend, Kimmy, helping out. It’s unbelievable that this guy would set up an Orpheus base inside the Four-Face Buddha temple. They are way too good at staying hidden.”

Tyr Summers was pleased and impressed by Juan’s abilities. In any case, he was one of the Five Kings of Regal Palace. If he had no skills, what would be the point of his status as Southern King?

However, Tyr jabbed back, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “So, you think you’re hot sh*t? You’ve been over there for months, and you’ve only found Black General.

“I sent you over there to deal with Orpheus. Did you manage to trace the whereabouts of Dark Shura?”

Juan Yates, who was on the other side of the screen, replied, “I’ve made all necessary arrangements on all fronts in Thailand. With Kimmy and her relatives, the Goult family, supporting me, I now have ties with eighty percent of the influential families here.

“At the same time, I have the royal family of Thailand assisting me. So our Regal Palace now holds an important position

here.”

Tyr said icily, “Get to the point.”

Juan continued, “Give me one more month, Brother Tyr. I’ll bring you the heads of Dark Shura and the four remaining generals of Orpheus.”

Whether it was a king of Regal Palace or a general, they all held pride for being the best in the world.

Just like the Five Valiant Generals under Liu Bei back then, no matter the resources they had at hand when Liu Bei gave them a mission, the answer would always be ‘yes’.

Tyr fell into silence. “Old Yates, Orpheus is far from fearsome. What is nightmarish is Dark Shura. You may have sniffed out Black General, but Dark Shura can simply cultivate another one of him.

“Therefore, never underestimate an enemy, especially if it's Dark Shura, who was once the Shadow Totem's number one grim reaper.”

“I got it, Boss.” Juan Yates strode toward Black General, tugged roughly at a handful of his hair, and asked coldly, “Where is Dark Shura? Speak up, and I'll leave your body intact.”

“Ptooey...” The general did not hesitate to spit at Juan, but the latter easily dodged it.

As if by magic, a scimitar flipped out from Juan's cuff within a second. With a cold gleam of the blade, Black General's head was severed, rolling on the ground motionless.

“Don't worry, Boss. Dark Shura won't be able to escape now that I've cast a net over

Thailand.

“Oh yeah, you have some crazy good foresight, Boss. How did you know that I was taking out this Orpheus stronghold?”

Tyr shook his head. “I didn’t know. I actually wanted to contact Don Quijote, but I haven’t been able to reach the guy. Where did he go?”

At the mention of Don Quijote, Juan suddenly stumbled over his words. “Boss... This... Haha...”

“Speak...”

Tyr’s expression darkened as he ordered in a commanding tone.

Juan was originally trying to cover for Don, but even though he was on a video call over the phone, he was a little too

overwhelmed by how overbearing Tyr was and had to be honest.

“Recently, there’s been a very popular actress here named Davika who’s having an affair with... having an affair with Old Don.”

“F*ck...”

Tyr’s blood was boiling. Just as he thought, nothing good would come of it when Juan deliberately called for Don to join him in Thailand.

These two were friends that shared the same rotten tastes. It did not matter where they were. There would always be a large number of girls that brought upon a scourge.

“If I’m right, you and Don have made a deal with each other, haven’t you? You

take turns dealing with the Six Generals of Orpheus. You deal with Black General this time, and he takes care of Shadow General next time?”

On the other end of the video, Juan gave a nervous laugh before he awkwardly replied, “Boss, Old Don and I... one is a Regal Palace King and the other a General... wouldn't it be an overkill if we both went together to deal with the Six Generals of Orpheus? Not to mention, Iron Mask is still idling.”

“Scram.” Tyr growled, “Juan Yates, I'll repeat myself once more. If you mess things up, see to it that I break all three of your legs.”

“Don't worry, Boss. It won't be a problem.” Juan patted his chest and assured. “By the way, why were you

looking for Old Don, Boss?”

“I’ve already sent him a message. I’m starting the countdown from now on. If he doesn’t reply to my message within half an hour, he’ll suffer the consequences.” When Tyr was done talking, he ended the call.

Standing at the edge of this open-air garden, Tyr looked over Khanh City’s nightscape then lit a cigarette.

He did not know why, but there was a nagging sensation at the back of his mind, like a feeling that something big was about to happen.

Tyr’s intuition had always been accurate, which brought a nagging sense of unease to his conscience.

Of course, this uneasiness wasn't because

of the concert over at the city center; such a minuscule thing wasn't worth Tyr's attention.

His restlessness stemmed from Juan, and even though it had been going very smoothly up until now, Tyr nevertheless felt that something was amiss.

However, he was still unable to put his finger on it at the moment.

“Am I just too paranoid?”

“Or maybe it was because Dark Shura once cast too big a shadow over the Regal Palace, and that's why I'm worried?” Tyr Summers muttered to himself as he took several deep drags of the cigarette, quickly reaching the butt. “Maybe I'm overthinking it. Dark Shura has indeed grown at an exponential rate compared to

two years ago. But Regal Palace is also not the same place as it was before.”

With that said, he extinguished his cigarette and took a deep breath.

Out of the blue, hands embraced him from behind, and Tyr grasped them in one smooth motion. “I thought you were asleep.”

“I couldn’t sleep.”

Winifred Zea hugged her husband from behind, then pressed her head against his back. “You couldn’t sleep either, hun?”

“You rarely smoke. You only do it when you’re upset. You’re worried about the concert in the city center, right?”

“Why don’t we re-approach Star Entertainment to discuss the matter? It

started because of Snow and I. Snow just called me to say that she's willing to go with me to apologize to Maeve Lee.”

Tyr turned around and stared at Winifred with a severe expression. “I will repeat myself for the last time, Darling. Star Entertainment does not deserve your apology.

“Snow Fenner just needs to continue her rehearsals without worries. I will handle the concert. It will definitely be a big surprise for everyone!”

N

Chapter 306 Addicted

It did not matter what came their way. With Tyr Summers' assurance, Winifred Zea felt at ease.

However, Winifred's anxieties did not get washed away this time. It was not that she did not believe in Tyr. It was a fact that the city center's concert had been driven into a corner by Star Entertainment.

The night after tomorrow was the time for the city center concert to be broadcast live on all major platforms. No matter how much money Drake Tucker spent, it would be impossible for them to invite so many A-list celebrities with less than two days left.

Even if they were to manage to invite anyone, the rehearsal time would have

been far too short.

Winifred felt a little flustered but also worried that Tyr would resort to some irregular means.

However, Tyr very gently embraced her and coaxed, "Don't you believe in my words?"

"I didn't send anyone to stop Skyler Yalerman's group because the concert in the city center can be just as sensational without them. It can even be 10 or 100 times better than those so-called big names in Star Entertainment."

"Really?"

"Truly." Tyr nodded confidently. "And I can responsibly inform you that after the concert the night after tomorrow, Snow Fenner will also become one of the hottest

celebrities in the country.

“She’ll even be able to make a name for herself abroad.”

Tyr’s statement was so exaggerated that it made Winifred pause in her tracks.

Did Tyr mean that after the concert, Snow Fenner would become an international superstar? Was that not an absurd fantasy to have?

Tyr did not pay further attention to Winifred, who was in a state of stupor, as he regarded the pink silk pajamas she wore. It truly accentuated Winifred’s tall, slender figure to the fullest.

Suddenly, Tyr felt restless.

“No, I can’t stand it anymore. It’s been like an addiction since we took that first

step.”

There was a flame burning in Tyr's heart, and it quickly became a raging blaze.

“Would you like to try a little romance under the stars, my dear wife?”

Tyr pointed at the stars in the sky as he asked with expectations clear on his countenance.

Winifred trembled. She sensed that something was wrong and turned to flee.

However, how could she escape Tyr's grasp? Before she could even turn around, he had already locked her into his embrace.

The next morning, Winifred went to the office early in the morning in high spirits.

Winifred was fairly occupied by work these days, as many channels had been launched

at Prime City. On top of that, Jorge Zea had arranged for people to go over and prepare to develop an Autumn Field branch in Prime City.

With Carson Yorke as Southriver King backing them up, everything had been smoothly approved. Whether it was the need for the cooperation of multiple groups over there to place orders or the various approvals from the relevant departments—there was seldom any need for Autumn Field to take the initiative to reach out. The other party would proactively send all sorts of things over unprompted.

If this continued, as long as Autumn Field was funded, it would soon be able to fully open up trade channels at Prime City and set up well-established subdivisions.

Nowadays, Autumn Field grew at a rapid

pace, and the capital flow required had been increasing. However, it was also because of this overall growth, Autumn Field was often experiencing a kind of financial crunch.

Winifred Zea always rejected Tyr despite repeatedly expressing his desire to transfer a large sum of money into Autumn Field's account.

Winifred felt that her husband had provided more than enough help to Autumn Field, and she couldn't live under Tyr's protection all the time.

She had great ambitions to transform Autumn Field into a world-renowned brand, but she hoped to achieve this goal through her hard work, rather than always relying on Tyr.

Tyr respected Winifred's opinions. Since

his wife had such a dream, he allowed her to pursue it.

There was still him behind Autumn Field anyway. Nothing could go wrong.

Furthermore, Tyr had expectations for Autumn Field that extended beyond the clothing world; he had bigger ambitions.

He had once thought about merging some of the Regal Palace's properties into Autumn Field when it was officially integrated into Celestial Empire. He yearned to make Autumn Field more than just a world-famous clothing brand.

He wanted it to be the world's number one super business empire, which covered a wide range of industries beyond clothing.

Of course, those were simply Tyr's ideas. Whether or not that would come to

fruition would depend on how Autumn Field developed.

In addition to Prime City, Winifred Zea would also find time to go over to the sports arena to keep an eye on the concert.

Over the next two days, a huge crowd outside the sports arena did not abate. Likewise, hundreds of security guards swarmed the area to deny any miscellaneous personnel access to the stadium.

Neither Star Entertainment nor the city center had publicized the falling out between the two parties. Thus, from the outside, the concert seemed to be running smoothly.

The reason Star Entertainment did not announce it was not because they were

afraid of offending the city. Instead, it was a deliberate attempt to see the city center make a fool of themselves on the night of the concert's opening.

In the late afternoon at six, after Winifred left the company, the first thing she did to drive to the sports arena.

The interior of the sports arena was much cleaner at this point than it was yesterday.

The main reason was that there was no Star Entertainment crew with all sorts of assistant bodyguards to make a big fuss. On top of that, the staff and the accompaniment band had withdrawn by nearly two-thirds.

There were three stages in total that were currently used by those that were rehearsing, all of which were invited from

Brilliant Media.

Winifred did not know any of these artists except for Snow Fenner, but they all rehearsed earnestly and diligently.

To be frank, their performance, even if there was no big show, was much better than the A-list celebrities of Star Entertainment.

Snow Fenner originally had only two songs scheduled for tomorrow, but Tyr had hinted to give Snow an extra show.

Throughout the entire day, Snow Fenner rehearsed with all her heart. Each song was practiced multiple times. It wasn't because her performance wasn't good enough but because Snow wanted to perform to the best of her abilities.

Winifred stood below the stage, staring up

at Snow, who was rehearsing diligently on stage. It brought a faint smile to her face.

When she regarded the current Snow, it was as if she saw her former self.

Although fate's reality was unjust, they remained undefeated by what was preordained, still striving to do their best. They believed that as long as they worked hard, they would be rewarded.

Just like the grass buried in the earth, even if covered by concrete, she was able to break through the ground with her tireless efforts to enjoy the spring rain and sunshine.

“One day, you will definitely go global and become a popular international superstar.”

Winifred looked at Snow onstage and made a heartfelt wish, which was also a

wish for herself at the same time.

“Sister Winifred.”

Snow had just finished rehearsing a song on stage and was approaching Winifred to greet her.

“Snow, your singing is amazing.” Winifred grinned from ear to ear and gave Snow a thumbs up.

N

Chapter 307 Receiving Someone

“Thank you for your praise, Sister Winifred,” said Snow.

“Not just you, all of the artistes your Brilliant Media brought over were marvelous,” Winifred complimented.

Snow Fenner was excited that she and her fellow artists from Brilliant Media had received Winifred’s praises. But after several seconds of delight, her gaze fell dull again.

“Sister Winifred, there’s less than twenty-four hours until the live broadcast officially begins, but Big Brother Tyr and the others haven’t found anyone to replace Star Entertainment’s artistes. What do we do? With just us known

performers from Brilliant Media, the city center would no doubt become a laughing stock.”

Snow was distressed and blamed herself. If it hadn't been for her, the situation wouldn't have turned out this way.

Frankly, Winifred was worried as well. But Tyr had guaranteed her more than once that the concert tomorrow would proceed smoothly. At this point, she could only choose to believe in him. What's more, Tyr had never let her down before.

“Don't worry, Snow. Your Big Brother Tyr has it all planned out. You guys just have to relax and do your rehearsals. Even without Star Entertainment, this concert can stun the entire country just the same,” Winifred reassured.

“Really?” asked Snow doubtfully.

Winifred nodded gravely. “Yeah.”

Winifred stayed to watch Snow and the others rehearse for about two hours. After the rehearsal, she invited Snow and the other Brilliant Media artists out for dinner.

Although these celebrities weren’t very famous, each of them was vibrant and had potential.

Winifred had been considering getting a few more celebrities to become Autumn Field’s ambassadors or fashion show models. And now, she had her eye on quite a few celebrities among the group of Brilliant Media talents.

Meanwhile, Tyr had not appeared since afternoon, and he wasn’t in the mansion either. Winifred tried calling him, but he replied saying that he was off to get them a

surprise.

Winifred had no idea what he had up his sleeve.

Not only was Tyr absent, but Drake Tucker, Henry Walker, and the others were all gone as well. They must be with Tyr right now.

At around ten at night, a fleet of black cars sped towards Khanh City International Airport. Tyr and Drake were riding in the same vehicle.

At that moment, Drake's mood was in sync with Winifred and the others, feeling restless. There were less than twenty-four hours until the concert. The live broadcast platforms had been urging Drake's team to quickly send them the details of the concert performers, so they could prepare

corresponding introductions and make arrangements.

But, the city center had delayed their response. Not because Drake's team didn't want to respond, they just didn't know how to respond.

Just earlier, Drake, Henry, and the others had planned to offer a handsome fee to get the entertainment companies from the northern region to save the day. However, they had been flat-out rejected by quite a few of them. Even if they were interested, there was clearly not enough time.

Just as Drake and the others were about to brace themselves to call Imperial Capital's entertainment companies, Tyr had called all of them over. He had them prepare a few cars to follow him to receive someone at the airport. Drake had no idea who Tyr

was receiving, but he dared not ask.

Tyr turned to Drake, calmly asking, “What’s wrong? Do you feel uneasy?”

Regaining his senses, Drake immediately answered, “Brother Tyr, I was just thinking of what to do with tomorrow night’s concert. If push comes to shove, our city center will just cancel the show with a suitable excuse. Although that could cause a short-term negative effect, it’ll be better than becoming a laughing stock in front of all the netizens.”

Slap!

Tyr’s large hand patted Drake heavily on the back. This pat seemed to have sent an electric shock throughout Drake’s body.

“This isn’t my first time telling you not to worry because I will make the

arrangements, is it? So Drake, do you doubt me?” asked Tyr.

Terrified, Drake quickly replied, “I wouldn’t dare to, Brother Tyr. It’s just because this city center’s concert is too important, so I’m a little anxious.”

Seeing that Drake was only trying to serve him well, Tyr did not bother with him.

After all, Drake was not a member of Regal Palace, so there was no need for Tyr to impose Regal Palace’s rules on the older man.

Taking advantage of the night, the fleet arrived at the airport. It was now past eleven, almost midnight.

At this hour, the airport’s exterior looked desolate. It was after all almost deep in the night. Unless there was a plane

descending, there would rarely be anyone out there.

The fleet stopped at the airport's car park. Henry Walker and Jade Laurell got out of the car.

No longer able to contain her curiosity, Jade asked Tyr, "Master, who are we here to receive?"

A faint smile appeared on Tyr's face but he deliberately kept them in suspense. "You'll know when the time comes."

Although Tyr kept quiet, Jade, Drake and the others could make a wild guess.

There were less than twenty hours until the concert, and everyone was like a cat on a hot tin roof. Only Tyr remained calm as ever, saying he would make the arrangements. Now, bringing them here to

the airport was part of his arrangement. Could he have contacted some celebrities and they were now here to receive them?

At the thought of this, Drake and the others exchanged glances. That might just be it. But they were curious, where did Tyr find celebrities on such short notice?

Skyler Yalerman had sent word to a large portion of Celestial Empire's entertainment companies, so who could Tyr contact? Moreover, even if he did manage to get them, didn't they need time for preparation and rehearsals?

While the group was confused, an airliner descended from the skies above the airport, its engines roaring in the night. A few minutes later, Tyr's phone rang.

From the other end came a pleasant male

voice speaking in a different dialect, “Boss, our aircraft has arrived. And due to the time difference, we ended up reaching at midnight. But, I can guarantee you that I didn’t choose this timing on purpose. You should know that I can’t choose the timing of these international flights, and I even had to gather everyone from different countries first.”

From his tone, one could sense a strong desire to survive. It was almost like, had his explanation been delayed by even a second, it could cost him his life.

“Boss, send me your location. I’ll come and meet you now,” said the man.

Tyr finally opened his mouth, speaking slowly, “I’m at the parking lot in Terminal 3.”

N

Chapter 308 Don Quijote

The man on the phone and Tyr were each speaking in their own dialects. This scene was quite amusing as both men were speaking in different dialects, but still managed to communicate with ease.

The man on the phone seemed startled and he quickly said, “Boss, look at you. You’re just too kind to come and receive me personally. I feel so honored.”

“Cut the crap,” Tyr simply said. “We have to keep the identities of these people you’ve brought a secret from now on. I’ll send someone to drive into the VIP tunnel to wait for them. Make them get into the car right after they disembark and don’t let anyone notice them.”

The man on the phone quickly answered, “
Alright, Boss. This is their strong point.”

Tyr grunted. “I’ll wait for you in the
parking lot. Come over on your own.”

“Yes, Boss.”

After hanging up, Tyr turned to Drake
Tucker and the group. “Drive your cars
over to the VIP terminal now to receive
them. Whether you recognize them or not,
remember that you’re my people, and your
status won’t be lower than theirs. Just tell
them what they need to do. There’s no
need to be too courteous to them.”

After listening to him, Drake and the
others were puzzled. From Tyr’s tone,
these guests sounded like important
people, so who exactly were they? But even
though they were confused, they dared

not ask more. They just kept nodding their heads before driving to the VIP terminal's exit.

Tyr was soon left alone. He leaned against the bonnet of his Cadillac and stretched lazily.

A few minutes later, a gorgeous and handsome Caucasian man came out from Terminal 3's exit. With his blue eyes and blonde hair, he looked very much like a gentleman as he walked over, exuding an aristocratic aura.

This man was none other than one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals, Don Quijote.

"Boss, it's been so long. I've missed you so much," said Don Quijote.

From a distance of eight meters away, he

opened his arms wide and crinkled his eyes into a bright smile, coming toward Tyr. He wanted to give his boss an ardent hug.

However... Thud!

Don Quijote had just gotten near Tyr when the latter swiftly sent out a kick, sending the man down to the ground.

Don Quijote held his stomach, looking pained. “Boss...”

Tyr hadn't kicked with too much force or speed. With Don Quijote's capabilities, he could have easily dodged it, but he had not the courage to. Moreover, it didn't hurt at all, but to show Tyr some respect, he was acting hurt.

“Get up. I know it doesn't hurt. If you keep up the act, I'll really kick you,” Tyr

ordered.

Don Quijote shuddered and quickly stood up, smiling brightly at Tyr. This guy was carved from the exact same mold as Juan Yates. Among Regal Palace's Five Kings, the one Tyr wanted to 'choke to death' the most was Juan. And among the eighteen generals, whenever Tyr felt a random whim, he would call upon Don Quijote and give him a beating for no apparent reason.

“Old Don, Juan called you over to Thailand because he wanted you to chase after skirts together with him, didn't he?”

Tyr's question immediately made Don Quijote break out in cold sweat. He kept shaking his head, stepping backward for fear that Tyr would kick him out of nowhere again.

“Boss, you're accusing me. Along with

President Yates, I've been putting all my time and effort into handling the matters regarding Orpheus, so how could I have the time to go out and have fun?"

Tyr instantly flared up in anger and booted Don again. "Busy, are you? Since you're both so busy, how can Juan get two girlfriends and roll around so cozily on the beach? Since you're both so busy, how could you have time to fool around with that Davika to the point of not answering my calls?"

Once he was exposed by Tyr, Don immediately shuddered. He hung his head and said, "Boss, isn't it because I was trying to help you with the concert?"

"The concert was an accident," Tyr roared.

Don chuckled sheepishly. "Boss, it's been

so long since we've seen each other. Can you stop scolding me? My heart can't take it."

"Get in."

Tyr turned and got into the Cadillac, while Don quickly followed suit. Starting the car, Tyr drove it over to the mansion at Lunar Mountain. The Cadillac drove into the area where the mansions were.

As he glanced at the luxurious manors, a faint smile appeared on Don's face. "Boss, you previously told President Hann that you want Regal Palace to return to its roots in the Celestial Empire. Is this area of mansions the place that our Regal Palace higher officers will be staying at?"

Tyr was briefly quiet before answering, "I did have that thought, but I've yet to

decide. I've already bought all thirteen of the best mansions halfway up the mountain.

“But, I didn't have this idea when the Lunar Mountain mansions went on sale, so a bunch of people have already moved into this place. When Regal Palace truly returns to the Celestial Empire, I need to find a huge island to serve as Regal Palace's base and headquarters.”

Don nodded. “But, does this region have an island large enough to support our enormous organization?”

“This place is called Riverdale Province and it's formed by the gathering of three large rivers. Don't underestimate the rivers. They can sometimes be more profound than the ocean. Within this Riverdale Province, there's a huge island

on Long River,” Tyr explained.

He continued, “Although it’s not as huge as our Regal Palace’s base camp, the advantage is that it has many smaller islands around it. It would be hard, or impossible to develop them.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Don exclaimed.

After that, he took out a tablet and began scrolling through it. The tablet screen was showing the current A-list female celebrities in Celestial Empire. Don’s eyes became fixated on it, staring at these artists.

If Tyr had not been driving, he would have slapped this guy to death. A leopard truly never changed its spots. This man was the same everywhere.

Whenever Juan got into a new environment, the first thing he would do was investigate details of the local wealthy young ladies of prominent families. As for Don Quijote, he would always search for first-rate female celebrities instead.

Soon, Tyr had driven into the mansion halfway up Lunar Mountain. Both men got out of the car and walked into the premises. Along the way, Don looked around the place. In no time, a graceful figure inside the mansion caught his eye.

Winifred Zea had not gone to bed.

Knowing that Tyr was bringing a friend over, she had prepared a full supper table. Of course, most of the food was just takeout from the restaurant she went to earlier.

“Is this Sister-in-law?” With a glint in his

eyes, Don instantly tossed away the tablet in his hands. “Sister-in-law is so much prettier and dignified than the A-list female celebrities on this tablet.”

N

Chapter 309 Boss, You've Changed

Juan Yates and Don Quijote shared a similar good trait—being sweet talkers. This was a specialized skill of theirs. Wherever they went, they could easily charm girls and gain their affection.

Don was sincerely praising Winifred Zea's temperament and beauty as he walked over to her.

Out of respect for her, he simply introduced himself in the dialect she was familiar with, "Hello, Sister-in-law. My name is Don Quijote, and I'm a younger brother of Brother Tyr."

Perhaps he wasn't too fluent in the dialect, so the words he spoke sounded flat.

Winifred ended up giggling in laughter.

She quickly extended her hand in a polite attempt to shake his. "Hello, I'm Winifred Zea, Tyr's wife."

However, Don never shook her hand, but instead held the tip of her fingers, ready to bow and kiss the back of her hand. This was a very gentlemanly etiquette in the west, and Don's biggest show of respect for Winifred.

Yet, the instant Tyr caught sight of his actions, he got jealous. Without another word, he kicked Don on his behind and the large force sent the Caucasian man flying. Winifred jolted in shock, while Don wailed in pain.

"Don't get touchy-feely with my wife or I'll break your hand," Tyr warned.

Looking aggrieved, Don protested, “Boss, this is the most gentlemanly and noble etiquette in the west.”

“Scram! That explanation won't work on me.”

Having been abroad for so many years, Tyr naturally knew that this was a common courtesy. But for some reason, he couldn't stand another man touching his wife, not even by a finger.

Don got up dejectedly, while Winifred shot Tyr a glare.

“Honey, how can you do that?” she asked.

“Leave it,” Tyr responded indignantly, shooting Don another glare and frightening him into a shudder.

Winifred quickly said to Don, “Don't mind

days. I'm warning you, I brought you here to save the day because of unique circumstances.

“After the concert ends tomorrow, head back to Thailand immediately. If you dare to fool around here, be warned that I'll break your manhood.”

Out of Regal Palace's Five Kings and eighteen generals, Tyr was probably only this stern with Juan Yates and Don Quijote. Because these two guys were the least reliable.

Don nodded like a little chick pecking at rice and assured him, “Don't worry, Boss. I don't have many good points, but my only strengths are being reliable and steadfast. You can put your heart at ease, all the way into your stomach.”

“Why do I feel like smacking you every

time I hear your talk?” Tyr suddenly mumbled, causing Don to immediately zip his lips.

“The people you’ve brought over are reliable, right? Don’t underestimate this concert. This concerns the city center’s future. You’re well aware that Clifford bought this city center for me so we can let Regal Palace return to the Celestial Empire,” Tyr added.

Patting his chest, Don guaranteed, “Boss, I wouldn’t dare say so for anything else, but when it comes to celebrities, you’ve found the right guy. Don’t worry, the concert tomorrow night will dazzle the whole world.”

Tyr would never completely believe in anything else Don said because the lad was truly undependable. But, only when it

came to celebrities, Don didn't sound like he was exaggerating.

Tyr said no more. After settling Don in, he turned to go home and sleep with Winifred.

At Regal Palace, although Tyr's identity was the palace master, be it with the Five Kings or eighteen generals, everyone treated each other like biological brothers and had a great relationship among themselves.

If it had been before, for Don to have come all this way, Tyr would have had a good drink with him, just like he did with Clifford Hann when he visited Tyr in Italy. But Tyr was no longer interested in doing this. He wanted to hurry home and sleep with Winifred.

Seeing that Tyr was about to leave, Don got

a little upset. "Boss, you've changed."

"How?" asked Tyr, pausing at the door.

"Hehe, you should know how."

Don did not give it to him straight because he was worried about getting pummeled by Tyr again. As an expert at love, an insensitive man like Tyr was merely a grasshopper before Don.

And so, Don yawned thoughtfully. "Rest early, Boss. Let's have a nice drink tomorrow, during the daytime."

Saying nothing more, Tyr walked away.

By the time he returned home, Winifred was already fast asleep. Though she had wanted to wait up for Tyr, she was too tired and ended up falling asleep. Tyr did not disturb her. After showering, he gently

climbed into bed, hugging Winifred in his arms as he contently drifted to sleep.

The next day, Tyr and Don were out drinking until three in the afternoon. Having not met for so long, the brothers naturally had a lot to catch up on. But the main topic of their conversation was about Orpheus.

The situation Don reported was exactly as Juan had mentioned, so Tyr gradually relaxed as well. It seemed he didn't need to worry too much about dealing with Orpheus.

Later on, both men arrived at the arena. It was the last three hours until the concert, and the area outside the arena was packed with people.

Drake Tucker's plan had been a huge

success. Be it online or in reality, even if the audience had no idea which celebrities would be performing tonight, the hype the city center invested heavily in to create had become sensational.

At this point in time, over ten million netizens were waiting online for the city center's live broadcast.

Tyr and Don entered the arena. The decor inside was mostly done, and the hundreds of staff were running trials and making final checks.

N

Chapter 310 The Concert Begins

There were no artistes rehearsing on stage anymore. Everyone was resting in their rooms, adjusting their state of mind as they waited for the official start of the concert.

Tyr Summers had gotten Don Quijote to bring in a group of overseas celebrities, but in fact, up till now, Tyr had no idea who Don brought. Tyr never asked, and Don never took the initiative to tell him.

But Tyr didn't have to worry about whether Don's hired celebrities were famous enough, because the celebrities who had the right to get in contact with Don would be nothing but famous.

Just then, Drake Tucker, Jade Laurell, and

the others hurried over to Tyr. These Khanh City big shots no longer looked as worried as they did before. It was like they had become different people. Everyone was full of smiles and looked enthusiastic.

Even the usually composed Drake was speaking incoherently now, “Brother Tyr, we never knew. We truly never knew. This is incredible. Too incredible.”

In truth, from the moment they received that batch of guests through the VIP tunnel last night, these Khanh City big shots never slept due to the excitement. Those so-called A-list celebrities from Star Entertainment didn’t even deserve to be the gophers of these renowned artistes Tyr had brought over.

“How was their rehearsal? Were there any problems?” Tyr asked.

Drake quickly answered, “No problem at all. Those trash from Star Entertainment can’t even be compared to them. They don’t even need to rehearse either. Even without any stage decor, they are just as remarkable.

“They only have to stand on stage without doing anything and it’s enough to transform the atmosphere around them. Brother Tyr, how did you do it? How did you get...”

Before Drake could finish, Tyr interrupted him, “Shh! Don’t say it out loud. Leave me some of the mystery.”

“Yes, Brother Tyr.”

Drake and the others quickly nodded, but their faces were now flushed red from excitement. The group then carried on

with their work, while Tyr and Don headed to their seats.

There were VVIP seats reserved for Tyr and Winifred with the best view of the entire stadium. Of course, Drake and the others would later be seated here as well.

At the moment, Winifred was in Snow Fenner's dressing room to give the young starlet some encouragement. Tyr never went looking for his wife, but was instead chatting with Don because he knew that she would come over on her own later anyway.

Soon, there was less than one hour until the concert. Everything in the stadium was ready. Reporters from huge media companies were allowed priority entrance to find a spot for their viewfinders. Also, the dozens of video cameras belonging to

the city center were also in position, ready for the live broadcast.

Half an hour later, having been sealed for three days, the sports arena was now opened to the public. The audience outside began entering after flashing their tickets. As the main goal of this concert was to promote the city center, the concert tickets had been sold at a remarkably cheap price.

Thus, by the time the concert started, Azure Sports Arena that could house twenty thousand people was filled to the brim. There were even crowds outside the stadium.

Finally, the exhilarating moment had arrived.

By then, Winifred, Drake, and the others

had successively made their way to the VVIP seats. Just like Drake and his team, Winifred couldn't conceal her emotions that were a mix of shock, delight, and excitement.

“How was it? Are Snow and the other artists from Brilliant Media fully prepared?” asked Tyr, smiling at Winifred.

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded heavily. “But honey, how did you invite these big names over? Snow and the others' performances were steady, but these people you brought over startled them. I'm really worried that they might make a mistake from being too excited.”

“Hehe,” Tyr chuckled. “Whether or not they can rise to fame with this will depend on their performance. I can't say the same for the other Brilliant Media celebrities,

but I'm quite confident in Snow.”

The stadium was packed. Everyone was waiting for the lineup of artistes to be revealed. Some people even came for their favorite celebrities, bringing posters and writing their idol's names on their faces, hoping that they would appear in this concert later.

Among them, many were fans of Maeve Lee and Zayn Lee. In such events, plenty of people had guessed that Star Entertainment's first-rate celebrities would make an appearance. It wasn't a hard guess. In fact, these people had gotten it right at first, but they could never have guessed the ending.

Stunning fireworks lit up the night sky for a full three minutes, making it as bright as daytime. As they blossomed in the air, the

entire city centre went into an uproar. Cheers and yells could be heard coming from the concert venue—the audience here was too passionate.

Meanwhile, several broadcast stations began streaming the event live. Just from the fireworks display earlier, they had attracted over ten thousand comments online.

@Ever-changing: ‘What a grand display. Who knew that an inferior city’s international trade center opening would look like the Spring Festival Gala.’

@Ten Miles: ‘This is too awesome. The opening effect was so stunning, I’m looking forward to seeing which celebrities will be performing here tonight.’

@Maeve’s Little Sister: ‘My goddess

Maeve must be here. How exciting.'

@Zayn's Fanclub: 'My Zayn will definitely be here as well and it has been confirmed.'

@Snowflake: 'It's starting. It's finally starting. The host has appeared. I wonder who the first celebrity will be.'

Various online comments kept coming, while the live audience in the venue were in a frenzy.

Under everyone's focused attention, a host the city center had specifically paid a handsome price to hire from Imperial Capital made his grand entrance. After a passionate opening speech, as well as an introduction and elaboration of the city center's background, the host turned to point at the large screen behind him.

"Next, please welcome our first performer

for tonight's concert to the stage.”

In an instant, with the use of holographic technology, the stage was transformed. The changing of four seasons that was presented in Autumn Field's music video flawlessly played out on this stage.

Snow Fenner, donning Autumn Field's divine creation, could be seen walking onto the stage. Autumn Field's theme song music began to rise from all around and Snow's angelic voice echoed through the arena.

The excited audience immediately fell silent for a beat. Three seconds later, everyone felt their scalps tingle.

The atmosphere in the venue exploded at once.

N

Chapter 311 Too Stunning

In fact, with her current status, it was slightly inappropriate for Snow Fenner to serve as the opening act for this concert. Even if she was a little famous now, her popularity was not enough to justify her being the opening act for a concert of this scale.

However, be it the divine creation ‘Autumn Field’ that she was wearing, Autumn Field’s theme song, or Snow herself, they had all once caused quite a sizable uproar on the Internet. Now, paired with Snow’s seraphic voice and her flawless performance, it had greatly compensated for her lack of fame.

Snow gave it her all. Although she was

nervous, with her raw talent and skill, she managed to conquer her feelings, and that caused the performance to turn out surprisingly great. Halfway through Snow's performance, the venue's atmosphere became hyped up as well.

Meanwhile, the popularity ratings online were soaring and comments from the audience kept pouring in.

@Evergreen Vine: 'Isn't that Raelee White? The female lead of the web drama, 'Taboos of the Underworld', who died three times?'

@Ever-changing: 'That's right. It's Raelee White. No, her name is Snow Fenner, Autumn Field Group's brand ambassador. She's too angelic, too beautiful.'

@Good Day: 'Her voice is melodious and

this song is lovely. Although a famous celebrity didn't open this concert, I'm just as stunned and awed.'

@Snow's Fan: 'Our Snow is so talented. I'll chase after her for the rest of my life.'

@Blizzard...

Many positive comments had appeared online, but there were quite a few negative ones as well. The negative comments did not pertain to Snow, but were about the city center instead.

Because the city center had previously stirred up hype by keeping the performing artistes a secret to create suspense, many people were anticipating the revelation of this mystery. They thought that the first performing celebrity would definitely be an A-list local star. However, the person

who came out was Snow Fenner, who had only recently qualified as a B-list celebrity.

This had truly caused quite some disappointment. There were talks of the city center being dishonest in their advertising. Soon, the comments online had polarized into two factions and both sides were attacking each other.

But no matter what the current situation was online, Snow's performance was flawless. The atmosphere in the stadium was riled up.

Meanwhile, at the VVIP seats.

As they watched Snow's opening performance, Tyr and Winifred were very pleased. Even Drake Tucker and Zachery Smith, who were of the older generation, were charmed by Snow as well.

“Too beautiful. Too stunning. This is too perfect,” said Zachery.

Ignoring his identity as a prominent figure, Zachery felt himself returning to his younger days where he had madly pursued after the Four Celebrity Kings as an idol fan.

“Brother Smith, are you still interested in things like these?” asked Drake, turning to him with a smile.

Zachery chuckled. “Brother Tucker, back during my younger days, I even formed a rock band. Would you believe it?”

Zachery wasn't lying. When he was young, he did form a band. But this band was disbanded in less than a week. The reason was, while their band was performing at a pub, the customers complained that they

were too noisy and both sides ended up in a brawl.

As a result, three out of five members of the band were sent to prison for ten years, while Zachery and the other member served a three-year sentence.

Meanwhile, the one most exhilarated at the VVIP seats was not Drake or Zachery, nor Tyr or Winifred either. But it was... Don Quijote!

From the moment this rascal saw Snow appear, his eyes became fixed on her. After that, like his body had been cursed, he was frozen to the spot. Only his eyes moved about, chasing after Snow's presence.

Don finished watching her performance in that accursed state. It wasn't until she turned to descend the stage that he

abruptly stood up.

“God! What did I just see? Hey, this girl is like the moon goddess. When I first laid eyes on her, the Christ I believe in told me: ‘My boy, that is your true love. You must marry her and bring her home’,” Don exclaimed.

As if he had gone mad, he subconsciously headed for the backstage area.

Frowning, Tyr tugged him back. “What are you doing?”

Don cried out animatedly, “Boss, true love! I found my true love! It’s that girl. This is the feeling of passion. I think I’ve fallen for her. I must take her as my wife!”

Bam!

Tyr showed him no mercy and punched

Don in the stomach. He had packed some power in this attack, causing Don to hold his abdomen in pain as he returned to his seat.

Tyr's expression was really dark, as if he had truly gotten angry. "Don Quijote, I'm warning you, don't use the pickup lines you use on other women on Snow Fenner. You're not allowed to touch this girl."

"Why, Boss? She is my true love." Don looked upset and reluctant to give in.

"Beat it! You have a few true loves backstage right now. I don't want to care which celebrity you scourge overseas, but Snow Fenner is under my protection."

Don was disappointed. For a moment, he seemed to have fallen into an ice pit, suddenly realizing how dark and dim his

world was.

Tyr paid no mind to that fickle brat, turning to hold Winifred's hand instead. "Snow's performance was great," he said with a smile.

"Yeah." Winifred smiled as well, nodding. "But, the good show has only just begun. I wonder what reaction Star Entertainment will have after watching tonight's live concert broadcast."

Currently, in Star Entertainment's headquarters, Skyler Yalaman's office.

There was a large crystal screen on a wall in his office. Skyler was sitting on an expensive sofa with a cup of coffee in his hand as he watched the live broadcast of the city center concert.

Beside him were Maeve Lee, Zayn Lee, and

the others. Normally, they would rarely watch these concerts. After performing for a while, they had lost interest in these events.

But at that moment, everyone was staring fixedly at the screen. Needless to say, they weren't trying to watch the concert's content, but wanted to watch how the city center made a fool of themselves.

They enabled the comments section, so they could see comments and discussions from netizens flying over the huge screen. Skyler and his group would sometimes pay attention to a few of them.

“Hehe, what a grand display. The investment this city center has made on this concert must have exceeded their budget. But, the goal of their actions must be for the sake of subtly substituting their

shortcomings, to conceal the fact that their hired celebrities aren't worth much," said Skyler, drinking his coffee as he deduced the opening act of this concert with narrowed eyes.

"How exciting. Once the performing celebrities tonight are revealed, the city center will definitely become a huge laughing stock."

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Chapter 312 Up the Tempo

When he said it, Skyler Yalerman started laughing uncontrollably. While Zayn Lee, Maeve Lee, and the rest also sat on the side smirking.

“Who are you to challenge Star Entertainment, huh? Without our support, the entire concert is destined to fail!” said Skyler

He remained convinced, and frankly, he was justified in his thinking. Star Entertainment was at the very least, a top-three company in Celestial Empire’s entertainment industry.

“How dare they put that floozy, Snow Fenner, on as the opening act, and what is up with all these stage effects...” muttered

Maeve.

Seeing Snow in costume and performing onstage, intense jealousy bubbled in Maeve's heart. If the person onstage was her, would she be able to put on a similarly flawless performance?

As Snow's act became more impressive, Maeve dared not ponder the possibility. She knew deep down in her heart that she was no match for Snow, no matter how much effort she put in.

She felt threatened by Snow Fenner, even though they were not signed under the same company.

Clenching her fist, Maeve glared at the lady on the screen. "That bitch."

A woman's jealousy was terrifying, even more so than a man's violence. If Maeve

had a knife in her hand and Snow was standing right in front of her, she would not hesitate at all to stab the knife through her counterpart's body multiple times.

“I cannot believe how spectacular the opening was.”

Even though they were enemies, Zayn and Skyler had to admit from an objective point of view that they were dazzled by Snow's performance.

“Well, this is all the city center can do.” Skyler looked on with a glint of wickedness in his eyes. “The best they could do was to have Snow Fenner, a C-list celebrity on stage. And I suppose this is the only song she can perform well.

“Hahaha! A three-hour concert and they put their trump card on right at the start.

Let us see how they struggle to keep the concert going for the next three hours!”

As he finished speaking, Skyler chugged the cup of coffee in his hand. Turning to an employee of Star Entertainment standing behind him, he asked, “Are the Internet trolls I asked you to assemble ready? I am still not seeing anything on the screen.”

The employee swiftly replied, “Do not worry, President Yaleman. Everything is up and ready to go.

“However, the concert has only just started, and with the spectacular stage effects we saw, the netizens are still talking about it. A lot is going on now. If we launch the attacks, it may get drowned out just as quickly.”

“Okay,” said Skyler.

He had someone else brew him a new cup of coffee, whilst also asking his assistant to fetch a bottle of expensive red wine purchased from a famous French winery.

In a short while, they would be celebrating with a glass of wine in their hands, watching the city center making a fool out of themselves.

Just as Snow Fenner finished her performance and exited the stage, the attention toward the concert started declining. Just as quickly, a storm was started and began ravaging the chatroom of the live show.

“President, our trolls have started their attacks,” said the employee, pointing at the large screen on the wall. “Look, they have started the scuffle, asking for the list

of performers for the city center's concert tonight.

“According to standard practice, the organizer should have disclosed the list of performers when the concert started. However, they did not, perhaps because they have nothing else to show us.”

“Haha! They do not have any big stars in their lineup, why would they expose their own shortcomings?” Skyler laughed. “With Brilliant Media's unknown artists and some local stars they recruited just to fill the numbers, disclosing the list at the beginning would have sent everyone home yawning. Look at how much money they spent on tonight's concert, this is pathetic.”

Zayn and Maeve snickered. “Brother Yaleman, let us fan the flames!”

“Sure.” Skylar nodded and spoke to the employee, “Ask the trolls to go all out. Set the scene, up the tempo, and create some conflict in the chatroom. Oh, and have them demand the disclosure of the list too.

“One more thing, expose the conflict between Star Entertainment and the city center. Tell the viewers that none of Star Entertainment’s artistes will be performing at tonight’s concert. As for the reason, you know how to put it into words.”

The employee nodded. “No worries, President. Everything is in place and ready to go.”

At that moment, the host of the concert returned to the stage and started introducing the city center.

Tonight's concert was organized mainly to promote the city center. Aside from the various performances, there would be advertisements and promotions of the city center added onto the agenda.

Under Tyr Summers' request, the host would also introduce Autumn Field Group. After all, tonight's concert was set up not just to promote the city center, but also Autumn Field Group.

Under normal circumstances, an interlude for commercials at a concert was absolutely fine.

Unfortunately, rumors and hearsay had already circulated online, under the incitement of Star Entertainment's army of trolls. Plenty of viewers were pushing for the disclosure of the list of performers,

unhappy about the organizer's delay.

At the same time, the conflict between Star Entertainment and the city center was made into a huge piece of juicy news and spread like wildfire on the Internet.

Someone pointed out that the city center approached Star Entertainment wanting to collaborate, but with them coming up with many unreasonable requests, Star Entertainment decided to give up the collaboration.

The Internet exploded when this piece of news became known.

Many viewers and netizens turned against the city center, with some hardcore fans of Maeve and Zayn even commenting extreme and offensive remarks.

In just a few minutes, the city center found

themselves embroiled in a worsening conflict. Even in the venue of the concert, some rabble-rousers brought in by Star Entertainment started their shenanigans, pushing the concert towards unmanageable chaos.

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Chapter 313 Davika

“**L**Brother Tyr, things are not looking good for us, both online and offline,” said Drake Tucker.

S

He was watching the concert as he read the comments online. However, he was not anxious or worried in the slightest.

Tyr Summers was calm as well. He smiled. “The more they harass us, the sweeter the revenge later. Who is up next?”

“The Thai superstar, Davika,” replied Drake. “We will tell everyone the list of performers through her very own mouth.”

“Heh, heh. Let the show begin.”

Back at Star Entertainment’s office, Skyler

Yaleman and the rest had just popped their wine and started celebrating.

“Well, well. Looks like they do not have any superstars coming up, which is why they are delaying again. This is the end of the city center, with the utter destruction of their reputation coming right up,” said Skyler.

The group laughed.

Right at that moment, the big screen displayed an announcement by the organizer, stating that a superstar would come onstage and introduce the rest of the performers shortly.

“They are actually doing it? Too early, though. I am sure those are some C-listers nobody knows of. Seems like our trolls did an amazing job,” said Skyler.

Zayn Lee sipped his wine and chuckled. “A superstar, was it? Who would it be? Another one of the obscure artistes they call a ‘superstar’ at Brilliant Media?”

“Let us sit back and enjoy the blunder. Have the trolls on standby and wreak all the havoc they can once the ‘superstar’ gets on stage.”

Skylar and the gang were pleased. They wanted to show Tyr Summers that he should not have crossed Star Entertainment.

“Let us welcome our second performer of tonight’s concert, the international superstar—Davika...”

Everyone present in Star Entertainment’s office was shocked to their core.

“Wait, who?”

“The number one diva in Thailand, Davika?”

Skylar and the others looked at each other in disbelief.

“Impossible. Davika is Thailand’s most popular celebrity and an influential figure in Asia. How could the city center have invited her over?” said Skylar. He could not believe it, it was inconceivable!

“A fake,” remarked Zayn.

Ah, this must be an impersonator. They laughed in relief.

“Well, inviting a fake from overseas, they think they are so clever with their little tricks. I wonder what’ll happen to their reputation once it gets exposed. It seems like they are at wit’s end, coming up with

such a horrible idea. Perhaps the rest of tonight's supposed performers are all fakes as well!"

The group cheered.

"Contact the trolls and have them expose the performers as fakes!" ordered Skylar.

Frankly, Skylar and his people did not need to do it, as plenty of people online were already getting at it. Negative comments came rushing in just as someone appeared onstage.

Dressed in a majestic outfit, Davika walked onto the stage accompanied by Thai music. Close-ups of her face were broadcasted as everyone watching the concert was struck senseless.

Skylar was sipping his wine when he saw the scene and almost spit out the contents

in his mouth. “She... how can it be?”

Zayn and Maeve were stunned as well. “She looks too real to be a fake!”

Immediately, Skylar had his people look up Davika's itinerary. What they found was a tweet by her saying she would be in Celestial Empire for the concert tonight. It had been posted on her official Twitter account just a minute ago.

“She is the real one!” exclaimed Skylar.

He felt the glass in his hand tremble. Just what did Tyr Summers do for Davika to come over?

Not just Skylar, all the netizens were surprised. Nobody expected the city center to invite Davika, the Thai diva, as a performer for their concert.

This was the real deal, their trump card.

“Brother Skylar, what is going on?” Maeve clenched her fists, her face contorting into a wicked expression. “How did they do it? We never heard any news about Davika coming over!”

Skylar took a deep breath. “We underestimated Tyr Summers. Then again, it does not matter. The concert is three hours long. They will need at least twenty performers, Davika cannot sing through the entire concert.”

“That’s true.”

Zayn and Maeve breathed a sigh of relief as their expressions turned devilish. “So what if they have Davika performing at their concert? The rest of the C-list artistes are only going to bring the city center down. It is impossible for them to

invite more international superstars over.”

Davika had just finished singing. A true Thai diva, the Asian superstar, her performance was flawless and completely surpassed Snow Fenner’s act.

All sound effects stopped suddenly, as a smiling Davika placed her index finger vertically over her lips, hushing the audience.

Time in the stadium seemed to stop as everyone held their breaths, waiting for her next move. Even the viewers watching the live stream at home were stunned.

Five seconds later, Davika’s ethereal voice cut across the silence, speaking in the local language, which she learned just for tonight, “Hello everyone, I am Davika. I am so happy to be here with so many

amazing celebrities on this wonderful stage, thank you to the organizer for inviting me.

“Tonight is destined to be the most amazing night you will ever experience. I am very honored to introduce tonight’s performers. Let us witness this magical moment...”

N

Chapter 314 Superstars

A ten-second countdown timer appeared on the big screen behind Davika. Every tick of the timer tugged on everyone's heartstrings.

Ten, nine, eight... three, two, one!

“Ivy Chris!”

As the information of the first guest performer appeared on the big screen, her name was announced by Davika, and the entire stadium fell into silence.

Three seconds later, the crowd blew up.

Ivy Chris, a newcomer in the music scene. Having started her career just two years ago, she had already won eleven

international musical awards, with her album achieving thirty million in sales globally.

“Uncle Quokka!”

Uncle Quokka, a popular celebrity from Korea who was known all around the world for releasing a song that went viral and was downloaded more than three billion times online.

“Jennifer Monroe!”

A Hollywood movie star and an accomplished singer-songwriter. She starred in films grossing over ten billion dollars at the box office globally, and released singles receiving nearly five billion streams.

“Elizabeth Lopez!”

Another Hollywood movie star...

The next minute was spent introducing the rest of the star-studded lineup. The crowd in the stadium was blown away by what they were witnessing.

Not just that, the various streaming platforms saw a sudden influx of viewers and had to arrange for a group of programmers to work non-stop to maintain their servers. In just a minute, their traffic increased by at least four times.

Everyone had gone nuts.

Nobody expected the grand opening of the City Center Trade Center to have a star-studded ensemble of celebrities present. To invite these celebrities over would have cost at least billions of dollars. Although, having the ability to pay for them did not

mean they would agree to perform.

In reality, Tyr Summers had not spent a single dime to bring these superstars over.

As long as he wanted to, and with ample time available, Don Quijote could have half the Hollywood stars coming to Khanh City. Not to brag, but he had the capabilities to do it.

Back at Star Entertainment's office, Skyler Yalaman and the rest were stunned.

They could not believe the things that happened mere minutes ago. It felt like a nightmare, their worst nightmare.

Initially, they thought that the concert was destined to fail after Star Entertainment withdrew their artistes. Yet, the city center was able to bring in so many superstars.

“What is going on here?” yelled Skylar.

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Infuriated, veins popped up on his forehead. After all, nobody could withstand the humiliation.

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Meanwhile, Zayn and Maeve looked dreary, with Maeve trembling in anger. Intense resentment bubbled deep in her heart.

Right at that moment, Davika not only announced the various international superstars, but she also gave Snow Fenner a proper introduction. Even several of Brilliant Media's unknown artistes were given shout outs.

This was not a local concert anymore. Various news outlets overseas picked up the news from the celebrities' Twitter accounts. They started to broadcast the concert using any means necessary to

their audience back at home.

Thus, the reach of the concert increased exponentially, by virtue of the presence of these A-list celebrities. Snow and her compatriots were easily made famous by just performing on the same stage as these celebrities.

Moreover, Snow was scheduled to perform three times at this concert. In other words, after tonight, her influence in the entertainment industry would skyrocket, placing her on the same level as the other A-listers.

Not only her, but the rest of the artistes would also increase in popularity as well, at the same time raising the net worth of Brilliant Media.

Skylar felt danger incoming. After tonight,

Brilliant Media's future looked extremely bright. If they could find a wealthy investor, becoming a top-tier entertainment company was only a matter of time.

It seemed like Tyr Summers had the wealth and potential to support them.

Skylar was a businessman first and foremost, so it was natural for him to think much more than the others. As for people like Zayn, hatred was all he could think of. While Maeve, other than hatred, was concerned with her status as a celebrity.

Skylar, on the other hand, thought about the various predicaments that would come Star Entertainment's way. If things turned out the way he expected, the status of Star Entertainment as one of the top entertainment companies in the industry

would be threatened by the rise of Brilliant Media.

This was not what he wanted.

Right now, the concert was reaching a long climax, with the celebrities going on stage one after another, putting on flawless performances and acts. Both the people watching in the stadium and the live streams were having the time of their lives.

It was a dazzling night, and the city center took advantage of the opportunity to make themselves known globally. Not only them, but Autumn Field Group also rode the wave and saw a surge in recognition.

Bam!

Skylar could not hold it in any longer and threw the remote control at the crystal display screen in his office. As it shattered

and blacked out, the entire office fell into silence.

Skylar turned around, his expression as dark as the night sky. “Maeve, nobody expected Tyr Summers to actually invite all these international superstars over. Their concert is a success and they exceeded anything we can ever do.”

“I know.” Maeve nodded with her wide open, glaring eyes. “But, so what if they did invite all these A-list celebrities over? They are still irrelevant and unimportant. Brother Skylar, I know what you want to say, you do not have to beat around the bush.”

Skylar nodded and said, “After tonight, we, Star Entertainment, are in for a rough ride. We are now enemies with Tyr Summers and Brilliant Media. Whatever it

takes, we are going to bring them down!”

Maeve scowled. “I promised myself that Tyr Summers will pay the price for hitting me. As for Snow Fenner, she will soon be wishing she was dead instead.

“Yulian is in America these few days, he should be back next week. He will avenge us when he returns!”

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Chapter 315 The Celebration Banquet

Skylar Yalerman felt much more at ease after hearing what Maeve Lee had to say.

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Yulian Quintus was absolutely devoted to Maeve. Even if she asked for the stars, he would do whatever it took for her to have it. For Yulian to deal with Tyr Summers was as easy as it could get. To retaliate against Brilliant Media was not too big of an issue too, given Star Entertainment's might.

“They won't be pleased for long, with crushing defeat coming for them in just a few days,” declared Skylar.

Scoffs and snickers were heard in the office.

Three hours later, the concert ended on a high note. Since the appearance of Davika, there never was a dull moment, causing a huge stir both in the stadium and on the Internet.

The commotion not only occurred in the Celestial Empire, but plenty of foreign countries were also rocked by the show.

Only under extraordinary circumstances were people able to see so many popular celebrities performing on the same stage. To say it was one of the most difficult feats ever achieved was not an overstatement.

Drake Tucker did an analysis of the data and found that the concert reached three hundred million views both on live stream channels and broadcast televisions.

At the same time, the attention to the

concert would not subside. Not only did the city center achieve its goals, but the results were also much better than expected. Autumn Field Group was also able to boost their reputation, not just locally, but internationally as well.

Everything was going great.

As the concert ended, the superstars snubbed the after-party and were already on their respective flights back home by midnight. It was nothing to be surprised about, since these celebrities Don Quijote invited were extremely busy people.

They came to Khanh City for Old Don's sake, with many personally making the decision themselves. If their agencies knew in advance, they could not have made the trip.

If this was any other time, Don would have

held onto a female celebrity like Davika and had fun with her for the night. There must have been a blue moon that night, as he did not keep anyone around. Instead, he was adamant for them to leave as soon as possible.

Tyr and Winifred knew exactly what he was scheming. That night, Snow Fenner was the only person on Don Quijote's mind.

“I cannot believe that such a beautiful lady exists in this world. Oh Lord, I am in love,” said Don. He kissed the cross hanging on his neck and started praying.

The next day, he organized a grand after-party for the concert, inviting everyone, from the businesses setting up shop in the city center, to the artistes and staff of Brilliant Media. Naturally, Tyr and

Winifred attended. Don was supposed to leave on a plane to Thailand the same day, but he shamelessly decided to stay instead.

The party was held at Homer's Feast, in the form of a gala. After the champagne-popping by Tyr and Old Don, everyone was free to mingle around.

Snow and her manager, Lily Zimmerman, were sitting on a couch having some cake while discussing the future development of Snow's career.

The top executives of Brilliant Media had decided to invest heavily in Snow, intending to make her one of the top-tier superstars in the country. They also agreed to produce an album and a movie for her.

This was all wonderful news for Snow, who

had been toiling away in the entertainment industry for years.

With her flawless performance during last night's concert, she instantly became many fans' celebrity crush. Plenty of young men at the after-party came onto her, wanting to strike a conversation, but were all politely rejected.

Right at that moment, a handsome figure approached her.

He wore a tuxedo and a top hat, and held a rose in his hand. His handsome face, coupled with his melancholic expression, resembled a prince of a certain European royal family. In fact, he was indeed related to the royal family of a certain big country, not that anyone knew about it.

“Greetings the beautiful Ms. Snow Fenner,

my name is Don Quijote, may I invite you to dance?”

Bowing, he handed the rose to her.

Snow and Lily were taken aback by the blonde-haired, blue-eyed, foreign hunk. His looks and the vibe he exuded were extremely charming.

Attraction to beauty was hardwired into men’s brains, just as it was for women. Even the superstars could not resist this man, and the same went for Snow Fenner. She looked at him in a daze, while a charming smile appeared on his face.

“Beautiful Ms. Snow Fenner, you are the woman of my dreams, may I invite you to dance?”

“Um...”

Snow panicked, she was flustered and did

not know how to reject Don Quijote's advances. Just as she was stuck in a dilemma, Tyr appeared behind Don, his expression as dark as thunder.

Bam!

He kicked Don, and the charming gentleman fell onto his face. Snow and Lily looked on with their mouths wide open.

As for Don, he was extremely frustrated to have embarrassed himself in front of the girl he fancied.

The rose in his hands broke into two as he got to his feet and looked at Tyr unhappily. "Boss, this is too much!"

Under normal circumstances, this would be a prank on Don. Yet, Tyr did not seem like he was playing a prank.

N

Chapter 316 Something Happened to Juan Yates

Don Quijote felt a tremble in his heart, wasn't Tyr Summers being a little too fussy?

“Boss, what is this about?” he asked.

Tyr did not answer his question, nor did he greet Snow Fenner and her companion. Grabbing Old Don by the shoulders, he dragged him outside. They came to a halt at the plaza outside of Homer's Feast.

“Boss, what is up with you? I swear I am not playing around this time. I like Ms. Fenner, please let me go after her for once? I swear, I am going into this relationship with marriage in mind!” begged Don.

However, the reason for Tyr's outburst had nothing to do with Snow Fenner.

"Where is your phone?" asked Tyr, exhibiting unprecedented solemnness.

At this point, Don became serious as well. Taking out his phone from his pocket, he said, "I did not hear it ring, it was too noisy inside."

Unlocking his phone, he saw a few missed calls and a stream of unread text messages. His expression darkened and his hands started to tremble when he read the messages.

"Boss, this..."

"Don't say anything, things are really serious this time. I am going with you," said Tyr.

“Noted,” Don replied.

Snow Fenner and all the beautiful women became the least of Don’s worries. It had been a long time since he felt this worried.

The messages were sent by Iron Mask and the information was clear: ‘Juan Yates is in trouble.’

This was not a hoax. Despite how unlikely it seemed, it was real.

The business in Thailand had always been under the management of Juan, Iron Mask, and Don. After Juan’s incident, the first person Iron Mask wanted to contact was Don. Unfortunately, he could not get Don on the line and had to contact Tyr instead, albeit reluctantly.

In Regal Palace, be it the generals or the

kings, everyone was prideful.

For instance, Tyr sent Juan and the rest on a mission to locate Orpheus in East Asia. However, the organization was very difficult to track. It took some time, but Juan was able to locate some of Orpheus' activities in the Southeast Asian country of Thailand.

Tyr then immediately set up an operation in the country, and requested for both Iron Mask's and Don Quijote's assistance. Now, it was the trio's exclusive mission.

Other than the final assault on Dark Shura, they would not want interference from anyone else, due to their ego. That was why, when something happened to Juan, Iron Mask contacted Don first instead of Tyr.

Regal Palace was a massive organization. If

everything had to be reported to Tyr, he would have been overwhelmed by all the information.

Out of urgency, Iron Mask had to contact Tyr instead, since he was not able to get Don on the phone. If Iron Mask had to do things this way, it meant that the issue was really grave.

Don seemed to be a different person as he kept shaking his head. “No, this was not supposed to happen. I thought we had everything in Thailand under control?”

Tyr was very direct with his opinion, “Because the leader of Orpheus is Dark Shura.”

Meanwhile, Don was already looking up plane tickets on his phone.

“Use the Regal Web instead, it will make

things easier for us. We do not have much time at all,” said Tyr.

“Yes.”

Dialing Max Cheever’s number, Tyr requested for the Wolf’s Den first five members. He also had Max send over copies of their personal identification cards so he could buy plane tickets for them.

In the end, Max only delivered the copies of Matthew Collins, Jamie Sunder, Stephen Cole, and Ashblood’s personal identification cards. Torbert Octavius did not have one himself.

Tyr was upset. Torbert was a beggar, so it made sense that he did not have a personal identification card and could not leave the country. Instead, the sixth member of Wolf

's Den, Troy Yager, was called upon.

In just a few moments, Don had booked the plane tickets. The departure time was ten o'clock at night. Visas and passports were not needed as it was done through the Regal Web, a necessary capability of a huge international organization like Regal Palace.

It was currently a little past eight at night, with three hours till take off. The after-party was still going on, but Don had lost all interest in it. Including Snow, she was not on his mind anymore.

All he could think of was Juan, as he did not know what happened. He gave Iron Mask a call to find out more, but was told that they would be briefed when they arrived. He was deeply unsettled.

So was Tyr. Yet, as the Palace Master, he

was more resilient and did not betray any of his emotions on his face.

He found Winifred and informed her that he would be going to Thailand for two days. With their relationship on solid ground now, he did not want to hide anything from her anymore.

Hearing this news, however, Winifred became very anxious.

“Hubby, why are you suddenly going to Thailand?” she asked, grabbing tightly onto Tyr’s clothes.

She wanted him not to go, but in the end, the words did not escape her mouth. As Winifred’s appreciation for Tyr grew day-by-day, she felt even more anxious.

Perhaps in her heart, Tyr was irreplaceable, so she would not allow

anything to happen to her husband.

Tyr gently kissed her on the forehead and said in a relaxed manner, “Do not worry, darling. I am just going there to straighten out some affairs. I will be back as soon as possible.”

“But... I don’t feel good about this.”

Winifred could not calm her nerves. Previously, she had sleepless nights when Tyr was over at Prime City. Now that he was going to Thailand, she felt even worse.

After having a family, Tyr understood that he could not be as aggressive as he used to be. Pulling Winifred into his arms, he gently caressed her hair.

He spoke in a serious manner, “Darling, there are some things I have to do. But as always, I will come back alive no matter

where I go, for you and Blair.”

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Chapter 317 You Guys Are Too Weak

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When Tyr Summers returned, he searched for Winifred Zea. Before, he had thought to abandon the Regal Palace and live a peaceful and ordinary life with his wife.

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There was only one answer—No.

Winifred and Blair Zea are something Tyr needed to have in his life. The same went for the Regal Palace.

Tyr's family was his responsibility, while the Regal Palace was where he put his faith.

Humans had many different types of feelings. There were affection, friendship, and love. If one were to look at these feelings as a whole, they would get a

human in flesh and blood.

So, Tyr would not abandon anything. Neither was it impossible not to give up.

Winifred understood Tyr. However, the stuff that Tyr had experienced was too terrifying. No matter how big someone's heart was, no one could fully understand it.

The only way was to slowly accept and get used to it.

7 pm, Tyr and Don Quixote drove to the airport in Khan City. Meanwhile, Matthew Collins and Stephen Cole with five other members of Wolf's Den had already arrived.

They had unconcealable excitement on their faces. These guys only cared about fighting. Neither money, women, or power could give them this excitement. Once

they hear there was a fight going on, their blood boiled.

Especially when they heard that Tyr would allow Max Cheever to take Wolf's Den number five to Thailand with them, they were extra excited.

“Master, why are we going to Thailand? Is there a big operation going on?” Matthew asked excitedly. He was the first one to approach Tyr. He was also waving his fist around the air at the same time.

The moment Don saw Matthew, he was shocked.

Don looked at Matthew as if he was a Broadway model, he could not help but check him out. He was amazed and praised him.

“Boss, where did you find this monster? If

you cultivate this guy, won't he be even stronger than Kieran Kruse?"

Kieran was one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals from Russia. He was named Regal Palace's First Hercules and was as scary as a mountain.

Don was already surrounding Matthew, touching him.

Matthew's expression sank, he did not like being touched like he was an animal on display. He threw a punch at Don.

"Who are you to touch me, get away from me."

Boom...

Matthew's strength had increased significantly in the past few days, his punch could shatter a wall.

However...

Don stopped his punch with his hands and threw one back at him.

Matthew felt as if he's hands were grasped by a tiger, no matter how hard he struggled he could not escape.

This scene shocked everyone present.

“He's a strong foreigner.”

Everyone was shocked that they stood there speechless. Other than Wolf's Den number one Torbert Octavius, Don's strength was way beyond everyone else's from the Wolf's Den.

Below Torbert was Matthew. Matthew could easily beat Wolf's Den's number four and five, but in Don's eyes, he was just a puny punk.

However, at this moment, this foreigner didn't even break a sweat and took Matthew's punch like it was nothing.

Meanwhile, Matthew looked super exhausted, his forehead was full of sweat. It was obvious that this foreigner could easily beat Matthew.

“Who- who is this guy?”

The group's blood started to boil. A few of them stepped forward and rushed toward Don.

“Looks like there are still a few punks.”

Don started getting excited. Even though these people could not even defeat him even if he used one hand only, he could still see that everyone had potential.

He easily dodged the attacks.

Bang, bang, bang...

After a few clashing sounds, everyone was flung toward the ground within seconds.

Matthew took the chance and freed himself while Don was dealing with the others, he then threw another punch at Don.

As expected, the same thing had happened. Don caught his punch easily.

Tyr said nothing and stood aside and watched the entire fight unfold.

Tyr had already predicted the entire situation would happen once Don met Matthew.

However, Tyr had no intentions of stopping it. He had planned to make use of this situation to see how much Matthew

had improved.

This result made Tyr a bit disappointed in Matthew. However, he could not blame Matthew and the rest for being this powerless, although it was still considered too comfortable in their current situation. It was simply not cruel enough.

Don's strength was comparable with the Regal Palace's eighteen generals, so to beat Matthew and the rest was not surprising for Tyr.

“You guys are too weak, you guys need at least ten years to reach Nemesis's power level.”

At this moment, Don had already guessed where Matthew and the rest's strengths were at. He heard from Juan Yates that Tyr had found some people in Celestial Empire

to remake Nemesis Team.

However, even though these people did have great potential to become a part of Nemesis, their powers right now were too weak.

It was a far fetch compared to Nemesis Team back in the old days.

Suddenly, their eyes burned with blood lust.

“This foreigner dares to say we are weak?”

“We weren’t even serious, you have not seen our full potential.”

They each got up from the ground. Ashblood took out his dagger.

Killing and fighting were two very different things. Wolf’s Den’s members were trained to kill.

Even though using killing techniques against Don was futile and they would still lose, at least they would not lose that badly compared to before.

“Interesting.”

Don’s face lit up and showed a sign of anticipation.

Seeing as the situation was getting out of hand, Tyr had no choice but to stop them. He said, “Everyone stop.”

Both Wolf’s Den’s members and Don still had to listen to Tyr.

After Tyr said to stop, they obediently stopped.

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Chapter 318 Demon Tower

Tyr Summers looked over at Matthew Collins and the others and said, “Being defeated by my general from Regal Palace is not something to be ashamed of.

However, just as Old Don said, compared to the old Nemesis Team, you guys still have a long way to go.”

If others had said this to the Wolf’s Den’s members, they would not believe them. However, this came from Tyr’s mouth. They have no choice but to accept it.

Don Quijote retracted his hostility, looked at Matthew and the rest with a military attitude. He spoke in broken English, “Hi, my name is Don Quijote. I am one of the Regal Palace’s Eighteen Generals.”

“Regal Palace’s Eighteen Generals.”

Matthew and the rest had heard Tyr talked about stuff in Regal Palace. They knew that Regal Palace consists of five heavenly kings and eighteen generals. Every one of them was very powerful.

Today, they had met one. A Regal Palace’s general really lived up to its expectations.

At this moment, Matthew and the rest calmed down. Matthew asked, “Is there a big operation going on that we need to go to Thailand this time?”

“Yes.”

Tyr nodded without any hesitation.

Matthew and the others started getting excited. Looking at them, Don lit up a cigarette and puffed; his eyes were getting

red.

“These guys, they are really like the old Nemesis Team. It’s just that...”

Don’s heart clenched every time he thought about the battle two years ago. It was a battle between the old Nemesis Team and Shadow Totem. He thought about the dead, bloodied bodies of the Nemesis Team’s members.

“I hope that this new Nemesis Team does not end up like the old Nemesis Team.”

As Matthew and the rest were happily celebrating, Tyr’s next words cut off their excitement.

“This time, I’m taking you guys to Thailand because of a big operation. However, you guys are not allowed to partake in it. All you guys need to do is

observe from the sides.”

“What?”

Matthew and the rest were stunned.

Everyone protested. Who took part in an operation just to sit and watch?

This was like presenting a big feast in front of a starving person but now allowing him to dig in. Who could stand it?

“You guys do not have the qualifications to partake,” Tyr said straightforwardly without caring if he hurt their pride.

“I’m bringing you guys along to fulfill only one objective. You guys are supposed to take pictures and videos of the fight that will go on in Thailand. Gather the videos and photos and bring them back to Wolf’s Den.

After saying so, Tyr did not bother to explain further. Other than Matthew, everyone else was smart enough to understand why Tyr wanted them to do this.

Tyr wanted Wolf's Den to know how cruel a battlefield was. He wanted them to know how strong the enemies in the future they'll face.

Simultaneously, the fastest way to increase individual combat level was to keep on partaking in battles.

Everyone in Wolf's Den had battle talent, so watching a fight would help them gather intel on how others fight and use it to their advantage and learn their techniques and counter them.

Tyr did not know if there were even

martial art cheats in this world. However, he knew this method was suitable for the members of Wolf's Den to learn and grow.

Tyr had used this method with the old Nemesis Team, and it worked well for them. They improved their combat powers tremendously and also learned all of the enemies' weaknesses.

Tyr's online storage in Regal Web was full of battle clips. All the clips were from past mighty and top warriors.

Only by knowing one's weaknesses could one beat their enemies.

Matthew and the reset did not say anything else. It was already nearing eight o'clock. They boarded the plane, ready to depart to Thailand.

After about four hours of flight, Tyr and

the rest arrived in Thailand over midnight, past one o'clock.

At this time, a few sedans were already waiting for them. Tyr and the rest walked out of the airport and got in the cars.

Tyr and Don sat in one car at the front, while the rest sat in the two cars behind.

For a particular reason, Iron Mask could not come to pick Tyr up from the airport personally. So he had sent someone else to the airport to pick them up. It showed how bad the situation was if Iron Mask could not come.

The driver in Tyr's car was a thirty-year-old middle-aged man. He was bald. There was a tattoo of a nine-story demon tower behind his neck.

In Thailand, these types of tattoos were

known as mana torn. They were like a lucky charm; these things are very auspicious and spiritual.

This guy's code name was Demon Tower; his real name was unknown. He joined Regal Palace in the early days and helped Regal Palace deal with some business.

Regal Palace's businesses were all over the world. Although the headquarters was not in Thailand, they still had a lot of businesses here. Juan Yates and the rest came to Thailand to develop a business and had gathered all these people.

“Demon Tower, what exactly happened here? How did the atmosphere here has completely changed in just two days?”

Don looked through the car window; the scenery was still the same as before.

However, people as strong as Tyr and Don had sharp sixth senses, which ordinary humans didn't usually have.

Demon Tower shook his head and said, "I am not so sure myself. The Southern King has disappeared. We could not find him. It's unknown whether he's dead or alive."

Tyr and Don were alerted to what Demon Tower said. However, they did not show any signs of panic. They were at the point where no matter how bad the situation was, they could always stay calm and collected.

Tyr and Don did not say a word. The atmosphere in the car was dull and quiet.

Demon Tower concentrated on driving. The car passed by many buildings as if hinting Tyr and the rest that there was not

enough time.

The three cars left the airport together. They arrived in the suburbs half an hour later.

After another half an hour, they arrived at an uninhabited boulevard.

Both sides of the road were full of endless rows of tall trees. As they moved forward, the road seemed like an endless hell.

Tyr looked out the window. The shadows of the trees looked like they were claws swinging around.

“Stop the car,” Tyr said suddenly.

Demon Tower was startled. “Palace Master, what happened?”

Don’s hands suddenly reached out like a demon’s claws and strangled Demon

Tower.

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Chapter 319 Attacked

Demon Tower panicked. He stepped on the break quickly. The car stopped.

“Palace Master, what are...”

Before Demon Tower could even finish his sentence. Don Quijote suddenly snapped Demon Tower’s neck with a loud crack. His neck was snapped into half in an instant by Don.

Bang...

Don and Tyr Summers opened the car door at the same time. They jumped out of the car as fast as lightning. With one leap, they were seven to eight meters away from the car.

As soon as both of them touched the

ground, the car they were in instantly blew five to six meters up into the air, formed a giant ball of fire, and rolled onto the ground.

At the same time, Tyr snapped two twigs off a tree and threw it at the car. The twigs flew like a throwing knife and shot through the two cars.

The two cars' chassis had bombs with red lights flashing. Just before the bombs exploded, the two twigs each snapped the red wire on the bombs.

The bombs that were supposed to explode were defused.

“What is going on?”

Matthew Collins and the rest that were sitting in those two cars were slow to catch on. Once they realized what happened, the

drivers pulled out a gun and pointed it at them.

However, these were the Wolf's Den members. They possessed great capabilities. They instantly grabbed the gun from the attackers.

Bang, bang, bang...

Within the two cars were loud sounds of fists beating someone up. After a few seconds, someone was flung out of the car, screaming.

Matthew and the rest immediately got out of the car and asked Tyr, "Brother Tyr, what is happening?"

"Get down!" Tyr shouted. Someone then flew and squashed Matthew to the ground. The next moment, a bullet came out of nowhere and flew past their heads.

“Get into the forest.”

The seven of them were like cheetahs. They quickly and sneakily hid in the forest.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Surrounding them was a bunch of loud gunshots. It was extremely ear piercing in such a quiet forest.

The ears of Matthew and the rest were ringing a little. Even though they had experienced many battles in their home country, they had never faced a situation where there were random gun fires.

Matthew and the rest were shocked at this scene.

This was the real cruelty of the world. Compared to the battles overseas, the battles in their home country were just

minor things.

At this moment, over ten people were marching out of the forest opposite them with guns in their hands. They had a strong terrifying murderous aura around them.

One of them looked in the direction where Tyr and the rest were hiding. As they could not locate Tyr and the rest, they did not dare move forward.

However, they pointed their guns in the direction of Tyr and the rest and opened fire relentlessly.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bullets sprayed in front of them like bullet rain.

Matthew and the rest felt a chill down

their spine. It was terrifying to have a bullet fly past their heads.

Even though it was impossible to dodge the rain of bullets, as long as they lay low enough on the ground the possibility of getting hit would be lower.

Tyr still had a twig in his hand. He threw it at the attackers.

They heard a loud and painful scream. The twig had pierced one of the attackers' hand.

The scream alerted the other attackers. As they were panicking, Don quickly rushed toward the attackers like lightning.

He was so quick he had instantly gotten in the middle of the group and knocked two people down.

Then, he picked up a gun and started

shooting around him.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The attackers did not even have a chance to react before half their team was already down. As they were about to counterattack, Tyr had already snuck up behind them like a ghost.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was dark, so no one saw Tyr's attack. With that, the rest of the attackers were wiped out.

The whole process took less than five minutes. The attackers were high level soldiers and were easily defeated. They did not get up again.

“This...”

Matthew and the rest that were crawling

on the grass witnessed the entire process and were shocked and speechless. What was this level of skill? Were they gods?

When they were at Wolf's Den, Matthew and the rest had seen Tyr fight. They even fought Don at the airport earlier.

They always thought that Tyr and Don were using their full power. However, now Matthew and the rest realized that they weren't displaying their full potential, even now.

No one knew how strong would Tyr and Don be if they used their full power. It was way beyond anyone's imaginations.

“Who would have thought even Demon Tower would betray us, looks like the situation this time is a bit troublesome.”

Tyr did not reply. He walked toward

Matthew and the rest.

At this moment, Matthew and the rest stood up from the ground. Their faces were full of fear and excitement.

“Master, you were very awesome earlier. How did you do that? We did not even see you move, and they already got wiped out.

“It’s not that you guys couldn’t see his movements, it’s that the boss’s movements were so fast that your eyes could not follow,” Don said

“Our eyes could not follow?” Matthew could not comprehend a thing. How fast was that?

Tyr’s face was cold. He looked at Matthew. His stare gave Matthew shivers.

“Recordings?”

“What recordings?” Matthew asked.

Bang...

Tyr’s kick flung Matthew a few meters away. He then looked at the rest of the members.

Stephen Cole and the rest reacted and quickly said, “Brother Tyr, everything happened too fast we couldn’t react in time.”

Bang, bang, bang...

Tyr threw three punches at the three of them.

When Tyr was getting ready to kick Troy Yager, he quickly pulled out his phone and showed it to Tyr. “Brother Tyr, I have recorded it.”

“What?”

Even Tyr was shocked.

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Chapter 320 Iron Mask

Actually, Tyr Summers did not expect Jamie Sunder and the rest to record the fight in this situation. Everything that happened was sudden. They did not even have time to protect their lives. There was no time to record anything.

Tyr decided to punish them because they wanted to remind him that Tyr's order to record was not a joke.

However, Troy Yager managed to do the impossible. It was a surprise.

“Show it to me.”

Tyr took the phone from Jamie. The video was about thirty seconds long, it started when they were crawling on the ground,

and the attackers appeared.

The part where Tyr and Don fought them was recorded.

However, the phone could not capture Tyr's movement no matter how much they slowed the video down.

“I already asked Iron Mask to prepare a special high-tech phone for you guys. When we arrive, you'll get them.”

Tyr asked as he passed the phone back to Jamie, “How did you do it?”

Jamie smiled and answered, “Actually, Brother Tyr, this is related to my previous job.”

Tyr asked, “What was your previous job?”

“Paparazzi.”

After that, Tyr ripped off the bombs from

the two cars and connected the lines together. He put the bombs on the pile of unconscious attackers.

As they drove into the forest, after about twenty seconds, they heard a loud explosion from behind, and a sea of fire appeared.

The effects of the explosion were less than ten meters away from them.

A man in a black coat with an iron mask and long braided hair looked at the trees swinging in the forest in the distance.

This person was Iron Mask. He was one of the Regal Palace's Generals. Up till now, Tyr had never seen his face.

Beside him was a guy in green. He seemed like an American person who had strong will. His name was Brogan Leitch, a soldier

under Iron Mask for over ten years.

"Brother Iron Mask, why did you not personally pick Palace Master up from the airport?"

After a long silence, Brogan could not help but ask.

Iron Mask did not reply, he continued to stare at the trees in the forest.

Today's weather was cold and windy, the wind made the trees look as if they were dancing around.

"Brother Iron Mask, Palace Master and his company should be arriving soon.

"Where do you think the Southern King is? I'm worried about him."

Brogan droned on, but Iron Mask did not answer him at all. The atmosphere was

awkward.

"Brogan, how many years have you followed me for?" After a while, Iron Mask finally spoke. His voice sounded hoarse. It was as if his throat was burnt.

Brogan was stunned for a few seconds, not understanding what Iron Mask was trying to say. "Brother Iron Mask, what..."

"Answer me."

Brogan could not see the face under Iron Mask's mask, but he could see Iron Mask's eyes were cold.

"Eleven years."

"Yes." Iron Mask nodded. "These eleven years, how have I treated you?"

"This... You have been treating me like your real brother."

Swish!

He heard a sound from Iron Mask's right hand. Iron Mask revealed a sharp weapon that was hidden up his black sleeve.

It really was a sharp weapon. There were sharp and long metal claws, it looked exactly like Wolverine's claws. It was Iron Mask's weapon.

Shing...

Iron Mask swung his sharp blades like he was shredding the sky apart, he pointed his claws at Brogan.

Logically speaking, no one could dodge Iron Mask's sudden attack like the one he was making at Brogan.

However, as soon as Iron Mask swung his claws, Brogan immediately took a huge

step back.

Iron Mask's claws only slightly shredded Brogan's clothes. His body was unharmed.

"Brother Iron Mask, you..."

"Stop acting Brogan Leitch."

Iron Mask squinted, his claws shining brightly under the night sky.

"Brogan Leitch, I am curious as to how much Orpheus paid you to betray me and betraying the entire Regal Palace."

Brogan flinched. "Brother Iron Mask, what nonsense are you spouting? Betraying you and Regal Palace?"

"What kind of joke is this? I have been with you for eleven years, and you have treated me like I'm your biological younger brother. Ever since you brought me with

you into Regal Palace, everyone there was my family. How could I ever betray them?

"I think there has been some misunderstanding."

Iron Mask's body twitched a little. He took a deep breath and looked at the moon in the sky and then looked back at Brogan.

"Brogan, do not forget about Regal Palace's Shadow department. Your position is Chief in Regal Palace, so you're aware of how capable the Shadow department gathers information."

GPE, also known as God's Perspective.

This group was the most capable information broker other than the official information center.

That was why they named themselves

GPE. Their name indicated that they could gather information from anywhere like a god looking down on earth, omniscient.

If they were willing to, they could give anyone any information they needed.

Of course, they would not leak some information, no matter how much they were paid. GPE had a special rule, some information was meant to be kept secret, and they would never leak them.

GPE was definitely an existence that was like a legend among the other information brokers. The Regal Palace's Shadow department was just below GPE in terms of information broker rankings. This showed how capable the Shadow department was.

Brogan's terrified expression disappeared as Iron Mask mentioned the Shadow

department and turned into a sly expression.

"I did not expect the Shadow department to find out about me.

"No wonder you did not pick Tyr Summers and Don Quijote from the airport personally. I'm sure you also knew that Demon Tower is actually a part of Orpheus."
"

Iron Mask laughed and said, "Brogan Leitch, you have not answered me. How much did Orpheus pay you to make you betray me?"

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Chapter 321 Orpheus, Is It Worth It?

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"Money, an unbelievable amount of money."

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Brogan Leitch answered, "Sorry, Brother Iron Mask, you know I love to gamble. I have accumulated a huge amount of debt. I did not dare tell you, fearing you will cut my hands off. I had no choice."

"Oh..." Iron Mask replied softly. He did not know how he felt at this moment.

"I have betrayed you. Why aren't you reacting?"

Brogan seemed as if he was disappointed in Iron Mask's reaction. He thought Iron Mask would be angry, that he would scold

him for being heartless. However, none of these happened.

Iron Mask simply stood there with his metal claws shining under the night light. “So Brogan Leitch, from now on, you are my enemy.”

“Oh... ” Brogan mirrored Iron Mask’s reply. “Aren’t you worried if Tyr dies?”

Iron Mask said, “Demon Tower killing the boss? Brogan, do you believe that?”

“True, I don’t believe that’s possible.”

Brogan said, “Even a thousand Demon Towers could not kill one Tyr, especially with Don Quijote by his side. It is even more impossible.

“However, Demon Tower can give up his life. I do not believe Tyr to be a divine

being like said in the rumors. Only a real godly being would not be injured by a bomb.”

Brogan laughed cunningly. “Brother Iron Mask, I made Demon Tower install a bomb under their cars.

“The Shadow Department may be good. Maybe you guys already knew Demon Tower was a betrayer. Maybe Tyr might have already killed Demon Tower on the way here.

“But the Shadow Department isn’t GPE. So, they would not have found out that the cars have bombs installed underneath. Tyr and Don are in the car. They cannot dodge the bomb.”

“They can dodge the bomb.” Iron Mask answered firmly. “The boss, he can dodge

the bomb.”

“What?” Brogan shook his head. He could not believe it.

Iron Mask’s weapon was now completely exposed. No matter how unwilling he was to kill Brogan, he had no choice.

Regal Palace could forgive any sins except the sin of betrayal.

The shining metal claws were already swinging toward Brogan. However, he was prepared. He pulled out a black army blade and instantly blocked Iron Mask’s attack.

Clang! Sparks flew as the metal claw and army blade clashed.

The two of them fought under the night sky at lightning speed. They separated then rushed back toward each other. It

looked like two lightning bolts were pushing each other back and forth.

After ten or more rounds of clashing, Brogan and Iron Mask were at a stalemate.

After another round of combat, Iron Mask flinched a little. He said hoarsely with suspicions, “You have hidden your true power in front of me since long ago. So, Brogan, you have already thought about betraying Regal Palace and me since long ago. Am I right?”

After being exposed, Brogan had no reason to lie anymore.

Brogan smiled slyly, “It is pointless to say all these now.”

“So, you admit it.”

Iron Mask took a deep breath and looked at

the moon shining in the night sky once more.

The bright and calming moonlight shone upon his body, but it felt as if it was burning his skin. Iron Mask's eyes were full of bloodlust.

“Brogan Leitch, our friendship ends here.”

Iron Mask disappeared after he said that to Brogan. However, a second later, his claws were already in Brogan's chest.

“What...”

Blood flowed from Brogan's chest and as it pooled under his body.

He started feeling numb. His face was twisted in shock. “You did not use your full power earlier.”

There was no answer. Iron Mask stabbed

Brogan's chest with his metal claws once more. Brogan felt that his life was in danger.

Ah...

Brogan shouted loudly as he used his army blade to break apart Iron Mask's claws. This strength was unbelievable.

Brogan took a deep breath and jumped off the balcony.

Iron Mask's claws were flung to a wall beside them, leaving four deep scratch marks on it. The claws cut the wall like it was a piece of tofu.

Iron Mask got up and went over to the balcony. He then looked down at Brogan, standing below with a sly smile.

“Iron Mask, today, one of us needs to die,

and that person won't be me.”

As Brogan finished his sentence, a bunch of people rushed out of the forest.

Each person had a spear in their hand, eyes full of bloodlust.

There were about a hundred people. They looked like a bunch of soldiers preparing for war. They stood behind Brogan.

Iron Mask looked at everyone below him. With his insights, he could tell each of them were elites of the elites.

“Looks like you have planned everything out.”

Iron Mask's voice showed no signs of panic. As one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals, even if a mountain collapsed, Iron Mask's expression would remain the

same.

“Correct, this was all planned from the beginning.” Brogan laughed cunningly and said, “Iron Mask, Regal Palace is indeed impressive in the western empire. However, after getting rid of Shadow Totems, today’s western side has very little organizations that could go head to toe with Regal Palace.

“Sadly, because the Regal Palace’s workers were mostly from North or East Asia, so they refused to work in this area.

“So this is the Regal Palace’s weakness. I do not know about other areas, but the biggest mistake you guys made was challenging Orpheus in Thailand. No matter who comes to challenge us here, they will die in vain.

“This is because you guys did not know

that Dark Shura's birthplace is Thailand, hahaha!"

Brogan spoke, and then his cunning laughter echoed in the sky. He took his broken army blade and pointed it at Iron Mask, who was standing on the balcony.

"Iron Mask, I will give you a chance. Swear your loyalty to Orpheus, and I'll guarantee you live."

"Side with Orpheus?"

Even though they could not see Iron Mask's face, he had a mocking expression below the mask he wore.

Iron Mask jumped into the air, his metal claws shining brightly once again.

"Orpheus, is it worth it?"

N

Chapter 322 You Do Not Understand Regal Palace

Behind Brogan Leitch was over a hundred elite warriors. They could easily defeat Iron Mask.

Even though it would be a confirmed win, Brogan could not help but feel a chill.

It was because Iron Mask was still standing there with full confidence.

Brogan frowned. “Iron Mask, you have nowhere to run. Do you really still want to fight?”

“Everyone in Thailand from Regal Palace has been taken by us. Juan Yates, that dumb*ss... Someone had told him that a woman would trick him someday, but he

did not believe it.

“He thought he could rely on a woman to dig out dirt from Orpheus. That was too naive of him. This time Juan has lost badly because Kimmy and the Goult Family are a part of Orpheus.

“The Goult family’s head, Golda, is one of Six Generals of Orpheus, Shadow General. The moment Juan stepped foot into Thailand, he was already doomed. The amount of deaths depends on how many people Regal Palace brings.

“The operations that Regal Palace was doing here were all destroyed by the Goult family. Iron Mask, do you still want to resist us?”

Iron Mask knew from the beginning that Juan believed in the wrong women. The

whole reason why Juan even left was that Kimmy told him to.

It was because Kimmy told Juan that they had found where Shadow General was hiding over the phone. Juan had excitedly brought a bunch of elites and went off to search for Shadow General.

Shadow General, one of Six Generals of Orpheus, was on the same level as Dark Shura.

Juan had disappeared, and no one knew if he was dead or alive anymore.

Thinking about it, Orpheus was a scary organization.

It was because they could plan an entire scene perfectly. From the start, Kimmy and the Goult family acted as if they were on Juan's side, making him think he had

control over most of Thailand's resources and had enough power to defeat Orpheus.

After that, he went to Erawan Shrine and defeated Black General.

The Goult family provided the location of Black General. Then, Juan took some of their people and went to destroy Black General.

Thinking about it, this was all Orpheus' plans. To make Juan trust Kimmy and the Goult Family, they had sacrificed Black General's life. They were so cruel.

That was why, when Juan got the information this time, he did not doubt anything and just brought people along with him.

Fighting against over a hundred people, Iron Mask felt full of spirit.

He waved both his hands and a metal claw looked the same as the previous one popped out. At this moment, the moon behind Iron Mask shone brightly.

“Iron Mask, since you don’t know when to give up. It’s time I send you to the heavens.

“Do not blame me for being merciless. I have already given you a chance.”

As Brogan said those words, he could not understand why he was panicking.

He then ordered the soldiers behind him to attack. Suddenly, a gust of strong, cold wind blew around them.

The trees behind them started to shake vigorously, and then...

Swoosh...

Some rustling sounds were heard. Brogan

looked back, and the soldiers behind him fell one by one.

Brogan felt a chill down his spine. He looked around frantically and noticed that many people had surrounded them.

Each person was holding a long spear and looked very professional. Their battle power was comparable to Brogan's people, but they were bigger in numbers.

These people who had suddenly appeared were about three times more than the people that Brogan had brought with him.

“What is going on here? We had already taken over regal Palace's support in Thailand. Where did these people come from?”

Brogan could not understand. As he stood on the spot, dumbstruck, Iron Mask

quickly rushed toward him.

Clang...

Iron Mask's claws were stopped by Brogan's broken army blade.

However, Iron Mask used his second claw and overpowered Brogan. He flung Brogan into the air.

Brogan spun a few times in the air before falling onto the ground. He spat some blood, his chest in great pain.

Brogan felt his entire body going numb.

His chest was ripped apart by Iron Mask's claws. His ribs were broken, and one of them had even stabbed his organs.

Ptooeey...

Brogan spat more blood. His eyes widened

as he could not believe what had just happened.

In this situation, no one would believe the situation would turn around like this. All these years, Brogan trained hard. He had hidden his real battle power and thought that he was almost at Iron Mask's level.

Even if he wasn't on equal footing with Iron Mask, defeating Iron Mask wouldn't have been a problem with the number of people he had brought.

However, now he realized the one getting surrounded was them.

No matter how much he trained and improved, he could still never beat Iron Mask.

“Why...”

Brogan groaned and looked at Iron Mask,

who was walking toward him.

“You do not understand Regal Palace at all.”

Iron Mask’s hoarse voice answered. He pitied Brogan as a friend and gave him a proper explanation before he died.

“There are two teams in every country that Regal Palace has an operation in. The team that operates on the surface and another operates in the shadows.

“The team that operates in the shadows would never surface unless there was an uncontrollable situation like now. The Dark Shura sure is strong. He could gather such a strong team in such a short time for Orpheus.

“He had actually made Regal Palace’s team that operates in the shadow in Thailand to

help out on the surface. However, Brogan, do you still not understand?

“Regal Palace has easily destroyed the old Shadow Totem Organization. So, how could a puny organization like Orpheus be a match against Regal Palace?”

“Especially when the current Regal Palace is as strong as it was two years ago?”

Iron Mask took a deep breath. He did not want Brogan to suffer any longer. He wished to give him a swift and painless death.

Iron Mask swiped his claws across Brogan's neck. Brogan looked like he was suffering and in pain.

Under the bright moonlight, Brogan lost his balance and fell onto the ground. Iron Mask looked at the moon and took a deep

breath. “You have followed me for eleven years before Regal Palace was even established... you were already by my side then.

“Yet, you still do not understand Regal Palace, nor do you understand me!”

N

Chapter 323 Righteousness

Brogan Leitch spat blood on himself and Iron Mask. Brogan tried to use his remaining strength to grab Iron Mask but to his avail. His hands lost their strength and could not go further.

It was the same before his death. He could not touch Iron Mask even though he tried his best.

He struggled for one last time. His eyes filled with a glint of hatred.

At this moment, the surroundings looked like a death pit. The battle was still ongoing. However, getting rid of Brogan's lackey was only a matter of time.

The people that Iron Mask brought were

people that worked in the shadows for the Regal Palace in Thailand. This was the real power of Regal Palace in each country.

Iron Mask did not fight anymore. He stood beside Brogan's dead body and wiped the blood of his metal claws.

After the metal claws were wiped clean, it shone brightly once more under the moonlight. Iron Mask then put the handkerchief that he used to wipe his claws on Brogan's body.

Finally, the battle had ended. The Regal Palace's shadow elites took the dead bodies and stacked them up in an empty spot. They then burned the bodies.

After the bodies were burnt into ashes, they took a few high-pressure water guns from the manor to clean up the blood

splatters.

It only took them thirty minutes to clean up.

At this moment, two cars were parked in front of the manor. Tyr Summers and the rest had arrived earlier and witnessed everything.

“Did you guys record it?”

Tyr looked back at Matthew Collins and the rest and calmly asked.

Matthew and the rest had witnessed another fearsome battle. These battles had never happened back in their home country.

Compared to the battle they had between the North and South with the fight they had just witnessed; their battle seemed

like nothing but a small scuffle.

This time, everyone in Wolf's Den managed to record the fight with their phones.

Especially when Iron Mask had jumped down from the balcony and when he killed Borgan. The five of them took down mental notes. What they witnessed was too extreme. Not even an action movie actor could have produced such movements.

“Master, when will we be able to reach that level?”

Matthew is crazy about martial arts. He was full of excitement. “And what kind of level would I be able to reach?”

Tyr was quiet for a while, then replied, “You are most similar to one of the eighteen

generals named Kieran Kruse. He is Regal Palace's first Hercules. A punch of his can knock a bull out.

"To answer when you will reach that level will depend on yourself."

Tyr said as he patted Matthew on his shoulder. "I believe in you. You will definitely be stronger than Kieran."

Sometimes when one were to give someone appropriate encouragement, it would motivate them more than ever.

Matthew felt full of confidence and motivation after Tyr's encouragement.

"It took just one punch to knock a bull out."

Matthew's eyes shone brightly. He remembered he was kicked by a bull when

he was a kid. It was a painful and embarrassing memory of his.

At this moment, Don Quijote and the rest followed Tyr into the manor.

The shadow team that was busy working was happy as soon as they saw their Palace Master.

“Greetings, Palace Master.”

Wherever Tyr went, it was an endless sea of greetings.

Tyr walked toward Iron Mask. He was standing in front of Brogan's dead body. As Iron Mask had his mask on, Tyr could not tell what kind of expression he had.

However, Tyr knew that Iron Mask was very upset.

Out of all the Regal Palace's eighteen

generals, only Don Quijote was the most heartless one.

Even though Iron Mask seemed cold outside, everyone knew he was an emotional person.

“Boss,” Iron Mask greeted as he saw Tyr walking over. His voice was hoarse and had a wavering tone.

“I had always thought of Brogan as my brother.”

Tyr did not say anything. He just patted Iron Mask on the shoulder two times.

He then walked into the villa.

Tyr waited for a while for Iron Mask to calm down before he went straight into questioning him.

“What happened to Juan Yates?” Tyr

asked, his voice did not sound worried.

This did not mean Tyr was not worried. It was just that he was confident and believed that the other palace kings below him could protect themselves from any danger.

Iron Mask collected his thoughts and said after a few seconds, “Yesterday evening, Kimmy came and told Juan that the Goult family had found the location of Shadow General. They told him to bring people with him to defeat the general immediately.

“Then, Juan took some people along and left with Kimmy. They left hurriedly because Orpheus’ movements are unknown. They did not want to miss the opportunity and let Shadow General escape.

“But once Juan left, he never came back. Shortly after that, we were attacked by enemies.

“In not even one day, all our hard work in Thailand has been wasted.”

“The Goult family was a part of Orpheus, to begin with. Their family head, Golda, is Shadow General. From the moment we stepped into Thailand, we were already trapped in Orpheus’ trap. We thought we could get rid of Orpheus within two days, but we did not expect the situation to turn on us.”

Iron Mask stopped speaking and waited for Tyr to decide what to do.

Over twenty hours of Juan’s disappearance had messed Iron Mask’s mind up. Tyr could not help but praise Iron Mask’s

leadership abilities. They had suffered a devastating blow; the workers on the surface were all eliminated.

The workers in the shadows were still unharmed. If it were someone else who was leading the team, their situation now would have been worse.

Tyr massaged his temple lightly. They had underestimated the Orpheus and Dark Shura.

“As I said before, that r*tard Juan would get tricked by a woman one day.”

N

Chapter 324 Asking the GPE for help

Tyr Summers looked at Don Quijote as he spoke as if doubting him.

Don shrank back and said, “Boss, I’m different from Juan Yates. Don’t stare at me like that. I’m scared.

“Also, Orpheus has planned all of these perfectly. To make Juan take the bait, they have sacrificed the Black General. Juan completely believes Kimmy because of that.”

Tyr took a deep breath and said, “Do not use women as an excuse. The other palace kings could realize it before they got tricked.

“If Juan did not get entangled with

women, these wouldn't have happened.”

“F*ck.”

Tyr slammed his fist on the coffee table.
Tyr's fist shattered the glass coffee table.

Don dared not say another word. If he provoked Tyr accidentally, Tyr might just punch his face until it was unrecognizable.

“Orpheus did not only start planning when Juan arrived in Thailand,” Tyr said. Don and Iron Mask flinched.

“Boss, what do you mean?”

“When Juan arrived in Thailand, it was the start of our battle with Orpheus. They started using him as soon as he arrived and caused all this, no?”

“No, it was earlier than that. Even I was calculated into their plans.” Tyr lit a

cigarette up and inhaled, “The beginning of Dark Shura’s plan was used on me.

“I understand now. I know why Orpheus could oppose Regal Palace, why Dark Shura could plan such a big operation in Thailand within one year.

“Speaking of which, compared to Dark Shura, I do not have enough charm.”

Tyr puffed as he looked at the moon. The moon reminded him of Dark Shura.

The old Shadow Totem’s number one grim reaper, he was the same as Tyr. They both looked as graceful as a god.

“Dark Shura made Pluto attack me not to kill me, but to lure me into his trap.

“Dark Shura is very smart. He knew if he just told Pluto to attack me, it would not

anger me. So, he targeted my daughter.

“The Pluto general poisoned my daughter, which succeeded in making me angry. Because of that, I would make Juan come to Asia to fight Orpheus. So, the moment Pluto came to provoke me was the first step of Dark Shura’s plan. He had already calculated everything leading up to today.”

Tyr ferociously cunningly as he looked at the moon.

Tyr laughed because he finally understood how dangerous Dark Shura was.

It was as if he was his enemy in this world. The Dark Shura was extremely similar to Tyr.

“Back then, I did not question the fact that Pluto came to provoke me was suspicious.

“His purpose was to destroy my will to

live. He really is tricky.”

Iron Mask and Don became serious. The rest of the Wolf's Den's members were shocked.

Following Tyr to Thailand was an eye-opening experience.

The only person scratching his head was Matthew Collins. His face was full of confusion.

His simple-minded brain could not comprehend what Tyr was saying.

“Does the shadow department have new information?” Tyr asked.

Iron Mask shook his head. “From the moment Juan disappeared, I have already informed the shadow department. Chiroptera has already used all of the

shadow department's resources to locate Juan. However, this time, Orpheus has prepared in advance to counter this. They must've done something to prevent the shadow department from locating him."

"Skip to the main part." Tyr was impatient. "How long will it take Chiroptera to locate Juan? Find out if he's dead or alive."

"At least three days," Iron Mask replied.

"Haha, three days!" Tyr flung his cigarette and coldly said, "After three days, Juan's body might be gone at that point.

"Our Regal Palace's shadow department is a bit lacking. It's better just to ask GPE."

Tyr said as he pulled out his phone and logged in to Regal Web.

He then clicked on a logo with a single eye

and sent a message under the name, ‘Regal Palace’s Palace Master’.

This logo was none other than GPE’s logo.

If it was not because of the severity of the situation and that the shadow department could not locate Juan, Tyr would never be willing to contact GPE.

Not only Tyr, but any powerful organization on earth and any powerful family also did not like contacting GPE.

“How are you, respectable Regal Palace’s Palace Master, Mr. Summers.”

Tyr’s phone went dark for a bit before the eye logo flashed in greeting.

This was GPE’s special customer service. There was no video call. Even the voice of the person had been altered. Tyr could not

tell if the person on the other side of the phone was a guy or a girl. Neither could he tell if they were young or old.

However, they spoke Tyr's dialect fluently. This did not mean they were the same nationality as Tyr. The person would just speak whatever language based on the customer's origin and background.

“Hello Mr. Summers, I am GPE's customer service officer, Sky Eye. I am happy to be of service.

“Mr. Summers, how may I help you today?”

As Tyr listened to the officer speak, he had an urge to punch him in the face.

Even though a machine distorted the voice, Tyr could still imagine that person's real face. A greedy face.

No one could blame Tyr for this. Even if it was anyone else who was as powerful as him, they would have the same reaction as Tyr when they contacted GPE.

If one wanted to use GPE's services, it would definitely burn a hole through their wallets.

“Drop the formalities,” Tyr said rudely. “I want to know Regal Palace's Southern King, Juan Yate's location, what's the price?”

N

Chapter 325 Gingerlily Valley

“Southern King Juan Yates?”

Sky Eye went silent for a few seconds. The eye logo on Tyr Summers' phone stared back at him.

After almost ten seconds later, Sky Eye said, “Juan Yates' information is very classified, so even if it's you Mr. Summers ...”

“Stop spouting nonsense, get to the point. What's the price?”

“Three hundred million...”

“Three hundred million?” Tyr's pupils contracted, and his body twitched.

“Yes, three hundred million US dollars!”



“F*ck!!!”

Tyr almost threw his phone away. GPE was really living up to its reputation of charging customers without care.

Three hundred million US dollars, just to tell them where Juan currently was!

Tyr had the money, and Regal Palace had the money.

However, they couldn't just simply spend the money. Tyr wanted to end the call, but Juan was his brother. He could not abandon him.

Even if Juan died, Tyr would still want to find his body. He was willing to pay three hundred million.

“The money will be transferred to GPE's bank account. Give me his location. I need

it now.”

“Alright, Mr. Summers, because you are Regal Palace’s Palace Master, we can bend the rules and send you the information before your payment.”

Tyr’s phone went dark for a moment and quickly returned to Regal Web’s main page. He then got an email.

Tyr instantly opened the mail to read Juan’s location.

His location and even his situation and the enemies he was facing were recorded clearly in the email.

He really had to give credit to GPE. If one was willing to pay, they would send them any information they needed.

“I have Juan’s location. He’s not dead, but

he's injured. He's in a sticky situation right now."

"How many people do we have right now?"

Iron Mask immediately answered, "About five hundred, each of them are elites, and they have weapons on them."

"Enough."

Tyr nodded. "In thirty minutes, everyone gathers here. We are going to Thailand's Gingerlily Valley."

"Yes..."

Iron Mask immediately gathered everyone, while Tyr went to the balcony and looked at the swaying trees.

This season was Thailand's rainy season. It would rain almost twenty days a month.

At this moment, it started to drizzle. Tyr lit

up a cigarette as the rain started getting heavier, getting his cigarette wet.

“Boss, I feel like you are feeling a bit melancholy. I have never seen you like this before.”

Don came to Tyr’s side and lit a cigarette as well. “Brother Tyr don’t worry, Juan is Regal Palace’s Southern King, he won’t die.”

Don thought that Tyr was upset because of Juan’s situation.

However, that was not the case.

Tyr knew how strong Juan was, as soon as he knew his location and that he was alive, Tyr had no doubt that Juan would be safe.

He felt upset because of GPE. Tyr had to rely on GPE and also pay them a large sum

of money.

“Old Don, the amount of money we invested in the shadow department. Why are they still less capable than GPE?”

“Three hundred million US dollars for a piece of information. If our shadow department can reach their level, can our shadow department charge others this much as well?”

Don instantly understood why Tyr was upset. He hit his forehead with his palm. Sometimes, he could not understand Tyr’s thought process.

“Boss, GPE has been founded over a century while our shadow department had only started four years ago. Why are you comparing them?”

“That’s true,” Tyr mumbled to himself. “

However, our Regal Palace was founded seven years ago. Didn't we defeat the Shadow Totem organization that was founded over half a century ago?"

Don was speechless.

Don knew, if Chiroptera, the person in charge of the shadow department, was here, Tyr would punch him in the face.

In less than thirty minutes, five hundred Regal Palace's underground shadow workers in Thailand gathered.

This was Regal Palace's special way of dealing with business. They had workers on the surface and workers in the shadows. It was specifically created for situations like these.

There were five regal kings and eighteen generals in the main headquarters of Regal

Palace, so did they have someone in the shadows as well?

Sadly, other than Tyr, no one knew!

Even though the shadow workers developed slower than the surface workers, the shadow workers had more power and were definitely stronger than the surface workers.

About five hundred people in over ten vans, everyone left for Gingerlily Valley.

The flowers in Gingerlily Valley only bloomed once a year. The flowers would only stay alive for about two months. Due to the short life span of the flowers, visitors would visit to admire the flowers every year around July.

Gingerlily Valley was a famous spot in Thailand to admire flowers.

However, since yesterday, all the tourists had been chased out of the valley. The flowers were barred and guarded by burly people. Everything was locked.

The rumors were that some big Thai family wanted to use the valley for two days to hold a special event and did not allow anyone to enter.

However in reality, it was because the Regal Palace's Southern King had entered Gingerlily Valley. The Goult family had hired a bunch of mercenaries to hunt him down and kill him.

At this time, three in the morning, in Gingerlily Valley!

Gingerlily Valley was very big. However, the area that others were allowed to view was just a small part of it.

Deep in Gingerlily Valley were various valleys. Even the workers here had not gone further inside because they did not dare to.

N

Chapter 326 Juan Yate's appearance

About ten years ago, Gingerlily Valley wanted to expand the viewing area. They had sent a few people to explore the valley, but those people never returned.

There were different rumors about their disappearance. Some said it was wild beasts, while others said it was haunted.

However, the real reason could have been that there was no GPS signal and they got lost, or they had fallen off the cliff and died.

It was pitch black at three in the morning in Gingerlily Valley. Rain clouds covered the moon. It made the entire valley look dimmed.

The rain started falling over the pink valley. Usually, it would give off a pleasant flowery scent; however, the air reeked of blood.

There were a bunch of people in groups of twenty that were roaming around the valley. Everyone wore black soldier uniform, holding a weapon in their hand.

They were the Mercenaries. Each of them had gone through vigorous training and bloodied their hands numerous times.

Even if they were made of iron and steel, they were still tired from the hunt.

It was because Juan Yate had already disappeared for one day and one night in Gingerlily Valley.

In this short time, there had been over a

thousand people chasing them down. However, these mercenaries felt like lifeless dolls filled with bloodlust. There were over a thousand of them, yet they could not find a mere ten people when half of their group had already been killed.

“Let's sit down and rest for a bit. We were standing guard the entire night. We cannot fight against them now.

“Juan and his subordinates are tough to catch. If we don't reserve our energy, we won't be able to find them. Even if we do find them now, we'll get killed.”

This group of mercenaries was called Hound Mercenaries; they were quite famous and well known.

The reason why they were called Hound Mercenaries was that they were known for

their endurance. Once they found their prey, they would chase them down relentlessly until they were dead.

This time Orpheus had spent a lot of money to hire Hound Mercenaries to kill Juan Yates.

However, unexpectedly, even Hound Mercenaries had trouble finding Juan.

Finding ten people with a thousand people in Gingerlily Valley for one day and one night felt like a month.

Now, all of them were tired.

Hound Mercenary's leader was rubbing his temple vigorously, his voice full of anger.

“Regal Palace's King sure is hard to track, rest for an hour. I'm afraid we would need to camp in this sh*t hole for a few days.”

The people from the Hound Mercenaries tiredly lay on the flower bed. They took out a bottle of water and a packet of biscuits and gobbled them up.

They spent about three minutes filling their stomachs and then got ready to lay down and rest.

Hound Mercenary's leader ordered, "Same rules, ten people patrol the area, ten people take a rest. Swap positions after thirty minutes."

After ordering his troops, the leader stretched and lay down.

Ten people got up and started patrolling the area in circles, holding their weapons. They were checking every nook and corner.

The rain started getting heavier; the cold

rain poured on their bodies non-stop. However, it did not interrupt their rest.

They were already used to this kind of environment after years of mercenary work.

Laying on the flower beds was very comfortable compared to sleeping in a dangerous forest.

These people only needed thirty minutes of rest to recharge their energy and continue working for a few days.

The rain got heavier and heavier.

One of the mercenaries was yawning. He took out a pack of cigarettes, ready to smoke one to stay awake.

However, the rain extinguished the fire before he could even light up the cigarette.

He started getting irritated, he tried again, but the wind extinguished the fire this time.

“F*ck!!!”

The person shouted and threw his lighter on the ground.

“Come, I’ll help you. The fire from this lighter won’t be blown by the wind or extinguished by the rain.”

Another person from the side extended his hand and took out a Zippo lighter. He lit up the cigarette.

“Okay,” the guy replied and put the cigarette into his mouth and puffed.

After a second, he felt that something was off. This person spoke the language of Celestial Empire.

There was someone who spoke this language in their group. However, he was resting at the moment.

The guy frowned and quickly turned to look at that person.

He saw a guy standing there, his clothes were untidy and his face was dirty.

The guy may look like a homeless person, but his handsome face seemed to be glowing.

“Juan... Juan Yates...”

The guy shivered, the cigarette in his mouth dropped onto the floor.

The guy immediately tried to point his gun at Juan, but it was too late.

Juan immediately slit open the guy's neck,

spilling blood everywhere.

If it were before, Juan would have immediately dodged the splattering blood. Even if it was just a drop of blood that got onto him, he would feel very uncomfortable and must immediately take a shower.

However, Juan was used to it now.

He had even used his bare hands to wipe the blood off his blade and lick his hands after that.

In just one day and one night, Juan was falling apart in this situation.

Right now, he had only one thing in mind — staying alive.

Anything else was not important to him anymore.

N

Chapter 327 Leave Together

Rain was pouring even more heavily now, but this group of Hound Mercenaries was fast asleep. As for the ten people who were in charge of the patrol, they were taken out by Juan Yates and his men—murdered under a second without a chance to struggle, just like how Juan had done earlier.

It wasn't that Hound Mercenaries were weak. In fact, each of them was an expert who could take on a hundred men on their own. It was just a pity that Juan's group was even more insane.

So much so that when Juan and his men killed the patrolmen, those who were sleeping did not even notice a thing.

This was illogical. For elite mercenaries like them, they should be sensitive to their environment no matter their slumber's circumstances. Any slight disturbances should be able to wake them.

However, this time, after Juan and his men had killed the people on watch, the ones who were still asleep did not even stir.

There were two reasons for this. The first being Juan and his men were too skilled. The second was because Hound Mercenaries were too exhausted.

By now, standing around Juan were a dozen men. Each of them was just as battered as Juan was. In fact, when Juan had departed the day before, he brought with him over a hundred men, and each of them had been serving him for a long

time. They were the best among the best. Those were all of Juan's old subordinates. Deploying them to exterminate a mere Farrar from Orpheus shouldn't have posed a problem. Yet, who would have thought that it was a trap, and Juan had fallen for it. Seventy percent of over a hundred of his old subordinates were wiped out.

They risked their lives to help Juan break through the siege before being chased into Gingerlily Valley.

By the time they entered Gingerlily Valley, Juan's men were down to about thirty people while the enemy had more than a thousand men.

After one day and night, Juan's thirty men were down to the current twelve. This number agonized Juan. Even if they

managed to defeat five hundred of the enemy's men in one day and night, what was the point of that? That huge battle from two years ago against Shadow Totem probably never devastated Juan as much as this situation did now.

With the dagger in his hand, Juan walked over to the leader of the Hounds.

Juan had always been upright in his actions and never played dirty tricks. However, this time, he became genuinely aware of the truth that might make it right.

In the past, Juan would have woken these people up and fought them head-on. However, now, he had no such plans nor the time because his other enemies just might ambush them out of nowhere.

Right now, although Juan's face was

dirtied and dark, there was a sparkle in his eyes. It was an intense spark. He aimed for the Hound's leader's heart, about to stab him with his dagger.

However, just as Juan was about to stab him, his opponent rolled aside out of reflex, avoiding Juan's attack. "Enemy attack!"

As expected of the Hound's leader. Even if Juan had concealed his aura, his enemy still managed to sense his presence.

After the Hound's leader shouted, the other Hound members jolted awake, grabbing their weapons the moment they opened their eyes.

"Juan Yates, it's you." The Hound's leader was initially stunned before he let out a laugh. "We were just looking for you, but

who knew that you would appear on your own instead.”

Juan couldn't be bothered to talk to him as he charged forth with his dagger. His subordinates were the same as they gripped onto their weapons tightly and lunged at the other Hound Mercenaries.

For the past day and night, Juan and his team had experienced this life and death battle for over twenty times without losing. This time, when faced with Hound Mercenaries, things would be the same.

Blades sparked, and the air was filled with the foul smell of blood.

In about a minute, Juan's team had massacred the Hound Mercenaries and their leader was stabbed in the chest by Juan's dagger.

Juan wiped off the blood on his face and commanded in a chilling voice, “Raid their food and water supply quickly. We have to relocate at once; otherwise, the other enemies would come over after this commotion.”

The group swiftly raided Hound Mercenaries’ food supply. During this period, the food they consumed and the water they drank were all pillaged from their enemies.

“Let’s go.” Juan had a remarkable hearing. Even if it was pouring outside, he could hear the dense footsteps coming from a distance.

The group turned to leave. But then, one of Juan’s subordinates named Angus Zinn was left behind as they went.

“What’s wrong?” Someone asked after noticing something off with Angus.

Juan turned around as well to see Angus still among the corpses of Hound Mercenaries. The latter’s thigh was broken with his bone eerily jutting out of his flesh.

In this battle, many of Juan’s subordinates had suffered serious injuries, but they all gritted their teeth, endured the pain, and continued to flee. Angus wanted to continue forward as well, but with this extent of his injuries, willpower was not enough to pull him through. He could no longer move forward but be left behind.

However, even in such a dangerous time, Juan and the others did not hesitate and instead turned around to hurry toward Angus.

“President Yates, leave, quickly. Forget about me. The enemies will be here soon.” Angus was ghastly pale. He was in grave pain but still tried to force a smile on his face.

“What are you saying?” Juan glared at Angus and said darkly, “I, Juan Yates, am not the type of person who leaves a brother behind. Regal Palace would never abandon their brothers.”

As he spoke, Juan went over and carried Angus on his back before continuing forward.

On regular days, if Juan were to carry a human over fifty kilograms and run about, it would be child’s play for him. However, now, exhaustion was taking a toll on him. With Angus on his back, his speed had

evidently decreased quite a bit.

The others went over to help but got rejected by Juan. Because right now, Juan was no doubt the strongest among them. If someone else were to carry Angus, they would be even slower.

Lying on Juan's back and watching how the group was moving so much slower than before, Angus became flustered. "President Yates put me down. Forget about me. If you guys bring me along, everyone will die. For me, being able to make it to this day with you, President Yates, is more than enough."

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Chapter 328 Surrounded

Angus Zinn began struggling on Juan Yates' back. After that, Juan bellowed at him, "Stop, right now. This is an order."

Angus, who was on Juan's back, stopped talking.

Trampling through the muddy path, Juan and the others headed for a valley nearby. Meanwhile, from behind, they could vaguely see a large group of people chasing after them.

"Pick up the pace, everyone, leave me be. Go and hide in the valley up ahead. Stay alive, all of you!" Juan was at the far back. He wanted the others to leave him and hurry up ahead. However, none of the remaining eleven people increased their

speed. They stayed put with Juan.

At this, Juan felt helpless, as well.

The group stopped talking, only moving forward to the valley as their lives depended on it.

Angus, who was lying on Juan's back, suddenly smiled. His smile was dazzling.

In his younger days, Angus had been living a tragic life, constantly bullied by others. He had met Juan by accident after that and began moving forward to where he was today. Because of Juan and Regal Palace, Angus felt a family's warmth for the past few years. They had helped him realize that in this dark world, there was still light.

Angus was happy to have been in Regal Palace these years. Regal Palace was his home.

In fact, it was not just Angus. Many people in Regal Palace, including Nemesis, the eighteen generals, and the five kings, many of them were just like Tyr, from a tragic background.

They had long experienced the tragedies in life that they understood how hard it was to make it to today.

Because of this group of people who had once fallen into despair and was given another chance at life, Regal Palace could develop into the number one organization in Rayne. They had faith and had always been chasing after that ray of light.

“Thank you, President Yates. Thank you, my brothers at Regal Palace. Thank you for giving me a family. Let’s be brothers again in the next life,” Angus said.

Realizing that something was wrong, Juan felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

“Angus Zinn, what are you doing?” Juan bellowed, and everyone else around turned over.

After that, they could see a gun in Angus’ hand, and the man was aiming it at his head.

“No!!!”

Everyone around yelled hysterically. They wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot echoed in the night sky. Angus’ head was blasted open, and blood splattered onto the back of Juan’s head. Under the searing heat, there was a hint of chill.

At that moment, rain trickled down from Juan's forehead, trailing down his cheek to the corner of his lips. Juan poked his tongue out to lick the rainwater at his lips.

How strange. This rainwater from the sky was salty.

No, that wasn't rainwater at all. It was Juan's tears.

Juan cried. The man whose tears had not fallen for so many years was crying.

He opened his mouth, wanting to cry out loud, but no matter how hard he tried, the voice never came. Yet, tears kept streaming from his eyes.

Not only him, but the others around him also had bloodshot eyes as they stood, rooted to the spot like wooden posts.

Juan put Angus down. At that instant, Angus' appearance looked horrifying, with only half of this head left. As for the remaining half, Juan tried to piece them back together, but it was impossible.

The group surrounded Angus' body in silence.

“President Yates, do we still run?”

Someone finally asked because their enemies have now gotten closer.

“No, we're not.” Juan shook his head firmly. “We'll just let this be it. It's enough that we have made it this far. Angus didn't want to drag us down, so he chose to end his life. He thought of us as brothers, so how could I, Juan Yates, leave a brother behind?”

As he spoke, Juan took out a pack of

cigarettes that was partially drenched by the rain. He lit one that was slightly drier. After a drag, he passed it to a brother beside him. The brother took a puff as well before passing it onto another brother...

Finally, when the eleventh brother had taken a puff, he handed the remaining half of the cigarette back to Juan.

Juan put the half-consumed cigarette beside Angus. "Brother, the path to the netherworld is a long one. Don't walk too fast. Your brothers will soon come to keep you company."

After saying that, Juan gripped his dagger and stood up. He lifted his head, looking up at the moon, partially shrouded by dark clouds. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath.

"Boss, Hann, Zabinsky, Brook... all of my

brothers of Regal Palace, I, Juan Yates, will be going ahead. Let's become brothers again in the next life.”

After saying that, Juan scanned each of his remaining eleven subordinates and asked, “Are you all afraid of death?”

Everyone laughed. At this point, who would still be afraid of death? Being able to die together with their brothers was enough for them.

Juan laughed as well. Then, he got up and looked at the large group of enemies coming over to surround them.

Various flashlights shone at them. For a moment, it seemed like the dark of night that surrounded Juan's group had become daytime. With Juan included, the twelve people stood their grounds like demons

who knew no fear.

The large crowd of people made their way over, with several groups mixed within them. Among these people were elites from the Goult family, mercenaries the family had paid hefty sums to hire from all around the world, and strong fighters from Orpheus.

The group totaled up to about three hundred people with murderous auras flowing from their beings.

When these people saw Juan and his men, excited smiles appeared on their exhausted faces. After battling in Gingerlily Valley for a day and night, everyone had been in constant fear because Juan and his group of phantoms could sneak up to them and annihilate them at any time.

It was too strenuous for them. After a day and night's pursuit, it felt as if a century had passed for the group. However, now, they had finally chased up to Juan. There were only about ten of the man's super-elite subordinates left.

These people quickly surrounded Juan's group, afraid that they would once again escape.

After surrounding them, both sides merely maintained their stances. None of the leaders came out to say a word.

Juan chuckled. He lit another cigarette and took a long drag.

After that, he scanned the people surrounding him and said, "Kimmy, now that it has come to this, there's no point in hiding any longer. Come on out."

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Chapter 329 Battle of the Trapped Beasts

The crowd parted up ahead, and a woman dressed in a black, tight dress with a voluptuous figure and gorgeous face walked over. Beside her was a subordinate holding an umbrella over her. At that moment, this woman was exuding the aura of a queen mother.

Previously, Kimmy had never dressed this way in front of Juan. She had been obedient and gentle, but now, Juan Yates could barely recognize her.

“If you weren’t the Southern King of Regal Palace, I would have considered marrying you,” Kimmy said. Although there was vaguely any affection in her tone, Juan

could sense that Kimmy had certainly fallen for him.

“I’m sorry, Juan. I have no choice because my father, Golda, is Farrar from Orpheus. He also has another identity, which is one of the former members of Shadow Totem’s Twenty Four Nightbringers. So, after your Regal Palace destroyed Shadow Totem two years ago, it was destined that the Goult would be your sworn enemies.

“It was also destined that you and I can never be together.”

At this point, it was meaningless for Kimmy to say more. Juan had come this far, so the thoughts that should have been sorted out had long been done so.

He had been set up. From the first day he brought his subordinates to Thailand, he

had been set up. Only, Juan never expected that he would lose so tragically. Tyr had been right in saying that he, Juan Yates, would one day taste defeat in a woman's hands.

In the past, Juan had always been confident in himself, thinking he would never make such a vulgar mistake.

However, now, Juan truly understood the meaning of Tyr's words. He wasn't a god. So, how could he be sure he would never fail?

"Kimmy, there's no need to say more. I admit defeat." Juan smiled. His grin was savage as he gripped the dagger tighter in his hand like a trapped beast.

Kimmy took a deep breath before saying in a chilling tone, "If you're willing to surrender, perhaps I can spare your life. I

believe that I can persuade my father. If you're willing to join our ranks, my father would never kill you.

“Moreover, Dark Shura has said that the Five Kings of Regal Palace, each of them, were worth his respect. If you're willing to join Orpheus, Dark Shura would never mistreat you.”

“You're asking me to join Orpheus?” Juan chuckled before pointing at Angus Zinn's dead body. “Kimmy, if Dark Shura is so invincible, can he revive this man? If he can, I'll join Orpheus right now.”

Kimmy's expression contorted angrily. Her voice was filled with rage. “Juan Yates, I'm giving you a chance. Don't push your luck.”

“I don't need your chance!”

When Juan looked at Kimmy, his eyes were filled with resentment. Had it not been for this woman, he wouldn't have fallen this low. Juan did not fear death. However, the hundred over brothers who had been serving under him for so many years were all dead. His heart was bleeding.

“B*tch, you better hide further away later or I'll show you no mercy,” Juan declared. His actions had clearly expressed his intention. The man was Regal Palace's Southern King. He would only die in battle rather than surrender to his enemies.

Like a flash of lightning, Juan pounced at Kimmy. The eleven subordinates behind Juan followed after him without hesitation.

“Keep the young miss safe!”

In an instant, at least twenty elites

surrounded Kimmy and protected her as she retreated. The others brandished their weapons and charged at Juan's group.

These people were all top-tier fighters. Even if Juan and his group exhausted all their efforts, they could never take so many opponents.

Soon, the experts by Juan's side began falling one after another. Out of the initial eleven, only seven were left. Juan had suffered quite a few slashes as well. Among these people, plenty of them were top-class mercenaries or elite assassins and they only had one goal, which was to kill Juan.

This was a scene Dark Shura had perhaps anticipated a long time ago.

Back when Regal Palace annihilated

Shadow Totem, Dark Shura had escaped to Thailand and set up Orpheus, an organization specialized in training assassins and mercenaries. The goal of his organization was to recruit more and more top-tier mercenaries and assassins under his command. The goal of these powerful fighters would then be to take down Regal Palace's five kings and eighteen generals.

Juan's strength was almost last among the five kings, stronger only than the feeble Jim Zabinsky. However, that did not mean he was weak. Even if he was almost last among the five kings, Juan's battle prowess was still off the charts. On the world's strongest fighter rankings, Juan had a place as well because strong fighters were everywhere in Regal Palace.

Twenty elite experts crowded around Juan, various weapons and moves raining down

at him. The current situation was akin to a pack of hungry wolves laying siege to a male lion. Even if these hungry wolves were much more inferior to the male lion individually, when in groups, a lion was no match for them no matter how strong it was.

Before long, Juan was covered in injuries. Around him, his subordinates were nowhere to be seen. They had either drowned in the crowd or were already dead.

Corpses of elite fighters lay at Juan's feet. Even in such an exhausted condition, the man's might still made his enemies' scalps prickle.

A steel blade slashed at him like a flash of lightning. In the blink of an eye, the knife had swung at Juan about eight times.

Juan blocked off the attacks successively

with his dagger but on the other hand, weapons were coming at him from all directions. His rhythm was thrown off. Failing to dodge one attack, the steel blade viciously slashed his chest, and Juan was thrown back, landing heavily on the ground.

Juan flattened the bed of ginger lilies as blood flowed from his body, dyeing the flowers crimson.

At that moment, Juan's dagger fell to the ground. He had finally lost the energy to fight back.

At the end of the battle, all that was left was the life in him. Juan lay on the ground, staring up at the full moon that was concealed by dark clouds.

A gust of breeze suddenly swept over,

gradually dispersing the black clouds in the sky. The pale moon was once again revealed to shine down on the world.

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Chapter 330 There Will Always Be A Stronger Force

Under the soft moonlight's glow, faces after faces began to appear. They were all faces of the brothers who had lost their lives during this trip here.

“Brothers, I’m coming for you guys.”

“Boss, my brothers at Regal Palace, my family, if there is a next life, I, Juan Yates, will still be your brother.”

“Hehe...”

Juan laughed. There was a hint of relief in his voice.

After running about for so long, he was too exhausted. Now, he could finally rest

properly.

Footsteps around him drew closer as everyone rushed to be the first to kill Juan. This was because the Goult family had put a bounty of six billion dollars on Juan's head since the beginning. Moreover, not just the Goult family, on the international dark web, Regal Palace's Five Kings and eighteen generals all had similarly high bounties on their heads. Each of the eighteen generals carried a reward of six billion dollars while the five kings were worth eighteen billion each.

As for Regal Palace's Palace Master, Tyr Summers, it was said that his bounty on the dark web had exceeded thirty billion dollars.

Hence, whoever could deal the finishing blow to Juan, not only could they receive

the Goult family's prize money, they could also get the reward on the dark web. A total of twenty-four billion dollars. It was an insane number. Even if one were a world's top-tier mercenary or assassin, they could never make this amount of money in their lives.

Now that Juan was almost at his last breath and could be quickly taken down, who would give up such a good opportunity?

Juan indeed had no more strength to struggle. Just like that, with wide eyes, he watched as the menacing crowd around slowly closed in on him.

He was too exhausted to the point of being reluctant to move a finger. If he gritted his teeth and stood up, perhaps he could still defeat one or two men. However, that would be pointless.

Juan lay on the ground, continuing to stare up at the moon. The appearances of his brothers' silhouettes projected by the softly glowing moon became much clearer. They were waving at Juan because Juan had told them not to walk too fast on the path to the netherworld, that they should wait for him.

However... One second passed. Ten seconds passed. Thirty seconds passed...

Yet, the awaited death never came to pass. Clinking sounds of metal began to reverberate around him. Another battle seemed to have started right after that brief silence since he fell. Moreover, he could also sense the danger that had been engulfing his body dissipating quickly. The people around him who were excited to kill him seemed to start panicking all of a

sudden.

Several silhouettes dashed over and began battling wildly against them.

Juan was still lying on the ground, staring at the moon. His brothers' appearances reflected by the moonlight started to fade until soon, they disappeared completely.

At that moment, Juan suddenly realized that he was not going to die tonight.

Beside him, a silhouette was dashing back and forth like the wind. The weapon he held was strange. It was a scalpel. A scalpel that was as thin as a cicada's wing. Even as he held the blade, it was between three fingers because the scalpel was too tiny to fit in his hand.

However, even if the gesture of holding this blade seemed mildly strange, it gave

off a terrifying aura.

No matter who was the opponent of this blade, be it the king of mercenaries or ruler of assassins, they would never stand against a single slash.

This scalpel came from the Bian Que needle set. The set that was given to Tyr Summers by his master, the Beggar King, which included a few surgical scalpels.

Acupuncture needles and scalpels could save a person's life, but they could also kill them.

On regular days, Tyr barely used the scalpel as a weapon, but now, he was using it. It wasn't because the opponents he faced were too strong, instead, it was because Tyr was furious.

Ever since Regal Palace defeated Shadow

Totem, Tyr never imagined that anyone left in this world could force back a king of his Regal Palace to this extent. Looking at Juan lying on the ground covered in blood with barely a breath left, Tyr's mind went into chaos.

Juan's elite subordinates were all dead. His will too had died together with his men, crushed completely.

Before long, there were no more enemies around Juan. What was left was bodies upon bodies on the ground, still warm and wearing horrified expressions.

Tyr put away his scalpel, planning to stop his attacks because, for the remaining others, Iron Mask and Don Quijote could deal with them easily together with the Regal Palace Shadow Members.

Tyr turned around and squatted down,

looking at Juan, who was staring back at him.

That instant, Juan smiled. However, Tyr ruthlessly slapped him on the face. “Get up on your own.”

Juan gritted his teeth and scrambled up with much effort. When he looked at Tyr again, there was a hint of guilt in his eyes.

Both men said nothing. Tyr took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one, and shoved it in Juan’s mouth.

They managed to make it at the eleventh hour. If they had been late by even a minute, Juan Yates might have been reporting to satan by now.

Standing around these two were five other people. They were the Wolf’s Den’s top five members. Right now, each of them

was like a reporter, holding phones with high pixels and capture rates to record the huge battle around them.

Furthermore, they had also divided the work before coming over. Jamie Sunder and Stephen Cole would record Don Quijote and Iron Mask's fight while Troy Yager recorded Tyr's battle. As for Matthew Collins and Ashblood, they would record the other experts' fights.

No matter who they were recording for this battle, each fight made Matthew and the others wildly shocked. If they had not seen it with their own eyes, they would have never imagined that such extraordinary experts existed.

Previously in Riverdale Province, Matthew had thought they were so invincible that it didn't matter much if an expert like Sword

Freak or Zeppelin Wayne appeared from time to time. However, since they came to Thailand, Matthew and the others realized how utterly wrong they were from the first battle they've experienced.

Beyond a mountain was a bigger mountain.

And beyond this bigger mountain was an even bigger mountain!

In short, Matthew and the others still had a long journey ahead of them.

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Chapter 331 Knowing A Man's Face But Not His Heart

About ten minutes later, the battle had come to an end.

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More than half of Kimmy's two hundred men had fallen to Don Quijote and Iron Mask's feet while the Goult family's experts and Orpheus' elites were still trying to put up a fight.

However, once the mercenaries and assassins her family had hired realized that something was off, they all fled. This was just as the saying 'when the tree topples, the monkeys scatter'. The world was just that realistic, especially when it came to relationships that were maintained by money. They were the most

unreliable.

Soon, the remaining Goult family experts and Orpheus elites had all fallen to Don and Iron Mask's feet as well. With this, the battle was almost reaching its end.

"Miss, run, quickly." At that moment, Kimmy was escorted by five Goult family experts as they fled. Perhaps never in her wildest imaginations had she expected that Regal Palace's Palace Master would personally lead his men over at such a crucial time.

From the moment Tyr appeared, Kimmy was sure that they would return empty-handed today.

"Kimmy, you've toyed with our President Yates so badly and killed so many of our Regal Palace's brothers. Do you think you

can escape?” It was Don Quijote who spoke. When he said this, he had caught up to them at top speed and blocked Kimmy's path.

Kimmy's heart shuddered as the experts beside her frowned.

Don was just standing in front of them on his own, but he gave them a feeling that he was an army of a thousand warriors.

“Don Quijote, spare my life,” Kimmy pled.

This proved that many people in this world still feared death, even Kimmy, the young miss of the Goult family. She was as dignified as a queen earlier, but she was just as desperate when her life was at stake. Even if she knew it was impossible for Don to let her go, she begged out of reflex.

“Spare you?” Don’s lips cracked into a smile. “Kimmy, do you think it’s possible? But speaking of which, I really never thought that you would toy with President Yate’s feelings. And you’ve played him so hard. Sigh, it’s true that you’ll only know a man’s face but not his heart.

“Look at you. You look so pure and kind, so attentive and gentle, compared to that shrew Mona, you’re a perfect girl. But I never thought that under your pure and kind facade, you’ve actually hidden away such a vicious and dirty heart.”

This Mona that Don had mentioned was Juan’s other girlfriend. She was a direct member of Thailand’s royal Ma family and held great authority in this country. However, since Juan’s incident had involved too many first-rate prominent

families, the royal Ma family could not possibly interject without reason.

Even if Mona had surely received news of Juan being in danger right now, even if she was mad with worry, the prominent figures in her family would never allow her to step in and get involved in this.

After saying that, Don came closer to Kimmy. Those experts beside her immediately stepped forward to shield Kimmy from Don.

However, no matter how strong these guys were, they were no match for Don. Moreover, after Don had heard of the entire story, he had long entered a rampage mode. And so, Don wasted no time in beating these experts to the ground.

No one knew if these experts were dead,

but even if they were not, they would never live to see tomorrow's daylight either way.

Finally, Don gripped Kimmy by her neck. There was a time where he had dined and chatted with this girl before. As Kimmy was Juan's girlfriend, and she was educated and reasonable, Don had befriended her. Instead, he was always against Mona.

Now, Don frankly felt mildly upset because he had always thought that Kimmy would become his sister-in-law. Perhaps other people couldn't read Juan's feelings, but Don and Juan were two peas in a pod. Hence, he could definitely tell.

Juan and Mona were probably just a fling. Perhaps Juan had become Mona's boyfriend just for the sake of the power

behind her. However, Juan had fallen for Kimmy. He had truly fallen for her like never before.

Otherwise, Juan would have never believed in Kimmy so much and not suspected her family.

Even if he was upset, Kimmy must die today.

Don began tightening his hold as Kimmy's face started to turn red. She looked uncomfortable with her eyes almost popping and pupils covered in tiny blood vessels. She could barely breathe anymore, and it felt like a grim reaper was gripping her throat.

However, just as Don was about to end Kimmy's life, Juan's voice suddenly rang out, "Old Don, stop!"

The huge battle around them had ended, and the people Kimmy brought over had all fallen. Everything had ended. Yet, Juan did not feel any better.

He was limping as he walked up to Kimmy.

After hearing Juan calling out, Don subconsciously loosened his grip.

Frowning slightly, he glared at Juan and asked, "President Yates, you're not thinking of letting him go, are you?"

Juan did not answer but continued walking toward Kimmy.

Don wanted to say something else but was stopped by Tyr who came up behind him.

For a moment, the air around them fell silent. Everyone focused their attention on Juan and Kimmy.

Juan stood in front of Kimmy. Just like how they met for the first time, Juan was trying hard to force a gentlemanly smile.

However, Kimmy cried instead. Tears inadvertently streamed from her eyes. No one knew if she was crying out of fear of death or recalling the beautiful memories she had with Juan.

Finally, Juan came up to her and hugged her.

This scene had all of the Regal Palace Shadow members dumbstruck. What did King Yates mean by this? This woman had harmed him so much, hurt him so tragically. Was he still trying to rekindle their affection?

If Tyr had not been standing beside, these people would have never contained

themselves and gone over to tear Kimmy apart.

Kimmy hugged Juan tightly. Unable to control the emotions inside her, she began sobbing out loud.

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Chapter 332 You're the Love of My Life

Tears fell from Kimmy's face onto Juan Yates's shoulder. It felt almost scalding hot.

"Juan, I was wrong. I have made a mistake. Can't you just turn a blind eye for once? For the sake of our love."

Juan Yates took a deep breath and hugged Kimmy even tighter.

"I, Juan Yates, am nothing but a loafer. I have been with many women, but I have never given them my heart.

"But, do you know that you're the love of my life?"

"I have even made plans to go home and

marry you after Orpheus..."

Chuckle...

Juan ruthlessly stabbed the dagger in his hand into Kimmy's chest.

Kimmy stared at him; her eyes widened. Blood flowed from her mouth, and her hands, which were holding onto Juan tightly before, were sliding down. Soon, her body fell to the ground.

She was dead. 'Goodbye, my love!'

All the Regal Palace shadow members gathered around them held their breaths with conflicted emotions in their hearts.

Tyr Summers took a deep breath and then walked toward Juan.

Juan kept the dagger back into his sleeve and said, "I know Dark Shura means very

well. Kimmy might be the eldest daughter of the Goult family, but she has messed up today. If she goes back alive, Dark Shura will torture her to death cruelly.

"She might have killed so many old subordinates of mine, but I don't want her to be tortured."

Raindrops fell from the sky, landing on Juan's face.

Tyr lit a cigarette and shoved it into his mouth. Then, he rubbed both his eyes furiously and finally placed his hands on Juan's shoulders.

"If she wasn't the eldest daughter of the Goult family, maybe you guys would have ended up together. However, such possibilities are dim in this world.

"Go home. Take a bath, get a good night's

sleep. It's all over when the sun rises."

The two of them walked shoulder to shoulder in the front when Don Quijote caught up to them. "It's always nice to take a bath. Juan, I heard that there is a new club open recently in Pattaya, and it's clean."

Tyr glared at Don. Don felt a cold chill down his spine, not daring to say another word.

By the time Tyr's group returned to the manor they had come from, the sky was already bright.

It had been a long rainy season. The rain had continued to pour even after dawn.

At that moment, somewhere in the villa within the manor, everything appeared calm on the surface. However, it was clear

to everyone that a storm was brewing underneath, and it was about to hit them in no time.

"The casualties and losses of Regal Palace have been tallied up."

Iron Mask walked toward Tyr with the information. "All of those families that we worked with in Thailand before had suddenly turned against us. All of our Regal Palace's industries within the country had taken a devastating blow.

"Based on the rough estimation, Regal Palace had suffered losses of at least two billion dollars, with more than 500 casualties. At the same time, Yates's family liabilities were almost gone."

Hearing this figure, both Tyr and Don remained silent.

Since that battle with the Dark Totem two years ago, Regal Palace had never suffered such a defeat.

In a flash, Tyr's mind seemed to drift back to two years ago, a memory which one would never want to remember again, a nightmare.

Back then, that gruesome battle directly killed more than half of Tyr's brothers. To make things worse, more than fifty warriors from Nemesis were almost wiped out. In the end, only four of them survived.

As for property damage, Tyr and the others hadn't been able to come up with a proper figure up until now. It wasn't that it couldn't be done, but those figures were way too terrifying for anyone to be willing to make a concrete calculation.

This time, even though the Regal Palace's losses were worthless compared to two years ago, it was enough for Tyr to feel an extreme threat.

"Orpheus must be destroyed. Dark Shura must die too."

After a long moment of pause, Tyr finally made that statement. The declaration that Iron Mask and Don Quijote had long-awaited.

Regal Palace had never been cowards. The phrase 'one should bide one's time and wait for the right opportunity to seek vengeance' did not apply to Regal Palace. Orpheus had caused the organization to suffer a significant loss this time, so there was no way they would allow it to last longer than this year's Christmas.

Iron Mask handed over another piece of information to Tyr. He said, "Orpheus has great power in Thailand. It won't work for us to uproot Orpheus by fighting against those Thailand families that share a strong tie with them.

"So, if we want to fight, two conditions must apply."

Tyr nodded and explained, "The smartest thing about Dark Shura is that he's good at staying hidden in the shadows. He knows that he's no match to us if we meet force to force. That's why he chose a wimpy way."

"Dark Shura has indeed changed in the past two years, but even though they are good at staying in the dark, is there no way they can pass God's Eye of GPE?" The first condition implied by Iron Mask was to

accurately locate all of Orpheus bases in Thailand, then target them and completely get rid of them once and for all.

In the present world, other than the authorities, the only one capable of identifying these Orpheus bases was none other than GPE.

Tyr held his cellphone in his hand and took a deep breath. It was rather apparent that he was very agitated right now.

Who in the world could negotiate a deal with GPE without losing his cool?

Finally, Tyr activated the phone screen, entered Regal Web, and then sent a connection request to the GPE as the master of Regal Palace.

Soon, Tyr's phone's screen went dark again. A few seconds later, an eye that

sparkled like it contained a sea of stars appeared on the phone screen.

"Hello Mr. Summer, it's a pleasure to serve you again, and I'm sure this business will be just as pleasant."

"Pleasant?"

Tyr resisted the urge to smash the phone. He didn't bother to confront the GPE liaison, how much would he... who the hell would enjoy doing business with GPE?

Tyr cut to the chase, "I need the locations of all Orpheus's current strongholds, including the whereabouts of Dark Shura."

The GPE liaison on the other side of the phone went silent for a moment like last time, then replied, "Okay, Mr. Summer.

"There are a total of thirteen Orpheus

bases located throughout Asia, nine are located in Thailand, and the rest are scattered across four other Asian countries.

"If you need all the locations and information of these bases, GPE can deliver to you as a package. A fair price for everyone, it will only cost you 500 million dollars."

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Chapter 333 Blackmailed

"Five hundred million dollars!"

The corners of Tyr Summers' mouth twitched hard. Could GPE get any pricier?

"What about the Six Generals of the Orpheus?" Tyr propped another question.

"Mr. Summers, there are only four generals left at the moment. They are Dark General, Star General, Moon General, and Shadow General. It just so happens that all of them are in Thailand now.

"Given that you already know the hidden identity of Farrar, who happens to be the head of the Goult family but don't know Golda's whereabouts, GPE only asks for fifty million dollars for Golda's exact

location.

"As for the other three generals, each of their whereabouts cost one hundred million US dollars."

Tyr felt his blood pressure rise dramatically. Not only him, but Iron Mask and Don Quijote next to him were clenching their fists too.

It had always been Regal Palace's privilege to demand an exorbitant price from others, but current circumstances were the complete opposite. It made them lose their bargaining temper with GPE.

"500 million plus 350 million, plus the 300 million that Juan Yates owes, the total is..."

Matthew Collins, who was not too bright, started to pull out his fingers. After a good while, his roar thundered throughout the

hall.

"Master, that will be 1.15 billion in total. They're actually trying to extort 1.15 billion from you. That's daylight robbery, to say the least."

Matthew felt his brain was on the brink of exploding. Stephen Cole and Jamie Sunder, who were on the side, shared his sentiments as their thoughts were limited by poverty.

What the f*ck would the amount be if it was converted into Celestial Empire's currency? Around ten billion, that was the price for an International Trade Center.

"They've got a lot of nerve to extort my master."

Matthew's face turned red. He clenched his fists as if he was about to explode at

any moment. "Tell me the location of that GPS, I'll go and destroy them right now."

Tyr and the others beside him felt helpless about muscle-head, Matthew Collins, but they were used to it.

GPE claimed to be the most powerful intelligence organization in the world other than the authorities. It was the kind of organization that was hidden in an unknown place. If Tyr knew the actual location of GPE's headquarters, he would have already sent someone over.

Once GPE's location was exposed, not just Regal Palace but every super organization and prestigious families from all around the world would have sent people over to deal with GPE.

It wasn't just that these world's top

bigwigs weren't used to GPE's style of doing things; the main reason was that all of them were interested in GPE's resources.

That huge database was no qualm, the most enormous treasure trove in the world. Once they got their hands on it, all the wealth from the world would be at their fingertips.

However, this was just a fantasy. Who in the world could get their hands on GPE's database?

If only the simple-minded Matthew hadn't calculated the total amount of GPE asking price.

The amount made Tyr furious. He radiated a strong rush of rage.

"F*ck... The bounty on the Five Kings of the Regal Palace's on the dark web only

costs 300 million dollars. All eighteen generals are charged for 100 million, and that amount of money is the sort of business to die for.

"But the bounty for the Six General on the dark web is not more than thirty-five million. Yet, GPE wants a hundred million just for some leads on them, go rob a bloody bank then!"

It was true that Regal Palace had money, but that was not how one spent money.

That moment planted a seed in Tyr's heart. One day, he would get his hand on GPE's database and make them spit out all that they had extorted from him before this.

The GPE liaison on the other end of the phone clearly sensed Tyr's group's anger

at this point, but they were shamelessly throwing Tyr a wink emoji on the phone's screen.

The people of this organization had reached the point where their skin was thicker than the city walls, why would they be bothered about the anger and complaints of Tyr and his group?

"Mr. Summers, if you've thought it through, we can provide you with the info about Orpheus right away."

"The f*ck's the rush for?"

Tyr eventually couldn't resist the urge to burst out, "Where's Dark Shura, how much for his location?"

Although Tyr gnashed his teeth with hatred, the deal must go on.

Moreover, the asking price for Orpheus

was merely to pinpoint the location of the Six Generals of Orpheus and their thirteen bases. They hadn't talked about Night Shura's location yet.

"Mr. Summers, about a year ago, Mr. Dark Shura had spent a billion dollars to insure a ban from us."

"Insurance ban?"

"That's right, any information about him is now absolutely blocked in our GPE database. Anyone who wants to get Mr. Dark Shura's data and location from GPE, we can't provide it."

"What..." Tyr's heart sank. "How can we break this rule of yours?"

"Theoretically the rules can't be broken, but Mr. Summer if you really want to lift the Dark Shura's ban, you can pay a

hundred times as much."

One hundred times would be a hundred billion dollars. The liaison's suggestion left Tyr's at a loss.

'Can you GPE be any more shameless? There must be a bottom-line etiquette for making money, unlike your organization.'

"Mr. Summer, do you need the location of Mr. Dark Shura? I have just consulted with my boss, and he said he could offer you a five percent discount."

Five percent off... Tyr almost began to spurt blood. "What if I trade with you the entire Regal Palace?"

No doubt that this deal couldn't go on. Regal Palace claimed to have trillions of assets, but that was the assets, not the cash flows.

Even if Regal Palace could gather hundreds of billions of dollars in a short time, Tyr wouldn't go crazy spending so much money to find out Dark Shura's location.

In the end, Tyr, with his blood pressure over the top, spent 1.15 billion on GPE to get the intel on all Dark Shura's thirteen bases across Asia, as well as the specific location and the armed force intel of the four generals.

Hanging up the phone, Tyr's mind went blank.

Then, he thought of something else.

Tyr's previous return to Celestial Empire was considered confidential. While he had just touched down, Dark Shura had set up a series of the chain of events behind his back. If Dark Shura had personally sent

someone to investigate, it definitely wouldn't have been so swift.

Now, it seemed that, after placing a billion dollars of the insured ban of himself on GPE, Dark Shura had incidentally pulled out Tyr's specifics, his location, and intel from GPE.

It only seemed reasonable, for he had managed to send Jamie Sunder over at that precise moment, delivering him to death, and then went away with Blair Zea.

In a way, GPE was also an accomplice in the affair.

"K."

Tyr cursed and unlocked his cellphone once again. In a short while, the eye that Tyr wished so much to gouge reappeared on his phone screen once more.

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Chapter 334 All Four of Them

"Dear Mr. Summers, have you put some thought into it?"

"Do you think I'm stupid?" Tyr rudely replied to him, "How much would it cost if I were to have an insured blockade with GPE? "

The other party went quiet for a moment as if calculating. In a few moments, the man replied, "One and a half-billion dollars."

"One and a half billion."

Tyr was silent for a moment too. He said, "Once this one and a half billion dollars is invested, does it mean that if anyone wants to get my information in the future,

they will have to spend this much to unblock my data?"

"That's right, Mr. Summer, and if you really want to keep it a secret, I'd suggest you invest more. The more you put in, the safer you'll be."

"Oh."

Tyr sneered. "Who in the world can fork out 150 billion in one go? It's madness!

"One and a half billion, I'll put that in."

"Okay, Mr. Summer, I'm glad to work with you. From now on, your information will be Regal Palace SSS level of secret. You are now a GPE supreme VIP customer and will get to enjoy all deals from GPE with five percent discounts from now on."

"God damn five percent discount."

Tyr ended the call, feeling like he had lost years of his life.

Next to him, Don Quijote and Iron Mask, too, had gloomy faces. "Boss..."

"Shut it, leave me alone."

Tyr made a gesture to stop them, then he picked up the phone again and dialed Chiroptera's number.

Chiroptera, one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals, was in charge of the Shadow Department.

He was on the other side of the Atlantic doing all kinds of intelligence work at the moment when he received a call from Tyr.

As soon as he answered the boss, a furious scolding came from Tyr from the other end of the phone.

The scolding lasted for nearly five minutes, leaving Chiroptera baffled.

After the scolding, Tyr felt some relief. If only the Shadow Department could be more helpful, he wouldn't be blackmailed by GPE.

Tyr tossed the phone to the side and took a long time to calm himself down.

It didn't take long for GPE's side to send him intel about the thirteen bases and Orpheus's four generals.

"Excellent."

Tyr kept scrolling through the messages on his phone, with a trace of fierceness reflecting in his eyes.

"Dark Shura, even if I can't get your intel from GPE, I will overthrow your

foundation this time around. I doubt you can remain hidden."

After murmuring, Tyr turned to Don Quijote beside him and said, "Out of Orpheus's thirteen bases, nine of them are within Thailand, the rest are located in Orient, Goryeo, and Yue State."

"Who's in charge of Orient now?"

Don Quijote replied instantly, "It's Ash. He is originally from Orient. After you left Regal Palace, Chairman Smith placed him in charge of Regal Palace's estate in Orient."

Ash, also one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals, had been sharing Zeppelin Wayne's passion with a penchant for swords.

"Well, call him. Appoint him as the person

in charge of dealing with those four bases of Orpheus. I will give it three days; I want those bases to be wiped out at all cost.”

“Roger that.”

After saying that, Tyr directly uploaded the intel on Orpheus he received from GPE to the confidential section in Regal Web. This section was only accessible by Five Kings and the eighteen generals of Regal Palace.

“The main forces of Orpheus are stationed within Thailand. If this is their home turf, it's far from enough to rely on Regal Palace's underground forces in Thailand. But I don't want them to live for another three days.

“I'll contact Clifford Hann and inform him of the specifics, so he can arrange

someone to come over.

"You two better make all preparations in advance."

Dante and Don Quijote logged in to that space at once. Their hearts trembled a little when they saw the details of Orpheus on their phones.

It was undeniable that Orpheus was damn sick. In just two years, the organization was able to develop into its current state in Thailand.

Though Orpheus was far more potent than Iron Mask and the others could imagine, it was still worthless compared with Regal Palace.

Approximately ten minutes later, Tyr's phone rang. It was a call from King of the East, Clifford Hann.

"Shoot." Tyr pressed the answer button. His tone had returned to the calmness he had at the beginning.

"Boss, I'll bring someone over."

When Clifford made the decision, both Tyr and Don Quijote were not surprised at all.

As Dark Shura had once cast a deep shadow over Clifford, leaving him sleepless until now. He wouldn't be able to get past it unless he witnessed Dark Shura die with his own eyes.

This time, when the chance to deal with Dark Shura arose, Clifford would definitely bring someone over by himself.

"Alright." Tyr didn't turn him down and agreed with the request.

"Other than that, Boss, Ivory Dragon and

the others want to tag along."

"What..."

As soon as the words came out, not only Don Quijote and Iron Mask, but even Tyr's heart skipped a beat.

"He's alone?"

"No, all four of them."

Tyr drew a cold breath, while Don Quijote and Iron Mask seemed to look conflicted.

White-eyed Ivory Dragon, the former Number One of Nemesis, was also the Middle King among the Five Kings of Regal Palace.

At the same time, he was also the well-recognized best fighter in Regal Palace, excluding Tyr of course, because White-eyed Ivory Dragon and Tyr had never

really fought. It wasn't that they had never thought about it. It was just that White-eyed Ivory Dragon would never challenge Tyr until he was a hundred percent sure of defeating him.

In that great battle with Dark Totem two years ago, many Nemesis members died in Dark Shura's hand. Therefore, White-eyed Ivory Dragon and the others would definitely not be letting this opportunity slip by.

Out of fifty Nemesis members, in the end, only four of them remained. Only those who had joined Nemesis would be able to get a clear picture of the bonding they shared.

For two years, White-eyed Ivory Dragon and the others had silently mourned in incomparable grief. Their way of venting

this grief was to train and improve themselves regularly.

No one knew to what extent their strength had risen during these two years.

Regal Palace would be ready to invest massive capitals and send over many top fighters to fight Orpheus.

When the time came, he wouldn't stand a chance even if the opponent was someone as powerful as Dark Shura.

Clifford, on the other end of the phone, continued, "Boss, the intel from GPE's database points out that if we want to annihilate Orpheus, we must mobilize a large number of members from various places overseas.

"By rough estimation, at least 2000 members will have to fly over, and every

single one of them must be an elite of Regal Palace."

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Chapter 335 Mona

In a large-scale battle like this, two thousand people in a single party wasn't really much. Still, if every single one of these two thousand people was an elite, then it made it a terrifying force.

Tyr's eyebrows furrowed slightly. "So, you're worried that the Thai government will restrict Regal Palace from entering the country?"

"Right."

Clifford Hann nodded with a decisive nod. "A force this powerful, entering any country will definitely attract a great deal of attention from the authorities. None of them will ever allow us to enter their land.

"If we choose to steal across the

international border on a large scale, it's completely unrealistic. We'll likely be stopped by the Thai military."

Clifford Hann's words were definitely not an alarmist statement. It was just as if Tyr wanted to relocate Regal Palace to Celestial Empire and return the drifting leaves to their roots.

If he were to directly move the entire Regal Palace's to be stationed in Celestial Empire, the authorities would not only disapprove, even the prestigious families in Celestial Empire would stop at nothing to halt them.

This was no joke.

"So, Boss, it's your call. If we follow the traditional way, it will take at least half a month to contact Thailand authorities.

"If we are smuggling in, we need to be ready for the worst-case scenario of total annihilation."

Tyr frowned even harder. It seemed as if he was suddenly stuck in a dilemma.

Wait for another half month?

Was this possible? After half a month, everything the GPE had given them would have changed dramatically. The billions of dollars would be wasted.

However, if they chose to sneak in and force their way into the country, the stakes were too high even for Tyr.

Just as Tyr was trapped within the situation, a domineering woman's voice suddenly sounded outside the door.

She was speaking in Thai, but Tyr and the

others were already proficient in various countries' languages, so naturally, they understood it.

"I can convince the authorities. You can go on and allocate the elite of Regal Palace. How dare they touch my husband? I will make sure that Dark Shura and Orpheus suffer a horrible death! "

Tyr and the group all turned to look at the doorway in unison.

The next thing they saw was a woman wearing a black tight leather suit, with an angel-like complexion and devilish body with a domineering aura walking in.

At first glance, Tyr thought this woman looked familiar. It felt as if they had met before.

He was still pondering exactly when he

had seen this woman before, but Don Quijote, on the other side, had been the first to call out her name.

"Mona, how did you get released?"

So, she was Mona, another girlfriend of Juan Yates. No wonder Tyr felt she looked familiar. He had seen her more than once when he was on a video call with Juan Yates.

"What do you mean I've been released? You make it sound like I have gone to jail."

Mona frowned, and her face was icy cold as she walked up to Don Quijote and threw a punch at his abdomen.

This woman was naturally born violent. Even a strong man like Don Quijote felt a fiery pain in his abdomen when he took a punch from her.

"Mona, don't think that just because you're Juan's girlfriend, I wouldn't dare to beat you up."

"Beat me up?"

Without saying a word, Mona grabbed Don Quijote's shoulder with both her hands and slammed her knee heavily into Don Quijote.

Don Quijote hastily backed up and dodged, looking at Mona, feeling like he was looking at a demoness.

"Mona, don't take it too far."

"One more word, I will break all of your teeth into pieces."

Mona threatened Don Quijote. Unsure if Don Quijote was giving face to Juan Yates or if he was terrified of this woman, he just

shut his mouth afterward.

Mona didn't look at Don Quijote again but turned to the side and looked at Tyr. "You're Juan Yates's boss?"

For a woman like Mona, who gave off a heroine and exceptional warrior's vibe, even Tyr was somewhat shocked by her. If this woman were in the underground society, she would be a boss lady for sure.

To put it in a different perspective, if she were to be a bandit in ancient times, she would have become the bandits' chief.

"Yes, I am. Hi, my name is Tyr Summers."

Tyr politely extended his hand, wanting to shake Mona's hand.

However, Mona looked at Tyr in disgust and said, "I don't like other men touching

my hand casually. I've already taken care of the authority of Thailand for Regal Palace. Feel free to ship your people in.

"But we have to agree on a few rules. Regal Palace's men's sole purpose of coming in is to deal with Orpheus, absolutely without any hidden agenda. Otherwise, don't blame us for being rude.

"Also, you have forty-eight hours from the moment of entry to departure. Anytime beyond that, the Thai military will take action."

Mona didn't like to beat around the bush, so she said everything very clear and straightforwardly.

It felt as if the Thailand government was looking at the Regal Palace as an underworld society's gang. While in fact, a

minor player like the underworld society's gang could not be compared with Regal Palace.

"We are not an underground society gang. The Regal Palace corporation is operating under a proper channel and is legally registered in every country." Iron Mask, who was right beside him, voiced out.

Mona simply laughed it off. "Don't pull this useless stunt with me. You guys are even more terrifying than the underground society forces. This is the best deal I can get for you."

Tyr didn't know Mona well, so he was a little worried that this was another trap.

Subconsciously, Tyr looked at Don Quijote next to him, who nodded his head seriously.

Tyr's heart relaxed a little following his response. Next, he made an extraordinary gesture of courtesy of Thailand to express his gratitude to Mona.

"Thank you, Miss Mona, for helping to pave the way for Regal Palace."

"Stop being so full of yourself. I am not doing this for Regal Palace. Where is Juan Yates?"

Mona was really direct in her speech, but there didn't seem to be anything wrong with that straightforwardness.

"Up there." Don Quijote pointed at the room on the second floor without a second thought.

"F*ck him." Mona cursed and then stomped up to the second floor. As she

went up the stairs, Tyr and the others saw her pulling out a whip from her waist.

Tyr and the others' faces all changed. "Sh*t, someone is going to die."

The group of people quickly followed her up to the second floor, but they were a step too late.

Boom!

Juan's door was kicked open by Mona with a roar, and Juan's screams were heard right away.

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Chapter 336 The White-Eyed Ivory Dragon

"Juan Yates, you f*cker. I've told you that you're biased, and you still won't admit it. Kimmy told you to eat shit, and you just did her bidding. Why are you such a b*tch?"

As soon as she finished, Mona cracked the whip on Juan's side.

Juan was covered in wounds and was weak. He was in the state where he couldn't withstand such a whip.

He was shocked and hurriedly rolled away, narrowly avoiding the whip. At the same time, the quilt next to him was cracked open by the whip. The cotton filling inside poured out over the bed. It was very

terrifying.

"You're crazy," Juan said to Mona fiercely.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I'm just crazy, so what?"

Without saying another word, Mona swung her whip once again. This time, the whip stiffly knocked Juan off the bed.

Tyr and the others who followed in from behind drew a cold breath when they saw this scene.

There was a saying that women were tigers, and the statement was somewhat accurate. When Mona was mad, she was more frightening than a tiger.

"She must be jealous; it smells like it all over the room."

Don Quijote shook his head somewhat

helplessly. "Both sides of the boat have flipped this time. Juan will have a hard time in the future."

"He's a lesson from the past. You'd better learn from his mistake."

Tyr gave Don a stern look that sent a chill down his spine.

Naturally, Don was about to go up to stop Mona. After all, it was the type of situation where Mona might torture Juan to death. The whip wielded in her hand was about to turn this bedroom into ruins.

However, Tyr stopped Don. "Get out and close the door."

"Boss, you're not kidding, right?" Don looked at Tyr, shocked. "This woman is nuts, and she might kill him."

"He will survive."

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After saying that, Tyr exited Juan's bedroom with everyone else. Screams followed, lasting for several minutes.

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Finally, the dust settled. Juan lay back on the bed, drawing his last gasp.

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The door opened, and Mona walked out of the room. She had been trying hard to control emotions to keep her face expressionless.

However, her bloodshot eyes betrayed her. "How dare you hurt my husband like this!"

After muttering, she turned to Tyr and the others who had been guarding the door and said, "If Regal Palace fails to annihilate Orpheus, I'll have the Thai military take over."

"You want the military to take action

against Orpheus?" Don's face lit up.

"Nope, I'll have the military take action and destroy you."

Don and Tyr were speechless.

On the evening of that day, at the airport.

A group of men with unique aura walked out of the airport.

There were five of them in total, led by a burly man and a sturdy man with sunglasses.

One of these two men was the King of the East—Clifford Hann. While the other was the Middle King—White-Eyed Ivory Dragon—the best fighter of Regal Palace and Nemesis. A man whose combat power was so mighty that he was almost a god.

Tyr, on the other hand, was God of Regal

Palace.

Behind them were a middle-aged monk with a ninth ring fragrance scar on his head, a man with a disabled left foot who walked with a limp, and a man dressed in all black with wooden clogs and carrying a black samurai sword on his back.

The monk's name was Sigillum, the original number three of Nemesis.

The man with a disability was nicknamed Devastation, original Nemesis number five.

While the man with the samurai sword on his back was Dhrishit, originating from Orient, the original number six of Nemesis.

These four men were the four who survived from the fifty or so Nemesis members back then. They carried the faith of the other Nemesis' brothers to live in

this world.

How Dhrishit got past the airport security check while carrying such a long samurai sword on his back was unknown.

The five of them walked out of the airport with the aura that kept strangers away. Any passers-by within five meters radius would automatically avoid the group.

Sometimes, it was hard to put the finger on why some people had an aura that scared people.

Tyr, Don, and the others were waiting. Eventually, the five came to a stop in front of Tyr and called out to him.

Tyr scanned the five of them one by one, and finally fixed his gaze upon White-Eyed Ivory Dragon. "It's been a while. Now, it's about time to come out and make

a move."

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon nodded and did not say much.

He then looked behind Tyr at the group of people consisting of Matthew Collins and the others.

Matthew and the other five instantly had that feeling of being stared at by an ancient divine beast. Even though the other party was wearing sunglasses, they could still feel his eyes' sharpness beneath the cover of his sunglasses.

"Is this man Nemesis Number One—White-Eyed Ivory Dragon?"

Matthew took a deep breath; even though he had been trying his best to hold back the fear within him, his entire body couldn't resist trembling slightly.

"These four, are they the four original Nemesis that have survived?"

Matthew and the others suddenly felt a mountain of pressure. They didn't even have to make a move. Simply standing here was enough to make Matthew and the others deeply understand the difference between Wolf's Den and Nemesis; that gap was tremendous.

It was kind of pressuring, but at the same time, motivating.

"You guys are the members of Wolf's Den that Brother Tyr talked about?"

Finally, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon spoke up. His voice wasn't anything special. It just gave off a bossy vibe.

"Yeap."

Matthew was a redneck, and out of the five of them, he was the only one who could still display the kind of confidence that screamed, 'I am the best in the world'.

"You guys might be seniors, but we, Wolf's Den, will soon be able to catch up to you."

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon smiled faintly and didn't reply. Then, Tyr and the others went back.

After returning to the manor, Tyr and the others had a simple meal and then made some complex deployments.

The next day, early in the morning, more than two thousand elites of Regal Palace entered Thailand. Simultaneously, they were assigned to settle in various hiding spots within the country, waiting for the next instructions.

Throughout the day, Thailand looked calm and peaceful on the surface, but a battle was already surging behind the scenes.

Finally, night fell.

This final battle between Regal Palace and Orpheus had finally begun.

With so many Regal Palace members arriving in Thailand, it was impossible for Orpheus to not know. However, everything had happened abruptly. Even if they had received the news, they wouldn't have had time to change anything.

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Chapter 337 The Great War Begins

During this never-ending rainy season, it was only natural for rain to continue falling from the night sky. As the night grew deeper and deeper, the rain also got heavier and heavier.

At eight o'clock in the evening, there were only a few people from Tyr's group left within the manor. Whereas, the bulk of them had already been sent out.

Don Quijote and Iron Mask had already taken the Regal Palace Shadow Members stationed in Thailand with them to finish off the three strongholds of Orpheus. Likewise, Sigillum, Devastation, and Dhrishit were in charge of getting rid of

the rest of Orpheus' bases with the other elites from Regal Palace.

What the rest who still remained had to deal with, was the Orpheus headquarters in Thailand. Dark Shura was most likely within those headquarters right now.

Even so, it wasn't time yet. The group still needed to stay here and give commands until the whole situation was fully under control. Only then could they attack Orpheus' headquarters.

Things had come to this stage. Tyr and the others weren't worried about the possibility of Dark Shura receiving the news about them in advance and fleeing. From the moment GPE provided Tyr with the locations of Orpheus' various strongholds, this kind of massive battle was bound to catch them off guard.

It was impossible for Orpheus to do anything about it in such a short time.

Dark Shura couldn't have seen it coming. He never would have expected Tyr to go all out and directly transfer so many Regal Palace elites to deal with them.

In the meantime, inside that bedroom of Juan's, his entire body was wrapped in bandages. All wrapped up like that, he looked like a mummy as he leaned against the bed, smoking. Beside him stood the three of Tyr's men.

Tyr was standing in front of the window, looking at the drizzle that kept descending from the night sky outside. His facial expression seemed to be emotionless.

Clifford Hann received a message from Ash, sent via the Regal Web. He informed

Tyr at once, “Boss, Ash's side sent a message over. All of Orpheus' strongholds outside of Thailand have almost been brought down by them.”

Tyr didn't reply.

But Juan, who was resting on the bed, snorted. “That's all there is of Orpheus.”

“It took a mere two years for Dark Shura to develop Orpheus to this extent. That's unusually fast,” said Clifford. Looking over to Juan, he snapped unpleasantly, “You moron, you've disgraced all the Kings.”

Juan was about to retort, the words were on his lips, but he knew he was at a disadvantage and was helpless to fend for himself. This time, he had indeed failed miserably. The incident was likely to become a lifelong knot in his heart.

It was currently nine o'clock in the evening. Nearly three hours had gone by since the start of the attack against Orpheus. At this time, Tyr's phone rang. Picking it up right away, he said, "Speak up."

Don Quijote's voice came from the other end of the call, "Boss, Iron Mask and I have wiped out four of Orpheus' bases, but there was no sign of the Orpheus Six Generals. What's next?"

Tyr replied calmly, "The Six Generals of Orpheus aren't where you are. You need to get to their stronghold over in Pattaya right away, Shadow General is there. Sigillum should have already confronted them by now.

"If Sigillum has already taken down

Shadow General by the time you make it there, you can join him and proceed to Brimstone Valley. We will meet there at midnight.”

“Got it,” replied Don.

Under the night, at a street in Pattaya where a number of Sak Yant tattoo shops are operating.

The so-called Sak Yant Tattoo Street literally means ‘a street full of tattoo shops’ in the Celestial Empire's language. In the Celestial Empire, the masses had the impression that tattoos were only for those who weren't engaged in honest work.

However, that wasn't the case in Thailand.

In Thailand, tattooing was a sort of belief, a form of a spiritual tattoo. With different types of tattoo designs being applied to a

person, they each symbolized different meanings. The tattoos also bestowed various desired effects on them.

This was a land where all the residents believed in Buddhism. Both the Buddha's medallion and spiritual tattoos were regarded positively. Hence, this tattoo street was awfully famous in Pattaya.

Two men walked into the entrance of Sak Yant Tattoo Street.

The one walking in front was an oriental monk, as evidenced by how he dressed differently from the local monks.

Meanwhile, the one walking behind him was clad in a gray garment. He was carrying a cell phone in his hand, its lens pointing at the monk in front of him.

These two men were Sigillum and

Ashblood.

Sigillum was leading, and Ashblood was trailing behind him. They drew quite a bit of attention along the way. The two of them went all the way through the crowded street, and finally arrived at the far end of the street.

Here, there was an ancient-looking, nameless tattoo shop. But, the smell of incense coming out of the shop was very strong. Sigillum and Ashblood walked all the way into the shop.

A man dressed in white monk vestments came out of it. "I'm sorry. All of Mr. Tempus' three reservation slots are full, please come back tomorrow," he said politely.

His undertone implied that Tempus was

very popular on this street, to the point of even having a quota limitation.

But Sigillum shook his head and stated, “I’m not here for a tattoo.”

“Why are you here?” asked the man.

Sigillum smiled faintly. “Don’t you realize that I’m also a monk? I’m here for spiritual combat with Tempus.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Sigillum’s figure instantly disappeared from in front of the monk dressed in white. By the time his responses kicked in, Sigillum had already bypassed him and entered the shop.

The white-clothed monk was momentarily startled. At the same time, Ashblood also followed Sigillum’s lead and went into the store.

“Stop,” the white-clothed monk called out.

He was about to go up to the two of them and chase them out, but Ashblood sent him away with a kick that was fierce enough to send the man flying.

Behind the door, was a courtyard. A powerful odor of incense was pouring out from it.

At the rear of the courtyard, was a room with a Buddha statue.

A shirtless man was kneeling in front of the statue, and behind him, with a piercing needle in his hand, a mage in white monk's clothing was tattooing a Hanuman pattern on the shirtless man. He was moving his hands together as he chanted, infusing the pattern with spiritual power.

Although Sigillum was a monk, none of his actions resembled one.

With a mocking smile on his face, he went straight to the door of the room and asked, “I’m curious, after you tattoo that Hanuman pattern on him, is it seriously going to grant him super strength?”

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Chapter 338 The Shadow General

Sigillum's words interrupted the tattooing procedure. It was taboo for such a process to pause. Both the white-clothed venerable mage and the client turned around, staring at Sigillum.

In Thailand, masters of magic were referred to as Ajarn, and this white-clothed venerable master was known as Ajarn Tempus.

The smile on Sigillum's face grew even broader, "Ajarn Tempus, the eminent white-clothed Ajarn from Pattaya. I hear that your spiritual tattoos are quite effective. But I'm curious, are you an Ajarn of white magic, or of black magic?"

Ajarn Tempus was still standing in the

same place, holding that piercing needle in his hand. He was acting very calmly.

On the contrary, it was the client who couldn't take it anymore. Letting out a low roar, he promptly stood up, swinging his huge fist and throwing a punch in Sigillum's direction.

It seemed that this man was a boxer.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked Ajarn Tempus to give him a Hanuman tattoo to boost his strength. Moreover, judging from his moves and the explosive power of his fist, he was a professional boxer at the level of a champ.

Boom!

A dull sound rang out, the sound of fists clashing, followed by the sound of bones cracking and the shrieks of the customer.

Boom!

The boxer suddenly flew through the air and landed heavily on top of the Buddha statue. The entire statue was then smashed into bits by his body. His entire arm was severely mutilated, one could even clearly see the broken bone spurs sticking out of his flesh.

“He’s so strong and so fast,” muttered Ashblood, his phone camera fixed on Sigillum.

He hadn’t been able to clearly see how Sigillum attacked the other man, all he managed to spot was the guy flying backwards. And the force of the attack was numbing.

“Is this the power of the original number three of Nemesis? It’s too terrifying!”

Ashblood drew in a succession of gasps, this trip to Thailand had really been an eye-opener.

After Sigillum blasted the client with a single punch, he put his hands together and recited an Amitabha. Then, he gazed at Ajarn Tempus again, but the other party was still unmoving. He hadn't even blinked an eye when he saw Sigillum blow away his client with a single punch. Only a true master of combat could remain so calm.

Sigillum began to introduce himself, “Shadow General, my name is Sigillum, the Regal Palace's First Combat Squad, Number Three of Nemesis.”

Finally, from the opposite side, Ajarn Tempus cracked his mouth wide open,

revealing his white teeth. “I never thought that this place could be discovered by Regal Palace.”

“There are many more things you didn't expect. After tonight, Orpheus will no longer exist in the world,” said Sigillum.

The two of them stared at each other, and although neither of them made the first move towards the other, a powerful smell of gunpowder filled the air.

The battle between them hadn't started yet, but a sudden noise was coming from the street outside the courtyard. A light rain was falling from the sky, and the lights on the street were flickering on and off.

A large number of men dressed in black with weapons in their hands, emitting

murderous vibes, rushed into the street. Following that, many other people also rushed out of their houses into the street, holding weapons in their hands just the same.

Within a few minutes, a battle between several hundred people erupted on this street. It was a battle between the elites of Regal Palace and the elites under the charge of Orpheus' Shadow General.

The tattoo street was one of the thirteen strongholds of the Orpheus, and it was Shadow General's domain.

The reason why Orpheus' whereabouts were so secretive was that they were good at concealing themselves among ordinary people. Just like Black General, whose stronghold was located in a Buddhist temple.

As for Shadow General, his base was stationed here on the tattoo street, which was a very, very common street in Thailand. After all, the best way to hide a drop of water, is to place it within the ocean.

“Sigillum, I've heard of you,” said Shadow General, smiling faintly.

With a casual movement, a piercing needle about the length of a finger was thrown towards Sigillum. Shadow General's speed was as swift as a bolt of lightning, but Sigillum managed to dodge it in time. The two figures started to speed through the courtyard.

On the side, Ashblood was holding his cell phone and continuously capturing the battle footage of the two. Still, their figures

moved so fast that it was difficult for him to catch them on camera.

Shadow General, as one of the Orpheus Six Generals, was indeed mighty.

But unfortunately, the person he was up against this time was the original third member of Nemesis, who had one of the most sophisticated fighting skills in Regal Palace. Even if one were to look at the eighteen generals of Regal Palace, very few of them would be a match for Sigillum.

Shadow General only lasted less than ten moves in the match, before he was slapped into the sky by Sigillum. A mouthful of blood gushed out of his mouth while his body was still in midair. As he landed, he tumbled twice, then rolled to the door.

“You're a weakling,” declared Sigillum, an

indication of disdain implied in his tone.

Once again, at the speed of lightning, he pounced towards Shadow General.

At the same time, Shadow General grabbed the white monk robe he was wearing and yanked on it. The robe was torn off, and with a flip, more than a dozen piercing needles shot over towards Sigillum.

Each of these piercing needles was like a bullet, amazingly fast and powerful.

Sigillum hurriedly dodged, that trick wasn't enough to hurt him. Those needles passed by him and pierced directly into the stone wall behind him.

Though Sigillum was totally capable of dodging those stinging needles, Ashblood over there definitely didn't have that capability.

Waving the white robe in his hand for a second time, several more needles flew out, but this time Shadow General's target wasn't Sigillum. The needles were all flying towards Ashblood instead.

At that instant, Ashblood felt an enormously severe threat to his life. He had even envisioned the scene where the needles would directly penetrate his body.

But, in the blink of an eye, Sigillum threw himself towards Ashblood, catching all the needles shot by Shadow General with his own strength.

Ashblood felt like he was a lucky survivor, having brushed past the jaws of death.

On the other hand, Shadow General had taken advantage of the moment when Sigillum was saving Ashblood. He had

sprung out of the door in a black monk's robe, which he had been wearing underneath his white robe, and vanished from Sigillum's sight in a fraction of a second.

“Trying to escape?” growled Sigillum, running after Shadow General in long strides.

The second he reached the door, seven or eight figures dressed in black monk robes similar to Shadow General's showed up on the street.

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Chapter 339 The End of the Goult Family

They seemed to have been prepared and began to fly everywhere in all directions.

“Sh*t!” yelled Sigillum.

The moment gave him a horrible feeling. He let out a low roar, then lunged towards those seven or eight figures as fast as he could. Quickly catching up with them, he blew each of them to the ground with a single move.

Yet, none of the seven or eight figures were actually Shadow General.

Sigillum's brows furrowed deeply. Shadow General had a reputation for being tricky. Before getting here, Tyr had explicitly

ordered that he must not be taken lightly. Sigillum hadn't taken this matter seriously at the time, but now, he was starting to understand.

The street outside had been plunged into a chaotic fight, and Regal Palace's party had gained the clear upper hand. It wouldn't be long before this base would be annihilated by them.

But, Shadow General was nowhere to be found.

Ashblood rushed out of the courtyard, taking in the situation. "You shouldn't have saved me just now," he said, a trace of remorse appearing in his tone for causing trouble for Sigillum.

"You are part of the next generation of fighters nurtured by Zero. We can let

Shadow General go, but mustn't allow anything to happen to you. Zero gave each of us a good lecture before your batch left," replied Sigillum.

Those words left Ashblood stunned, a warm-hearted feeling flowing through his heart.

At the same time, Sigillum's eyes were like torches, constantly scanning the street. Alas, his efforts to locate Shadow General were futile.

On the other hand, Shadow General had already escaped from this street through a unique path. At another bustling street outside, he was in a wretched state, fleeing as fast as he could like a dog.

Back when Sigillum showed up at the tattoo shop, Shadow General had already

foreseen that he would suffer a great misfortune today. Even so, he was, by all odds, the most cautious of the Orpheus Six Generals.

No matter what, he always left himself a good retreat route in case of emergencies. And today, his caution had saved his life.

The light rain falling from the sky turned into a heavy downpour. In his black monk's robe, Shadow General was like a real shadow, almost invisible in the night.

He kept running forward for a while, making sure that Sigillum wasn't catching up to him from behind, and then let out a sigh of relief. Just as when he reckoned that he had escaped, suddenly, several intense beams of lights were simultaneously channelled towards him from the road ahead.

In that moment, Shadow General was comparable to a cloud of shadows, fully exposed under the sunlight with nowhere to hide.

Seven or eight meters ahead, a few cars were parked with their headlights on, pointed towards Shadow General. Next to the cars, stood a group of men who were garbed in black.

Their leader was Don Quijote.

“Ah, Shadow General, I’ve been waiting for quite some time. It seems that Boss was right to ask me to support Sigillum, you're a real trickster,” said Don as he walked towards Shadow General.

A man next to Don was holding a black umbrella for him.

Shadow General's brow furrowed, and he

turned around to run without thinking. He was surprised to find the same blinding spotlights illuminating him from behind.

Behind him were numbers of cars. Beside the vehicles, stood the elites of Regal Palace, led by Iron Mask, who was walking forward. Someone behind him was holding a black umbrella for him as well.

Shadow General was trapped between a rock and a hard place. He was at the end of his rope, there was no way out. This was a situation where one had to pick a direction to break out.

Locking his gaze on Don Quijote, Shadow General conjured his full strength, attempting to break through his defensive line in one fell swoop.

However, he had far underestimated Don'

s strength. When Shadow General rushed towards him, Don Quij's fist came down like a cannonball.

Shadow General had already been seriously injured in the battle with Sigillum earlier on, how could he be a match for Don? So, with just one punch, Shadow General was blown out into the sky by Don.

He hadn't even landed on the ground when the sharp pain in his back kicked in, followed by a cold sensation spreading through his body. Behind him, Iron Mask's steel claws had penetrated his back. The moment he landed, blood was already staining his back red.

Shadow General eyes were wide open as he collapsed in a pool of blood with an unwilling face.

This entire process was recorded by Stephen Cole and Jamie Sunder, who had tagged along with Don Quijote and the others. The two of them felt intense shock when they witnessed the scene.

Every battle they had filmed tonight had refreshed their worldviews over and over again.

“Take care of him,” instructed Don, getting back into one of the cars.

On the opposite site, Iron Mask did the same.

The cars started, and they drove all the way to Tattoo Street. Approximately half an hour later, all three parties converged and headed towards the Brimstone Valley that Tyr had spoken of.

Meanwhile, there was an on-going battle

taking place in an European-style manor.

Under the shroud of night, the street lights outside the manor were continually flickering. By this time, the battle had almost reached its end.

From 6pm onwards, Regal Palace had officially initiated their annihilation operation against Orpheus.

All bases within Thailand had suffered sudden and devastating blows, except for the Orpheus headquarters, which was located in Brimstone Valley. Regal Palace took them all on at the same time, which was between six to nine o'clock.

Iron Mask and Don Quijote had destroyed four of Orpheus' strongholds, while Sigillum had destroyed Tattoo Street.

Finally, Devastation and Dhrishit, who had

also previously led the destruction of two of Orpheus' strongholds, were dealing with the last of the Orpheus' strongholds at this time.

It was the headquarters of the Goult family, the place where the family leader, Golda, lived.

Half an hour ago, Devastation and Dhrishit had arrived with their men and fought a battle against hundreds of elites from the Goult family. It only took half an hour for that battle to reach its end.

It was also a battle with a foreseeable outcome. Even though the Goult family was the prestigious family of Thailand, they couldn't handle Regal Palace's sudden onslaught on their headquarters.

Tonight, once Regal Palace exterminated

their headquarters and killed off the family, including some of the top people within the clan, the entire Goult family would be in chaos.

With Mona's help, it would be easy for Regal Palac to take over the Goult family's properties in Thailand.

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Chapter 340 Devastation vs Muay Thai Champion

The entire manor was a bloody mess, and the surrounding buildings which originally appeared majestic had turned into ruins.

Amidst the battle crowd, two silhouettes particularly stood out—Devastation, Nemesis' number five, and Dhrishit, Nemesis' number six.

Although Devastation had a disabled left foot and walked with a limp, it didn't affect his speed at all. He had an iron leg mounted on top of his left foot, and he used it as his weapon. With almost every kick made by his leg, an elite member of the Goult family would be sent flying, leaving them either dead or disabled.

As for Dhrishit, he was even more brutal. Holding the black samurai sword in his hand, he swung it like Hattori Hanzo, chopping at the surrounding Goult family elites as if they were cabbages.

The two of them killed their way towards the villa, completely unstoppable and unhindered along the way. Finally, they arrived at the villa, as if two demons were presenting themselves.

They were accompanied by two people from behind—Troy Yager and Matthew Collins.

Matthew and the others were practically like reporters in a war-torn country. They were surrounded by gunfire and bullets, but they just kept clenching their teeth, striving to record the footage of every

exciting battle that took place. These footages would become Wolf Den's most precious treasures in the future.

Within the villa's hall, a man in his forties was sitting on a couch. He wasn't guarded by multitudes of bodyguards, there was just one standing next to him.

The bodyguard had a lean body, as well as beefy and muscular arms and legs. At a glance, one could tell that he was a mighty Muay Thai fighter.

In fact, his name was Rockmight. He was a celebrated Muay Thai champion in Thailand. Over the past twenty years, his strength was ranked as one of the top five in the country. Now, he had been made the ultimate fighter of the Goult family.

His eyes were locked onto Dhrishit's and

Devastation's bodies in a deadly manner, looking at them as if they were two pieces of dead meat.

"I really didn't expect that you guys would actually make it here in such a short time. It seems that Orpheus has really underestimated Regal Palace. I never expected that you guys would be so crazy as to deploy so many elites over here in such a short time.

"Tonight, Orpheus has been completely crushed," said Golda.

Golda was also known as Dark General, one of the six generals of Orpheus. Besides being the head of the Goult family, he was once a high-ranking member of Shadow Totem.

As far as Golda knew, Regal Palace hadn't

been this powerful or deranged two years ago. He genuinely hadn't anticipated that after destroying Shadow Totem, the current Regal Palace would actually develop so quickly to such a terrifying level.

In fact, when Golda learned that Regal Palace was closing in on them, he knew that his end had come. He didn't have as strong a desire to live as Shadow General, because compared to Shadow General, Golda had a clearer perspective of the big picture.

Finally, Golda looked at Dhrishit and Devastation, who were still standing at the doorway, and asked one last question, "My daughter, is she still alive?"

"Dead. Killed by Juan Yates himself, she can't be alive."

“Oh.”

Golda didn't say another word after that. He waved his hand behind him, gesturing towards Rockmight, who instantly came up like a cheetah towards Dhrishit and Devastation.

As if he had taken a great interest in Rockmight, Devastation limped towards him. “He’s mine.”

“Ok,” responded Dhrishit, dragging the samurai sword in his hand as he walked towards Golda.

While the battle was on the verge of beginning, Matthew and Troy were standing at the door, ogling the scene through their cell phone cameras.

As the number one Muay Thai fighter in

Thailand, Rockmight was extraordinarily ruthless and deadly, both in terms of moves and power. From the beginning of the duel, it appeared that Nemesis' number five might actually be overpowered by Rockmight.

After all, someone with superior strength was going against someone with a handicapped left leg.

Rockmight threw a punch, not only as fast as a gust of wind, but with the help of his waist and elbow, that fist directly smashed through the air. Devastation dodged Rockmight's punch, and as soon as he escaped, a fierce combo followed.

Muay Thai was all about using one's elbows and knees to launch this kind of all-rounded attack, as ferocious as a violent wind and stormy rain. In a flash,

Rockmight launched a dozen attacks at Devastation. Each move was fast, accurate, and vicious.

This scene astonished Matthew and Tory, who were still standing by the door.

This was Muay Thai at its finest, utterly different from the kind of boxing matches staged on TV. This was the kind of Muay Thai which was used to kill.

It was impossible to estimate how fast Rockmight's punches were, let alone how mighty his fists were in killing. Under the flurry of attacks, it seemed as if Devastation couldn't fight back at all.

The situation left both Matthew and Tory dubious. "This shouldn't be."

They had seen the power of the Regal Palace members before. Any of those four

Nemesis members would be able to easily beat down their Wolf Den's number one, Mad Torbert Octavius.

And although Rockmight was powerful, there was absolutely no way that he could overpower Devastation to such an extent.

While the two of them were feeling bewildered, Rockmight over there had already thrown a punch at Devastation's chest. The punch was so forceful that it forced Devastation to take a step back.

A trace of contempt finally appeared on Rockmight's face. "Is this what Regal Palace is made of? It's not quite what I expected. It seems that many people have overestimated Regal Palace."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Rockmight had already launched the

second round of attacks, preparing to take down Devastation in one fell swoop.

Just then, an evil and bizarre smile flashed across Devastation's face. "Someone once said that I was a cripple and could never learn boxing in this lifetime, but I've never believed that.

"I believe that a cripple can kill the best boxer in the world. Muay Thai is the most brutal boxing style in the world. I've always wondered how powerful the strongest Muay Thai champion would be, and that's you.

"But, you have disappointed me, and now I know that this so-called strongest and fiercest boxing technique is nothing much. Your punches can't even break through my outer defences."

"What did you say?" snapped Rockmight,

looking displeased.

Without a care for what his opponent had in mind, he continued flinging attacks at Devastation. However, just when his body was less than a meter away from Devastation, he discovered that Devastation's momentum had switched.

This aggressive and ferocious momentum left Rockmight terribly frightened.

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Chapter 341 The Orpheus Headquarters

Rockmight was the first to throw a punch, but before his fist could reach Devastation, the latter's fist landed on his chest.

Feeling as if he had been hit by a hammer, Rockmight's chest heaved. A sharp pain followed—Devastation had broken two of his ribs.

Rockmight tried to attack Devastation with his legs again, but he regretted it as soon as he kicked out. It felt as if his kick had landed on a steel plate.

The next second, a distant force came at him with a bang...

It was a downward kick from Devastation, using his steel-topped disabled left foot.

Ah!

The hard contact broke Rockmight's shinbone, causing him to scream in pain.

For the next few seconds, Devastation kicked at Rockmight's body several times in succession, each kick packed with an extreme mighty force.

In the end, this so-called Thailand's top Muay Thai champion fell to the ground. He was still alive, but the bones of his elbows and legs had been completely shattered by Devastation's kicks. The injury would leave him disabled for the rest of his life.

Devastation's iron foot landed on the ground with a thud, and the floor beneath his feet instantly cracked wide open.

“What the f*ck?”

At the door, Matthew Collins and Troy Yager were utterly unable to take in such an extreme and dramatic transformation. The scene was such a gross exaggeration. What the hell was this situation?

The case was precisely this—a skillful fighter like Devastation was the representation of the most sophisticated strength in Regal Palace. Although this Rockmight was a Muay Thai champion of great fame in Thailand, how could he be a match for Devastation?

After finishing off Rockmight, Devastation stood aside and didn't proceed with his next move.

Just then, the samurai sword in Dhrishit's hand struck Golda's neck. In fact, Golda didn't put up a fight against Dhrishit.

Although he was the Dark General of the Orpheus Six Generals, he wasn't a strong fighter.

Among the six generals, he was in charge of authority and influence. Still, tonight, the Goult family's headquarters had been breached and defeated by the Regal Palace. He knew that all resistance was vain.

With a flash of cold light, Golda's head fell to the ground.

Dhrishit and Devastation walked out of the villa side by side. The war outside had concluded. As with the other strongholds, Regal Palace had won a flawless victory.

The group drove away from the villa, heading towards the next location—Orpheus' headquarters at Brimstone Valley!

It was already ten o'clock at night. Back at the manor, Tyr Summers and the others had already left.

Juan Yates was left alone, lying on the bed and smoking a cigarette. He truly desired to join Tyr and others tonight, to extinguish the Orpheus with his own hands and avenge their fallen brothers. But helplessly, he was too severely injured and simply wasn't able to travel long distances right now.

Outside the window, a bolt of lightning suddenly flashed, lighting up the night sky. Taking a deep breath and laying down on his pillow, Juan gazed at the ceiling, a bitter smile appearing on his face.

In the meantime, Tyr's convoy had made it to Brimstone Valley. Along the way, he

received a series of calls from Don Quijote, Dhrishit, and the others. It was ten thirty at night, and all of Orpheus's eight strongholds in Thailand had been destroyed by Regal Palace.

Brimstone Valley was a valley in the famous Barrington Mountain Range in Thailand, where several peaks met. If it wasn't for the specific location intel provided by the GPE, Tyr and the others wouldn't have been able to locate this place for years.

The secrecy of this Orpheus headquarters was no less than a military base. In fact, Brimstone Valley had indeed been a small military base about twenty years ago.

The entrance to the Brimstone Mountains was located where Tyr and his convoy pulled up. There was only a rugged path

leading into the mountain range, which was impossible for vehicles to access.

Tyr and his group got out of their cars, blatantly gawking at the dark mountain range in front of them, as if the mountain was an ancient beast lying in front of them.

Within an hour, a succession of teams drove towards the location. Eventually, the elites of the Regal Palace, who had previously been sent out separately to destroy the Orpheus strongholds, all converged here.

Before this operation began, the Regal Palace team was made up of nearly three thousand people, including Thailand's underground crews. There were only a little over two thousand of them left who were still able to come here to rendezvous at this time.

In other words, nearly a third of them could no longer participate in the war. Some were dead, while others were wounded. Tyr had already asked Mona to step in and send out forces to help take care of the injured members of Regal Palace.

The battle had developed to the point where Regal Palace had a landslide victory all the way, and Orpheus couldn't do anything about it. But the fact remained that Regal Palace itself had suffered many losses.

This battle could even be described as the most massive battle after the one against Shadow Totem.

At midnight, all the members of Regal Palace finally assembled in the valley.

Although the crowd was made up of a large number of people, the scene was quiet.

Everyone here were the top elites of Regal Palace who possessed supreme qualities. If Tyr didn't speak, none of them would squeak a word.

Tyr was specifically looking at Brimstone Valley, the location which was provided to him by GPE, on his phone. He double checked each route which led into the valley.

Ten minutes later, Tyr assigned detailed routes to his crew. The two thousand members of Regal Palace were then split up into more than twenty squads, heading into the valley via different directions.

The mountain road was rough, and there was only one way into the mountain. But no matter what, these twenty teams had to

rush into the valley through different directions, and then completely surround the Orpheus headquarters.

This was the only way to ensure that everyone in Orpheus would be left with no way to escape.

Therefore, Tyr had allocated routes to the twenty teams according to their different abilities, with the strongest team taking the most challenging and rocky road. He wanted to make sure that all the teams would reach Brimstone Valley at the same time.

Travelling a total of nearly thirty kilometers, it was already two thirty in the morning when Tyr and the others finally arrived at the valley.

On top of a hidden slope, Tyr held a pair of

military binoculars in his hand. Through the special night vision device, he was monitoring the circumstances of the lower area of Brimstone Valley.

“It's overwhelming, actually being able to establish their headquarters here. I only knew Dark Shura as a combat expert, but I didn't expect his brain to be that bright.”

Those sentiments came from the mouth of White-Eyed Ivory Dragon, a man who rarely praised others. So far, besides Tyr, Dark Shura was the only other person he had willingly praised.

Tyr was also using the binoculars to sweep through the situation below closely. Their current positions were only 300 meters away from Orpheus' headquarters. As he peeked at the buildings through the binoculars, Tyr smiled!

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Chapter 342 The Final Battle Begins

In that valley where several mountains met, there was a group of buildings that looked rather old. The tallest building was only four stories high, but the watchtower was nearly forty meters high.

There were a total of four watchtowers, one in each direction. Although it was late at night, there were lights on the top of the towers. The stream of light could probably cover a distance of more than four hundred meters.

In other words, the location where Tyr Summers and the others were taking cover was entirely within the watchtowers' monitoring range. Just then, the lights of

one of the watchtowers coincidentally swept towards Tyr and the others.

“Get down,” Tyr ordered softly.

The dozens of people behind him all immediately lay on the ground within seconds. The lights brushed along their bodies, but they didn't raise any alarm.

“Zero, do you want to hit them directly?” asked White-Eyed Ivory Dragon.

Zero was the special name that White-Eyed Ivory Dragon and the other original Nemesis members called Tyr. In the beginning, Tyr was Nemesis' number zero, just as he was the number zero of Wolf's Den.

“A few more squads haven't arrived yet, give it another ten minutes,” replied Tyr.

“Alright then.”

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon was somewhat unable to restrain himself. His primary purpose for this trip was Dark Shura. He was the only man that could interest the strongest man of Regal Palace at the present moment.

And, of course, in addition to Dark Shura, there was also Tyr. White-Eyed Ivory Dragon had always wanted to fight Tyr, but the time had yet to come.

It had been raining, so visibility wasn't too good.

Just then, on one of these watchtowers, two heavily armed black men were on duty. They were some of the high-ranking mercenaries that Dark Shura had spent a lot of money to assemble.

In fact, most of the people stationed

within the Orpheus headquarters were mercenaries and well-recognized hit squads in East Asia nowadays.

These men were the top-ranking mercenaries that Dark Shura had recruited from all over the globe over the past two years, through various means. Then, they were trained and formed an outstanding mercenary team, known as the Orpheus Corps.

And the hit squad shared some similarities. The group wasn't made up of many members, but every single one of them were top-notch killers. It took the hit squad less than two years to become the number one killer organization in East Asia.

These were the actual forces of Orpheus. On one of the watchtowers, a mercenary

said to another, “I think I saw someone on the hill over there.”

“Haha, are you kidding me?” the other person replied with a laugh, clearly thinking that the other was joking.

After all, this place was so secretive, unless a miracle happened, who would be able to find it?

“No, there really is someone,” said the first mercenary.

He directly re-routed the direction of the searchlight, shooting it towards a mountain in front of him. That hill was not the one that Tyr and the others were on, but the one that Iron Mask was positioned at.

As soon as the light shone on it, they noticed that there was indeed a person

standing on that hill. The man was dressed in simple clothes. He was wearing an iron mask, and four vajra steel claws on both his hands.

The mercenary was startled at first and muttered something to himself, “Is that, the Wolverine of Asia?”

He then saw that many people were rushing down towards Brimstone Valley from that slope.

“F*ck, it's an enemy attack,” shouted the mercenary as another man rushed up.

Through the searchlight, this man was also dumbfounded for a moment by this situation. “How is this possible?”

In a split second, they raised their guns at the same time and sounded the alarm.

Actually, besides their watchtower, the

other three watchtowers also sounded the alarm at almost the same time. Because, countless people were rushing up at the same time from all directions.

Thousands of lights immediately lit up within the Orpheus headquarters. The Orpheus members who had fallen asleep instantly got up, grabbed their weapons, and rushed out.

Ta-da-da-da...

A series of gunshots broke through the peaceful night sky, making sounds akin to fried beans.

Below, a scuffle soon ensued.

On the other hand, Tyr and his group still remained on the other mountain. A few specialized members of Regal Palace held night vision binoculars and walkie-talkies

in their hands. They were issuing various orders to the several combat teams below, guiding them through the terrain.

“I didn't expect Dark Shura to have stockpiled so many firearms here.” White-Eyed Ivory Dragon's eyebrows furrowed slightly while listening and watching the gun battle below. “It seems that the guy has changed dramatically. In the past, what he disdained the most were thermal weapons.”

“One can only be truly terrifying when one has reached the point where they are willing to do whatever it takes,” replied Tyr as he watched the war below through his binoculars.

Orpheus had hot weapons, but so did Regal Palace, and theirs were no less than Orpheus'. As for where exactly those hot

weapons came from...

Even with their underground forces in Thailand, Regal Palace alone could never be in possession of so many hot weapons. But, Mona could.

Previously, Tyr had always been under the impression that it was wrong for Juan Yates to have random girlfriends. After all, Juan had suffered miserably at the hands of a woman this time.

But from the moment Mona appeared, Tyr's initial thoughts were shaken. Sometimes, Juan met reliable girlfriends too.

This kind of large-scale gun battle couldn't take place in the city, so when Regal Palace was annihilating the other eight strongholds of Orpheus, no one dared to use guns. But, things were different here.

In this remote area, one could have used aircrafts and artillery as desired, not to mention heat weapons.

The entire gun battle lasted for almost ten minutes. Ten minutes later, the members of Regal Palace had already killed their way to Orpheus' headquarters. And so, the gun battle turned into a battle of blades.

Tyr lit a cigarette and took a light puff, while White-Eyed Ivory Dragon stretched leisurely...

“Zero...”

“Go on.”

Tyr puffed a cloudy breath out of his mouth, while White-Eyed Ivory Dragon finally took off the pair of sunglasses he wore on the bridge of his nose.

He loved to wear sunglasses all day and

night, and would only take them off when he was in battle. The moment his sunglasses came off, it was finally clear why this guy was named White-Eyed Ivory Dragon.

It was because the color of his eyes was different from others. Ordinary people usually had pitch black pupils, but White-Eyed Ivory Dragon's pupils were a grayish color.

If you didn't pay enough attention, you would have mistakenly thought that his eyes were completely white—literal white eyes.

N

Chapter 343 White-Eyed Ivory Dragon—The Man of Terror

In fact, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon was born like this. Because of his unusual eyes, he was mercilessly abandoned by his parents on the day he was born. Believing that their son suffered from a severe cataract disease, they deserted him.

His condition turned out to not be a disease at all. Not only was his eyesight unaffected, it was sharper than that of an ordinary person. Even at night, he was able to see clearly over great distances.

Up till now, there was no concrete scientific explanation for his condition.

Just like Tyr Summers, many of Regal Palace's top elites had tragic pasts, as did

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon. Their pasts pulled this group of people together. Only people who shared the same fate would appreciate how difficult it was to come by this kind of relationship. That's why Regal Palace despised traitors the most.

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon rushed down towards the Orpheus headquarters below. He was so fast that the others couldn't catch up with him.

Meanwhile, Don Quijote, Iron Mask, Sigillum, and the others had already entered the building with their respective squads, and were engaged in a final battle with the opposing forces.

As part of the most respected mercenary and assassin organization in this part of Asia, these elites of Orpheus were many times more powerful than the forces at the

other strongholds. Therefore, Regal Palace had to pay a considerable price if they wanted to completely annihilate Orpheus' headquarters.

The scuffle had initiated, and the entire place was plunged into a sea of blades and shadows.

Right at that moment, a figure whisked by like a hurricane, and everywhere it went, a wind swept through.

“This... Is this still a man?”

Matthew Collins, Stephen Cole, and the others immediately pointed their cameras simultaneously at the figure, trying to capture the whereabouts of White-Eyed Ivory Dragon.

This was the first time that Matthew and the others had seen White-Eyed Ivory

Dragon in combat. Even before, when they had seen Sigillum, Don Quijote, and the others in action, their worldview had continually been subverted.

Now, watching White-Eyed Ivory Dragon in action, their worldview which had already been subverted was being subverted once more.

One against a hundred, one against a thousand...

Back at Wolf's Den, Tyr once told them that a single world-class top fighter was able to trounce thousands. Just like those famed generals back during the Three Kingdoms period, all of them were gifted with that kind of ability.

But, even if such people did exist, it would be absolutely impossible for an ordinary

person to picture that kind of image.

Nevertheless, Matthew and the others didn't need to picture the scene at all. It was actually happening right in front of them. This scene was probably the best example of a clean sweep.

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon had no weapons, his fists were his best weapons. Whether he was facing a super mercenary, a top assassin, or an average fighter, there was no difference at all. They were all killed by a single punch.

Matthew and the others actually witnessed such terror with their own eyes.

Just now, there was a super mercenary who was able to hold his own against Iron Mask for several rounds. Yet, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon simply just blasted him with

a single punch to the chest. It wasn't an exaggeration at all, the punch had directly busted the super mercenary's chest.

“It's f*cking scary.”

Matthew and the others were stunned as they watched what was happening in front of them. They were carefully calculating how many years it would take them to match White-Eyed Ivory Dragon's level.

Previously, Matthew was the most confident one in the entire Wolf's Den, the one with the kind of attitude of believing that he was the best in the world. Now, he could only accept reality. He had simply lost count of how long it would take him to master the kind of power possessed by White-Eyed Dragon.

Perhaps, a lifetime would not be enough to

attain it.

Or perhaps, Matthew and the others had yet to come into contact with the broader world. There were many ways to increase their strength that they were unaware of, and with their talent, they could one day match White-Eyed Ivory Dragon's level.

The war had reached its fiercest stage.

Even though members of the Orpheus headquarters were potent, they were part of an organization that had only been established for less than two years. They couldn't be a match for the number one overseas organization in the world—Regal Palace.

Therefore, it was only a matter of time before the Orpheus headquarters was destroyed.

Tyr walked down from the slope with ease and a great deal of style, with someone behind him holding a black umbrella specifically for him.

“Take it away,” Tyr ordered, and the man next to him immediately put the umbrella away.

Looking up at the sky, Tyr allowed the rain to pour down on his face. The rain was chilly, but his blood was scalding hot.

After not being in action for a long time, it seemed like Tyr was getting a little antsy as well.

He was suddenly in the mood for a good fight. Unfortunately, he found out that all those elites of Orpheus had almost been completely beaten down by White-Eyed Ivory Dragon and the others.

The entire Orpheus headquarters was in a total mess. Almost all of those who were still standing were from Regal Palace.

Clifford Hann, whose hands were stained with blood, walked towards Tyr, a hint of extreme disappointment appearing on his face. “Boss, there's no sign of Dark Shura.”

Earlier, Clifford had been the first to charge into the Orpheus headquarters with his squad. Once inside, he didn't waste his time fighting, but rather, he focused on finding Dark Shura.

Once, Clifford had suffered a significant loss and even almost died at the hands of Dark Shura. That incident became a knot in his heart. He even had nightmares about it on many nights.

The nightmares would never stop until

Dark Shura was dead. So, Clifford had to kill Dark Shura with his own hands, or at the very least, see him vanishing from this world with his own eyes.

That way, Clifford would be able to sleep soundly in the future.

Yet, after arriving here, he had already searched through the entire headquarters, but he hadn't managed to find Dark Shura.

It wasn't just Clifford, but Don Quijote, Iron Mask, and the others were also searching for Dark Shura. At the same time, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon and the others had also searched the area after defeating those Orpheus elites. Still, no trace of Dark Shura had been found.

“Not here?” asked Tyr, a look of profound disappointment on his face.

N
Almost twenty minutes later, the war had nearly reached an end.

L
S
Orpheus' headquarters was destroyed, and nearly five hundred of the two thousand men from Regal Palace had fallen. The rest were more or less wounded.

On top of a former military building in the front, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon stood at the edge of the rooftop, carrying a man. The man was covered in blood and about to breathe his last.

N

Chapter 344 Dark Shura Escaped

This person wore a black trench coat with a star pattern on the back of it. He was Star General, one of the Orpheus Six Generals.

S

Star General had always been the strongest combatant among the six generals, placing him just beneath Dark Shura. However, he didn't last ten moves against White-Eyed Ivory Dragon before he was directly subjected to being pummeled into his current state.

The truth was that Orpheus, which Dark Shura had spent the past two years cultivating, was still too weak. The organization was not even on the same level as Regal Palace.

It was only because Juan Yates had been

screwed over by a woman that Regal Palace suffered a big loss this time. Otherwise, Orpheus would not have been a match for Juan.

There was no way for Orpheus to be able to contend with Regal Palace within such a short period with just Dark Shura, whose capabilities were abnormal.

And perhaps Dark Shura had not expected that Tyr Summers would be so unhinged as to deploy so many elite personnel to Thailand, let alone that the Thai authorities would tacitly approve of all this behind the scenes.

For a time, many people down below looked toward the roof of the military building. The building itself was not very tall, only about four stories high.

Then, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon tossed a

bloodied Star General out of the building with one hand.

What followed was a scene of utmost horror, in which White-eyed Ivory Dragon himself jumped down from the building in the same instant that he had thrown Star General.

The instant he landed, the impact formed a crater in the concrete floor beneath him. The force was unrelenting. Although it was only four stories high, if an ordinary person jumped from that height, they would have gone straight to meet their maker.

But, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon remained unscathed. Not only was he unharmed, he landed one step ahead of Star General and lifted him into the air again. It was like hoisting a dead dog.

N
Carrying him over to Tyr, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon threw the listless general at his feet. “I’ve searched the area from top to bottom and only found this guy. No sign of Orpheus’ Moon General, nor Dark Shura.”

S
Tyr gave a slight nod and glanced at Star General, who was sprawled on the ground, dying. He didn’t bother asking him where Dark Shura was. Because it was clear in Tyr’s mind that even if he asked, the other man wouldn’t answer.

“Kill him,” said Tyr bluntly.

Devastation, who stood beside White-Eyed Ivory Dragon, lifted his disabled left foot and stomped it down on Star General’s head.

Splat!

Nearly half an hour had passed from the moment Tyr made an appearance to the end of the battle.

Tyr glanced at the phone in his hand. The information provided by GPE had all been used up. He hadn't wasted the 1.74 billion dollars, because right now, they were indeed uprooting Orpheus.

As for the Orpheus Six Generals, five of them were now dead, leaving only Moon General, who was nowhere to be found.

“Based on the information provided by the GPE, both the Moon and Star Generals were supposed to be in this stronghold, but only Star General was found.” Tyr drew in a breath and heaved a sigh. “Ouch, that's a loss of about a hundred million.”

As for Dark Shura, Tyr had not held much

hope of finding him from the start.

Despite his low expectations, he had still fantasized about locating Dark Shura at the Orpheus headquarters and having him neutralized. However, in the end, he was left disappointed.

“No, we have to locate him today no matter what,” said Clifford Hann.

He obviously could not take this defeat lying down. Sucking in a breath, he looked up at the sky. The icy rain continued to pelt down upon his face.

Within the next second, Clifford’s explosive roar resounded throughout Brimstone Valley, “Dark... Shura!”

Whether it was Palace Master Tyr Summers, or the king-like White-Eyed Ivory Dragon, or a general like Don

Quijote, all of them could empathize with Clifford's feelings right at this moment.

There was probably no one present who was as desperate to track down Dark Shura as Clifford. It was his greatest nightmare; one that he would never be free of for the rest of his life. Moreover, Dark Shura had once taken away the love of Clifford's life. His voice continued to reverberate through the night.

At that moment, from a location of about three to four hundred meters away from the Orpheus headquarters, came the roar of propellers. The deafening rumbles carried far, far away across the night sky. For a second, Tyr's entourage were all stunned.

"Let's go check it out," shouted Tyr.

He was the first to dart over in that

direction, with Clifford and White-Eyed Ivory Dragon trailing closely behind him. The group had dashed about 200 meters when they saw a helicopter taking off into the air.

Suddenly, Tyr and his companions felt as though they had missed out on a 10 billion dollar jackpot.

The helicopter had taken off from the helipad over in that direction. The incessant spinning of the propellers swept up great wind currents, while the resounding rumbles thrummed in the men's ears.

As the group stared up at the sky, they observed two silhouettes emerging from within the depths of the helicopter.

Visibility was severely impaired as it was

nighttime. Tyr and the others could not figure out the identities of the two figures who stood in the helicopter, but they had a gut feeling that one of them must be Dark Shura.

Perhaps Tyr and his entourage had predicted a myriad of outcomes before they arrived, but never would they have thought that Dark Shura would choose to flee this way.

It was indeed true that the person standing in the helicopter at this time was Dark Shura.

How would one describe Dark Shura?

He wore a black cloak that had him swathed from head to toe. His facial features were indiscernible if one were to study him from the front. Only a pair of

eyes were visible. Those eyes were a piercing black—akin to black holes in the cosmos. They were polar opposites in comparison to White-Eyed Ivory Dragon's white eyes.

By his side, stood a young woman in a black trench coat. She had shoulder-length hair and features so delicate that they did not resemble those of a human. There was a curved moon pattern printed on the back of her trench coat.

She was the last of the Orpheus Six Generals, and the only one of the six still standing today—Moon General.

No one thought that Moon General would be such a delicate and attractive woman. But underneath her angelic visage, who could tell how ruthless she must be on the inside?

On the helicopter, Moon General piped up, “Shura, why did we not take Star General with us?”

As if she was upset about Dark Shura leaving Star General behind at the headquarters to court death, there was a trace of complaint in her tone.

“I’m only taking you with me,” replied Dark Shura.

His tone was as plain as water, and his voice sounded young. Perhaps he was even the same age as Tyr.

N

Chapter 345 Whoosh

L Moon General continued to press on, asking, “Why? Can’t the chopper fit Star General? There’s still so much space.”

S Dark Shura suddenly turned his head. His piercing dark eyes fixed on Moon General. The woman felt a chill down her spine, not daring to voice her complaints any further.

“He’s no longer of value,” said Dark Shura.

He then stood upright in front of the helicopter’s hatch. The air currents were turbulent, yet he had not prepared any protective measures. He was like a pillar of strength anchored in place.

That alone was enough to give a clear idea of how powerful Dark Shura truly was.

Under the dim light of night, he could make out exactly who was down there. The direction Dark Shura happened to set his sights on was where Tyr stood.

At the same time, Tyr was likewise peering up at the helicopter in the air. Through hundreds of meters of pitch-black night, the two pairs of eyes seemed to meet, colliding and setting off countless sparks.

“You don’t have b*lls, Dark Shura,” muttered Tyr.

A trace of frustration was plastered across Tyr's face. He had thought of Dark Shura as his arch-enemy, and had been looking forward to another showdown with him.

Who could have thought when it came time for such an opportunity, Dark Shura would beat a hasty retreat? He actually

could have made his escape ages ago, or maybe he wanted to take this opportunity to meet Tyr.

Having said that, however, Dark Shura made the smartest choice in the end. He had grown up and was no longer the grim reaper who only knew how to kill.

Sometimes, a little compromise would lead one to a more favorable outcome.

The truth of the matter was that Dark Shura had not lost this battle against Tyr. He had made good use of Orpheus to bite off a chunk of Tyr's flesh. The organization, Orpheus, was dispensable to Dark Shura. As long as he continued to survive, a successor would take its place.

Although Tyr could barely see Dark Shura's face while he was atop the helicopter, he could sense Dark Shura mocking him.

Next to him, came Clifford Hann's deafening roar, "Shoot that plane down!"

Suddenly, the members of Regal Palace began aiming and shooting at the night sky. But at this point, the helicopter was flying well beyond their range. Trying to shoot down a helicopter with a conventional gun, what a joke!

"F*ck."

Clifford's group looked on as the helicopter flew further and further away, a tight feeling in their chest. They had not expected Dark Shura, who was so strong-willed two years ago, would choose to be such an unprincipled bastard.

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon came over to Tyr's side and said, "Dark Shura has always been a great threat to Regal Palace. I'm

afraid that if we don't take care of him this time, we'll be in even more trouble in the future."

"There's nothing I can do," replied Tyr, shrugging helplessly. "GPE didn't provide me with Dark Shura's location or information from the start. On top of that, I didn't have much hope of eliminating Dark Shura at that time. From now on, I'm not going to make it easy for him."

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon queried, "What are you planning?"

"I'm thinking..."

Before Tyr could finish, a sudden rush of air whooshed past. It was as if all of time and space had been frozen in that instant.

"What's going on?"

The group exchanged glances, staring in

stupor at the bottomless night sky.

“Was that a rocket?”

“Holy sh*t.”

For a while, everyone present felt their scalps tingling as flames licked up the rocket. And then, like a fiery dragon, it shot towards that one helicopter in the air.

Boom!

In the darkened sky, like a fireworks display, the rocket struck squarely at the helicopter. Just like that, it plummeted out of the sky in a ball of flames.

No matter if it was a King like White-Eyed Ivory Dragon and Clifford Hann, or the generals like Don Quijote and Iron Mask, or Sigillum, Devastation, and Dhrishit, everyone present was dumbstruck.

What's the deal with Dark Shura's helicopter getting shot down by a rocket?

Was this for f*cking real? Shadow Totem's former No.1 grim reaper, Dark Shura, who was able to compete against Tyr and whom Tyr acknowledged as his arch-enemy, left the world in such a way?

White-Eyed Ivory Dragon and Clifford turned their heads toward Tyr, staring incredulously at the man.

“Did you arrange this?”

However, Tyr was even more befuddled than Clifford and the others. “I don't know what's going on either.”

Everyone was rendered speechless.

Concurrently, a group of hardened military men with imposing physiques

were positioned atop one of the peaks of Brimstone Mountain. Heading the charge was a woman with a devilish figure, wearing a black leather jacket.

That woman was Mona.

No one knew when the group had arrived at the peak. What was even more incredible was that the woman, Mona, was now carrying a rocket launcher on her shoulder. She was the one who had just fired the rocket that knocked Dark Shura's helicopter out of the sky.

If the scene were to be witnessed by Tyr and the others, it was likely they would stand aghast.

How ferocious was Mona for her to do such a thing?

She still had a grim expression fixed on

her face as she watched the helicopter fall out of the sky.

She handed the rocket launcher over her shoulder to a soldier next to her, cursing, “Hmph, you dare bully my man. Perhaps you’ll get away with it elsewhere, but here in Thailand, you had better pray to have more lives.”

However, the soldier who was using military binoculars to monitor the helicopter’s movements went pale. “Princess Mona, when that chopper was shot down just now, I believe I saw two figures jump out of the aircraft. I suspect one of them was Dark Shura.”

Mona, whose true identity was the princess of Thailand’s royal Ma family, blinked. “What?”

Her complexion turned pallid. “He

managed to escape? Have the army sent over at once and surround Brimstone Mountain. Even if I have to turn this mountain upside down, I want Dark Shura, dead or alive!”

Over at the Orpheus headquarters in Brimstone Valley, Tyr and the others determined the location of the rocket launch based on the trajectory of the rocket that went flying. The group of overpowered individuals sprinted towards Mona as quickly as possible.

Twenty minutes later, two groups of men arrived at the base of that same mountain. Their eyes met. When Tyr and his entourage noticed Mona and the platoon of Thai soldiers, they were taken aback at first before they responded.

Tyr was the first to approach Mona, a hint

of shock still clear on his visage. “Mona, were you the one who shot that rocket?”

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S

N

Chapter 346 The Immortal Enemy

As usual, Mona was as cold as an icicle. The expression she wore made her as unapproachable as ever. If this woman were to be placed in an ancient setting, she would definitely be the heroine Hua Mulan.

“I can’t?” Mona replied brusquely.

Perhaps she was envious of Kimmy because of the incident with Juan Yates, which had her upset with Juan, and a tad irked with his comrades-in-arms.

“Of course you can,” remarked Tyr, shrugging. “But, I don’t think this rocket of yours can blow up Dark Shura.”

Mona’s brows furrowed slightly. She hadn’t

t expected Tyr to have foreseen this. “Why are you so sure?” she asked.

“That’s because I know more about Dark Shura than anyone else.”

Tyr did not elaborate further, but instead whipped out a walkie-talkie and began to command the forces from Regal Palace to search the mountain.

Mona and her men had long ago deployed their troops to set up a blockade at the area around Brimstone Mountain. They must locate Dark Shura no matter the cost, be it as a corpse or in pieces.

From five o'clock in the morning, both the Regal Palace members and the Thai military combed the area until noon that day. They found the wreckage of the helicopter, however, no bodies were

discovered.

The helicopter had crashed from a high altitude. Even if there had been bodies, they would have been torched to ash by now.

Mona directly ordered her personnel to take the wreckage for a laboratory analysis. Concurrently, Brimstone Mountain continued to be surrounded. In any case, a blanket search must be conducted at least once.

By afternoon, all members of Regal Palace withdrew from Brimstone Mountain and returned in groups to the countries they had originally come from.

The simple agreement between Regal Palace and Mona had to be observed by all concerned. They were only given two days

to come to Thailand in large numbers. Whatever the case may be, they must leave after the two days are up, or be subjected to unconditional clampdown by the Thailand military.

Although Tyr wanted to continue to have the members of Regal Palace stay in Brimstone Mountain to search the area, he couldn't violate the conditions since they were agreed upon from the start.

He finally had a grasp on Mona's temperament. Even if she cared about Juan, if Tyr were to break the rules, that woman might actually do something against those from Regal Palace.

That night, all the elites of Regal Palace left Thailand and returned to their former locations.

As for the properties and forces that were

initially decimated by Regal Palace in Thailand, they were currently handled by the Regal Palace Shadow Members and Iron Mask. With the support of the Thai royal family, it wasn't difficult to restore them to their prior states.

On the morning of the third day, Tyr and his group partook in breakfast inside the manor, then booked a flight back to the Celestial Empire come afternoon.

It had been nearly a week since Tyr came to Thailand. Although he contacted Winifred Zea every night to report his well being, he could sense her worry for him. For the time being, what needed to be done had been taken care of. Thus, it was time to head back to the Celestial Empire.

Juan was no longer confined to bed rest all day. He was just that peculiar. Despite

having been severely injured, he was already able to get out of bed with crutches after just a few days of recuperation.

Compared to the suave casanova from before, the current Juan appeared to have undergone far more vicissitudes of life, seeming more matured and composed. After the incident, his demeanor seemed to have changed.

Don Quijote, who observed Juan's state, felt crestfallen. It was the sensation of having lost a dependable comrade.

At around 10 a.m., a Hummer pulled up to the front of the property. Mona, still in her tight leather jacket, jumped out of the vehicle. Seeing her approach, Juan's pupils instinctively shrank. He now seemed truly afraid of the woman.

Tyr and the others regarded Mona with a

peculiar gaze.

“What are you all looking at?” she snapped.

Mona’s tone was filled with displeasure. She seemed to be incredibly upset by the reactions she received from Tyr and his group.

Don Quijote hastily replied, “Don’t take it the wrong way. It caught us off guard to see such a beautiful girl driving a Hummer. It makes you seem valiant and heroic in bearing.”

“Shut the f*ck up.” Mona did not hesitate to haul Don over the coals before glancing in Juan’s direction.

Finally, she handed a file over to Tyr. “The DNA analysis data is in. The samples we collected from the helicopter wreckage site

revealed only one individual's DNA. We've already checked. The DNA is from the helicopter's pilot."

"What?"

Don's and Juan's expressions fell. Although Tyr had long since predicted such an outcome, his brows were now slightly knitted.

"You mean, Dark Shura got away?" asked Tyr.

"That's right," Mona confirmed. "Besides Dark Shura, there's also the Orpheus Six Generals' Moon General. I was gathering intel from the Thailand Official Intelligence Organization. It wasn't just Dark Shura who was at the Orpheus HQ, but also Star General and Moon General of the Orpheus Six Generals. But that night,

you only took out Star General.”

Tyr and the others could only sigh ruefully. The royal family sure had it good to just be able to casually pull up information about Orpheus from the official intelligence organization. If Tyr had such a background, would they have been ripped off by the GPE like that?

“What was the result of the search in Brimstone Mountain?” asked Tyr.

Mona curled her lips. “I had already had all my men withdraw. I sent them to cordon off that area at the first opportunity after I shot the helicopter out of the sky. But in the past two days, we’ve searched that area several times and have yet to locate Dark Shura or Moon General, so there’s no point in continuing the search.”

“Does this guy know how to turn invisible?”

Or does he have some sort of burrowing skill?”

Don Quijote and the others were left baffled. According to Mona’s words, there was absolutely no loophole in the way they handled the matter. On top of that, the area had been pinpointed so accurately that there was no room for error.

It was supposed to be a situation that Dark Shura and Moon General would not be able to escape from. So, how could they have managed to disappear into thin air?

Finally, Juan, who was on the sidelines, could not help but curse, “That son of a b*tch.”

Dark Shura had murdered all his former subordinates and still gotten away. It was only natural that Juan was furious.

Mona strutted towards Juan, seething. “Are you complaining about me?”

There are times when a woman's thoughts left a man perplexed.

Juan glared at Mona. “Nana, I’m rather irascible right now. Stop provoking me.”

N

Chapter 347 Dark Shura's Bounty

“Are you lecturing me?”

Without warning, Mona unfurled the whip coiled around her waist.

Juan Yates' pupils shrank. “What do you think you're doing?”

Mona did not answer, but only harrumphed, “Hmph.”

With a flick of her whip, she flung the crutch right out of Juan's hand, then dragged him over to the bedroom.

“Boss, save me,” Juan howled in despair.

But Tyr Summers and the others remained stationary, unmoving. There were times when one would have to pay for their sins.

It was not quite convenient for Juan to move for now, but if he encountered a life-threatening situation, he would naturally be able to defend himself against Mona. But, how could she possibly endanger his life?

From within the bed chambers, came Juan's blood-curdling screams.

While Tyr and the others acted as if they heard nothing, only Don Quijote shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "With a woman like that, Juan's life is ruined."

"I do think they're a good fit," Tyr unceremoniously remarked. "At least I can tell how worried Mona is for Old Yates. That's true love."

"Hehe..." Don laughed awkwardly.

A fairy-like figure unwittingly emerged

from within his thoughts.

“Brother Tyr, can I return to the Celestial Empire with you?” asked Don.

“No.”

With that, Tyr immediately cut to the chase, saying, “Iron Mask and Old Hann will return to HQ together. You stay here and work with Old Yates to expand Regal Palace’s influence in Southeast Asia.

“Also, I’m warning you, and I’ll be getting you to pass this warning on to Old Yates as well—if something like this happens again, the both of you can scam out of Regal Palace.”

When Tyr made that statement, he was severe and solemn. This was no joke. The truth of the matter was that he was beyond livid. However, Juan was his brother-in-

arms who would face any peril alongside him. Tyr would give the man another shot, but these chances were finite.

Don nodded seriously. “Understood, Boss.”

Tyr proceeded to summon Clifford Hann and White-Eyed Ivory Dragon to the other side. Fishing out a pack of cigarettes, he handed them one apiece. They accepted the cigarettes and lit them, each taking a drag.

Likewise, Tyr also lit one, asking, “Disappointed?”

Clifford exhaled a puff of cigarette smoke and chuckled. “Of course it’s disappointing, but if he had died that easily, he wouldn’t be Dark Shura.”

“That guy will die by my hand someday

anyway. Also, the pack of wolf pups you found are excellent. If I ever get the chance, I want to take a look at your Wolf's Den in the Celestial Empire," added White-Eyed Ivory Dragon.

"Sure." Tyr nodded. "But, you'll have to wait until I'm ready to have Regal Palace settle into the Celestial Empire before you come. Wolf's Den should be the new Nemesis by then."

As he spoke, Tyr laid a hand on Clifford's shoulder. "You should also overcome the hurdle that is Dark Shura. Don't forget that you still have a large group of brothers around you who have your back."

"I understand," said Clifford, taking a puff of his cigarette.

"It's good that you do. I have a mission for

you.”

“What mission?” Clifford queried.

Tyr remained silent for two seconds before he continued, “When you get back, immediately set a bounty on the dark web. 180 billion dollars for Dark Shura’s head.”

Clifford and White-Eyed Ivory Dragon were taken aback by his words.

“Are you pulling my leg, Boss? If I remember correctly, on the dark web, the current bounties set for Regal Palace are 6 billion for the eighteen generals, 18 billion for the Five Kings, and 48 billion for you.”

“You’re actually offering a 180 billion dollar bounty on Dark Shura’s head on the dark web. Are you crazy?”

“It’s true that Regal Palace can afford it.

But, is it worth it to trade 180 billion for the life of one Dark Shura?”

Tyr did not deign to answer, but there was a smile on his face that spoke volumes.

Clifford and White-Eyed Ivory Dragon had a sudden epiphany. “Boss, you mean...”

Tyr declared, “That’s right... Regal Palace is offering a reward of 180 billion dollars. With Regal Palace’s current status and reputation, no one will worry that it will be a blank check.

“If they succeed in taking down Dark Shura, the money is theirs. But, do you think that anyone is capable of taking him out so far?”

Clifford shook his head. “There may be several people out there. But, those who are on that level don’t give a damn about

the money. Those that do, don't stand a chance against Dark Shura.

“As a result, like moths to a flame, countless people will try to take a shot at Dark Shura. Even if they won't be able to deal with him, they'll be enough to keep him occupied.”

“That's clever. Your tactics are truly something,” said White-Eyed Ivory Dragon, flashing a thumbs up at Tyr. “By doing so, we won't have to spend a single penny to make Dark Shura public enemy number one.

“If he's in the midst of evading all manner of pursuits, he won't be able to concentrate his efforts on starting a new Orpheus.”

With that said, all three of them couldn't

help but chortle, “Hahaha...”

As a matter of fact, they used to do a fair amount of this sort of thing. In any case, for the sake of their objective, they would use any means necessary. When in pursuit of their enemies, they didn't care about the process, only the end result.

After everything had been thoroughly briefed, Tyr Summers and Matthew Collins boarded a plane back that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Clifford Hann, White-Eyed Ivory Dragon, and Iron Mask returned to the headquarters.

As for Don Quijote and Juan Yates, they would remain in Thailand to expand Regal Palace's territory to facilitate all preparations for Regal Palace's return to the Celestial Empire.

Tyr had initially wanted to leave Iron Mask

behind as well. After all, Juan and Don were unreliable. But, after thinking about it, Tyr realized that Juan had done a 180.

With the way things were now, Tyr was more at ease. Due to efforts to expand their territory, Regal Palace was now experiencing a scarcity of manpower, so Iron Mask had plenty on his plate when he returned.

For the time being, Juan and Don would suffice in Southeast Asia, just as Ash was in Japan.

On the plane, Matthew Collins and Stephen Cole were still in a state of ecstasy.

The trip had broadened their horizons. At the same time, their hearts were brimming with anticipation. They were going to bring these valuable combat videos back to

the Wolf's Den to boost the members' combat prowess to new heights.

At 6:00 p.m., the plane landed. Tyr and his entourage stepped off the plane and made their way out of the airport. It had been the rainy season in Thailand, yet Khanh City seemed to be an enormous furnace.

It was now late August—the most humid season of the year. Despite it being late evening, the steam that rose from the ground felt baking hot. Thailand was far more comfortable in comparison.

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Chapter 348 I Want A Son

The group of six, including Tyr Summers, emerged from the airport. A peerless beauty had been waiting by the exit for a long time.

A jubilant smile found its way to Winifred Zea's face as Tyr and his companions came out from the airport. The more she smiled, the redder her eyes became. She had never been so anxious for Tyr as she had been this time.

But, the good news was that he had returned safely.

Tyr's heart was likewise flooded with warmth as his eyes landed on Winifred.

He took quick strides towards his wife

before embracing her in his arms. “I missed you so much, my dear.”

Winifred, who was being cradled, also clung onto Tyr firmly.

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. Perhaps there was some truth to it after all.

Matthew Collins and the other five men who stood behind the couple were bachelors. Naturally, they could not bear to witness such a scene.

At this time, two SUVs were parked on the other side. Max Cheever was standing in front of the vehicles, smoking a cigarette as he waited. He was here to escort Matthew and the others back to Wolf’s Den.

Stephen Cole and Jamie Sunder

immediately approached Max, while Matthew proceeded towards Tyr and Winifred, seeming dignified and strong.

He tapped a hand on Tyr's shoulder. "Master, this is an airport. You should take note of the impact you cause."

"Scram," barked Tyr.

Matthew's lips twitched with amusement before he chased after Jamie and the others.

Tyr and Winifred left in a car together, and that evening, they had another candlelit dinner on the roof of the villa.

Over the meal, Tyr recounted his experiences in Thailand to Winifred. However, everything he brought up was nothing of significance. Matters were brushed over as though he had just

returned from a holiday trip.

To this very day, Winifred was still far from ready to learn Tyr's many secrets. What she knew so far, she already found horrifying.

Winifred also touched upon the things that occurred over the week.

Although Autumn Field had only been featured in an advertisement mentioned in passing during the concert a week ago, the results reaped were truly unprecedented and far beyond Winifred's expectations.

With Autumn Field's current fame in the country, it ranked among the leading companies in the entire South.

Autumn Field had also gained a lot of attention overseas. At the same time,

several world-renowned clothing brands had expressed their intention to cooperate with Autumn Field on a small scale. If the partnership succeeded, the international brands would take notice.

Meanwhile, as Autumn Field's first overseas partner, Guci also sent a congratulatory telegram that same day, after which Winifred also worked out a plan with Mikhael.

The two sides planned to carry out a more in-depth collaboration years from now. This was to lay the groundwork for the future, for Autumn Field to enter the international market and achieve a win-win situation with Guci.

Things were looking up. While Autumn Field focused on expanding its market, another major headway was to hurry up

and take advantage of the trend and design works that can keep up with ‘Autumn Field’, and even exceed its performance.

Because only quality pieces would help Autumn Field truly lay down a sturdy foundation and reach new heights.

Winifred, who rarely clinked glasses with Tyr, did so before taking a sip. “Honey, do you think there’s any hope for me to turn Autumn Field into one of the top five clothing brands in the Celestial Empire within two years, and make Autumn Field stand firm in the international market within five years?”

Winifred had begun to visualize and plan. The time frame was a rough estimate made by the executives of Autumn Field based on their current circumstances.

Tyr flashed a smile Winifred's way. "If you're already thinking, why not dream bigger? Like say, become a leading brand in the Celestial Empire within a year, then going international and becoming a major brand in two years?"

Winifred trembled as she stammered, "You're exaggerating, dear. How is that possible?"

"We have only gotten as far as Prime City domestically. The next step in our plan is the south, then the north, and finally, the entire Celestial Empire. We still have a long way to go."

Tyr drained his glass of wine and chuckled. "Trust me. You forget that we still have the city center, which has had its fame thoroughly boosted worldwide by that

concert.

“We’ll use it as a platform to enter the domestic market, while laying the foundation for the foreign market. A two-pronged approach advancing at an equal pace. I believe that you’ll be able to become the world’s most sought-after fashion queen within two years.”

Winifred huffed out a laugh. “What would it be like if I really were the world’s fashion queen?”

Tyr’s lip curled up, as if absorbed in thought, before saying, “If you make it that far, you would be the most powerful woman in the world.

“I’ll just be a small security chief in your company. When that time comes, would you cast me aside because I won’t be good

enough for you then, sweetheart?”

“Hahaha.” Winifred stretched out a slender and ramrod straight thigh wrapped in thin silk stockings and deliberately kicked him. “If you treat me badly, I’ll kick your a*s when the time comes.”

“Oh, really?”

Tyr narrowed his eyes as he assessed Winifred from head to toe, the smile on his visage gradually growing increasingly devilish.

Winifred shrank slightly at the sight of her husband’s mien. “Honey, what... what are you planning?”

Tyr chuckled mischievously. It was like watching a starving wolf and a little lamb who caught his eye. With his alcohol-

addled mind combined with the vast expanse of stars and soft moonlight up above, Tyr truly loved Winifred the more he looked at her.

“Hubby, you’re such a bastard.”

Having already seen through her husband’s intentions, Winifred stood up to run downstairs. But, how could Tyr ever give her such an opportunity? With a single vigorous stride, he pounced on her, trapping her in a corner of the open-air garden.

“You said it yourself, my wife. You’ll get rid of me if you become the world’s fashion queen.”

“I was joking, you silly man.”

Tyr feigned an expression of hurt. “But, I took it seriously. So, to prevent you from

casting me aside in the future, I must be prepared and have collateral in advance.”

“What collateral?”

“Hahaha,” Tyr cackled inappropriately. “Have a child with you. As long as you and I have a baby, you won’t abandon me quite so easily.”

“But, don’t we already have Blair?”

Winifred retorted, displeased.

Tyr, however, repeatedly shook his head. “No, a daughter is not enough. I want a son too.”

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Chapter 349 Unstoppable

The moon shone brightly under the bright sky. A man and woman sat on the rooftop garden.

Tyr felt satisfied with his wise decision to buy the entirety of Lunar Mountain's tallest villa—it had thirteen floors. The bottom half of the mountain and even the entire Khanh City were not as high up as them.

After an hour, Winifred Zea was laying in Tyr's embrace, satisfied.

“Oh hubby, I forgot to tell you some good news,” she said.

“What good news?” Tyr asked.

Winifred answered, “Because of the fact

that you invited many well-known celebrities to the concert in the city center, it garnered a lot of attention worldwide.

“So, because Snow Fenner and everyone else at Brilliant Media got to experience what it was like to be on stage with the celebrities, they gained a lot of recognition and popularity as well. Especially Little Snow, she was outstanding during the performance. She already secured her place as a celebrity in the country.”

“Little Snow called me yesterday and told me that Brilliant Media has dropped their original plan and will now fully invest in her. They are planning to make her a well-known national star,” Winifred continued.

“At the same time, I got the rest of the talented people in Brilliant Media to sign a contract. They will be Autumn Field Group’

s spokespersons and models. Brilliant Media will train them accordingly.”

Tyr smiled as he put his hands under her chin. “My wife, your decision is really smart.”

“The models and spokespersons of Autumn Field Group are chosen based on compatibility, not on price. Investing in people who have a growing potential is the wisest choice,” said Winifred.

“Oh right, has Star Entertainment caused any trouble for you recently?” Tyr asked.

“Nope.” Winifred shook her head. “So far, I have not heard anything about Star Entertainment. Even if they wanted to cause trouble, it would be against Mr. Tucker, not Brilliant Media.”

“Ok,” replied Tyr with a nod.

N But despite that, he was deep in thought, pondering about how it didn't make sense. Star Entertainment had such a huge argument with Brilliant Media. Knowing them, they would not sit still and accept it without getting revenge.

S Tyr could imagine the anger on Skyler Yalmen's and Maeve Lee's faces when they saw the popularity of the concert that gained worldwide attention. They may have even broken the television at that time.

Even though Tyr doubted the fact that they wouldn't do anything about this, he did not care much about a puny entertainment company. If they really decided to not do anything, then so be it. However, if they decided to plan another scheme, Tyr would not hesitate to destroy

them immediately.

Noticing that he was deep in thought, Winifred asked, “What are you thinking about, hubby?”

Tyr came back to his senses and smiled. “Nothing. Oh yeah, my dear wifey. Previously, Autumn Field Group only focused on clothing. If you want the group to grow into an international brand, just having clothing isn’t enough.”

Winifred flinched. “What do you mean?”

Tyr smiled as he said, “Every big international company has a few different lines of products. Having other products would help support the company, and you would have other sources of income. This will help the foundation of the company be stable.

“So, we need to consider getting Autumn Field Group to start developing other product lines. This would help the company grow tremendously, and make it a top global business empire.”

“Business empire?” Winifred laughed, she thought that Tyr was exaggerating.

“Have you ever thought of expanding towards the entertainment industry?” asked Tyr. “After the Southern Sophistication incident, I made some people research about the entertainment industry. This business is very broad. Have you thought of trying to create a new entertainment media platform?”

Tyr’s sudden question shocked Winifred. She did not know how to answer at that moment, and realized that she could not

match up to his rhythm and thinking. Because Tyr could think so far ahead, he seemed unstoppable.

No matter if it was the entertainment business or a new media platform, either one would be a good chance to gain money. A lot of big entertainment media platforms earned huge and fast amounts of income.

Especially with modern technology and the Internet, it would be quicker to gain money from online popularity than offline popularity.

For example, Autumn Field Group's clothing line. Even though they concentrated on offline sales at a physical store, their online store still garnered more sales. However, Autumn Field Group would still maintain their physical store, because this was the foundation of their

company.

Winifred contemplated for a while and said, “Hubby, I agree with what you said, but I think it’s still too early for this.”

“Slowly then,” replied Tyr, tightly hugging his wife in his embrace as the pair stared at the stars and moon in the night sky.

“Oh right, Prime City’s Marquise, Connie Yorke, came to Khanh City two days ago,” Winifred said suddenly.

“Connie Yorke...” Tyr flinched and quickly asked, “Why did that woman come to Khanh City? Did she cause trouble for you?”

Hearing the name Connie Yorke made Tyr’s heart uneasy, even though she had stopped pestering him to marry her after

those few incidents in Prime City.

However, he was worried that this woman's brain was lacking. He feared that she would suddenly get triggered and start pestering him in front of Winifred.

Noticing Tyr's shocked expression, Winfried intentionally raised her eyebrows. "What are you thinking? Is your heart fluttering at the mention of that Marquise?"

Flicking again, Tyr quickly said, "My wife, it's not what you think."

"If you have no relations with that Marquise, why did she come to Khanh City looking for you and asking for your hand in marriage?" Winifred replied unhappily.

Tyr's head throbbed. That woman still couldn't let him go? He had made Connie

understand that she must give up on him, and he even told her to find someone suitable to be by her side.

Jay Blade had been by her side for so many years, why would she not consider him as an option? However, it was true that feelings could not be forced.

Worried that Winifred would misunderstand him, he immediately took out his phone angrily. “This b*tch, she still tried to cause trouble for you. I’m gonna call Carson Yorke and ask him how he raised his daughter.”

Tyr was serious, he really was about to call Carson.

This action of his shocked Winifred. She immediately took his phone away from him and shook her head. “Hubby, you... It’

s better if you don't make the call, it's late
and they might be asleep by now.”

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Chapter 350 Be My Guest

Tyr Summers squinted his eyes, he could see the panic in Winifred Zea's eyes.

Unexpectedly, this girl had learned how to lie to others?

Tyr acted as if he was angry, saying, "No, I must call Carson Yorke immediately. His daughter has been too rude, she dared to try breaking up someone else's family.

Hmph, I will make sure Carson properly educates that Connie Yorke immediately."

Winifred's face went red. Panicking, she immediately took Tyr's phone away from him. "Alright, I'm messing with you. You're taking things too seriously.

"You changed your phone number when you went to Thailand, so Uncle Carson

could not contact you. So, he made the Marquise come to Khanh City to pass the message that her mother has returned. She invited us to visit them in Prime City.”

“Oh, so that was the reason.” Putting his phone aside, Tyr smiled. “My wife, you’ve really changed. How dare you lie to me? Look how I punish you now.”

Tyr then “punished” Winifred by having his way with her once more. An hour later, Winifred’s face was flushed, but she was still full of energy. However, Tyr was tired.

Winifred leaned on Tyr’s shoulder and said, “Since they invited us, we should go.”

“Ok,” replied Tyr. “King Yorke mentioned this before. As for Aunt Quelch, she gave me a mysterious but good feeling since the first time I met her. She felt like a mother

figure.

“I don’t know how to explain, she just treats me very kindly. Since she just came back from undergoing surgery overseas, we should definitely pay her a visit.”

Winifred was quiet for a moment, then said, “Hubby, I have never heard you talk about your parents before. How are they right now?”

“My mother passed away when I was around ten years old. As for my dad and my other relatives, haha...”

Tyr’s mood changed suddenly, Winifred could feel the intense bloodlust coming from him. Looking at his face, she was shocked. He seemed as if deep in thought, and the look on his face was terrifying.

Feeling anxious, Winifred quickly shouted,

“Hubby, what’s gotten into you?”

She had to shout a few times before Tyr came back to reality and answered, “Yes.”

“What’s wrong?” Winifred asked carefully.

She was smart and could guess the reason for Tyr’s mood. She quickly said, “Hubby, I won’t ask you about this anymore.”

Tyr stroked Winifred’s head softly and said, “Next time, I will slowly tell you everything. However, now, I feel like this is my real home.”

Winifred was smart, she definitely could guess what happened. From Tyr’s reaction, it was obvious that he had bad memories about his family. When Winifred first met Tyr, he was a beggar on the streets. She guessed that the reason he had been on the streets, homeless, was

because of his family.

Winifred felt sad. In these six years, she and Blair Zea had experienced a lot of hardships. However, she felt that compared to her husband's experience, hers was nothing much.

Even though Winifred was curious about what Tyr experienced when he was a kid, she did not ask anymore as she was considerate of his feelings.

“Do we ask Blair to come back? Uncle Yorke invited all three of us to go as a family,” said Winifred, changing the topic.

“It's fine. Her classes start in a few days, let her enjoy her time in Riverville City for a few more days. And Blair is still young, I do not want her to mix with these types of people,” replied Tyr with a smile.

“Yeah, you're right.” Winifred nodded. “Then, call Uncle Yorke tomorrow morning and fix a time with him, we'll visit him together.”

“Alright.”

The next morning, Tyr made a phone call to Carson and briefly explained what happened over the past few days. Carson did not ask much after Tyr told him that he went to Thailand to deal with some stuff regarding Regal Palace, since he had come back safe and sound.

Carson asked Tyr to visit them today, since Heather missed them. Tyr did not reject him.

After breakfast, he and Winifred went to buy some presents. They then drove over to Prime City in the afternoon. By the time

they arrived at the Yorke house, it was already evening.

At the moment, Heather was busy in the kitchen, while Connie was helping her.

However, this girl did not know how to do anything, all she did was add more work in the kitchen.

Carson invited Tyr and Winifred to eat at their house, not a restaurant, but to eat home-cooked food. Even though Heather was still recuperating, she insisted on cooking a meal for them.

Tyr and Winifred walked into the house while greeting Carson and Heather, “Uncle Yorke, Aunt Quelch.”

Smiling generously, Carson and Heather quickly told them to sit down.

“Quickly greet your Brother Tyr and Sister

Winifred, don't be rude," they said to Connie, who was in a corner.

Connie stuck her tongue out at Carson and Heather, before turning to Tyr and Winifred. "Brother Tyr, Sister Winifred."

Tyr made himself at home, while Winifred felt a bit nervous and uptight. After all, this was the house of the most powerful person in Prime City, Carson Yorke, the Southriver King.

"Winifred, don't be so uptight. You can treat this like your own home," said Carson.

Even though Carson was the Southriver King, and usually was a cold and calm man, in front of his family and friends, he was a very kind and friendly middle-aged guy.

After she got used to the environment, Winifred was not as nervous as before anymore.

“Why did Blair not come?” asked Heather.

Smiling, Tyr replied, “She’s in Riverville City. I’ll definitely bring her over next time.”

“Ok.” Heather smiled, she did not ask further.

Tyr observed Heather, she looked much more healthier than before. “Aunt Quelch, how’s your body? How do you feel?” he asked.

Heather smiled and replied, “You can tell I seem more energetic than before now. The surgery went well. The doctor said I just need to rest for half a year, and I’ll be fully

cured. It's all thanks to you, little Tyr.”

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Chapter 351 Recognizing A Godmother

Tyr Summers smiled and said, “Aunt Quelch, you don’t need to thank us. If it was not for your Seven-petal Lotus, our Blair would not have been cured.”

Passing a bag of medicine to Heather, he continued, “Aunt Quelch, this is Chinese medicine that I picked for you. Eating this will help you get cured faster. There is also my homemade medicine in the bag. After finishing the Chinese medicine, you can eat that.”

“Ok.” Heather smiled while nodding. “Little Tyr, you are so caring. You guys should quickly take a seat, there are a few dishes left to complete. Let me show you

my cooking skills.”

She ordered Connie, “Come and help me in the kitchen.”

Winifred quickly said, “Aunt Quelch, let me help as well.”

Winifred followed Heather into the kitchen. When she saw Connie messing things up at the side, she could not help but laugh. Winifred was not mocking Connie, she simply thought that Connie’s actions were cute.

Seeing as Connie was having trouble, Winifred went over to her to give her a hand, while also teaching her.

“If you want to peel a tomato, you cannot directly peel it. You need to put it in hot water for a while before peeling it.

“As for the black fungus, you need to cover

it with some flour while washing it. This will make it cleaner.

“Also, it’s best to cook the tomatoes in water before Heather fries them, so that she does not need to add oil.

“There is also a technique to crack an egg ...”

Standing in the corner, Connie was shocked. She stared at Winifred’s beautiful eyes while looking at her, baffled.

“Sister Zea, how are you so capable?”

“Capable..?” Winifred was also shocked. “Why would you say so?”

Connie quickly replied, “Because you are good at everything you do, like my mother. You’re Autumn Field Group’s CEO, a strong businesswoman to the world. I did

not expect you to be so good in the kitchen as well.

“No wonder Brother Tyr loves you, I understand how outstanding you are now.”

Connie’s eyes dimmed for a second. It was obvious she was not trying to flatter Winifred, but was saying this from the bottom of her heart.

Winifred was speechless, wasn’t all this just common sense? It was all just basic kitchen knowledge, but in the eyes of the Marquise, perhaps it was like knowing calculus and advanced maths?

Heather sighed. “It’s not because Winifred is too good, it’s because you are too bad. However, you should learn from your Sister Winifred. Never mind, you don’t

have to stay here to help anymore. I have Winifred to help me.”

“Sister Winifred, not only did you steal my future husband, you stole my mother as well,” said Connie unhappily, pouting.

Winifred was left speechless.

Turning her head towards Connie, Heather said angrily, “What kind of nonsense are you spouting?”

Connie turned towards Heather, sticking her tongue out and making a silly face.

She then turned towards Winifred and smiled while saying, “Sister Winifred, I was just kidding, don't think too much about it. I only think of Tyr as a brother now.”

Winifred smiled in return as Connie left

the kitchen.

Speaking of which, if she had stayed, she would only have made an extra mess.

While Winifred and Heather chatted in the kitchen, Winifred soon felt the same about Heather as Tyr did. It felt as if they were very close. Heather liked Winifred a lot too, she saw her younger self in Winifred.

After a while, an array of sumptuous food was laid out on the table. Winifred had taken this opportunity to show off her cooking skills as well.

At the dinner table, Carson and Tyr did not speak about any business-related topics. The two of them drank a few shots of wine and sat down to enjoy dinner, laughing and talking like a real family.

After everyone sat down and had a few

drinks, Heather looked at Tyr and Winifred and said, “Little Tyr, Winifred, I have something to ask you guys. I don’t know how to say it, but I can’t help but ask.”

“Aunt Quelch, just tell us. It’s fine, you don’t need to be so formal. As long as we are capable of doing it, we will do it for you,” replied Tyr with a smile.

Heather shook her head. “It’s not something big, it’s just that... Whenever I’m with the both of you, I feel like we are very close, it’s as if you guys are my real son and daughter.

“From the bottom of my heart, I really like you two. However, I know that you’re a powerful person, little Tyr. If you don’t feel burdened by this old lady, I was wondering if I can be a godmother to both of you.”

When Heather said this, the entire dining table was quiet for a few seconds.

Godmother!

Actually, Tyr had thought about this too, from the time he first met Heather.

Especially after spending more time with her, he kept having these thoughts in his head. This was also the reason why he would always help Heather with all his might.

Tyr was someone who did not have a motherly figure growing up, so deep down in his heart, he longed for motherly love.

Seeing as Tyr and Winifred did not reply, Heather quickly said, “I said it too abruptly, come, eat.”

“No, Aunt Quelch, it was not abrupt at all. I

am willing,” Tyr quickly replied.

As Tyr agreed, Winifred immediately agreed as well. Then, the both of them immediately called Heather “Godmother” at the same time. At this, Heather smiled brightly, unable to contain her happiness.

Carson, who was sitting beside Heather, quickly said, “Little Tyr, you are a very important and powerful person. When we are outside, you are my senior. I cannot possibly be your godfather. So, please continue to call me Uncle Yorke.”

Tyr smiled and nodded. He definitely would not recognize Carson as his godfather, it was not logical. Even if Tyr did not mind, Carson would definitely never agree to it.

“Come, Godmother, let Winifred and I give

a toast to you,” said Tyr, as he and Winifred held up their wine glasses. “Uncle Yorke, join us,” he added.

They happily toasted and drank their wine.

After which, Heather looked at Connie angrily and said, “Girl, what are you doing just sitting there? Aren’t you gonna toast with your brother and sister-in-law?”

Connie was pouting and seemed absent-minded. “It’s all over, he became my official brother,” she mumbled.

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Chapter 352 Obsession

After dinner, Winifred Zea and Heather Quelch took the plates into the kitchen to do the dishes together. The two of them were like a real mother-daughter pair, they were closer than before. Connie Yorke also helped to clean up, but she felt as if her position as a daughter was in danger.

“Let me help as well,” she said, rolling up her sleeves and quickly walking into the kitchen, ready to help with washing the dishes.

Before this, forget about washing dishes, Connie had never stepped foot into the kitchen even once.

“Go, go, go,” said Heather, chasing Connie away. She asked her to play somewhere

else, then continued to happily talk to Winifred.

After being treated like that, Connie felt like crying. She stood with her arms akimbo, a displeased expression on her face.

“Mom, now that you have Sister Winifred, you don’t love me anymore?” she said as she angrily walked out of the kitchen.

It could be karma for trying to steal Winifred’s husband. The outcome was that she failed in stealing Tyr, and her mother got stolen instead.

Tyr and Winifred would not be going back to Khanh City that night, they had prepared to stay for the night.

Coincidentally, Winifred wanted to visit Autumn Field Group’s Prime City branch,

to check out the state of affairs.

At the same time, Winifred planned to hide her identity and drop by anonymously. That way, she could accurately assess the branch, as well as the company's situation.

Even though cleaning up the dinner table and washing the dishes were a women's job to begin with, they usually had maids to deal with it. However, today, Heather insisted on doing things herself. This was because she wanted to feel this feeling of doing housework that she had not felt for many years.

After dinner, Tyr and Carson went out of the house.

“Tyr, remember what I told you about Zeppelin Wayne?” asked Carson.

“Yeah, I remember.” Tyr nodded, of course he remembered.

Once Zeppelin heard about Tyr beating Sword Freak with two moves, he wanted Tyr to take him on as an apprentice. Tyr had rejected him. This was not possible.

Carson went quiet for a few seconds, then said, “Yes, you cannot accept him as your apprentice. However, this brother of mine has been obsessed.”

“Obsessed?”

“Yes, obsessed with swords,” said Carson. “After his injuries healed, he locked himself in his villa and continuously trained his sword techniques. Even I don’t know why he’s being this obsessed. Maybe it’s because after Sword Freak died, he lost a rival.”

Even though Southriver's Blade Maniac and Northriver's Sword Freak were rivals, they still cherished each other.

They both trained hard with the goal of defeating one another. All they thought about was training and their rival. With Sword Freak dead, and not even by his own hands, Zeppelin did not feel satisfied with the result. Now that he could not accomplish his goal, he could only take it to his grave.

Or maybe, Zeppelin was grieving Sword Freak's death. This was a way for him to vent out his sadness and anger. This type of feelings could not be explained, only true professional warriors could understand it.

“Riverdale is too small.” Tyr sighed. “ If

Sword Freak and Southriver's Blade Maniac were to challenge the world, what level could they achieve? Uncle Yorke, where is Zeppelin now? Take me there."

"Alright."

Well aware of Tyr's intentions, Carson immediately took Tyr to a courtyard not far from the Yorke family's house.

Zeppelin had stayed in the Yorke residence this entire time. Even though Yoshua Murray and the other experts stayed in the Yorke residence for most of their days, they still had their own family homes.

For Zeppelin, the Yorke family's courtyard was his one and only home. This was the most simple and fresh area in the Yorke residence.

The entire place had been designed by

Carson. There was a simple and small wooden cabin with a decent-sized yard. The yard was not filled with flowers and grass, but with a bunch of wooden dolls.

These wooden dolls were inserted into potholes in the ground. If a wooden doll got destroyed, the next day, someone would exchange it with a new one.

Tyr and Carson arrived at the door of the wooden cabin. They saw Zeppelin swinging his sword non-stop in the middle of all the wooden dolls. Each swing made a powerful blow. It did not matter if the wooden dolls were thick or thin, he easily sliced them into two.

Carson was about to ask Zeppelin to stop, but Tyr stopped him. He just stood there and watched Zeppelin, observing his performance. After about five minutes, the

more he watched, the deeper Tyr frowned.

Noticing Tyr's expression, Carson got worried. "Tyr, your expression isn't good. Is Zeppelin's situation bad?"

Tyr did not answer directly, he just nodded lightly and said, "Uncle Yorke, can I trouble you to go in and ask Zeppelin to stop now?"

"Ok."

Carson walked into the yard. It looked messy from all the broken pieces of wood.

There were over ten broken wooden dolls that Zeppelin had slashed, some of them were even slashed in half like a matchstick.

"Zeppelin, stop. Look who I brought to visit you," said Carson as he walked towards Zeppelin.

Suddenly, Carson could feel a berserking aura approaching him. He felt as if he was trapped in a layer of bloodlust. He felt like his life was in danger, as if he was surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves.

“Zeppelin!” Carson shouted loudly, but Zeppelin was already approaching with his sword in hand.

Zeppelin’s face was a mess and his eyes were red. He swung his sword with great speed.

Carson’s skills were not on Zeppelin’s level, in fact, the latter was way stronger than the former. Carson could not dodge Zeppelin’s attack in time. Zeppelin’s sword was about to hit Carson’s head and chop him into two like the wooden dolls.

Tyr immediately appeared beside Carson

and reached his hands out, grabbing Zeppelin's sword to stop his movements.

At that moment, Zeppelin's sword was a few meters away from Carson's head.

Carson could almost feel the pain on his forehead, as if the sword had already touched him.

However, Tyr had effortlessly stopped Zeppelin's swing.

N

Chapter 353 Lingerin

At that moment, Zeppelin Wayne regained his consciousness.

He wiped the sweat of his forehead and quickly stabbed his sword into a pile of wood, his face filled with fear. “Southriver King, are you alright?”

“What has gotten into you?” asked Carson Yorke. He was not angry, but worried.

“I don’t know.” Zeppelin pinched his cheeks hard, trying to stay as calm as possible. “It was as if I was stuck in an illusion — everything around me became Sword Freak.

“He was holding a sword, trying to kill me. I swung my sword with all my might, but it

was as if he could not die and kept surrounding me.

“Lately, I haven’t been able to sleep at all. Every time I close my eyes, my head is full of thoughts about Sword Freak. Especially in the middle of the night, whenever I open my eyes, I see Sword Freak holding a sword and standing in front of me.

“Last night, I opened the door and came to this yard. All I could see was a bunch of Sword Freaks standing here.”

As Zeppelin spoke, his emotions were getting more and more unstable.

Carson frowned, he remembered seeing Zeppelin laying on the floor, hugging his Dragon Blade the morning before.

Currently, Zeppelin was surrounded by chopped wooden dolls, it almost seemed as

if there were a bunch of sliced corpses on the ground.

“Don’t get agitated,” said Tyr, pressing on Zeppelin’s shoulder with a strong force.

Zeppelin’s body shivered, then he felt relaxed after.

“Tyr, what happened to Zeppelin?” Carson asked.

“I can’t explain the situation using science, but basically, it is because his brain received a huge mental shock. So, it started causing him to see hallucinations. He’s basically going crazy.”

“Crazy?”

Carson and Zeppelin were shocked.

“Do not think that this is impossible, this is quite common among the strong people

in the world. Especially people like you who are immersed into sword fighting. You are obsessed with swords and your opponents.”

After saying so, Tyr thought for a bit, then asked, “When did you first meet Sword Freak?”

Zeppelin thought for a moment and said, “It was too long ago, I don’t remember anymore.”

“Then, what is your strongest memory of him?”

Zeppelin did not hesitate and immediately answered, “Eight years ago, the Northriver King, Yannick Lloyd, wanted to take advantage of the time when Southriver was in turmoil to launch an attack on us. That was the first time I faced

Sword Freak, we were equally matched.”

“At that time, what was your fighting condition?” Tyr asked.

“I was invincible,” said Zeppelin.

He did not care if he sounded ignorant. It was true though. At that time, Zeppelin had indeed felt unstoppable.

Because, back then, when Carson gathered everyone from Prime City to fight, Zeppelin was Carson’s number one general. Zeppelin had helped Carson get rid of many strong fighters.

At the same time, as Zeppelin defeated more and more fighters, the more powerful he felt. By the time he helped Carson take control of the Southriver City, he felt invincible.

That type of feeling was very lonesome for

him, especially after the fight ended. He could not enjoy the feeling of battling, as Southriver's Blade Maniac felt very lost. After he met Sword Freak, and found that their power rivaled each other, he felt his blood boil and found his motivation.

From that moment onwards, Zeppelin could not forget about Sword Freak.

It was similar to the feeling of people falling in love at first sight. This was common among strong fighters, and this type of feeling could not be comprehended by normal people.

“After that, you challenged Sword Freak to a fight and he lost to you. You then promised to have a rematch seven years later. These past few years, you've been living and training for the sake of Sword Freak, am I right?” asked Tyr.

Zeppelin did not deny it and said, “You’re right. These seven years, even though Mrs. Quelch was sick and I went around the world looking for a doctor for her, I still did not forget to train my sword techniques every day. My only goal was to fight Sword Freak again.

“Even though he lost to me that year, I could tell that if I gave him seven years to hone his skills, he would easily surpass me if I relaxed and stopped training that hard. I’m Southriver’s Blade Maniac and he’s Northriver’s Sword Freak, we are similar in a sense.”

“Yeah,” said Tyr.

After that, Tyr did not ask anymore, because he knew what happened after.

Their seven-year agreement to fight on

Taichi Island was planned ahead of time. So, for the both of them to not be able to fulfill their promise, they must have felt extremely regretful.

At that time, during the war between the North and South, no matter which party had won, Sword Freak and Southriver's Blade Maniac would have let each other live. After that, they would let each other train and grow, until they were at their best forms. Then, they would have fought again.

This was why Sword Freak spared Zeppelin's life on Taichi Island. He could have killed Zeppelin, but he kept him alive for that reason. If Zeppelin had been the one who died, Sword Freak would have felt the same as Zeppelin was feeling right now, and would probably be in the same situation too.

In the world of the powerful, only the strongest would understand this. Tyr now knew the reason for Zeppelin's behaviour.

"If I knew this would happen, I would have spared Sword Freak's life no matter what."

Tyr sighed. "This is my fault."

Laughing bitterly, Zeppelin said, "Things can happen unexpectedly, and the situation could not be helped. At first, after finding out you killed Sword Freak, I was calm and it did not affect me. I don't know why I suddenly became like this.

"It feels like Sword Freak's soul is unable to leave the world and keeps haunting me."

Tyr said, "I've seen Sword Freak's skills, and I've also fought you. You were able to block three of my attacks, but Sword Freak could not even dodge two of my attacks.

“That time, when he attacked me, it only took one attack to break his sword and steal his life. I could not defeat you with that. Seven years ago, you were already way stronger than him.”

“I know what you’re saying is the truth, and you’re not just trying to comfort me, but that was just an estimation. We did not have a proper fight, so we won’t ever know the real result,” replied Zeppelin, laughing bitterly again.

N

Chapter 354 One Knife Technique

Carson Yorke felt anxious. Zeppelin Wayne had been his good brother for over ten years. He did not want Zeppelin to have any regrets in life.

Looking at Tyr, Carson asked, “Tyr, do you have a way to help him?”

“I do, it’s simple. We just need to dig Sword Freak out and make him fight Zeppelin.”

Shocked, Carson was rendered speechless.

Tyr smiled. “I’m joking. It was because his heart and mind received a shock, that’s why he went crazy. It’s not some mysterious reason like in action movies. This is just a problem with his mentality.”

Carson frowned. “So, you’re saying that I should send him to a mental hospital?”

Tyr quickly shook his head. “Uncle Yorke, you’re thinking too much. If we were to send Senior Wayne there, everyone in there would die within three days.

“Luckily, so many wooden dolls were destroyed in this yard. Otherwise, the entire Yorke residence would have been destroyed.”

After saying so, Tyr looked at Zeppelin with a serious face and said, “There is a way to cure you, but I’m not sure how effective it will be.”

“What way?”

Zeppelin and Carson looked at Tyr, their faces full of hope.

“It’s actually very easy,” said Tyr as he pulled the Dragon Blade out of the pile of wooden dolls and examined it.

“Senior Wayne, I am about to teach you a sword technique. If you train and polish this technique every day, you may be able to cure your current situation. Not only will it cure you, it will also increase your sword-wielding capabilities.”

Zeppelin’s eyes lit up, and even Carson, who was standing at the side, had a face full of excitement.

The reason Zeppelin had wanted to become Tyr’s apprentice was to learn his sword skills and techniques. Zeppelin did not care if Tyr actually knew any sword skills and techniques, but no matter what, he wanted Tyr to point out his weakness

and help him grow stronger.

When Tyr had rejected Zeppelin, he felt disappointed, but did not force it. He felt excited now, he never expected Tyr to voluntarily teach him a new sword technique.

‘I cannot imagine how magical Tyr's sword technique would be.’

Zeppelin held his breath and stared at Tyr. He looked at Tyr with full concentration, waiting for Tyr to show off his sword technique. Zeppelin was fully prepared, scared that he would miss his chance and miss the movements. He believed that Tyr's sword technique would be complicated.

“Watch closely,” said Tyr.

Holding the Dragon Blade, he swung it towards a wooden doll. The swing was not

fast nor slow, but it had enormous strength. With a loud 'pak' sound, the wooden doll snapped in two and flew up into the air.

“That was a scary amount of strength.”

Zeppelin and Carson were shocked speechless. They waited for Tyr to make the next moves, but he stopped after that swing.

“Senior Wayne, this is a good sword. I return it to you.”

“That’s all?” asked Zeppelin, looking at Tyr in confusion. Meanwhile, Carson was also baffled.

“Yup, that’s all.”

“How was that a sword technique?”

Tyr smiled. “Everything returns to its

owner. That was my sword technique. Senior Wayne, you are Southriver's Blade Maniac, you should understand what I mean by this.”

Zeppelin went quiet for a moment, then his face showed signs of realization. “I understand now. Thank you, Brother Tyr. Your words made me realize it. I suddenly feel as if my sword training for the past ten years were a waste.”

Tyr replied, “Senior Wayne, from now on, you just need this one technique to split the sky in two. I estimated your strength, you can practice this swing ten thousand times a day, that's your limit.

“If your mind still thinks of Sword Freak by the time you manage to swing fifteen thousand times a day, then it means that my method didn't work. If that is the case,

you can come find me in Khanh City, and I'll let you join the Wolf's Den.

“However, I feel like that probability of that happening is too small.”

“Alright.” Zeppelin saluted Tyr. “A thank you is not enough to repay such a big debt. If Brother Tyr needs any help from me, just tell me, and as long as I am capable of doing it, I will help you without question.”

Tyr smiled. “Senior Wayne, you're welcome. I only want one favour from you. Mrs Quelch is my godmother now, I just hope you can protect her.”

Zeppelin was stunned for a second.

“Old Wayne, did I not tell you about this before?” said Carson, laughing.

Finally understanding, Zeppelin laughed

as well. “Congrats,” he said.

Tyr and Carson had stayed in the yard for too long, the sky was getting dark. They finally left Zeppelin’s living quarters.

Meanwhile, Zeppelin did as Tyr instructed and started swinging his sword. He swung until he got tired and could do with a good night’s sleep.

Tyr and Winifred spent the night at the Yorke residence.

In Khanh City, there was a rule—if a married couple were to stay at another person’s house for the night, they cannot sleep in the same room. Otherwise, the owner of the house would get bad luck.

Even though Tyr and Winifred did not sleep together in the same room, their rooms were beside each other.

When Tyr woke up the next morning, he heard the sounds of a loud argument coming from the garden. The voices belonged to Connie and Carson.

Tyr got dressed and exited his room. He did not understand why Carson and Connie would be arguing. At that moment, Tyr heard Winifred coming out from her room.

Looking at Tyr in confusion, Winifred asked, “What’s going on?”

“I don’t know either.” Tyr was confused as well. “Why would father and daughter be arguing so ferociously this early in the morning?”

Winifred’s expression changed. “Is it because we accepted Aunt Quelch as our godmother and the Marquise got jealous?”

she asked in a panic.

“Haha, you think too much,” Tyr replied with a shrug. “Even though I do not know our godsister that well, I can guess her personality well. She has completely inherited her parent’s genes, she would not be that narrow-minded.”

“Then...”

“It’s probably because of some other reason. Uncle Yorke is a calm and collected person. If he hadn’t been provoked, he would not be arguing with his daughter in the garden so early in the morning.”

Taking Winifred’s hand, he added, “Let’s go see what Connie did to make Uncle Yorke so angry.”

N

Chapter 355 Missing Their Daughter

Full of questions, the both of them walked towards the garden. As they walked towards the garden, they ran into a few of the Yorke family's maids. The maids did not dare go near the garden.

At that moment, Connie's angry voice could be heard, "I won't go! I won't go, no matter what. We're living in modern times, not some ancient times. You're actually forcing me into an arranged marriage. I won't go, no matter what!"

Carson's voice rang out in reply, "Hmph, you have no choice, you have to meet him today. I did not say you need to marry him. So, why are you refuting so much?"

“Not going, means I’m not going. Even if it’s just to meet him, I won’t go,” said Connie, even more angrily. “Hmph, I have the freedom to decide on my own marriage. I’m only twenty, there is no need to talk about marriage this early.”

Connie’s words made Carson want to laugh incredulously. This girl dared to say she was too young for marriage. Then, why did she go to Khanh City and persistently say she wanted to marry Tyr? Why did she not say she was too young for marriage at that time?

He spoke sternly, “No, you have no choice. I already set this date with the guy’s parents way earlier. For now, it’s just the date for you two to meet.

“They won’t be bringing the marriage

papers now, that'll only happen later. You cannot avoid this. Even though the marriage might not go through, you still need to be polite.”

“Hmph, I won't go and see some peasant from West Suez. You can go yourself,” said Connie angrily as she stormed away.

“You stop right there!”

Absolutely furious, Carson tried to stop her from leaving, but she did not listen at all.

“Sigh...”

In the end, Carson was helpless against his daughter. He could not stop sighing.

At the moment, Tyr and Winifred were standing at the entrance of the garden.

Even though she was angry, Connie still stopped to greet them as she walked past, “

Brother Tyr, Sister Winifred.”

After greeting them, she did not wait for them to reply and left angrily. It made Tyr and Winifred feel awkward.

They walked into the garden to find Carson frowning. Sometimes, when kids grew up, it was impossible for them to listen to everything their parents said anymore.

“Uncle Yorke, what happened?” Tyr asked.

When Carson saw Tyr and Winifred, the anger on his face dissipated.

He sighed and said, “Ugh, that girl, we spoiled her too much when she was a kid. She is getting so unruly.”

“It actually isn’t a big deal. About twenty years ago, I arranged a marriage for my

daughter with a senior's son in West Suez. Since the agreed time has come, they sent someone to tell us that they want to meet up and bring the marriage papers. They want the kids to tie the knot.

“I was discussing it with that girl, but you saw her reaction. I wanted to beat her up.”

Tyr and Winifred instantly understood. No wonder Connie was so angry and refuting intensely. This was the reason why the father-daughter pair had argued so badly.

The older generation sure liked to arrange marriages for their kids. It was common twenty, thirty years ago.

Back then, they would not even have a marriage interview and immediately sign the marriage papers. However, that was only common in the olden days. How could

today's modern people accept something like that?

However, rich people of this era still arranged marriages for their kids. This was because they gained benefits and could achieve business alliances through marriage.

This resulted in a bunch of rich people's kids going all out doing whatever they wanted with no restraints. Because once they got married, they would lose their freedom.

However, it was different for the Yorke family, Carson was not using his daughter to forge an alliance with another family. Carson and Heather Quelch were not the type of people to use their daughter as a tool.

“Uncle Yorke, don't be angry. It's a

different era now. This isn't the olden days, it's understandable that Connie cannot accept an arranged marriage," said Tyr.

Carson laughed bitterly. "Your godmother and I aren't people who are fixated on the olden era. It's just that this senior owed me. When we realised our kids were around the same age, we got excited and agreed to an arranged marriage.

"Actually, we haven't contacted each other for all these years, so I forgot about the arranged marriage. However, they sent someone over to remind me about it. My senior's son came as well, I cannot just reject their visit.

"At the very least, I, Carson Yorke, cannot lose my morals.

"Also, if either one of them does not agree

with the marriage after meeting each other, I will personally visit the family in West Suez and tell them that the marriage is off. I'm not forcing Connie to marry him, but they should meet at least once.

“Just look at that girl's attitude, ugh, I feel as if I wasted twenty years raising her.”

Tyr nodded his head lightly. This was the Yorke family's matter, he did not want to interfere much. What Carson said made sense, and at the same time, Connie's reaction was normal as well.

All that could be said was that both father and daughter had a temper.

“Uncle Yorke, I won't comment on this situation. This is your family problem. Just don't be angry anymore. Once you and Connie calm down, then you guys can have

a proper discussion,” said Tyr.

“If she even wants to talk to me later, that is,” replied Carson, biting his lip.

Knowing he overreacted earlier, Carson waved his hands and said, “Never mind, my daughter is all grown up now, she isn’t her dad’s little sheep anymore.

“Tyr, Winifred, I advise the both of you to spend more time with Blair now, while she’s young.

“Kids only cling to their parents when they are young. When they get older, they will have their own ways of thinking. If you want to get close to them then, it may be too late.”

Tyr and Winifred looked at each other. They suddenly felt guilty.

What Carson said was true. Kids would

cling to their parents when they were young, but as they grew, they would rely less on their parents, and spend less time with them. They would slowly separate themselves from their parents.

This reminded Tyr and Winifred about their daughter. They were so busy recently that they neglected her. Thinking about this, Tyr and Winifred's hearts sank. They suddenly missed their daughter.

N

Chapter 356 Impulsive Jay Blade

Tyr could not help but remember how Blair had come home from school upset. It was because her parents were always busy and did not spend time with her.

After that, Tyr promised Blair that he would spend more time with her. In reality, after a few days of spending time with her, he had started being busy again.

Tyr and Winifred didn't even know how Blair felt right now. Could she even understand her parents' situation?

Blair was only five, such a young kid would not understand her parents' situation. Her small little heart could only know that her parents were always busy and could not spend much time with her.

However, Tyr and Winifred barely heard Blair complain. Even if she complained for a bit, she always got over it quickly. Blair was different from other kids. Since young, she and Winifred had suffered a lot. So, she was more mature than other kids her age.

Thinking about it, Tyr could not help but feel upset. Once Blair came back from Riverville City, they should spend more time with her.

“Uncle Yorke, thanks for your advice. We will spend more time with our daughter.” Tyr and Winifred both nodded their heads at Carson. “So, what are you gonna do about Sister Connie’s situation?”

Carson laughed bitterly and said, “I can’t talk to that girl. Let your godmother talk to

her, she will listen to her mother.”

At that moment, Heather had already prepared breakfast. The breakfast was made by Heather herself. She got up early and cooked porridge, steamed buns, deep fried dough sticks, and more. Everything was laid out on the table.

Connie did not join them for breakfast. She was really angry and trying to give the adults the silent treatment.

“Godmother, you're still recuperating. Please take care of your health.”

Tyr felt grateful seeing a large table of food prepared by Heather, while Winifred was worried about her health.

Heather smiled and said, “No worries. However, since you guys are here, I want you to taste my homemade steamed buns.

The maids usually do all the cooking, but cooking myself once in a while is fine.”

As she passed bowls of porridge to Tyr and Winifred, she added, “Have a taste before it gets cold.”

“Thank you, Godmother.”

They ate their breakfast without any mention of Connie and the situation, they just talked about other normal stuff.

As they were about to finish their breakfast, a guy walked into the dining room. He kneeled in front of Heather and Carson as soon as he came in.

“Godmother, Godfather, please don’t force Connie.”

This person was Jay Blade. It was obvious that he came because of Connie’s situation.

“Jay, what are you doing?” asked Carson.

Shocked, Heather immediately got up and tried to lift him to his feet. “Jay, what are you doing? Get up quickly.”

“Godmother and Godfather, since Connie does not want to marry that Dickson Watt guy from West Suez, please don’t force her.”

Heather felt uncomfortable, while Tyr frowned at the side.

It was no secret that Jay liked Connie, that was why Connie told Jay about this. It was also why he immediately came over.

However, Tyr did not expect Jay to be so direct as to even kneel in front of them.

“B*stard,” snapped Carson.

He angrily slammed his hands on the

table, causing the porridge in front of him to topple over. Jay wasn't the only one shocked by Carson's sudden slam, even Heather and Winifred were terrified.

This was why Carson was the Southriver King.

“Godfather...”

“Get up now.”

Jay dared not defy Carson, so he stood up. He then stood in a corner, not daring to speak.

Carson took a deep breath and said, “Jay Blade, I consider you as my son. So, you should understand me as a person, right?”

“Yes, I understand,” Jay answered with a straight face. “From my point of view, you are the strongest, Godfather. And no one

could ever top you.”

“Oh really?” Carson asked. “So, in your eyes, I’m just some evil monster?”

Jay quickly kneeled and said, “Godfather, that was not what I meant.”

Heather quickly helped Jay get back up to his feet. “Little Jay, why do you kneel so much? You cannot do this.”

“Godmother, I...”

Carson cut him off, “Jay, I know you like Connie. I know you’ve liked her since you were a child. If Connie is willing to marry you, I would not reject it and immediately let you guys get married.

“However, let me ask you, if Connie only thinks of you as a brother, would you forcefully pursue her?”

Jay was silent for a few seconds, he had a complicated look on his face. However, his expression quickly returned to normal.

“I won’t,” Jay answered confidently. “Actually, I’ve been trying hard these few years, but I already know that Connie won’t ever like me back. So, I won’t force her.

“However, even if Connie does not like me, I will continue to protect her. I see her as my blood sister now. So, Godfather, please forgive me for being so rash.”

Tyr sighed in his head. During the incident last time, Connie had misunderstood Jay and cried in his embrace.

After that, she stopped pestering Tyr to marry her. So, he told her that she should consider the people around her. Tyr thought that Connie would realize Jay’s

feelings. He thought they could have a good start.

However in reality, Tyr had hoped too much. Feelings were such a strange thing. If you liked someone, then you liked them, and if you didn't, you just didn't. Trying to change one's feelings was very hard.

It looked like Jay had finally changed his way of thinking. Even though he still had feelings for Connie, he knew that it was impossible for anything to happen between them. So, he started thinking of her as his own blood sister. He would continue to support and protect her.

A person like Jay would definitely sacrifice his life for Connie without hesitation.

“Jay, do you understand what I just said? You care for Connie even if she doesn't like

you. You would still protect her and treat her like your real sister. But, I'm her real blood father," said Carson.

Jay flinched, he then understood Carson. The panic in his heart subsided.

"Godfather, I was too rash earlier, please forgive me," said Jay as he naturally kneeled down again.

Tyr could not withstand the sight of this any longer. Kneeling down whenever he wanted, was this kid shooting a historical royal film or something?

N

Chapter 357 Go with Me

Carson Yorke waved his hands and said, “About this, I already told Connie, I will respect her decision. However, we should still have manners and respect.

“Those people in the West Suez have a complicated family background. It is not that simple. Our Yorke family is nothing compared to them.

“Who knows, it might be the guy who can't accept our wild girl.”

Tyr Summer's heart tightened. Up till now, he still did not understand the culture in the south.

West Suez was a province in the south. The land was not big. There were not many

cities there either.

That place was not that advanced compared to the other places in the south. That province could be considered as undeveloped land.

Riverdale Province was considered one of the top provinces in the south. Even though Carson had not ascended to the throne, he was still considered one of the province's top families.

A family as powerful as the Yorke family could not compete with a family in the West Suez. This was interesting in Tyr's eyes.

Who exactly was the senior that Carson mentioned?

In the end, Heather cleaned the table and brought new bowls of porridge. She also

got one for Jay Balde.

“I will look for Connie and talk with her later.”

After eating, Tyr went to visit Zeppelin Wayne.

When Tyr went to visit him, Zeppelin was already long awake. The wooden dolls were already taken away from his yard.

Zeppelin held his sword and continuously swung it in the air as Tyr instructed.

“Senior Wayne, did you sleep well last night?” Tyr walked over and said to Zeppelin.

Zeppelin kept his sword away as he saw Tyr walking over. He turned toward Tyr and let out a huge smile.

“Tyr, thanks to your method. After

swinging the sword one thousand eight hundred times, I felt so tired and managed to get a good sleep.

“I woke up around five in the morning today. After taking a shower, I’ve been swinging the sword until now. I’ve already reached four thousand swings.”

“Good.” Tyr smiled and nodded. “Looks like this method works well for you, at least you are calmer now.

“However, Senior Wayne, I taught you this method to train your endurance. I hope you swing every swing perfectly. Do not aim for speed, in fact, the slower the better.”

“I understand.”

Zeppelin nodded. “Thank you for reminding me, Tyr.”

“You’re welcome.”

Tyr then left shortly after chatting with Zeppelin.

After that, Tyr and Winifred prepared to leave. Winifred still had to do a secret checkup on the Autumn Field Group’s Prime City branch, she could not stay for long. After all, there are a lot of things to do in the company.

Regarding Connie’s matter, Tyr had never planned to care about it nor did he need to.

After saying their goodbyes to Carson and Heater, both of them left Yorke's villa.

As they left the villa, a Maserati stopped in front of their car. It blocked their way.

Connie got down from the Maserati and walked toward the driver’s side.

Tyr wound down his window and frowned.

“Connie, what are you doing?”

“Hmph, my dad definitely scolded Jay. That’s why Jay is ignoring me. Meanwhile, my mother wants me to meet up with Dickson.

“She said he would come over to our house tonight, but I don’t want him to come over to my house. So, I contacted him and agreed to meet him at a cafe now.”

“So?”

Tyr thought. ‘So what are you trying to say to me?’

“Since you guys set up a date, then just go. Why are you blocking my car? Stop causing trouble and drive your car away. Your sister, Winifred, and I have matters to

attend to.”

“I know what you guys are going to do. Sister Winifred wants to check up on the company in Prime City right, it isn’t a big deal. Sister Winifred can go there alone, you are just an extra why would you go along with her?”

“Hmph, you should mind your own business.”

Tyr was speechless.

Winifred was laughing at Connie’s words. This girl sure was weird.

“Sister Connie, you want your brother Tyr to go with you?”

Connie said, “I definitely won’t meet him alone. Since Jay is ignoring me because of my dad, and I’m just a girl. Out of two of

my brothers, only you can come with me.”

“Stop spouting nonsense, I do not have the time to tag along with you. I won’t go.

“And I need to protect your sister, Winifred. What if something happens to her?”

Tyr rejected Connie, but Connie angrily said, “No, you must go with me. Sister Winifred is just going to the company. I can even send her a few bodyguards.

“And, you said that you think of me as your sister. Is this how you treat your sister?”

“Look, when I spoke on the phone with Dickson, he sounded very suspicious.

“What would happen if there was no one following me to this date with him, and

then he does something to me? I am just a weak girl. I won't be able to fight back.”

Tyr was speechless. “ With your personality and attitude, how are you weak? I don't think there is any man out there who can do anything to you.”

Tyr did not feel like accompanying Connie to her blind date, he said, “Stop acting pitiful, if you are really scared of that guy just bring your bodyguard.”

“I can't, if my dad finds out that I brought a bodyguard along with me, he will scold me for being disrespectful. However you are my godbrother, so if you go with me, my father has no reason to scold me.”

Tyr could not think of what to say to reject Connie, Winifred smiled and said, “Hubby, I agree with what Sister Connie said. You

should go with her.”

“But, what about you...”

“What would happen?” Winifred rolled her eyes, “It’s as Sister Connie said, I’m just going to my office. Who would attack me?”

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Chapter 358 West Suez's Dickson Watt

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Even though Tyr Summers did not want to follow Connie Yorke to her blind date, he could not say no since Winifred Zea told him to.

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“Then, I will come to find you after I’m done. Do you need some bodyguards?”

“You think this is some drama show?”

Winifred rolled her eyes. “Our country is the safest country in the entire world, plus no one would rob a person in broad daylight.”

“You’re right.”

Tyr just came back from Thailand; he still

could not let his guard down. Every step he took, he felt as if someone was stalking him.

However, what Winifred said was right, this was the world's safest place. What could happen?

Winifred was going anonymously to see how the branch was going. If she brought a bodyguard then she might get exposed.

“Then, drive safe.”

Tyr got down from the car, looked at Connie, and said helplessly, “You win. Let's go.”

“Bye, Sister Winifred.”

Connie smiled brightly and waved at Winifred. She then got up her Maserati with Tyr.

to the guy instead?

The Maserati stopped at a very tall coffee house in Prime City.

Dickson had not arrived yet. So, Tyr and Connie each ordered a cup of coffee and sat down to wait for him.

Connie played with the coffee mug in her hand as she kept looking at Tyr.

“Why are you looking at me?”

Tyr frowned.

Connie mumbled, “Brother Tyr, imagine if we had a date here. Do you really have no intentions of marrying me?”

Tyr’s expression darkened. “Connie Yorke, I do not like your jokes.”

“I’m not joking with you. I’m serious.”

"I'm leaving."

Tyr put his cup of coffee down on the table and got up, ready to leave.

Connie panicked, she quickly stood up and pulled him back. "You're no fun at all, a beautiful woman is in front of you, yet you don't even bat an eye.

"Never mind, I was just joking with you."

"As I said, I do not like your jokes."

Tyr then sat back down, the two of them continued to wait for the guy from West Suez.

Originally, Connie had told him to meet up at around nine. However, the both of them waited till it was almost ten yet he did not appear.

Connie called Dickson on the phone a few

times, but he had turned his phone off.

“This blockhead, don't tell me he ditched me.”

Connie was already fuming with anger. It was always her who ditched other people. Who dared ditch her?

“I'm so angry. I'm really so angry.”

Connie continued to mumble as Tyr just continued to play Sokoban on his phone.

After another half hour, Tyr had already finished his Sokoban.

He put his phone back into his pocket and said, “I think he won't come. You should go home and prepare for his visit tonight.”

“If he dares visit me tonight, I'll castrate him.”

Connie angrily stood up, as she was going

to call the waiter for the bill.

At this moment, a young man wearing regular clothes carrying a black cloth bag walked into the coffee shop.

To summarize this young man, the clothes we were wearing were not even three hundred dollars in total. While his clothes and style seemed a bit ancient, he had carried a special kind of aura.

His skin was a bit on the darker side, but his body was super fit. His face was like an ax. Even though he was not that handsome, he gave out a strong aura.

Especially those pairs of shining eyes, it was as if they were glowing.

‘Strong, good seedling.’

The moment Tyr saw that person, those

thoughts came into his mind.

That feeling was like when Tyr first trained the Nemesis team, when he first saw Sigillum, Dhrishit, and the rest he had the same feeling.

This person was not simple.

Tyr noticed the guy carrying a black pouch. Even though he could not see what was inside, it piqued his interest.

Connie, who was in a rage earlier, was stunned for a few seconds.

There was an unexplainable feeling rushing up to Connie's heart. She did not know what this feeling was. All she knew was that for a moment, her heart throbbed.

The young man walked into the cafe and looked around, he then laid his eyes upon

Tyr and Connie.

To be exact, he looked over at Connie.

When their eyes met, Connie's heart throbbed once more.

At this moment, the anger in her heart disappeared. However, she was still a person who held a grudge. Even if she was not angry anymore, she still acted as if she was fuming.

Connie could guess the young man's identity.

The young man had quickly walked toward Connie. He was holding a photo. He looked at the photo and at Connie a few times, as if to confirm something.

In the end, the young man smiled brightly at Connie and stretched his hands out

toward her, “Hi, are you, Miss Connie Yorke? It’s an honor to meet you, I am Dickson Watt.”

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Chapter 359 Annulment

The youth seemed a polite person, and although he could not be described as a handsome man, his smile was as warm as the winter sun.

“He.. hello.”

Connie Yorke stuttered a little but still extended her hand.

She seemed a little flustered.

“No...”

A thought crossed her mind. ‘What am I doing? He is a bumpkin through and through. What was I thinking?’

‘I came here today to give him a piece of my mind. What happened to me?’

She abruptly withdrew her hand as her expression darkened.

“So you are Dickson Watt. I knew it! A bumpkin from West Suez.

“Are you a man, huh? I cannot believe you made me wait here for so long. What is wrong with you?”

Dickson was startled. He did not expect the drastic change in Connie’s attitude.

Retrieving a cellphone—an antiquated Nokia, from his pocket, he said, “Ms. Yorke, I thought we agreed to meet at ten o’clock. It is not even ten yet.”

“Ten?” Connie was confused for a second. “I thought we were to meet at nine?”

She immediately smacked her forehead and exclaimed, “Wait, I think you are

right.”

Sitting next to her, Tyr Summers was speechless. Just moments ago, she was whining and complaining, making a ruckus in the cafe. To think it was actually her mistake.

“So what if I misremembered our meeting time? As a gentleman, shouldn’t you arrive at your date, no... meeting with a girl an hour earlier?”

“You made me wait for you, how irritating!”

Not just Dickson, even Tyr was dumbfounded. It seemed that women were all the same. Despite being in the wrong, they would always find a way to reverse the narrative.

“My apologies, it is my fault.”

Dickson was astonishingly good-natured. Whoever was in the wrong did not matter to him, as long as he apologized.

Truthfully speaking, when he first saw Dickson, Tyr felt curious about this young man and inexplicably charmed.

Connie did not invite Dickson to sit, nor did she offer to get him a cup of coffee. She immediately got down to business.

“So, Dickson Watt. I do not care what arrangement my father had with your elders. I will not agree to this marriage.

“What century is it now? Are arranged marriages still a thing?

“I called you over to let you know that I have the freedom to go after what I want and will not allow these old folks to dictate

what I can or cannot do. So, no funny thoughts here. We are never going to be together.

“When you go to my house later, you know what you need to do. Cancel the damned marriage.”

Connie’s lecture could be summarized into one single word—annulment.

Under normal circumstances, Dickson would have been angry and refused her suggestion.

Completely unexpected by Connie, he broke into a relaxed smile.

One could even discern a sense of gratitude in his smile.

“Ms. Yorke, I did not expect us to come to the same understanding. This is

wonderful.”

“Huh?” Connie was lost for a moment. Why did he react this way? Shouldn't he be furious?

An enraged Dickson refused to accept the fact, as Connie had Tyr beat him up. This was the storyline she was expecting.

Why did he look happy instead?

At this moment, Connie felt dejected.

Dickson did not notice Connie's sentiment. He was extremely pleased to hear what she had to say.

He then opened the black canvas bag he was carrying on his back. Tyr could see a set of three-piece nunchucks in his bag.

Instead of the nunchucks, he took out a sheet of paper that looked old. It was the

marriage agreement.

It was drafted and signed by Carson Yorke and the elder from West Suez twenty years ago.

This meant that it was definitely not a prank, and that they were not joking around.

It was a serious affair. Even the marriage agreement was preserved well. If these were ancient times, Connie and Dickson would have legally been husband and wife.

He placed the agreement on the table and said, “Our elders drafted this marriage agreement. Under their wishes, I am here today to propose.

“However, just like Ms. Yorke, I do not agree with their outdated thinking. Therefore, I am of the opinion that this

marriage is not legitimate.”

“Oh.”

Connie felt a pang of disappointment.

“So?” She asked.

“So, I am here not to propose, but to annul the marriage,” replied Dickson.

“An... annulment?” Connie’s heart skipped a beat.

Dickson did not care what her reaction was. He took out a pen from his bag.

“Ms. Yorke, when our elders signed the agreement, they agreed that we will decide the marriage’s validity. If we disagree with it, it is annulled.

“Initially, I was worried that you would not agree to the annulment, but it seems

like I was overthinking.

“Thus, I have already signed and crossed my name out on the agreement.”

He handed the pen to Connie. “Could you please sign and cross your name out on the agreement too, Ms. Yorke?”

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Chapter 360 Carson Yorke's Daughter

Connie Yorke felt bewildered at the moment; no words escaped her mouth.

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She was the one who asked to meet with Dickson Watt to annul their marriage. Why did she feel a pang of reluctance when it was actually time for her to make the decision.

With a courteous smile on his face, Dickson's eyes shimmered enthusiastically.

"Ms. Yorke."

Seeing Connie's lack of reaction, he got a little worried.

"Why are you so surprised? Isn't it what

you wanted?”

Tyr Summers watched anxiously, trying his best to understand what the girl next to him was thinking.

He took the pen from Dickson and shoved it into Connie's hand. “Come on, stop wasting our time.”

“Tyr Summers, what...” exclaimed Connie.

“What? Sign it and get going! I have to meet Winifred soon!”

Under Tyr's urging, a distracted Connie put her signature down.

“Ms. Yorke, you forgot to cross it out.”

“Oh.”

Immediately Connie crossed out her name on the marriage agreement.

Dickson retrieved his pen after everything was said and done as an excited smile appeared on his face.

“Thank you so much, Ms. Yorke! From today on, the marriage agreement is no more. Please say hello to Uncle Yorke and Aunt Quelch for me. I will not be going to meet them as I have some matters to attend to.

“I will definitely visit when I am free,” Dickson said as he put the marriage agreement and the pen back into his black canvas bag. He then nodded at both Tyr and Connie, said ‘goodbye’, and left.

Tyr looked at Dickson as he left and thought to himself what an interesting character he was.

Connie was distraught, yet to recover from

what just happened.

Only after Dickson left the cafe and completely disappeared that Connie suddenly shouted, "Bastard!"

She then smashed a coffee mug onto the floor.

"What is wrong with you?" Tyr stood speechless next to her. Noticing the stares thrown their way by the customers in the cafe, he wanted to say that he did not know this crazy girl.

Connie's face was flushed as she angrily said, "Did he just come to me and said that he wanted to annul the marriage? To my face? Am I that bad?"

"I thought that was the reason you came in the first place? Why are you angry when he had similar intentions?" asked Tyr.

“Hmph!”

Connie clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. She was absolutely infuriated. “Even then, I am the one who was supposed to say that.”

“I just do not understand women.”

Tyr was utterly confused just as a new thought flashed across his mind.

Could it mean that Connie was attracted to Dickson?

Love at first sight was not uncommon at all. Moreover, previously she was adamant that she wanted to marry Tyr even before they met.

Whatever Connie was thinking, Tyr did not want to know.

He was much more interested in Dickson.

“Well, I accompanied you here to meet Dickson. I will now take my leave.”

Tyr informed Connie and left the cafe without even paying for his drink. Connie was going to settle the tab.

“So, you are just going to leave me?” asked Connie.

“What else will I do then?” Tyr retorted.

Connie felt a wave of deep anger rising in her chest as her face twisted in rage.

“Hmph, all men are the same!”

“Hey gorgeous, those men were out of their mind for leaving you. How about getting some love from me?”

A middle-aged man in a horrible outfit approached Connie. With a malicious

expression, he said, "I am the best at giving out love and care."

Connie turned to look at the man with disgust in her eyes and instinctively slapped his face. "Who the heck are you? Get away from me!"

Infuriated, the man replied, "Do you know who I am? How dare you slap me!"

At the moment, an employee at the cafe came running over and immediately spoke to the man, "First of all, we strictly prohibit any fights in our cafe.

"I do not know who you are, but I can tell you that this lady right here is the daughter of King Yorke."

The man's heart thudded violently as if he had just fallen into a deep icy ravine.

"That is right, King Yorke, the Southriver

King—Carson Yorke,” the employee added.

Just as quickly, the man dropped onto his knees and looked at Connie with fear in his eyes.

At the moment, Connie was in an extremely crummy mood and was just looking for a place to vent when this man came onto her.

Moreover, the ‘Little Princess’ of Prime City was never a good character. She grabbed a mug from the table and struck the man’s head with it.

He cried out in pain as she struck a second time.

“I am going to hit you until I am satisfied. If I hear a single sound from you, I will kill your family.”

The scorching sun hung high in the sky.

Dickson, carrying a black canvas bag, was walking along a deserted alleyway.

He said he had matters to attend to, but nobody knew what they were.

After passing through the alleyway, he came to a halt in front of an old courtyard.

Through the gates, he could hear faint sounds of wooden stumps being hit.

A minute later, he pushed through the gates with a faint smile on his face.

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Chapter 361 Death and Destiny

At the moment, a shirtless man was hitting a wooden stump in the courtyard.

He seemed to be in his late fifties, going on to sixty, but he looked extremely fit and well-built, unlike the avid gym-goer's bulky bodies.

His body was chiseled and toned, a flawless piece of work by the man himself.

To have such a toned physique, one had to be consistently practicing martial arts, training, and sculpting the body.

The martial art he was practicing was a style called Wing Chun. A set of flurrying motions awarded anyone watching a visual feast but also concealed its immense

power.

Dickson Watt entered the courtyard and stood there, watching the old man practicing his moves.

About three minutes later, the man finally stopped. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and turned toward Dickson.

He was too focused on his training and did not notice the arrival of a visitor. A look of surprise appeared on his face.

“Who are you?” he asked.

Dickson smiled cheerfully. He opened his mouth, exposing his perfect pearly whites, and bowed at the man. “Sir, my name is Dickson Watt, and I come from West Suez.”

“Dickson Watt?” The man was a little confused. “Why are you here?”

As he spoke, he seemed to realize something and changed his tone. “Are you here to learn from me?”

“I cannot believe that you found me— Chauncey Yacovone, as I live in exclusion here at Riverdale. Tell me, young man, how did you find me?”

Dickson shook his head. “You misunderstood me, sir. I am not here to learn.

“As for the question of how I found you, it was not hard at all. Before I came, I found Hung Ga Master in the north, Staff Monk in the woods, and the journeying Swordmaster.

“As for you, Chauncey Yacovone, Wing Chun Master, according to rumors, you are currently the strongest Wing Chun Master

in Celestial Empire, is that right?

“Also, you had your dojo at Imperial Capital City but was tired with life in the city and left to live alone here three years ago?”

Chauncey frowned. “It is not very respectful of you to go snooping for my past. So, tell me, since you are not here to learn from me, why exactly are you here?”

“To knock you down or be killed by you.”

Dickson’s vibe instantly changed.

Just moments ago, he was smiling brightly. With a pair of clean clothes on, he looked just like the boy next door.

Yet, a viscous aura seemed to emanate from his body, like a beast moments away from losing control.

The instant emanation seemed to have lowered the temperature in the courtyard by a few degrees.

Chauncey frowned hard. His muscles flexed and twitched instinctively.

“Do you intend to challenge me?” he asked.

“Punches and kicks are blind. Only fate decides our mortality,” Dickson replied.

He went charging toward Chauncey like a cannon bolt.

He was very fast, with punches flurrying like rain in a storm. As he approached Chauncey, at least seven punches were thrown.

He did not hold back at all, with all his attacks lusting for blood.

Chauncey was confused, but at this point, he was forced to focus his attention on the uninitiated assault.

He heightened his perception, just like an eagle looking for its prey, and dodged the attacks.

With the agile motion of his feet, he evaded Dickson's punches as quickly as he could.

As a true Wing Chun Master, his prowess could never be matched by the frauds reported in the newspapers.

Authentic Wing Chun was lethal in both offense and defense.

The duo fought under the scorching sun. Each of their attacks quicker than the previous ones as their thunderous

punches punctured their surrounding stillness.

Dickson's current capability was not the best in the world, but he was always unbeatable in his mind.

Since the beginning, they exchanged at least a hundred punches between them, with Dickson on the weaker side of the battle. If it was someone else, they might have collapsed under the immense mental strain.

Not Dickson though. Instead, he seemed to be going stronger than before.

Unbeatable, undefeated, the best in the world. These were the only thoughts in his mind.

Chauncey let out a soft growl as he broke Dickson's attack and followed up with his

strikes.

His punch connected with Dickson's chest, and as his opponent's defense broke, a flurry of punches came right after.

It was Wing Chun's basic attacking move. Chauncey landed at least a dozen punches in just the blink of an eye, rapidly like the needle on a sewing machine, on Dickson's chest.

The punches seemed soft, but as Wing Chun was all about the transfer of explosive power over quick and short distances, they were actually devastating blows.

Each one of these blows could bring immense damage to Dickson's body.

Under the barrage of punches, he retreated a good eight meters before Chauncey

withdrew his fists and kicked him a good distance away.

Laying on the ground, he felt a deep spasm in his chest and felt the distinct metallic taste of blood in his throat.

One big gulp, and he swallowed the blood back down.

Seeing Dickson's look of determination, Chauncey had nothing but respect for him.

He said, "Brother, you have great potential in martial arts and good mental fortitude. You will go far. Yet, you are no match for me today. Please, leave."

Dickson did not get up after hearing Chauncey's words.

Instead, he smiled, exposing his blood-spotted teeth, and said, "The game has

only just begun.”

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Chapter 362 Treacherous Nunchucks

“What?” Chauncey Yacovone was slightly taken aback.

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Dickson Watt opened the black bag he was carrying and took out his black nunchucks.

“Seems like you deserve my Knight’s Rod.”

“Knight’s Rod?”

Chauncey seemed to remember something as his expression darkened suddenly. “Are you perhaps West Suez’s...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Dickson charged toward him, with his Knight’s Rod swinging menacingly in his hands.

Nunchucks were not an easy weapon to handle. A person who did not know how to use it would not fully realize its potential in battle. In fact, it might become a deadly burden.

However, every weapon existed for a reason.

Placed in someone else's grasp, it could turn into a deadly weapon.

With the nunchucks in his hands, Dickson's aura completely changed.

Just like when Thor had his trusted hammer, Mjollnir, in his hand.

Whoosh!

The nunchucks made a loud sound as it sliced through the air.

Dickson once again charged toward

Chauncey.

However, it was a completely reversed situation.

Dickson was the losing side in the previous fight. If not for Chauncey's grace, he would have received more damage than just induced blood-vomiting.

Yet, Chauncey was the one falling back under the nunchucks' relentless assault.

Wham!

Dickson's nunchucks finally broke Chauncey's defense as it hit his body.

One blow and Chauncey felt as if he was hit by a giant iron hammer and felt broken bones.

When he fought, he did not fight to his maximum power and gave his opponent a

chance.

However, Dickson was different. He had no mercy; every one of his blows was out to deal fatal damage.

After getting hit, Chauncey's body coordination weakened, and a panicked expression appeared on his face as his flow was disrupted.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

The nunchucks struck him blow after blow, and he was at his limit.

A minute later, Dickson's last blow had Chauncey thrown backward. He felt like he was hit by a car.

Right now, his face was swollen and bruises could be seen on many parts of his body. There were also numerous wounds,

oozing blood.

Not just that, plenty of his bones were either fractured or broken.

With such a severe injury, it would take at least a year or two for him to heal completely.

“You...”

Chauncey was floored and could not lift himself up. He pointed at Dickson, wanting to say something but nothing came out.

Dickson chucked his nunchucks into his bag.

He bowed at Chauncey and said, “My apologies for going all out. In my understanding, whether it be a spar or a fight, there is no point if we do not fight to

the best of our abilities.”

He then turned and walked out of the courtyard.

On his way out, he took out a small notebook from his pocket. He wrote the words “Wing Chun” in the notebook and drew a big cross over it.

He left through the alleyway, just like when he came.

Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks.

He instantly heightened his vigilance as he sensed danger coming from nearby.

Whoosh!

Something came flying his way, and he ducked instinctively. The object managed to graze his face.

He felt a searing pain on his cheek; a little

skin was scraped off.

Was it a bullet?

“Who is it?” Dickson shouted and swiftly took out his nunchucks while observing his surroundings.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

No answer was heard but the sounds of the objects flying at him.

He quickly took a few steps back and swung his nunchucks around.

Clang! Clang!

Swinging his nunchucks, he tried desperately to deflect these unknown objects away. If he were to stop and observe, he would have seen that they were just stones.

Nobody knew who the person behind the

stones was, hurling them at such speeds as to becoming bullets.

Under the multitude of forces applied, some of the stones deflected hit the alleyway's walls and left marks on them.

After blocking a dozen shots with his nunchucks, Dickson could not hold it anymore.

Three stones hit him simultaneously and knocked him backward.

He felt the distinct metallic taste of blood in his throat again, but unlike previously, he spat them all out.

Tensed on his nerves, he looked around warily, expecting the stones to come flying at him at any moment.

Five seconds passed.

Ten seconds passed.

A full minute passed without any action. Just like the receding tides of the ocean, the feeling of danger subsided.

Perhaps the mastermind had left.

“Who are you?”

Dickson took a deep breath and scrambled onto his feet. Instead of feeling grateful that he was spared more serious injuries, he felt disappointed.

He stood waiting for another ten minutes, fully expecting the stones to come flying again.

In the end, disappointment awaited him. He kept his nunchucks and sighed. Carrying his bag, he disappeared into the end of the alleyway.

Tyr Summers sat at the rear seats of a taxi cab playing with stones in his hand while observing the limping youth from the window.

His lips curled into a smile as he remarked, “Dickson Watt of West Suez, you are indeed an interesting person.”

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Chapter 363 Secret Visit

It was eleven o'clock at the site of Autumn Field Group's Prime City branch office.

Standing right outside the office and looking at the name of Autumn Field Group displayed on its outer walls, Winifred Zea's emotions were running high.

This time last year, she would not have expected her business expansion into Prime City.

All of these happened thanks to Tyr Summers, her beloved husband.

With Carson Yorke's help, the process of setting up the business here was smooth as butter.

Joseph Zea's son, Tom Zea, was given the responsibility of managing the Prime City branch. He was trustworthy, just like his father, and was impeccable in his work and social capabilities.

With Tom on the helm here at Prime City, Winifred had no worries at all.

She did not inform him of her visit, as it was supposed to be a secret visit.

It had been a while since she wanted to visit, but she could not make it till today due to her busy schedule.

Right now, she had a resume in her hands. A prop she prepared beforehand.

She was pretending to be a job-seeker. As Autumn Field Group had just started their business here in Prime City, they were

doing plenty of hiring. On paper, the human resources department seemed to contribute nothing to the company's products, but in fact, it held a crucial role. Only with their strict filtering could the company obtain the best talents that would further develop their business.

Especially as the company was new, the department held an important and irreplaceable role.

Winifred stood outside the office for a moment before entering.

The receptionist greeted her courteously. 'Not bad,' noted Winifred.

"Are you here to interview for a position?"

"Yes." Winifred nodded.

"Please follow me."

The receptionist led Winifred into the office.

It did not have many employees as of yet; perhaps a little over thirty people worked here. The office's capacity was greater and could hold more than a hundred people when the company was done hiring.

No rush, though, as they were still at the beginning phase.

Even though there were not many people here, Winifred could see her employees' passion and drive. She was content and thought Tom did a good job managing the place.

She followed the receptionist to the doors of the human resources department.

“Mr. Foster, this lady is here for an

interview.”

However, an unpleasant sight met Winifred’s eyes as they entered.

On the seat of the ‘Director of Human Resources’, a man in his thirties was seen making out with a young and attractive lady.

The sudden arrival of visitors spooked them as the young lady abruptly stood up from the man’s lap and hurriedly left the office.

She seemed to be the company’s model. Although, the designs of Autumn Field Group were obviously not meant to be showcased on models like her.

“What is wrong with you? Don’t you know what to knock before you enter?”

This man was Hans Foster, Director of

Human Resources here at the Prime City branch.

The receptionist's expression changed as she apologized profusely.

Winifred stood behind her. She frowned deeply. All the good impression of the branch vanished in an instant.

Hans was initially enraged but immediately calmed down after seeing Winifred.

Seemingly attracted by her beauty, he looked at her in a vulgar way.

“Are you here for a job? Come and have a seat!”

Hans smiled and waved at Winifred. He then instructed the receptionist to leave and close the doors behind her.

Winifred had nothing but a bad impression when she saw Hans, but she did what he said and sat opposite him.

“Hello, my name is Win Zea. I am here to apply for the job of a designer.”

Winifred intentionally mispronounced her name as she handed her resume to Hans.

Hans extended his hand, seemingly reaching for the file but instead stroked her hand.

“What are you doing?”

Winifred frowned and swiftly retracted her hands.

“Hehe.” Hans chuckled unabashedly.

Flipping through Winifred’s resume, he made a feeble attempt at reading before

chucking the resume aside.

“Ms. Zea, I do not think you are suitable for the role of the designer,” he said.

“Why?” asked Winifred.

She grimaced and remarked irritably, “Mr. Foster, you did not even read my resume. Why did you say I am not suited for the position?”

Hans chuckled and lit a cigarette. Ignoring the other person in the room, he took a big drag from it.

“Please do not be angry, Ms. Zea. I said you were not suited for the position, not because I question your abilities.

“But, I have another position where I think you will do a better job.”

“What is it?” asked Winifred.

Hans narrowed his eyes and, once again, checked out Winifred, scanning her from top to bottom vulgarly.

He chuckled. “Ms. Zea, you are a very attractive lady. You do know that we, the Autumn Field Group, are a fashion company.

“Just over a week ago, a concert was held at Khanh City with a star-studded ensemble. You know that, don’t you? I do not mind telling you that the superstars came all because of Autumn Field Group.

“Moreover, our headquarters have signed on many of the superstars for them to be our brand ambassadors and fashion models.”

“Is that so?”

Winifred could see right through Han’s

farce. She knew better than anyone that Autumn Field Group did not sign any agreement with any of the celebrities.

She was a little confused as to why Hans Foster did not recognize her. Since he knew about the concert, he must have known that Winifred was all over the news trying to promote the concert and her company's brand.

As Autumn Field Group's upper management executive, he would have seen her photograph.

Yet, he seemed oblivious.

N

Chapter 364 Furious

The reason Hans Foster claimed that Autumn Field had signed the international stars that the city center invited during the concert was so he could trick ignorant young women.

After all, Autumn Field was the only external company that could run advertisements during that concert. This was enough proof of the city center's relationship with Autumn Field.

Hence, the credibility of Hans' words was high.

Sure enough, Hans quickly changed the subject. "Miss Zea, it's so meaningless to be a fashion designer, slaving yourself away just for a minuscule salary.

“Miss Zea, are you interested in becoming our company’s model?”

“Model?” Winifred was stunned.

“That’s right. With your qualities, Miss Zea, you can become our company’s fashion model. I can also guarantee you that if you’re good at your work, you’ll definitely have a chance to share a stage with international celebrities. Our company can even nurture you into an international star.”

By now, Winifred was fuming with anger. Had she not used this method to inspect the company, she would never know just how shady Autumn Field’s branch office was.

Winifred was about to lash out when Hans suddenly pulled out a video camera from

his drawer and aimed it at her.

“What are you doing?” Winifred’s expression darkened as she asked harshly.

Yet, Hans answered with a wide grin, “Miss Zea, you look so young, so you must have just graduated from university. Fresh graduates like you have no experience, so it’s hard for you to make it out there. But I can offer you a shortcut.”

It had been almost seven years since Winifred graduated from university. However, she was pretty and maintained herself well, so she still looked like an exquisite and budding young woman.

“What do you mean?” Winifred asked again.

“Hehe,” Hans chuckled mischievously as he turned on the camera. “Miss Zea, you

study fashion design, so you should be aware of the associations an apparel company has with models and celebrities. Our Autumn Field is now one of the top few large companies in Riverdale Province, perhaps the entire south region even. Next, you just have to do as I say, and I guarantee that you'll soar to success, reducing the need for you to strive for another twenty years."

"Preposterous!" Winifred finally exploded. Having been with Tyr Summers for so long, Winifred was influenced by Tyr's dominant attitude.

Winifred Zea now was no longer a woman who resigned herself to adversity and allowed people to walk over her. She was the president of a large company, a strong woman.

"You have quite the nerve! How dare a

mere human resources director like you do something so despicable as offering casting couches to female work applicants?”

For a moment, even Hans was startled by Winifred’s pressuring aura. He had never imagined that the seemingly gentle and feeble girl would become so powerful and dominant suddenly.

By now, Winifred had taken out her phone to call Tom Zea. She sounded extremely furious. Since establishing Autumn Field until today, Winifred had never been so angry with her staff. Even when her divine creation, Autumn Field’s design, was stolen by Iris Zea, she was not this enraged.

Leaving Autumn Field’s branch office at Prime City to Tom Zea was Winifred’s way of acknowledging the man and trusting

him. Yet, who knew that Tom had ended up hiring a person like this to serve as the branch office's human resources director. How could Winifred stay calm?

Fortunately, she had been cautious enough to come as an applicant instead. Otherwise, this branch would have been destroyed by these degenerates.

“Tom Zea, come to the human resources department right now. I'm giving you one minute. If you can't make it in time, leave Autumn Field.” Once the call got through, Winifred snapped into the phone before hanging up, not giving Tom a chance to respond.

Sitting across her, Hans was dumbstruck, staring at Winifred, bewildered. “Who did you call just now? President Zea?”

“Who do you think?” Winifred asked back.

“I can’t believe that our Autumn Field would have scum like you. You better pack your bags and get lost today.”

Hans was stunned again. After that, as if he had just heard a huge joke, he ridiculed, “I say, Miss Zea, you didn’t really graduate from a design institute, did you? I think you must have come from a drama institution instead. You majored in performing arts, right? Are you showing me the performance of your skills right now? You want to play the role of a dominant female CEO, don’t you?”

“Hmm...” Hans cradled his chin as he nodded as he studied Winifred. “Not bad, not bad. Our headquarters just happened to be thinking of releasing an aloof CEO series. If you serve me well, Miss Zea, you’ll become the image ambassador of this CEO series.”

Slap!

Winifred slapped Hans across the face without restraint.

Hans was dumbstruck. “You... how dare... how dare you...”

Slap!

Winifred slapped him again. After being with Tyr for so long, Winifred seemed to have picked a few of Tyr’s characteristics.

If Tyr had been here and saw how Hans dared to harass his wife, it would just be two slaps for this man.

Furious, Hans glared at Winifred and roared, “You b*tch, how dare you hit me? I ’ll kill you! Do you know who I am?”

“Then, do you know who I am?” Winifred

asked back, her aura becoming more domineering.

“Who are you? You’re just a university slut who came to our company for a job. You ignorant trash. I’m giving you an opportunity out of kindness. Not only are you not treasuring it, but you also dare to hit me instead. No matter who you are, I can tell you with confidence that you’ll die a tragic death today.”

However, just as Hans was done talking, the human resources department’s door was pushed open. Autumn Field branch’s general manager, Tom Zea, could be seen hurrying inside, covered in sweat. When he saw Winifred standing inside, an awful premonition bubbled in his heart.

“Pre-... President Zea, why are you here?” Tom asked.

Winifred turned to glare furiously at Tom as she began coldly, “Tom Zea, didn’t you previously vow to me that Prime City’s branch would grow healthily, that no problems would happen? I need you to give me an explanation now on why our Autumn Field branch has such scum in here?”

Tom looked fearful while Hans was dumbfounded.

“Pre-... President Zea? Could you be...?”
Hans stammered.

Winifred turned to Hans, her tone as cold as ice. “I am Winifred Zea, president of Autumn Field Group.”

N

Chapter 365 Young Master Jenkin's Men

“Pre-... President.”

For a moment, Hans Foster was frightened. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would offer a casting couch to Autumn Field's president. Hans was baffled.

‘You're a psycho, aren't you, Winifred Zea? Why did you pretend to be a job seeker at your own company for no apparent reason? If I'd known, I'd never have done something like that to you,’ Hans mused.

“Tom Zea, give me an explanation. Why is a degenerate like him here in our company? Moreover, this branch is currently in need of talents, but you have

given such an important position to him?” Winifred snapped.

Tom was speechless for a moment like he had some hidden worries, but he couldn't say it aloud.

Meanwhile, Winifred was seething with anger. “Talk!”

“President Zea, uhm...”

“What ‘uhm’? I said, talk!” Winifred barked.

Tom took a deep breath and spilled the beans. “Director Foster was recommended here by Young Master Jenkins.”

“Young Master Jenkins? Which Young Master Jenkins?” Winifred asked.

At the mention of Young Master Jenkins, the initially nervous Hans seemed

suddenly relaxed. Like he had found a backing, a cheeky grin appeared on the man's face as he spoke, "One of the three new prominent families, the Jenkins' family's Young Master, Ocean Jenkins, is a good friend of mine. It was he who introduced me here."

"Prime City's three new prominent families," Winifred echoed. She had heard Tyr mention these so-called three prominent families before.

Prior to this, below Prime City's Yorke family, there were six prominent families. However, after Tyr had annihilated the Fisher family, only five was left. After the Griffin and Layton family rebelled, the Yorke family destroyed them as well, and out of the six prominent families, only three were left today.

Hence, the remaining three families, the

Woods, the Lees, and the Jenkins, were known as Prime City's three new prominent families.

“Are you afraid now?” Noticing Winifred's dazed appearance, Hans had thought she was scared. “President Zea, you can't blame me for what happened earlier. Who told you to come in feigning as a job seeker anyway? If I'd known it was you, I would've never said those things to you. So, let me apologize to you now, how I've disrespected you earlier. I've also suffered two slaps from you, so let's pretend this never happened, okay?”

“I was introduced here by Young Master Jenkins. I don't mind if things get ugly, but President Zea, that would mean you're disrespecting Young Master Jenkins.”

When Hans mentioned Ocean Jenkins, he was suddenly filled with confidence.

From his perspective, Winifred was only the chairman of an inferior city's company. Now that she had opened a branch here in Prime City, she would never dare to go against the prominent families in this city. The only thing he never knew was that Prime City's prominent families no longer meant anything to Winifred.

The fury in Winifred's heart burned fiercer. "You're asking me to forget it? Are you saying you wish to continue staying in my company as our human resources director?"

"What else?" Hans asked back. "I'm someone introduced by Young Master Jenkins. Your Autumn Field has just entered Prime City, so you need to be aware that there are some people you can't afford to offend."

Winifred was laughing from exasperation. “So, you still want to stay at my company to use the method you used on me earlier to defile the young ladies who come looking for a job in our company?”

“Hehe, President Zea, don’t put it that harshly. Good girls would never have taken the bait. If those girls were as disciplined as President Zea, they would never throw themselves at me. You’ve also seen it for yourself when you came in. I’ve hired quite a few elites for the company recently,” Hans said.

“Preposterous!” Winifred roared. “I don’t care who introduced you. Even if your backing is the emperor himself, get out of my sight this instant, right now!”

“President Zea, are you serious?” Hans’

expression abruptly darkened.

“Do you think I’m joking with you? Scram, now. Our Autumn Field will never use scum like you. Out!” Winifred was firm.

Beside her, Tom was flustered, still hoping to plead for Hans, “President Zea, you must think carefully. His backing is...”

“You, shut up!” Winifred glared at Tom. Had it not been for the sake of her relationship with Joseph Zea, that she needed to address Tom as her uncle, Winifred might have fired Tom along with Hans.

“So, you’re serious, Winifred Zea. You have guts. Even if you don’t respect me, you won’t show Young Master Jenkins any respect, either. Just you wait. I’m telling you, you’ll soon regret it.

“When that time comes, you’ll be groveling at my feet, licking my shoes, and begging me to come back.” After saying that, Hans left the company furiously.

When Hans was gone, Tom looked worried instead. In fact, for Autumn Field’s branch to develop smoothly in Prime City, Tom was aware that Winifred must have quite a huge backing in Prime City.

However, at Tom’s level, he had never imagined that Winifred would have a relationship with the Yorke family instead. Hence, when developing Autumn Field’s branch, Tom had to maintain relationships with different people. Prime City’s three new prominent families were at the height of their power, so they were not an existence Autumn Field could afford to offend.

Which was why when the Jenkins family's young master, Ocean Jenkins, said he wanted to introduce his friend into Autumn Field to take up a position, Tom dared not reject.

“President Zea, I've heard that three of Prime City's initially six prominent families had disappeared, and the remaining three have devoured their territories and corporations in a short amount of time, increasing their influence by at least one fold. These three families are invincible in Prime City now, with their influence spreading throughout various industries. With how you've treated Hans earlier, if we angered Ocean Jenkins, who is his backing, we might be inviting a lot of trouble unto Autumn Field.”

By now, Winifred had briefly calmed down.

She asked, "Was it Ocean Jenkins who threatened you to let that scum into Autumn Field?"

"I wouldn't call it a threat. It's best not to get into conflict with the Jenkins family for now, so I did not think too much about and just agreed to it for us to secure our foundation here in Prime City.

"Moreover, I know that Hans has a despicable personality, but I dared not chase him away so I could only conduct a second round of filters after his work," Tom explained.

"Okay." Winifred nodded. After hearing the truth of the situation, she did not press Tom any further. "You can get back to work."

"But, President Zea, what about Hans'

issue?" Tom asked.

Winifred put aside her hostility and aggressive attitude before answering, "You don't have to bother about this. A mere Ocean Jenkins is nothing to me."

N

Chapter 366 Ocean Jenkins

Today, not only her domineering aura but also Winifred Zea's way of speech was becoming more and more like Tyr Summers. She was no longer the weak girl she was before, but an emperor's empress!

And her emperor was Tyr Summers.

Tom Zea found himself frightened by Winifred's dominance, so he didn't dare to say anything anymore and could only leave.

Winifred was left alone in the office. She walked over to the french windows and looked at the scenery outside. Just then, a cab stopped at the company's entrance, and Tyr came out of the vehicle.

“Sweetheart, how are things?” Two

minutes later, Tyr appeared through the door with a smile on his face.

Winifred sighed. “Horrible.”

Tyr frowned. “What’s wrong? Didn’t I already send my regards to Uncle Yorke about Autumn Field starting a branch here so he could get the arrangements done? What? Could there be someone in today’s Prime City who dares to go against Autumn Field?”

Winifred was quiet for two seconds before answering, “Not to that extent, at least.”

Then, Winifred began explaining what happened earlier to Tyr.

Bam!

After listening to Winifred’s account, Tyr punched the office desk, and a dent was

left in its wake.

Tyr's sudden rage was not due to Hans Foster's outrageous behavior in the company, but because the man harassed Tyr's wife earlier. How many lives did the scum think he had?

Winifred turned to look at Tyr. She had guessed that he would have such a reaction. "Fortunately, I did a sudden inspection this time. Otherwise, I can't imagine what would become of Autumn Field's branch."

"Yeah." Tyr nodded. "Something like this can't happen to Autumn Field. The company's image has to be positive all the way, and only in such an environment can Autumn Field Group thrive. However, from what you've said, Hans Foster will definitely return. This is a good

at the company before him. A hostile glint flashed in his eyes. “Didn’t you tell her that it was I who sent you?”

“I did. But she wouldn’t listen. She even said... even said...” Hans trailed off.

“Said what?” Ocean urged.

“Said that even if you come here personally, Brother Ocean, she would chase you out like a dog. And that a mere Jenkins family was nothing in her eyes.”

Hans had a knack for spicing things up, and the moment he said this, Ocean immediately flared up in anger. “What audacity! She’s only the president of a mere apparel company, but she dares to boast so shamelessly. Hehe, I want to see just how capable this Winifred Zea is. To disrespect our three prominent families,

she must not want her company to continue operating in Prime City.”

Frankly speaking, Ocean only knew how to enjoy himself on regular days and paid no mind to the power shifts in Prime City and the changes in the relationship between the families. Should he have paid a little more attention, he would be shocked to find that Prime City’s three prominent families were really nothing before Winifred Zea. Less than nothing even.

Both men walked into the company. Upon entrance, Hans arrogantly shouted, “Winifred Zea, get your ass out here now!”

For a moment, everyone in the company looked at them, confused. They had no idea why this human resource director acted up, yelling and shouting in the office. After all, quite a few of them had no

idea that Hans had been fired.

Upon hearing the commotion, Tom Zea immediately hurried out of his office.

When he saw Ocean standing beside Hans, hints of panic surfaced on Tom's expression. He never expected Hans to call Ocean over so quickly.

Tom hastened over to the two men while taking out a pack of cigarettes from his bag. "Young Master Jenkins, I never knew you were coming. Your presence is an honor for our company. Here, Young Master Jenkins, have a smoke first."

Slap!

Ocean simply lifted his hand and slapped Tom across the face. Perhaps he had been physically trained, Ocean's slap caused five bright red fingerprints to instantly

appear on Tom's face.

“Young Master Jenkins, you...” Tom stammered.

“What? Do you feel dissatisfied?” Ocean stared haughtily at Tom. “If you do, you can fight back.”

“Young Master Jenkins, I don't mean it this way, it's just...”

Slap!

Before Tom could finish, Ocean gave him another slap. This time, Tom staggered and simply fell to the ground.

“Haven't I already shown you enough respect? How dare a branch company from an inferior city disrespect my Jenkins family? Hans is my friend. For me to introduce him to your company is the

respect I'm showing you. You lot should be treating him like the emperor here. If something happens to him here, your whole company will be ruined," Ocean said.

Tom sat on the ground with his face stinging with pain and his fury reaching a breaking point. However, he dared not lash out. Forget fighting back, he wouldn't even dare to make a sound. Although Ocean was barbaric, then man could afford to behave this way.

Exploiting Ocean's authority, Hans went over and kicked Tom in the chest. "Tom Zea, did you f*cking understand that?"

"I... I understand," Tom replied.

"Hmph, it's good that you do then." Hans cheekily scanned the surroundings before shouting insolently again, "Winifred Zea,

you b*tch. Weren't you all mighty earlier, saying that the Jenkins family is nothing to you? I've brought Young Master Jenkins over now, so get out here right now."

After that smug declaration, Hans retreated to Ocean's side and whispered in the latter's ear, "Brother Ocean, although this Winifred Zea is ignorant, she's a great beauty. When you see her later, I guarantee you'll be attracted to her beauty."

"Really?" Ocean's eyes sparkled.

N

Chapter 367 If I Die, Then So Be It

“Definitely. Brother Ocean, you just have to threaten her a bit, and she’ll do anything for her company,” Hans Foster added.

At this, even Ocean Jenkins became excited. “Then, what are you waiting for? Get her out here to meet me.”

At that moment, the human resources department’s door was pushed open, and Winifred Zea came out with Tyr Summers.

Once he saw Winifred, Ocean’s eyes were fixed solely upon her. “She... She’s truly a masterpiece on earth.”

“Are you okay?” Winifred and Tyr hurried over to Tom Zea and helped him up.

“I’m fine.” Tom shook his head, but his face was now swollen.

“Who slapped you?” As Winifred looked at Tom’s swollen face, fury burned in her heart.

“Pre-... President Zea, uhm...” Tom stammered.

“Was it him?”

Winifred pointed at Ocean while the latter’s lips broke into a grin and answered, “That’s right. It was me. President Zea, are you still thinking of helping your staff regain justice?”

However, Winifred didn’t bother to answer him. She turned to Tom and said, “Slap him back the same way as he slapped you just now.”

“What?”

Not only was Tom startled, but Ocean and Hans across them were stunned as well. Even the company staff around looked on incredulously. Winifred was too rash. The other party was the Jenkins family’s young master, a prominent figure in Prime City. Who would dare to touch him?”

“President Zea, uhm...” Tom’s heart was thumping wildly, clearly frightened by Winifred’s decision. Even if he was given a hundred times the courage, he would never dare to touch Ocean.

“Are you afraid?” Winifred sighed, feeling disappointed. She had allowed Tom to manage Autumn Field’s branch in Prime City because she had high hopes in him.

Once Autumn Field truly grew in scale, this

branch here in Prime City wouldn't be any inferior compared to the country's public listed companies. To lead such a company, not only did the representative have to be skillful and capable, but he also needed to have great resolution and courage. It was clear that Tom lacked in this department.

Hence, Winifred had made a decision.

Once this matter was settled, she would transfer Tom back to Khanh City and choose a more suitable person to serve as this branch's general manager.

“Winifred Zea, you have some nerve. Do you know who I am? How dare you ask your subordinate to hit me? Do you think this is Khanh City? You're wrong. This is Prime City. Here at Prime City, my Jenkins family is invincible!”

Slap!

However, before Ocean had finished showing off, Winifred had slapped him across the face.

For a moment, the entire office was silent. Even Ocean could not regain his senses.

Until a few seconds later, when Ocean sensed the stinging pain on his cheek, only did he realize that he was hit. This woman before him had slapped the great Jenkins family's young master whose family was one of the prominent three in Prime City.

“F*cking hell!” Ocean was embarrassed and furious. Without caring whether Winifred was a woman or not, he lifted his leg to kick her.

However, with Tyr shielding Winifred, who in this world could ever hurt her?

Tyr had been standing beside Winifred

without saying anything because he wanted to see the extent of Winifred's growth up till today.

Tyr had to admit that Winifred was able to surprise him each time. Since the city center's fashion design competition, Winifred had been continuously progressing, and this gave Tyr a great sense of comfort. Perhaps Winifred's progress was not only for herself but more importantly, it was because she was starting to care more and more about Tyr. Hence, she was working hard to get closer to him.

Before Ocean's leg could even reach Winifred, Tyr had appeared in front of her, shielding her.

Tyr grabbed Ocean's ankle while his other hand chopped down on Ocean's shin.

Crack!

A crisp sound of bone cracking echoed with one hit, and Ocean's lower leg curved ninety degrees.

Ahh!!!

A horrendous scream reverberated throughout the company, and everyone was dumbstruck.

“You... How dare you! How dare you hurt Young Master Jenkins so severely. You're dead. You're f*cking dead!” Hans was breaking out in cold sweat. He had never dreamed that Tyr would be so violent. This was the Jenkins family's young master, but the madman had simply disabled one of his legs. Did the man have a death wish?

“The Jenkins' family's young master.” Tyr

narrowed his eyes at Ocean, who was sitting on the ground, wailing as he hugged his lower leg. Tyr faintly shook his head. “So what?”

So what?

Hans could only feel his scalp prickle. Who was this guy, and who did he think he was? How dare he scorned the Jenkins family’s young master?

“You’re dead. You’re all dead!” Hans screeched.

Ocean, who was almost suffocating from the pain, glared at Tyr with bloodshot eyes. “My father is Anson Jenkins, the head of one of Prime City’s three new prominent families, the Jenkins. I will definitely kill you all. You’ll all be murdered.”

“President Zea, what do we do?” Tom was frightened. He was so scared that his body was trembling. “President Zea, we’re in huge trouble. That’s the Jenkins’ family’s young master. We should’ve never hurt him so badly.”

Winifred’s disappointment in Tom grew. She was even reluctant to pay him any mind. “There’s always a solution to a problem. What’s there to worry about? Tom Zea, if you’re afraid of getting into trouble, you can leave Autumn Field now. I can guarantee you that even if the Jenkins family comes over, you won’t get involved in the least.”

“Uhm...” For a moment, Tom was hesitant. He was truly terrified right now because it had been quite some time since he came to Prime City, so he knew of the

three prominent families of Prime City's strength and methods well.

If he stayed, he would no doubt get involved when the Jenkins family comes. However, Tom stayed after all because Winifred Zea was a benefactor of his family. Previously, Joseph Zea's factory had been on the verge of bankruptcy. Had it not been for Winifred, would his family still be able to live a good life today? His father, Joseph Zea, had taught him all his life that he had to be grateful.

"If I die, then so be it." As if he was going all out, Tom did not leave despite his fear. He chose to stay with Winifred to face this issue. Once he decided, Winifred saw that the hesitation she noticed earlier from Tom's behavior was gone.

A delighted glint sparked in Winifred's

eyes at Tom's decision. The prejudice she had for him earlier seemed to have disappeared without a trace.

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Chapter 368 Bring More Over

Ocean Jenkins was going numb from the pain. His expression was savage as a demon's. He kept mentioning his identity as the Jenkins family's young master and wanted to destroy Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea.

"The Jenkins family." Tyr chuckled, his grin filled with disdain. "Forget your Jenkins family. Even if all three of Prime City's prominent families were here, they're nothing more than a speck of dust to me."

Having said that, Tyr simply lifted Ocean and threw him out like a dead dog. "If you have the capabilities, then call your people over. I'll be waiting here," Tyr said.

"You have some nerve. Just wait, just you

wait!”

Ocean was wailing as Hans Foster felt his scalp prickle.

Hans quickly retreated to outside the company. From his point of view, Tyr and Winifred were too insane and lawless. Not only did they cripple the Jenkins family’s young master, but they also dared to declare that they had no respect for Prime City’s three prominent families. How was this any different from asking for death?

Inside the office, from Tom to every staff member, everyone was frightened. Only Tyr and Winifred looked relaxed as ever.

Had it been before, Winifred would have been just as terrified as them. However, her mindset was completely different now. With Tyr by her side, even if the emperor

himself appeared before them, Winifred wouldn't be afraid.

After Ocean was tossed out of the company, he took out his phone at once.

Meanwhile, Hans was looking at Ocean's crooked leg, feeling anxious. It was he who had called Ocean here. If Ocean ended up crippled because of this, Hans might die a graveless death.

"Brother Ocean, why don't I send you to the hospital first?" Hans offered.

"To the hospital? What if they run away while I'm at the hospital?" Ocean said.

Due to the numbness, Ocean no longer felt that it hurt as much as it did earlier.

Hatred had filled his chest as he took out his phone to make a few calls.

Of course, he couldn't call his father or the

heads of the other prominent families because he had no such courage, nor the right. However, quite a few of the second generation of these heads of households were Ocean's pals. Moreover, Tyr had said so himself that the three prominent families were nothing to him.

With this, Ocean had a reason to involve all three of Prime City's prominent families in this dispute. No matter what, he would make Autumn Field Group perish today. Not just the branch in Prime City, but also the headquarters in Khanh City.

Several calls later, a ferocious expression surfaced on Ocean's face. "Just you wait, all of you. Your lives will end tragically today."

Inside the human resources office, Tyr and Winifred were standing at the window,

looking outside.

“Honey, why didn’t you just simply stomp that Ocean Jenkins to death? He will definitely return looking for trouble after you threw him out. Wouldn’t it be better to deal with him once and for all?” Winifred couldn’t understand Tyr’s actions and it also didn’t correspond with the way Tyr usually handled things.

Tyr chuckled. “Sweetheart, you’ve truly changed. You’re becoming more and more like me.”

“Am I?” Winifred mumbled.

“Yeah. This is the transformation I was hoping to see.” Tyr began explaining, “If I’d stomped Ocean Jenkins flat just now, there would be another Ocean Jenkins tomorrow. It looks like the Yorke family

has not announced Autumn Field's true background here. At least not to the point that Autumn Field's name is prominent enough in the second and third generations of these families. It's better to take care of this once and for all so clowns like this would stop appearing to cause trouble.

“Which is why I have deliberately mentioned the three prominent families earlier. That Ocean Jenkins must be calling for backup right now. This is a good opportunity to let the entire Prime City know that even the emperor can't offend Autumn Field.”

As he spoke, Tyr took out his phone from his pocket.

About twenty minutes later, waves of roaring vehicle engines began to resound

outside the company's road. Luxury cars continued to pull over, and soon, they filled up almost the entire street.

The wealthy youngsters of Prime City were no doubt rich. Out of all these young masters, even the cheapest car was worth more than a million dollars. As for the others, Lamborghinis, Maseratis, and Bentleys were everywhere.

There was probably a special club in this city, and Ocean Jenkins must have quite an important position in that club. Hence, his call for support was responded to with great enthusiasm.

The car doors opened, and the younger generation of rich young men came out. Together with their bodyguards and hitmen, over a hundred people were now standing outside of Autumn Field's branch.

A dandy dressed in branded clothes went over to Ocean. When he saw Ocean's crooked lower leg, he gasped. "Young Master Jenkins, what happened to you? Who did this?"

"Don't ask. Smash this company for me and cripple everyone inside. Also, capture someone named Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea. I want to make their lives a living hell," Ocean growled.

Inside the office, when Tom and the other staff saw the situation outside, they went pale from shock. Tyr and Winifred turned to them and merely asked them to stay inside the premises before both of them went outside.

By now, those arrogant young masters were holding makeshift weapons in their

hands, ready to enter the company in an aggressive manner.

When they saw Tyr and Winifred coming out, someone swung a baseball bat at Tyr without hesitation.

These young men were rich and influential, so they never needed to consider the consequences of their actions. As long as they never took a life, their families could afford to settle the trouble for them.

However... Bam!

Tyr punched with his fist, and the dandy was pushed back. The powerful force made several others behind him fall from the collision.

Outside the door, the crowd was packed like a black sea. Yet, as so many people

watched Tyr come out, holding Winifred's hand, they suddenly had no courage to speak.

An aura of dominance was nothing anyone could describe with words. It was just too bizarre, just like how Zhang Fei, the military general during China's three kingdoms period, could suppress thousands of enemy troops just by standing on a hilltop. Tyr was currently emitting the same aura as Zhang Fei did back then.

“Are these the people you've called?” Tyr scanned the luxury cars all around and the arrogant rich young masters. He shook his head and commented, “You only have this much? Can't you get more?”

Get more?

Ocean and the others were baffled. Wasn't

this guy a little too insane? Over a hundred people were standing here, but he was complaining about there being too little people!

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Chapter 369 Divine Being

“You’re on the verge of death but you still have the nerve to act tough. Seize them both and destroy this company!” Ocean Jenkins roared and the crowd behind him became aggressive again.

However, a peculiar smile appeared on Tyr Summers’ face at that moment. “I can bet that none of you would dare to take action.”

“What?” Everyone was stunned.

“Look around you,” Tyr said.

Just then, from all directions of the street, several cars drove over. They were all expensive luxury cars as well but looked more conserved and steadfast. None of

them were as flashy as the young masters' sports cars.

The car doors opened and one after another, middle-aged men began to appear at the scene.

For a moment, the world was silent. Three seconds later, the rich young masters Ocean had called over began calling out.

“Dad, why are you here?”

“Uncle, what did you come here for?”

“Grandpa, weren't you at an important meeting in the office? Why are you...”

Startled voices began ringing out everywhere. So, Ocean had called almost half of Prime City's rich young masters with one phone call, but Tyr had called every household heads with one phone

call.

“B*stard!”

“Do you even want to still be a part of our family?”

“Kneel down at once!”

Each head of the household looked furious as they hurried over and whacked their younger generations without allowing any excuses. None of them held their strength back and one of the rich young masters even had his leg broken by his uncle.

This scene baffled Ocean and the others.

“Uncle Clarkson, what are you doing? I was the one who called Flynn Clarkson over, so why are you hitting him?” Ocean was indignant. Relying on his status as a direct offspring of one of the city’s big three

prominent families, the Jenkins, Ocean spoke insolently. Although he was addressing the older man as 'uncle', his tone was filled with reproach and fury.

"Ocean Jenkins, if you want to die, don't get our Clarkson family involved," the older man replied.

"What?" Ocean's expression darkened.

Prior to this, even if this Clarkson family's head was an elder of Ocean's, he dared not speak to Ocean this way. But now, the older man's attitude had startled Ocean.

"Gene Clarkson, how dare you f*cking talk to me that way?" Ocean flared up in anger.

"Hmph! You're on the verge of death, and you're still hoping to gain respect from other people?"

"Verge of death?"

Ocean was confused. However, at that moment, a few more luxurious cars came over. From one of the Rolls Royce, the head of the Jenkins family, Anson Jenkins, could be seen running in their direction.

“Dad, you...”

Bam!!!

Before Ocean could finish his sentence, Anson had booted him to the ground.

One of Ocean’s legs was already broken and due to the severe pain, he became numb to it. But now, this second injury had caused the pain to increase sharply. Ocean immediately howled in pain.

“You b*stard, provoking people everywhere! Are you trying to destroy our Jenkins family?” Anson exploded in rage

as he beat up his son viciously.

Hans Foster felt a chill down his spine. He quickly urged, “Uncle Jenkins, stop hitting him. You’ll kill him. This was Autumn Field’s fault in the first place, Young Master Jenkins was...”

“You’re the cause of this incident, weren’t you?” Anson turned back, glaring at Hans with bloodshot eyes.

Hans shuddered. Shivering, he said, “Un... Uncle Jenkins, actually what happened was...”

“Beat him to death!” Reluctant to listen to his explanation, Anson issued a command and two bodyguards kicked Hans to the ground and began punching him and kicking him.

After that, Anson hurried over to Tyr and

Winifred. The older man knelt before Tyr and said, “Mr. Summers, my son was too blind to recognize you and has ended up offending you and the young madam. Please forgive us, Mr. Summers.”

This gesture had stunned everyone present, especially the rich young masters. All of them felt as if their views of the world had been overturned.

However, this was only the beginning.

More luxurious cars came over and soon, the heads of the Woods and the Lee family arrived.

Having rushed over, they did the same thing as Anson by first punched their younger generations before nervously rushing over to Tyr to plea for forgiveness.

Next, an even more shocking scene ensued.

With the three prominent families' heads of households in the lead, the dozens of housemasters and corporate owners of Prime City lined up in rows after rows before Tyr and Winifred, bowing with fearful expressions as they beg for Tyr's forgiveness.

This scene had the rich young masters behind them dumbstruck. Also, when Tom Zea and the other Autumn Field staff saw this through the glass windows, they were dumbfounded as well. Just how profound was Tyr and Winifred's background that so many prominent figures of Prime City held them in such high regard?

Tyr scanned the crowd before fixing his gaze on Ocean and the other young masters. A faint smile graced his lips. "Perhaps you rich young lads are curious as

to why your elder generation, these prominent figures here in Prime City respect me like a deity. Now, let your Southriver King tell you why.”

“Southriver King?” Many people felt their hearts thumps. Soon, from behind the crowd, they saw the Southriver King, Carson Yorke, hurrying over with Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray in tow.

“King Yorke. Even King Yorke is here.”

Immediately, many people felt as if their hearts would stop beating.

The scene fell into pin-drop silence with only Carson’s footsteps continuously drumming on their ears.

“First, allow me to introduce to everyone Tyr Summers from Riverdale’s Khanh City. He was the one who destroyed the

Fisher family. When the Griffin and Layton family rebelled, he was the one who helped me annihilate these two families.

“After that, when the Northriver King, Yannick Lloyd invaded Prime City, he was also the one who killed Yannick Llyod for me.

“Lastly, my wife, Heather Quelch’s illness was cured by Tyr Summers. And by the way, Tyr Summers and his wife, Miss Winifred Zea is the godson and goddaughter of my wife.”

Buzz! As this statement came out from Carson’s mouth, the rich young masters felt the sky collapse.

Prior to this, they had more or less heard of a divine being appearing in Prime City

who continuously helped King Yorke to turn the tables and finally helped him to not only secure his position as Southriver's King but also reign over Northriver City. So this divine being was Tyr Summers.

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Chapter 370 Three Billion Dollar Production

For a moment, every rich young lad stayed quiet. It was no wonder their older generation was so furious, and they regarded Tyr Summers as a deity. He was a f*cking god.

By the time Carson Yorke was done talking, he had reached Hans Foster and Ocean Jenkins. “Who the f*ck do you guys think you are? Do you have any idea who owns Autumn Field? How dare you come here and cause trouble! Do you know who Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea are? And you’ve dared to offend them.”

Carson was infuriated as well. With a wave of his hand, Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray

came up to drag both men away until they were out of sight.

Meanwhile, Carson went over to Anson Jenkins and casually said, “Old Jenkins, of your son and the Jenkins family, you can only save one. You make a choice.”

Anson shuddered before prostrating on the ground, allowing Ocean Jenkins to yell and shriek while he dared not make a sound. If he lost a son, he could just make another one. However, if the Jenkins family was lost, everything would be over.

With this, the drama ended. From today on, no one in the entire Prime City would ever give Autumn Field trouble.

Winifred had thought of revoking Tom Zea’s position as the branch’s general manager, but after considering his decent

choice earlier, Winifred decided to give him one more chance. Before leaving Autumn Field, Winifred simply said to Tom, “Just go ahead and do what you need to do. Even if the sky falls, headquarters will be here to support you.”

On the way back to Khanh City, Winifred kept staring out the window with a faint smile on her face.

“Sweetheart, you look like you’re in a good mood,” Tyr commented with a smile when he noticed Winifred’s reaction as he drove.

“Yeah, I am.” Winifred nodded firmly.

“So, what is it that makes you so happy? Can you let your husband know?”

Winifred chuckled. “Because I’m married to such a great husband like you.”

“Is that so?” Tyr suddenly stepped on the

brakes and turned to look at his exquisite and sexy wife. A mischievous intention bubbled in his mind. “Darling, there just happened to be a tiny forest up ahead. It’s so hot out here. Why don’t we go under the shade?”

Winifred’s expression suddenly fell, and she slapped Tyr at the back of his head. “Rascal! What nonsense are you spouting?”

Feeling a stinging pain on the back of his head, Tyr suddenly realized that his gentle and chaste wife had become violent!

‘This won’t do.’ Tyr shook his head.

Although he had been hoping for Winifred to become more like him, stop being so feeble and easily bullied, and be more independent, sharper, and more overbearing, it was still supposed to be

directed toward outsiders, not himself.

Tyr stepped on the accelerator and drove into the tiny forest. This won't do. He had to educate this woman today. If she became a tigress in the future, what would Tyr do?

An hour later, the Land Rover sped on the highway with a vigorous Winifred taking the wheel. Tyr instead was sitting lifelessly in the front passenger seat, looking outside the window, defeated.

Just then, Winifred's phone rang.

“Hello, Snow?”

The caller was Snow Fenner. Ever since that concert, Winifred and Snow were consumed by their busy schedules that they rarely had time to talk on the phone recently. Now that Snow was calling,

Winifred was overjoyed.

On the phone, Snow was just as delighted. “Sister Winifred, I have good news to tell you.”

“Hmm? What good news?” Winifred asked.

“The company has decided to use all its resources to support me for the next half of this year. They have gotten me the role of a female lead in a three billion dollar movie. This is definitely a huge production.

“Sister Winifred, I’ll be heading to the set tomorrow morning for a makeup test. I’ve taken a look at the script and am very confident with this role. If the effects come out nicely, I can definitely secure my status as an A-list celebrity within the country.

“Also, the production team has not only

said they would let me have the leading female role, but they would also get other artists from Brilliant Media to play other roles in this movie. We've already had an internal discussion. We'll pass some of these resources to the other celebrities who have signed their contracts with Autumn Field."

Upon hearing this news, Winifred was excited as well. "Congratulations, Little Snow. If you have any requirements or run into any trouble or issues, let me know at once. I'll solve them for you."

"There won't be any troubles, Sister Winifred. Everything has been arranged nicely. Trust me," Snow assured.

"Okay." Winifred nodded. She didn't understand the entertainment industry. However, since Snow was speaking so

confidently, there was no need for her to worry. “Right, did Star Entertainment give you any trouble lately?”

“A little,” Snow answered. “But it’s only some attacks commonly seen in the entertainment industry. They were all repelled by our company’s public relations team. Because of that concert, our Brilliant Media’s popularity has greatly increased. Star Entertainment was worried that it would threaten their position as number one in the southern region, so it’s only natural for them to pull some tricks.

“But our Brilliant Media is no longer a third-rate company like before, so it’s no trouble.”

“Yeah. But you still have to be careful. Those people in Star Entertainment don’t look like decent human beings,” Winifred

said.

“Don’t worry, Sister Winifred. We’ll be okay.”

After hanging up, Winifred was in a better mood. Snow’s popularity would soon explode within the country. Not only was she Autumn Field’s brand ambassador, but Snow was also like a sister to Winifred.

Now that her sister was doing well, Winifred was naturally elated.

The next morning at Stellar City of Astral Province!

Stellar City was the provincial capital of Astral Province, just like Southriver City of Riverdale Province.

However, be it the economy or the average population, the numbers here were higher than that of Southriver City. This was also

a central spot for the country's entertainment industry in the southern region.

Large entertainment companies like Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media were gathered in this Stellar City. Besides this, the headquarters of the country's most popular variety show was in this city as well.

Just then at Brilliant Media, Snow and her manager, Lily Zimmerman, had gotten into an MPV to make their way to [White Snake - A Devastating Romance]'s movie set.

This movie named [White Snake - A Devastating Romance] was the three-billion-dollar massive production that Snow had mentioned.

This movie's number one female lead,

Agnes White, was produced completely according to Snow's temperament and appearance. Previously in the web drama [Taboos of the Underworld], Snow had presented the female lead, Raelee White, with perfection.

Now, Agnes White and Raelee White were practically the same types of characters, so Snow would be able to handle the role well and perform exquisitely.

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Chapter 371 Something's Wrong

Moreover, the budget of three billion dollars for this movie was not to hire some renowned celebrity. The main expenses were allocated into production, so the quality would be top-notch. Also, the script itself was perfect, so once the movie was completed, the results would be terrific.

Although Snow Fenner was now an A-list celebrity, there weren't many changes to her life. She only had Lily Zimmerman following her everywhere. The company had wanted to arrange a few assistants and bodyguards for her, but Snow rejected them.

Snow was a child from the countryside

who wasn't spoiled nor had a temper. It wasn't like she couldn't take care of herself, so why would she need so many assistants?

As for bodyguards, there was even less need for them. Her current schedules were all confidential, so fans would not harass her. As for celebrities commonly seen departing from planes with a huge team of bodyguards fending off their fans was just the celebrity hiring fans to cause a trending topic.

In the car, Snow kept looking out the window with her hands balled into fists. She looked nervous.

“What's wrong, Little Snow? Why do you look so nervous?” Lily asked.

Snow smiled and answered, “It's just,

everything is happening so fast. I heard that White Snake's director would be Graham Cabot. He's our country's most renowned director. I used to can't imagine collaborating with a famous director like Graham Cabot. This is like a dream.”

Lily chuckled and held Snow's hand. “These are the fruits of your labor. Of course, we must also be most thankful to Autumn Field. Without Autumn Field, we wouldn't be where we are today.”

“Yeah.” Snow nodded firmly. “My parents had always taught me to be grateful all my life. I've told Sister Winifred about this news. If I really become a huge star in the future, I'll definitely spare no effort in promoting Sister Winifred's Autumn Field Group.”

“Hehe, Little Snow, aren't you already a

huge star now?”

The MPV drove into the parking lot of a huge building and the two girls went up to the building's fifth floor. This was the venue of White Snake's casting location. Once inside, they were ardently received by a staff member.

After that, the staff member had Lily wait outside before leading Snow into an office, saying that the director had been waiting inside for Snow.

Lily was confused. Why couldn't a manager tag along when the celebrity was meeting the director? In previous cases, managers were required to go along for negotiations. However, at the thought that he was a nationally renowned director and their methods might be different, Lily paid it no mind.

At that moment, Lily was sitting at the lounge outside with coffee in her hands as she waited for Snow. Quite a few staff members were running around and there were also some aged actors.

“Ozawa Maple?” Just then, Lily suddenly caught sight of a familiar silhouette from a nearby resting area. That instant, Lily’s hands trembled, and the coffee in her hands almost spilled. “Why is she here?”

Lily’s heart thumped as an ominous feeling invaded her heart. Ozawa Maple was currently the most famous adult video actress in Japan.

Lily abruptly stood up and reached out to a staff member passing by. “Hi, may I ask why Ozawa Maple is here?”

The staff member showed no restraints

and answered, “She’s our production’s second female lead. Why can’t she be here?”

“Second female lead?” Lily was perplexed. “Isn’t this the casting site for *White Snake – A Devastating Romance*?”

“It is,” the staff answered.

“What rated movie is this?”

The staff chuckled and drew an ‘X’ with her finger. “It’s definitely a huge production. Don’t worry, although we can’t premier it within the country, it’ll cause just as huge an uproar in other areas.”

Lily shuddered and quickly put down her coffee on the table before turning to rush into the director’s office.

Upon entering the room, she saw a

horrifying scene. A large man could be seen pressing Snow down while another was trying to remove her clothes.

Meanwhile, there was a bearded man in glasses, holding a video camera as he stood beside them.

Lily's scalp prickled. This bearded man was truly a renowned director, but he was not Graham Cabot. Instead, he was nicknamed 'Graham Cabot' in the industry of adult films.

"What are you guys doing? Stop at once." Snow was struggling with all her might as fear was apparent on her face. Lily roared and went over to kick one of the large men away.

The bearded director's expression turned ugly, and he flew into a rage. "What are

you doing?”

“You’re asking me what I’m doing?” Lily was furious. She snatched the video camera from the bearded man’s hands and viciously smashed it onto the ground until it shattered. After that, she pulled Snow along and headed for the door.

“Trying to run? Apprehend them!” The bearded director was irritated as well.

In an instant, several muscular men from inside and outside the room blocked off Lily and Snow’s path.

Snow was crying from fright. Lily shielded her and said confidently, “Don’t be afraid, Little Snow. With me here, no one can hurt you.”

Lily wasn’t boasting. In fact, before she became a manager, she was a kicking

boxing trainer.

As the large men pounced at them, Lily defeated them all with a combination of her fists and kicks. After that, she pulled Snow along and dashed out of the set's entrance.

Had a person not witnessed with his own eyes, they would never imagine how strong Lily was. It was no wonder Snow never brought bodyguards with her. This manager of hers was the best bodyguard.

The bearded director rushed out and roared at Lily and Snow. "If both of you dare to walk out of this door, you'll need to pay a huge compensation fee."

"What?" Lily and Snow were stunned.

Lily turned around, looking infuriated as she shouted at the bearded director, "

“What nonsense are you spouting?”

“I’m spouting nonsense?” The bearded man chuckled and tossed an agreement at Lily. “Take a look at it yourself. This is the agreement your Brilliant Media has signed with our production house. There’s a total of three movies with Snow Fenner as the lead. We’ve paid the deposit, and the preparations are done. Now that you’re saying you want out, how could that possibly happen?”

Lily quickly picked up the agreement. After scanning it briefly, her expression darkened. The bearded man wasn’t lying. Brilliant Media had signed a contract for three movies with them for Snow to be their lead actress. However, this wasn’t a classic movie. It was an adult movie!

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Chapter 372 Tricked By The Company

“How could this be?”

Immediately, Lily Zimmerman and Snow Fenner felt their scalps tingle.

The bearded man chuckled and said, “Manager Zimmerman, Miss Celebrity Snow Fenner, continued flipping to the end. There are also your fingerprints and signatures in there, so are you trying to go back on your word now?”

Sure enough, when Lily flipped to the end of the contract, they saw their signatures and fingerprints on the document. The girls felt the world around them spin at once.

It was true that she and Snow had signed

the paper. They had also placed their fingerprints on it. However, the contents were definitely not the ones they signed for.

“Let’s go.” Without another word, Lily tossed the contract to the ground and pulled Snow along as they left.

The bearded man did not chase after them, only looking on with a wild and malicious expression. “Go on and leave. You’ll soon be back anyway.”

At the parking lot, Lily felt as if the dynamite in her heart was about to explode. Meanwhile, Snow looked terrified. Tears still flowed from her eyes as the incident earlier had truly frightened her.

“Sister Lily, what’s going on? Why are

things different from what we imagined?” Snow asked.

“The company tricked us,” said Lily. After calming down, she quickly regulated her emotions and soon, Lily could, more or less, guess the trick behind all this.

“Little Snow, let’s hurry back to the office to find Maxwell Douglas and have him give us an explanation. The contract Maxwell had us sign previously wasn’t anything like this. We were too careless and trusted him too much that we ended up being tricked by him. I never thought he was such a person.”

This Maxwell Douglas that Lily had mentioned as Brilliant Media’s boss. Before this, the man was a well-respected boss in Snow and Lily’s eyes. He treated both his staff and the celebrities under the

company well. However, never had they imagined that Maxwell would be such a despicable person.

Both girls quickly drove back to Brilliant Media. This matter was a race against time. Because if they don't get to the bottom of this, Lily and Snow would never be able to feel at ease. If this matter had been set in stone, not only Snow's entertainment career but also her whole life would be ruined.

Back at Brilliant Media, Lily and Snow hastened to Maxwell's office.

Just then, Maxwell was sitting in his chair, humming a little tune as he drank his tea. He seemed to be in a pleasant mood.

Bam!

The office door was kicked open by Lily,

and then she walked in indignantly with Snow following behind.

Bang!

Once inside, Lily slammed her hands down heavily on Maxwell's desk and questioned in a loud and reverberating voice, "Maxwell Douglas, what is going on? Give us an explanation, right now."

Maxwell put down his teacup as he looked at Lily. "Manager Zimmerman, what's gotten into you? And aren't you and Snow supposed to be at White Snake's casting? Why are you back so early?"

"Casting?" Lily was so close to slapping Maxwell across the face. "Tell me, why is that White Snake movie an adult film? And that director isn't Graham Cabot at all. Maxwell, why did you trick Snow?"

“Trick?” Maxwell suddenly narrowed his eyes. “How have I tricked her? Didn’t we already agree? Big production, funding of three billion dollars, Snow will be the number one female lead. Although that director isn’t Graham Cabot, he was nicknamed Graham Cabot in that genre.

“So how have I tricked you both?

Moreover, I’ve also shown you girls the contract and you girls signed them personally. You even placed your fingerprints, so what do you mean by me tricking you?

“Lily Zimmerman, you can put whatever you want in your mouth, but you can’t say whatever you like.” Maxwell was wearing a malicious expression, being completely different from the respectable boss they once knew.

The one unable to accept this the most was Snow. She took a deep breath and chewed her lip, trying to keep herself calm.

“Boss, I was wrong about you. To think we believe in you so much. I never knew that you were such a person. Why did you want to destroy me?”

“Destroy you?” Maxwell smiled half-heartedly at Snow. “How am I destroying you? Isn’t this for your good? While you’re still popular, I got you a series of largely budgeted movies. What more do you want? Do you have any idea, that to raise this production, I’ve invested all of Brilliant Media’s resources into this? What more can you ask for?”

“Snow, the entertainment industry isn’t as easy as you imagined. Do you really

think that after sharing a stage with those huge celebrities at the city center's concert, after gaining a little popularity, many investors and directors would be asking you for movie roles?

“Stop dreaming. If they had the money, wouldn't they look for actresses like Maeve Lee, who've been famous for a long time? Furthermore, what's wrong with adult films? They can make your popularity explode just the same. So many international celebrities started out this way in the nineties. At most, we'll just have to spend some time to clear your reputation in the future.

“So Snow, listen to my advice. Stop making a fuss. This is the entertainment industry. Be a good girl and finish those three movies. I guarantee you that I'll help you regain your reputation after that and

package you into an actual A-list celebrity within three years.”

“B*stard!” Snow couldn’t resist scolding out. These words from Maxwell were no doubt, the biggest humiliation to her reputation.

Lily couldn’t contain herself and slapped Maxwell across the face. “Maxwell Douglas, if you want to shoot the film, shoot it yourself, or let your wife do it. You want Snow to shoot a film like this? Never!

“Snow, let’s go.” Pulling Snow along, Lily headed for the door. After confirming the situation, it was pointless for them to stay and argue.

Although Lily was furious, she knew full well what she should do next. She needed to get a lawyer, the best lawyer she can

find to settle this.

Behind them, Maxwell laughed out loud. “Go? Do you think you can leave? Snow Fenner, Lily Zimmerman, you are the ones who signed this document yourselves. If you don’t obediently finish shooting these three movies, you won’t be able to bear the consequences.

“For the sake of our previous relationship, if you choose to compromise now, I won’t penalize you. But if you girls choose to be stubborn, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.”

“You b*stard!” Lily simply removed her high heels and threw it viciously at Maxwell’s face.

Then, the two strode out of the company, fuming, as confused artists came up to ask

them what was going on.

Why did they suddenly argue with the boss out of nowhere?

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Chapter 373 You Can't Escape

These artists had a good relationship with Snow Fenner and Lily Zimmerman. A few of them were also signed to Autumn Field, but now, Lily and Snow weren't replying to their questions as they hastened out of Brilliant Media's doors.

However, they had just reached the hall downstairs when a group of people came in. Leading the group was Zayn Lee and behind him were about eight large men in black clothing.

“Yo, isn't this Celebrity Fenner and her manager? Where are you rushing off to?” Zayn spoke in an enigmatic tone. Although his voice was pleasant, his words made their scalps prickle.

“Zayn Lee, what are you doing here?”

Lily and Snow were startled when they saw Zayn and the bodyguards behind him. It was evident that the guy had long been here, waiting for them. Otherwise, he couldn't have come at such timing.

“Why can't I be here?” Zayn shrugged before looking behind Snow and Lily. “Ask your boss why I'm here.”

The girls turned to see Maxwell Douglas coming over with a bright smile before hurrying over to Zayn and greeting him respectfully, “Mr. Lee, you're here. Let's hurry upstairs. I've tidied up your office for you.”

“What do you mean?” Lily glared at Maxwell. “Maxwell Douglas, what do you mean by that?”

“Hahaha!” Zayn doubled in laughter. “Great Manager Zimmerman, you’re just playing dumb, aren’t you? Isn’t it obvious? Brilliant Media has been bought over by Star Entertainment at a high price. And I, Zayn Lee, will now be serving as the president of Brilliant Media.”

“What...”

Although they had guessed it, when the words came out of Zayn’s mouth, Lily and Snow still felt as if they were struck by lightning. It was no wonder Maxwell had suddenly seemed to become a different person. So, Star Entertainment had long acquired Brilliant Media with a hefty sum. They had also laid this trap long ago and were waiting for Lily and Snow to get caught in it.

“This is all a scheme you’ve plotted.” Lily

pointed at Maxwell, gritting her teeth. “Maxwell, I never knew you were such a beast.”

Maxwell was wearing an expression that showed that he had no care for any consequences as he said with a grin, “Brilliant Media’s worth on the market is only about one billion dollars. Star Entertainment has offered two billion dollars to buy my company. There’s no reason for me to refuse. Just be good and do as you’re told. Resisting won’t do you both any good.”

Zayn was glaring at Snow, smirking coldly. “An unknown b*tch like you wants to compete with my Star Entertainment and challenge my sister in terms of looks? Who the f*ck do you think you are?”

“Do you want to become famous? Do you

want to become popular? Haha! I can guarantee you after these three movies, you'll be famous across the country, both north and south. And this is only the beginning. Mr. Douglas has told me you have signed a contract for five years with Brilliant Media. You still have two years, don't you? Don't worry. I'll continue to arrange thirty big productions like this so you can exceed Miss Sora's popularity."

The entire hall echoed with Zayn's booming laughter.

Frenzied, Lily went over and kicked Zayn.

Zayn's face went pale as he fell to his knees, holding his crotch in pain.

"Let's go, Snow."

Lily pulled Snow along once more as they strode away. However, Zayn's bodyguards

quickly surrounded them.

As expected of an ex-kickboxing trainer, Lily wasn't afraid at all when faced with a group of burly men. Before long, she had fought and cleared a path for her and Snow as they both dashed out of Brilliant Media.

Bam!

Someone had thrown a heavy punch at Lily from behind. Feeling as if a hammer had hit her on her back, Lily was thrown forward. Although she was trained in kickboxing and had exceptional skills, Lily was still a woman. Under the siege of so many large men, she finally couldn't hold out any longer and fell to the ground.

“Sister Lily, are you okay? Get up quickly.”

Snow tried to help Lily up, panicking. But instead, Lily abruptly pushed her away. “

Snow, run.”

“Sister Lily, we’re leaving together.”

“Run!” Lily gritted her teeth and got up before kicking one of the pursuing large men away. “Quick, find a safe place, and hide. Call Miss Zea. Only she can save you. Leave me and run, quickly!”

Several men rushed up together, but they were blocked off by Lily alone. She mustered all her strength to buy more time for Snow.

Under such circumstances, Snow dared not hesitate. Kicking off her high heels, she dashed across the street.

The sun scorched the grounds, boiling her feet. In an instant, the stockings on Snow’s feet seemed to have melted away.

Gritting her teeth, Snow ignored the fiery

stinging pain in her feet and ran in a frenzy.

Behind her, the large men had beaten Lily down until she fell into a pool of blood. They were about to pursue Snow across the streets, but the traffic lights had just turned red. Dozens of vehicles sped through, forcing them to stop.

By then, Snow had turned a corner and disappeared from their sight.

“F*ck... F*ck!” Staring in the direction where Snow had disappeared, Zayn flared up in anger. No longer caring if the paparazzi would catch him, he hurried outside. “What are you guys standing there for? Get her!”

Zayn was punching and kicking his bodyguards. Then, he went over to Lily

and stepped on her face. “B*tch, she won’t be able to escape.”

Zayn bent down to pull Lily’s hair with a savage look on his face. “You’re her guardian. With you in my hands, she will be back.”

As he spoke, Zayn straightened up, still tugging on Lily’s hair. Then, he dragged her away like a dead dog whose body was covered in blood into an MPV parked nearby.

It was high noon, around 1 pm at Khanh City’s Wolf’s Den.

Previously, the Wolf Den’s members were always active at night and rested during the day. However, as their mentality changed, even during the daytime, the Wolf’s Den members were lively as ever,

using different methods to train themselves.

Especially after Matthew Collins and the others had brought back a series of battle videos from Thailand, they became more and more fanatic.

Tyr drove to Wolf's Den and went straight to the training grounds.

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Chapter 374 Changes in the Wolf's Den

Upon arrival, Tyr Summers could see Matthew Collins outside the training grounds wearing no shirt and having a metal chain as thick as his wrist strapped to his body as he pulled a one thousand kilogram tiny truck along, doing laps around Wolf's Den.

Admittedly, Matthew was only able to elevate his strength during this period thanks to this peculiar training idea of his. At first, he could only pull a pickup truck. However, now, he could pull along a tiny truck.

This was his everyday homework. The explosive strength from those strong

muscles really gave off an intense feeling.

Tyr continued walking over. When he saw Tyr, Matthew did not stop but only smiled and greeted Tyr before carrying on. Tyr only told him 'Good Luck' as well before entering Wolf's Den.

Inside, everyone was battling in full swing. Drenched in sweat, unless they had exhausted all energy in their body and could no longer move, these people would never stop to rest.

Meanwhile, hanging on a wall in front of Wolf's Den was a large crystal screen. On the screen was an endlessly looped video of what Matthew and the others had taken in Thailand.

Ever since they had brought back the video from Thailand, everyone here finally

understood the saying 'there's always someone better than you'.

Coursing in their veins was a surge of frenzied blood that had been ignited. Compared to the urge to become stronger, this feeling couldn't be described with words. As if they had gone mad, these people would never lie down until they were exhausted to the point of being unable to lift a finger.

Just then, the screen was playing a scene of White-eyes Ivory Dragon's crazed battle with ten of Orpheus' elites at the enemy's base.

Back then, Matthew and the other four were standing around, holding phones with high definition cameras to record Ivory Dragon's actions from different angles. Even if this video had been slowed

by ten times, their eyes still felt overwhelmed watching it.

Had they not known this was a real incident, even these freaks inside Wolf's Den would never believe that this was real. They would have thought this was a movie made with special effects.

However, now, they were aware that this man in the video was Nemesis' number one, White-eyed Ivory Dragon. He was the final goal for these Wolf's Den members.

Standing at the door, a satisfied smile appeared on Tyr's face as he watched the group's reaction. It looked like his decision to bring five of them to Thailand wasn't wrong. Things had gone according to what he had hoped, and these people were even exceeding Tyr's expectations.

For a moment, Tyr went into a daze. It was

as if he had seen the image of when the old beggar first tossed him into the dog shed with the original Nemesis members. It was where he fought his way to the top with his brothers in the group.

“Brothers, Nemesis lives. Can you guys see this?” Tyr took a deep breath and mumbled to himself. That moment, tears welled up in his eyes.

Then, Tyr looked at Torbert Octavius.

While Wolf's Den was in full swing, only Torbert lay on a pile of scrap tires with his legs crossed and a toothpick dangling in his mouth, looking slothful.

Tyr walked over to him and sat on the tire beside him.

“So full of yourself?” Tyr crinkled his eyes at Torbert, who was still lying on the tires,

but there was no reproach in his tone. It was like he had anticipated Torbert would behave this way.

“My training methods are different from theirs.” Torbert was still languid as ever. “You should be aware as well that what Beggar King taught me was different to yours.”

As he spoke, Torbert pointed at the crystal screen. “The skills and style this guy is using have your shadow in it. You’ve taught him before, haven’t you?”

“I can’t say I’ve taught him.” Tyr shook his head. “Back then, I was also tossed into a place similar to Wolf’s Den by Master. This guy was there, and we regularly fought. Those skills and fighting style was something he learned from me when we battled.”

“A talent.” Torbert’s lips cracked into a smile. “No wonder he’s such a freak. I think the student has exceeded the master. Right, between you and him, who’s stronger?”

“No idea.” Tyr shook his head. “He’s now known as Regal Palace’s Number One God of War. But since I’ve founded Regal Palace, he never fought with me anymore.”

“Why not?” Torbert was confused. “Is it because you’re the palace master?”

“No. It’s because he isn’t completely confident that he could defeat me. But he and I will battle eventually.”

At this, Tyr studied Torbert again. “I keep getting the feeling that you didn’t go abroad with me back then because Master has instructed you to do so.”

As he spoke, Tyr reached for Torbert's arm. The latter shrunk away out of reflex and snapped, "What are you doing? Trying to molest me?"

"Beat it!" Tyr's expression darkened. He couldn't tell if Torbert was really mental or if he was feigning it. "Spill. What did Master teach you back then?"

"Shoo shoo shoo. That old beggar taught me nothing. He just asked me to focus on begging. I think he's just biased. Maybe it's because I'm not as good looking as you."

Tyr really wanted to punch Torbert to death, but he restrained himself. There were some things if Torbert weren't willing to say even if Tyr battered him to death; Torbert would never utter a single word.

Just then, Tyr's phone rang. It was a call from Winifred.

"Winifred, what's up?" Tyr asked after accepting the call.

Winifred sounded extremely anxious over the phone. "Honey, where are you? Hurry back, something's happened."

"Something happened?" Tyr's heart thumped. Thinking that Winifred ran into trouble, he immediately became restless. "Winifred, what happened over there? Are you okay?"

"It's not me. It's Snow. She was tricked by her company, and it was a scheme plotted by Star Entertainment's Zayn Lee. I don't know the specifics, but Snow is in danger right now," said Winifred.

"Zayn Lee?" Tyr asked.

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Lying beside him, Torbert immediately scrambled up, looking excited. “Did that brat stir up trouble again?”

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Tyr turned to see a hint of excitement sparkling in Torbert’s eyes and felt his scalp prickle.

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Chapter 375 Snow Fenner In Danger

“Can you not be this way?” Tyr Summers felt speechless. “If you keep up the act and really become this way, it’ll be too late to cry tears of regret.”

“Hehe.” Torbert Octavius used his three-fingered hand to wipe the saliva at the corner of his mouth. “Who told you I was acting?”

As he spoke, Torbert leaped off the scrap tires and proactively offered, “Since that pretty boy dares to cause trouble again, I’ll come with you to take care of him.”

Tyr did not reject him. Hearing how panicked Winifred sounded over the phone, he dared not stay any longer and

rushed out of Wolf's Den with Torbert.

“Master, Number One, where are you guys going? Is there another battle?” When Matthew Collins, who was pulling his tiny truck along at the entrance, saw Tyr and Torbert leaving in a hurry, he quickly tossed aside his steel chain and jogged over to them.

“Go play somewhere else.” Torbert pushed Matthew away. It looked like he was casually pushing him, but Torbert managed to make the burly Matthew take a few steps back.

Annoyed, Matthew raised his fist, wanting to smash it at Torbert but stopped when Tyr shot him a glare.

After that, Tyr and Torbert got into the car and left Wolf's Den.

Tyr never went to Winifred but got the details of the incident from her through a phone call. Then, he got Winifred to send Snow's number over as he headed to the airport, planning to take a plane to Stellar City.

Khanh City was about six hundred kilometers away from Stellar City, and there was a designated plane that flew from Khanh City to Stellar City. However, due to less frequent flights and a required waiting time, they would need to wait at least three hours before getting to Stellar City.

Even so, this was still faster than going by car.

By the time Tyr and Torbert got onto the plane, it was around six in the evening.

Half a day had gone since Snow escaped from Brilliant Media.

After departing from the plane, Tyr immediately called Snow. However, her phone was off.

This was within Tyr's expectations because Snow was currently in a dangerous situation. Worried that she might be tracked, she could only turn off her phone.

Tyr could just sit and wait, so he planned to head directly to Brilliant Media with Torbert.

Yet, the moment they got into a cab, Tyr's phone vibrated with an incoming WeChat notification. It was a friend request. Once Tyr accepted the request, the other party sent him a location at once and made no

other response.

“Driver, head to this location,” said Tyr as he placed his phone on the driver’s dashboard.

The cab driver’s pupils dilated and replied, “Bro, that’s the old Central Hospital in the deserted part of the city. It’s getting dark, so I wouldn’t want to go there if possible.”

“Why not?”

The cab driver answered exaggeratedly, “Because it’s haunted there!”

“Haunted?”

“Yeah. A few years ago, a patient was diagnosed with cancer there. Because it was such a blow to his mental state, he ignited the ward’s curtains and caused the entire hospital to burn down. That fire had

killed more than ten people. Since then, the hospital has been abandoned until now, and every time the sun sets, you can hear people crying from there.”

The car driver elaborated impressively. Tyr scoffed and simply took out a thousand bucks and tossed it in front of the driver.

“Sure thing, Bro. Hang tight. We’ll get there in twenty minutes,” the cab driver chirped.

Twenty minutes later, Tyr and Torbert got off at the city’s former Central Hospital.

By now, the sky was gradually darkening. As they looked at the abandoned hospital, it truly gave them an eerie feeling. The huge metal lock on the gates was broken. It was clear that it had just been smashed open by someone.

“Are you afraid of ghosts?” Tyr turned to Torbert, asking with a smile.

Torbert shrugged. “The cemetery is my home, where the offerings feed us. Do you think I’m afraid of ghosts?”

“Hehe.”

The two men laughed at the same time. Back when they were beggars, as long as it sheltered them, they even slept in a coffin before. Would they be afraid of something like this?

After that, the two walked toward the abandoned Central Hospital building.

At that moment, inside the Central Hospital. In the dark corridors, both sides of its walls were scorched black and the place was battered, giving off a mix of

chemical and rotten fishy smells.

Hungry mice scrambled across the ruins and a flustered beautiful girl was recklessly running through the halls before entering a ward.

Snow never knew that Zayn Lee would be so vicious with his methods. When she escaped from Brilliant Media, before she could even plan her next move, she noticed that many people in Stellar City seemed to be looking for her.

Through Star Entertainment's power, Zayn utilized the city's underground influence and offered a reward of five million dollars for Snow's capture. He even informed the people underground that they could do whatever they want with her before sending her back once they apprehended Snow.

This became intriguing. Snow's popularity had soared recently, becoming the goddess that many people idolize. If they could catch her, not only could they get a huge payment, but they could also devour the goddess. So, why not?

For the entire afternoon, Snow was on the run. Finally, exhausted, she came to the city's former Central Hospital. Because this was a notoriously haunted building in Stellar City, Snow had thought if she hid inside here, those people wouldn't dare to pursue her.

However, what she never anticipated was that the underground hooligans weren't afraid of ghosts at all. They worshiped Holy Emperor Guan so no evils could disturb them.

Inside the dust-covered ward, Snow was

shivering in a corner. Looking haggard and tense, it was as if her sanity would collapse any minute.

Footsteps reverberated outside on the corridor. Snow knew that her pursuers were here.

She closed her eyes and held her breath, terrified that someone would push the door open and enter.

However, anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

As if the people outside knew in advance that Snow would be hiding in here, the door opened and about eight adult men entered, looking ecstatic.

“Brother Gus, that woman really is in here.” One of the men pointed at Snow, who was cowering in a corner as he

exclaimed excitedly.

The man named Gus slapped his subordinate with the back of his hand and reproached in a hushed voice. “What are you yelling for? Am I blind? This hospital is filled with people trying to catch this lass. Are you trying to lure them here?”

Although the subordinate had been slapped, he didn't seem the least bit angry. Chuckling, he said, “Got it, Brother Gus. Those buffoons outside are too scared of ghosts to come in, saying that the girl can't hide in here. Fortunately, my Brother Gus is brave and has led us here to a jackpot.”

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Chapter 376 Ghost!!!

As they spoke, the few men closed in on Snow Fenner with mischievous grins.

They were getting impatient.

“Hold up, what are you guys doing?”

Brother Gus snapped in a whisper. His expression was dark.

“Brother Gus, Star Entertainment has announced that they’ve acquired Brilliant Media. This Snow Fenner was an artist under Brilliant Media, so now she belongs to Star Entertainment. Star Entertainment said that once we capture her, we can take her first before handing her in for the reward.”

“Hehehe, Brother Gus. I think this environment here is actually quite nice.”

“Are you an idiot?” Brother Gus slapped the back of his subordinate’s head. “Didn’t I just tell you all that others are chasing after this woman? Tons of people outside are looking for her. Are you really trying to attract those people here?”

“That’s true.” This subordinate rubbed the back of his head in disappointment. “Then, Brother Gus, what should we do now?”

“Tie her up. When it gets completely dark, we’ll leave from the back door. Once we return to our base, we’ll deal with her,” Brother Gus instructed.

“Sure thing.”

Taking out the tape they’ve prepared, the men closed in on Snow with excitement.

Snow wanted to scream, but her mouth

was the first thing to be sealed by their tape. She tried to struggle and resist, but how could she win against these men?

Someone handed Brother Gus a cigarette and lit it for him.

Brother Gus took a drag and grinned widely at Snow. He was in a terrific mood. “Get on quickly. This place is eerie. Quickly tie her up, and let’s go.”

The subordinate chuckled and turned to his leader. “Brother Gus, I didn’t know that you were afraid of that stuff. I told you they’re not real. There are no ghosts in this world.”

However, this subordinate had just finished talking when Brother Gus suddenly froze. The cigarette in between his fingers fell, and for a moment, he felt

the blood in his body freeze.

Not only Brother Gus, but his subordinates also felt their scalps prickle. They glanced fearfully at the window.

“It... It can't be such a coincidence, can it?”

Over the broken window, suddenly, a hand reached up.

This hand was covered in green veins and dirt, looking like an evil spirit from those horror movies.

A chill swept in through the broken window, turning the room into an ice cove at once. A silhouette abruptly came up from the window, and with a smash, the glass broke, and he jumped in from outside.

It was a disheveled man. People might

think he was really a ghost without a closer look, but in fact, it was Torbert Octavius.

“Ghost!!!”

Brother Gus and his group were shivering. They turned to rush out of the door.

However, they had just reached the corridor when they saw a shadow walking toward them at the dim end of the hallway.

The being was stepping on the debris, crushing the glass medicine bottle at his feet.

At that moment, Brother Gus' group collapsed mentally. Not just them, even Snow was crying from horror.

Torbert pulled the men beside Snow away and began tossing all of them out. After that, he squatted down beside Snow and grinned cheekily. His smile revealed

Torbert's rows of black teeth, and Snow immediately fainted.

“Did you faint because you were astonished by my striking handsomeness?” Torbert mumbled to himself before tearing away the tape on Snow's body. Then, he kept pinching her until she woke up.

When Snow opened her eyes and saw Torbert's appearance, she was about to faint again.

Torbert was startled and quickly said, “Don't faint. Although I'm handsome, that's because of my parents' strong genes. It had nothing to do with me. Don't be anxious. Tyr Summers brought me here to help you.”

Simultaneously at White Snake's casting set. Inside the huge studio, Zayn Lee held a cigar in his hand, taking one puff after another. His expression looked terrible, like he was extremely furious.

A black-clothed man came in through the door and whispered something into Zayn's ear. After hearing him, Zayn flew into a rage.

“Garbage! You're all garbage! So many of you, but no one could catch one woman!” Zayn simply slapped the man before standing up. He tossed his cigar on the ground out of fury.

A B-list female celebrity beside him quickly went over to massage his shoulders, trying to please him. “Brother Zayn, don't be angry. What if it affects

your health? Don't worry. That Snow Fenner can't get away."

"Hmph!" Zayn scoffed and walked forward.

In a corner, Lily Zimmerman was squatting with blood all over her body.

"As long as you're in my hands, I don't believe that Snow Fenner can escape."

Zayn picked up the cigar he had tossed on the ground, took a drag at it, and viciously stubbed out the burning end onto Lily's face.

"Ah!!!"

This scene made the bearded director and the B-list celebrity's scalps prickle.

On the large screen, Zayn Lee was presented to the mass as a warm

gentleman. In reality, his persona was also a warm and kind man. However, who knew that beneath this skin, Zayn was such a ruthless person.

“Zayn Lee, you won’t be cocky for long. Snow is Autumn Field’s brand ambassador. If something happens to her, Autumn Field wouldn’t forgive you,” Lily growled.

“Hehehe, Autumn Field.” At the mention of Autumn Field and Tyr’s group, Zayn’s teeth itched with hatred. “You mean Tyr Summers, don’t you? He is indeed powerful in Khanh City, and I wouldn’t be foolish enough to go against him. But this is Astral Province’s Stellar City. No matter how insane he was, would he dare come over here and bite me?”

As if Zayn’s mental state had suffered a

great hit, he continuously kicked Lily a few times. After that, he turned to the bearded director and said, “Those three movies of Snow Fenner will definitely happen. And before that, I’ll pay you some interest. This is a currently popular manager in our Southern Region. You have to make her look prettier on camera for the movie’s preview.”

“Hahaha, don’t worry, Young Master Lee. This is my expertise.” The bearded man chortled, crackling his hands.

Zayn left the studio and went to the lounge outside.

By then, many of the staff in the casting site had gotten off work, so the lounge was mostly empty.

Zayn sat on the sofa in the lounge and lit

another cigar.

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Chapter 377 Capra

The B-list female celebrity immediately came over and gave him a massage. “

Brother Zayn, it’s been half a day, but that Snow Fenner still isn’t caught. Do you think she really went to Khanh City to look for Tyr Summers? If she did, perhaps that Tyr Summers had brought his people over by now.”

At this, a hint of worry surfaced in the female celebrity’s tone. Traces of fear appeared in her eyes.

Be it the photoshoot at Swampville City or the city center’s concert, this female star had been present during both incidents. Hence, she knew of Tyr’s wrath. The man was Satan on earth. Up till now, whenever

she recalled the scenes of past incidents, this female celebrity would still feel her scalp prickle.

“Hehehe, that’s just what I’m hoping for.” Zayn sniggered, a dark glint suddenly sparkling in his eyes.

The female celebrity was stunned.

Immediately, she asked, “Brother Zayn, if Tyr Summers really comes, aren’t you afraid? The people around him look...”

The female celebrity wanted to say the people around Tyr were terrifying.

However, before she could finish, Zayn had interrupted her.

“It’s not only Tyr Summers who have powerful fighters. I’m actually interested in finding out if the random animals around him could compare to this person I’

ve hired today.”

Having said that, Zayn clapped his hands, and a group of people immediately came in through the door.

There were a total of eight people, each emitting a murderous aura. They were veterans who have experience on the battlefield. Leading them was a man with a tattoo of a mountain goat on the left side of his face and had a dominant temperament.

Upon seeing this man, the female celebrity felt the blood in her veins freeze, feeling incredulous as traces of fear appeared in her eyes. Perhaps she knew this man. And he was indeed terrifying for her to be wary of him.

Forget the female celebrity, even Zayn Lee

had put away his arrogant and overbearing attitude earlier. He stood up and quickly went over to the man. “Brother Capra, I’ll be troubling you for this. It’s an honor to have you take action and help me defeat Tyr Summers.”

Capra’s face was expressionless, and his tone was flat as still water without a hint of emotion. “I didn’t come here to help you. I just enjoy killing experts. If the person coming later is garbage, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.”

Zayn immediately flashed a flattering smile. “Don’t worry, Brother Capra. The opponent I found you will definitely satisfy you.”

So, Zayn had predicted that Snow would contact Tyr Summers. In fact, it wasn’t hard to guess. Even if they managed to

catch Snow back earlier, Khanh City's Tyr Summers would still bring his men over. Hence, Zayn had prepared himself and arranged for an expert to ambush Tyr Summers here. His goal was to avenge a past insult with this opportunity.

And who was this Capra? He had a profound background.

The Quintus family was one of the top few elite families in the southern region, and they were based in Stellar City. For a huge family like the Quintus, they must have hired many experts into their tribe. The Twelve Zodiacs under this family were prestigious in the entire southern region.

'Twelve Zodiacs' was the group name of the Quintus family's top twelve fighters. Each member had a unique tattoo of a zodiac animal on their faces to show their

identities, and Capra was one of the zodiac members.

Capra had been assigned by the Quintus family's lord to his first heir, Yulian Quintus, and Maeve Lee was Yulian Quintus' fiancée. Hence, Zayn was considered to be Yulian's brother-in-law. Now that Zayn wanted to deal with Tyr and needed experts, he had to ask for Yulian's help.

Yulian adored Maeve and could even be described as bending to her every will. When Zayn asked to borrow an expert, Yulian willingly lent Capra to him.

With Capra's assistance, Zayn could be confident. No matter how strong Tyr Summers and the people around him were, to Zayn, they were no match for Capra.

“Brother Capra, quick, come, and sit.” In an attempt to flatter, Zayn invited Capra to sit at the sofa before turning to the dazed female celebrity. “What are you standing there for? Hurry up and give Brother Capra a massage.”

The female celebrity responded with a ‘huh?’, feeling flustered for a moment.

“What do you mean ‘huh’? Is giving Brother Capra a massage an insult to you?” Zayn snapped.

The female celebrity quickly shook her head, and hesitantly walked over to Capra.

Meanwhile, Capra was sitting on the sofa, rubbing his steel-like fingers together like a wild beast cleaning its claws, preparing to hunt its prey. Although Capra was symbolized as a goat, he was in fact more

ferocious than a wolf.

Time trickled away and Lily's hysterical cries reverberated from the studio from time to time. She did not seem to be cooperating so the bearded director was assaulting her, hoping to beat her into submission before he began filming.

Zayn began to feel anxious because the skies had completely darkened, but there were still no signs of Snow showing up with Tyr. The initially confident man became uneasy. Did Tyr Summers find out in advance that there would be an ambush, so he wasn't showing up?

Subconsciously, Zayn turned to glance at Capra and the group of men he had brought. Capra looked indifferent, just like earlier. However, the more composed he was, the more frightened Zayn felt. If Tyr

really didn't show up tonight, Zayn would not be able to give Capra an explanation.

However, just as Zayn was feeling flustered, screams abruptly came from the studio. This cry came from the bearded director.

“What’s going on?” Zayn abruptly stood up from the sofa. “Something’s happening inside the studio.”

At that moment, there was a huge hole in the window of the studio. Torbert Octavius slipped in through the opening and defeated the bearded director with one punch.

Torbert Octavius was also an oddball. He had never entered through regular channels but chose to come in through windows.

The bearded man never expected someone to suddenly climb through the window. He didn't even have time to react and was already beaten to the ground. Not only him, but the two other muscular men who had been standing by were also defeated by Torbert.

Torbert turned around. When he saw Lily Zimmerman covered in blood and tortured so repulsively, scorching flames of fury instantly burned inside his heart. "This is too barbaric!"

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Chapter 378 Demon From Hell

After muttering to himself, Torbert Octavius picked up a whip from the ground and brutally lashed it at the bearded director.

“You... It’s actually you.”

Just then, Zayn Lee had rushed into the studio with his two bodyguards. When he saw Torbert inadvertently appearing here, Zayn’s heart violently trembled.

Out of reflex, Zayn took a step back. Even if he felt he had the upper hand in this situation, he still couldn’t face Torbert because this beggar was too f*cking scary.

Torbert noticed Zayn at the entrance as well. Brandishing the whip in his hand, he

cracked a smile at Zayn, showing rows of black teeth. “Yo, what a coincidence. We meet again. Perhaps this is our destiny assigned by the heavens.”

Zayn only felt his scalp prickle. ‘What destiny? You’re just a f*cking demon. A lunatic!’

“Brother Capra, the enemy has appeared. Help me!” Zayn shouted as he staggered back in panic.

Meanwhile, at the lounge, Capra had heard Zayn’s cry for help, but he had no intention of getting up. He looked at his subordinates around him. His men nodded and went into the studio.

Capra’s fingers began to tense up before curling like beast claws with power surging through them. He had no plans of entering

the studio because he felt an intense aura bursting through the entrance.

It was an expert. A true expert. An expert at the level that even Capra had never experienced before. However, to a strong fighter like him, meeting a powerful expert like this only excited Capra even more.

Capra finally stood up. His fingers were already curled like beast claws. Each finger was overflowing with explosive strength.

By now, Tyr had entered through the door with Snow Fenner following beside him.

Snow looked nervous. At first, Tyr wanted her to wait outside, but Snow was worried about Lily and insisted on coming inside to bring her along.

“Are you Tyr Summers?” Once Tyr

entered, Capra spoke first. His initially tranquil tone finally showed hints of ripples. “You’re quite the expert.”

Tyr could also sense the aura of a strong fighter from Capra’s being. However, although Capra was powerful, he couldn’t compare to Zeppelin Wayne and Sword Freak. Hence, in Tyr’s eyes, this man was merely an ant.

“I really fancy battling strong people because I enjoy the process of beating that expert to death.” Excitement and ferociousness flashed across Capra’s expression.

Next, he swung his right hand, and his fingers simply left five scratches on the leather sofa like steel claws.

Capra took action. Like his name, the man

was swift and agile. In the blink of an eye, Capra was before Tyr. His claws attacked Tyr at the same spot, which was the latter's neck.

This was Capra's unique method against his enemies. Using his beastly claws to tear open the enemy's throat, the number of experts he had killed with this method exceeded the number of fingers on his two hands.

However, this time, Capra couldn't instantly kill his opponent like before.

Crack!

In the flicker of a moment, Tyr raised his hand and grabbed Capra's fingers. With a forceful bend and a crackling sound, Capra's claw-like fingers were all broken by Tyr.

Hiss!!!

Capra sucked in a cold breath. Perhaps he had never imagined that someone could easily overcome this method of his. Before he could even react, his left hand was gripped by Tyr.

“No...” Capra subconsciously shouted, but it was futile.

Crack!!!

His claw-like left hand immediately became chicken feet as well.

Bam!

Tyr lifted his leg and kicked Capra to the ground.

“This is the expert you’ve hired to deal with me?” Tyr sounded disappointed as he glanced at Zayn, who had just rushed out of the studio. “Too weak.”

Having said that, Tyr squatted down and hammered a punch on Capra's back.

Bam!!!

As if Capra's chest had exploded, the floorboards below him even cracked open like a spider's web.

This so-called Capra of the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs was defeated with one punch from Tyr. No words could describe Zayn's current feelings. As if the light in his world had suddenly extinguished.

What... situation was this?

Like a wooden post, Zayn was rooted to the spot. His world views had been utterly crushed.

That was the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiac, a top-ranking expert in the entire

southern region. It was said that Capra's claws could slice open metal and rocks, but he didn't even manage to show Tyr the might of his claws earlier.

"This... this, this..." Zayn was incoherent as he kept retreating into the studio. Perhaps he figured that the studio still had Capra's subordinates so he could seek refuge there.

However, he realized that Capra's subordinates had been taken down by Torbert the moment he turned around. Now, Torbert was holding the whip and cackling loudly as lashed it at the men's bodies.

With every whip, their skin cracked open. That instant, Zayn suddenly found Torbert even more terrifying than Tyr.

With a thud, Zayn fell to his knees in despair.

“Sister Lily!” Snow immediately rushed into the studio. When she saw Lily covered in blood, Snow almost collapsed. “Sister Lily, are you okay? Sister Lily, don’t scare me.”

The fragile Lily forced on a smile. She wanted to say something, but her willpower couldn’t fight her body’s exhaustion, so she simply fainted.

“You. Carry her outside,” Tyr ordered a muscular man beside. That burly man dared not defy the order and fearfully carried Lily out of the casting site.

Tyr led Snow away. Before he left, he said to Torbert, “The pretty boy is yours to deal with. Remember, don’t take his life.”

“Hahaha, don’t worry. I know the limits.”

Torbert was ecstatic as he closed in on Zayn, looking thrilled.

At that moment, to Zayn, Torbert looked like a demon who had just crawled out of hell.

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Chapter 379 Falling Into A Coma

Upon leaving the casting site, Tyr Summers got into one of the crew's cars and was about to drive Lily Zimmerman to the hospital.

“We can't go to the hospital,” Snow Fenner said nervously. “Brother Tyr, Stellar City is within the Quintus family's territory, and Star Entertainment and Zayn Lee have indescribable connections with them. If we send Sister Lily to the hospital, something bad will definitely happen.”

Tyr pondered. He wasn't afraid of the Quintus family, but Snow made sense. Lily was in a terrible state right now. If they kept getting disrupted at the hospital, it

could worsen her condition.

“Do you know how to drive?” Tyr asked.

“Yeah.” Snow immediately nodded.

“Good. You drive. Head to the pharmacy first and then drive to Khanh City.”

Snow nodded before starting the car. “Right, what about Brother Beggar?”

Tyr sniggered. “Leave him. He doesn’t need to return to Khanh City for now because he’s needed here for a while.”

“But, will he be in danger?” Snow asked.

“He won’t,” Tyr answered with confidence. “For now, no one should be able to catch the entire southern region of Celestial Empire.”

Snow drove to the closest pharmacy. Tyr

bought some medicine for dressing wounds, bandages, and also traditional medicine before returning to the car.

Snow drove out of Stellar City and got onto the highway heading for Khanh City.

Meanwhile, Tyr spent about thirty minutes cleaning Lily's wounds before dressing them with his secret concoction of traditional medicine and wrapping her up.

“Stop at the service area up ahead. I'll take over the wheels. You take care of your manager,” Tyr instructed.

Tyr had no words for Snow's driving skills. On the highway, she was driving at eighty miles per hour like an old scrap car. With this speed to Khanh City, Lily might not be able to hold out.

Snow quickly nodded and drove into the

bought some medicine for dressing wounds, bandages, and also traditional medicine before returning to the car.

Snow drove out of Stellar City and got onto the highway heading for Khanh City. Meanwhile, Tyr spent about thirty minutes cleaning Lily's wounds before dressing them with his secret concoction of traditional medicine and wrapping her up.

“Stop at the service area up ahead. I'll take over the wheels. You take care of your manager,” Tyr instructed.

Tyr had no words for Snow's driving skills. On the highway, she was driving at eighty miles per hour like an old scrap car. With this speed to Khanh City, Lily might not be able to hold out.

Snow quickly nodded and drove into the

service area. The two switched places where Tyr drove back to Khanh City at a hundred and forty miles per hour.

At twelve midnight, the bustling city fell into tranquil silence.

Inside a VIP ward of Stellar City's Municipal Hospital, hysterical cries roared in the room.

“Who was it? Who was it that hurt my brother this way?”

Staring at Zayn Lee whose body was covered in whip bruises and was in a state of unconsciousness, Maeve Lee was mad. She was going insane.

Earlier, the attending doctor had informed Maeve that Zayn's mind and body suffered

huge damages, that it was possible he might fall into a vegetative state.

Vegetative state!

When she heard these two words, Maeve had almost collapsed mentally. This was her little brother. A few hours earlier, he had been alive and kicking, but now, he had gone into a vegetative state.

“Bring him in,” Maeve ordered. Outside, two men brought in the bearded director.

The bearded director immediately kneeled in terror, his body kept trembling. “Miss Maeve, this wasn’t my fault. I’m a victim too. The one who made Young Master Zayn this way was a beggar. And the person who brought that beggar over was Tyr Summers from Khanh City.”

“Tyr Summers!” Maeve’s beautiful face

contorted into a savage expression. She gritted her teeth so hard her gums were drawing blood. “Tyr Summers, I, Maeve Lee, swear upon my life to wipe out your entire family!”

After that, Maeve took a needle beside her and kept stabbing it at the bearded director. Like her younger brother, Zayn, she looked pure and gentle, but both siblings were violent in nature.

Standing outside the ward were two men. One of them was Zayn and Maeve’s manager, Skyler Yalaman, while the other was a man with a bald spot named Hanson Yard, Star Entertainment’s president.

Right now, Hanson was engulfed with worry as he said to Skyler, “This incident is becoming huge. Not only has Zayn fallen into a coma, but I also heard that the

Quintus family's Capra was smashed up and his condition is unstable. Even if he manages to live, he might be spending the rest of his life in bed. Zayn is Young Master Quintus' future brother-in-law and Capra is his personal bodyguard. Now that something has happened to both of them, Young Master Quintus might throw a fit.”

Skyler was frowning as well. “The cause of all this was because of our grudge with Khanh City's Tyr Summers, so it's related to our Star Entertainment. This incident only happened because our Star Entertainment has acquired Brilliant Media to deal with Snow Fenner. Although Zayn was the one behind this, when Yulian Quintus investigates the matter, we might not make it out unscathed.”

“What do we do then?” Hanson asked.

Both men were distraught. Finally, Skyler

said, “Since Yulian adores Maeve so much and Capra is one of his prized men, Yulian will definitely take action. He has gone abroad but will be back in two days. When he returns, Khanh City’s Tyr Summers won’t be able to escape. To prevent him from finding fault with us after that, we have to exercise some form of compensation now.”

“How should we do it?” Hanson asked.

After pondering briefly, Skyler answered, “We can’t possibly deal with Tyr Summers, but we can deal with Snow Fenner.”

“Yeah.” Hanson immediately understood. As leading figures in the southern region’s entertainment industry, it was too easy for Hanson and Skyler to destroy a celebrity.

About one in the morning, Tyr had reached Khanh City and immediately sent

Lily Zimmerman to the hospital. Frankly speaking, after Tyr had cleaned her up, there was no need for Lily to go to the hospital, but for safety precautions, they sent her there anyway.

A little after they reached the hospital, Winifred arrived in her car as well. When she was informed that Lily would be alright, her worries dissipated almost immediately.

Snow stayed by Lily's side. After a torturous day, Snow looked exhausted as well in both mind and body. Snow was also blaming herself. After all, it was because Lily was protecting her that she had ended up in this state.

“Snow, you should relax. Lily only suffered external wounds, and she'll be fine after resting in the hospital for a few

days.” Winifred went over to comfort Snow. She also wanted Snow to follow her back to the mansion to shower and get a change of clothes because Snow looked too battered right now.

At first, Snow rejected Winifred’s good intention because she was afraid that something would happen to Lily here.

To ease her worries, Tyr had Noah Lee arrange about eight elites fighters here to protect Lily around the clock. Only then did Snow relax.

In fact, this was Khanh City. Who in the world within this city would dare to touch Tyr Summers’ people?

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Chapter 380 Emergency

Even if Zayn Lee wanted to send his men over to deal with Lily Zimmerman, those people might not make it pass Khanh City's border marker.

Back at Lunar Mountain, Snow Fenner took a shower and changed into Winifred Zea's clothes. She now looked like a freshly bloomed lotus, gracefully standing tall.

“Snow, what exactly happened? Why did things suddenly turn out this way?” Winifred asked.

Up till now, Winifred didn't know the entire story. When Autumn Field had a contract signing with Brilliant Media for a few other artists, Winifred had been acquainted with Maxwell Douglas. Back

then, Maxwell had left her a good impression and didn't strike Winifred as a person who would do something like this.

Snow's mind was currently a mess, so she couldn't properly piece the story together for a moment.

Of the three of them, only Tyr Summers' mind was clear.

“It's simple. Star Entertainment acquired Brilliant Media at a handsome price, and under the temptations of money, Maxwell tricked Snow. Snow is now considered one of us, and we've had more than a few feuds with Star Entertainment. After suffering a huge loss last time, they wouldn't just let this go. Only, I never expected they would use such despicable methods against Snow either.”

At this, Tyr fell silent for a brief moment

before asking, “Right, the person whom I’ve beaten up didn’t seem like a regular person. He must be an expert from a prestigious family. Do you know his identity?”

“Brother Tyr, do you mean the guy with a mountain goat tattoo on his face?” Snow asked.

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded.

Snow answered, “He’s one of the Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiacs, and they’re very famous in Astral Province.”

“The Quintus family...” Winifred suddenly frowned. “Astral Province’s number one family, the Quintus?”

After Autumn Field had entered Prime City, their next direction of development would be Celestial Empire’s southern

region. Hence, Winifred had collected details on prominent families and large corporations in the south, and among them was information about the Quintus family.

“Yeah.” Snow nodded.

“That’s the most prominent family in the entire southern region. Why would Star Entertainment have the Quintus family as their backing?” At this, anxiousness flashed across Winifred’s expression.

Although she only knew a small part of the Quintus family’s details, it was enough to terrorize her. They were, no doubt, an enormous tribe in the south.

“It’s because Maeve Lee is the girlfriend of the Quintus family’s heir, Yulian Quintus. There’s news about them getting engaged next month, which means Maeve would

probably become the Quintus family's young madam in the future. This matter has long been spreading throughout Stellar City.”

“No wonder...” Winifred was frowning harder.

As Tyr watched Winifred's anxious expression, he laughed. “I say, Sweetheart, what are you nervous about?”

“But it's the Quintus family of the south. Out of hundreds of elite families in the southern region, the Quintus family might be among the top five.”

Winifred was right. The Quintus family was truly powerful in the south. Even the Southriver King, Carson Yorke's Yorke family, was like a tiny boat compared to a huge ship like the Quintus.

Tyr chuckled. “No matter how powerful he is, is he mightier than your husband?”

“Uhm...” For a moment, Winifred was stunned. That was right. No matter how strong the Quintus family was, were they stronger than her husband?

Tyr glanced at Winifred and Snow before saying with confidence, “Stop thinking about it. It’s late. Get some rest. As for what happens next, be it Star Entertainment or the Quintus family that makes a move, I’ll be here to take care of things.”

And so, the three of them got ready for bed. Tyr wanted to sleep with Winifred but Winifred refused. She insisted on sleeping with Snow.

Tyr felt helpless about it. It looked like for

the next few days that of Snow's stay here, Tyr won't be having his wife. "Right. I have to settle Star Entertainment quickly so Snow can go home."

The next morning as the sky gradually brightened, Winifred was awoken by her phone's ear-piercing ringtone. Last night, she had stayed up until three in the morning, chatting with Snow, so she wasn't fully awake right now.

Sliding her screen to accept the call, she placed the phone to her ear, and the news from the other end immediately jolted her awake.

"What?"

The person calling was from Autumn Field's operation department. They were in charge of packaging and promoting their

brand ambassadors like Snow and right now, they sounded extremely anxious.

“President Zea, since six in the morning today, large volumes of negative news about Miss Snow Fenner have been blasted all over the internet. The web is now in chaos. A few of the topics have made it into Weibo’s top ten hottest search ranking and this is causing a huge effect on our Autumn Field brand. At present, our products are facing many demands of refund online.”

Winifred gasped. “What kind of negative news?”

“President Zea, please take a look at the internet. I’ve already contacted Mr. Henry Walker to get his help. This issue is still growing. If we don’t suppress it immediately, not only Miss Fenner’s

entertainment career would be ruined, but Autumn Field's efforts online would also be reduced to nothing."

The call ended, and Winifred's heart felt conflicted. She couldn't calm down for the longest time.

Turning to look at Snow, Winifred was contemplating whether to tell her the news when she realized that Snow had woken up. Snow's back profile was facing Winifred as she kept scrolling the news on her phone. Her tears had already drenched her pillow wet.

"Snow, you've woken up."

Snow turned around, looking aggrieved and helpless. Staring at her, Winifred felt as if a needle had stabbed into her heart. When she looked at Snow now, it was like

looking at a reflection of herself one year ago when she was bullied. Other than feeling lost and helpless, there was nothing else she could do.

“Sister Winifred, all the news online is fake. I’m not that kind of person.” Snow finally couldn’t withstand the pressure and began wailing out loud. For a pure and disciplined young woman, this type of slander was most unbearable for them.

Winifred hugged Snow and comforted her, “I know, Snow. I know you’re not that kind of person. Don’t worry. It’ll all be over soon. Your Brother Tyr and I will definitely regain justice for you.”

Winifred wanted to let Snow sleep for a bit more. However, after such news, how could she go back to sleep?

Getting out of bed, the girls quickly got

dressed before knocking on Tyr's bedroom door.

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Chapter 381 Henry Walker's Countermeasure

At that moment, Tyr Summers was sleeping soundly. When he heard the knock, Tyr got dressed and opened the door. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Star Entertainment made a move on Snow." Winifred Zea handed her phone to Tyr.

The phone's screen was covered with negative news about the recently popular celebrity goddess, Snow Fenner, using her body to achieve her current success. All this news was exposed by Brilliant Media.

Because Snow was an artist signed under Brilliant Media, the company held every detail of her since debut. These included

videos of programs that Snow had participated in during her debut and films and dramas. There were also photos and videos of Snow meeting with the client's company staff in private.

The videos and photos were not problematic at all. However, when someone used these materials to pair with slandering articles to defame Snow, the partially true statements became lethal. One of the articles claimed that Snow was able to get the leading female role in *Taboos of the Underworld* previously only because she slept with the investor for three days. The photo paired with this article was taken when Snow had dinner with the investor.

In reality, it was only a normal dinner. Snow never even sipped alcohol during that meal, but it was falsely passed off as

the truth when that article was paired with this photo.

There wasn't only just one article. Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media had hired tons of writers specifically to slander Snow. A more exaggerated article showed a video of Snow visiting an orphanage but claimed that she had a b*stard child prior to her debut and she had heartless sent her child to the orphanage.

To add to the damage and increase its validity, half an hour ago, Brilliant Media's president, Maxwell Douglas, had personally appeared on screen and made various accusations about Snow. He even accused her, saying that Snow was acting like a diva and was ungrateful now that she had gained a little fame, and Brilliant Media was considering annulling their contract with Snow.

Since the beginning, Snow had the persona of a pure goddess. However, now that negative news kept flowing, her character was utterly crushed.

As the saying went, 'a repeated rumor becomes a fact', if a few articles were not enough to convince, these countless scandals spreading through the web had now become even more genuine than real gold.

Even Tyr gasped when he saw these compositions. To think those people were so venomous as to use such despicable methods to slander a kind and innocent girl. They were blatantly trying to push Snow off a cliff. Even Hilary White wasn't as harsh when she slandered Winifred on Southern Sophistication. If this issue continued to grow, Snow might very well

collapse mentally and suicide.

“Outrageous!” That instant, Tyr was utterly infuriated by the other party’s actions.

“Have you guys contacted Henry Walker?” Tyr asked.

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded. “Because of all these negative news about Snow, our company’s brand is also greatly affected, so the operation team has contacted Mr. Walker at once.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded. “I’ll take full charge of this matter from here on. Sweetheart, you stay at home and keep Snow company. Don’t let her take one step out of the house.”

By then, Snow, who was standing beside them, looked as if her energy had been

drained, and her soul was gone.

“Okay.” Winifred nodded in agreement, understanding Tyr’s meaning. During this dire moment, Tyr and Winifred were worried that Snow couldn’t take the blow and might do something rash.

After that, Tyr was worried that Winifred might not keep an eye on Snow alone, so he had Noah Lee send a few people over to look after Snow.

After leaving the mansion, Tyr drove to Autumn Field Group. By then, Henry had reached as well.

The company’s operation team was conducting an urgent meeting. There was no way for them to save Snow’s image online, so they could only focus on reducing Autumn Field’s losses as

efficiently as possible. In fact, the team had come up with a decision to dismiss Autumn Field's relationship to Snow Fenner and announce that the company was oblivious to all of Snow's earlier misdeeds.

Meanwhile, the legal affairs department had drafted a statement and were ready to announce their contract termination with Snow.

This was a standard countermeasure for a brand to take once their brand ambassadors get into trouble. It was because only this method could reduce the brand's incurred losses to the greatest extent. On top of that, Henry Walker was in agreement with this decision.

However, after Tyr arrived at the office, he rejected all of the company's proposed

countermeasures. He only made a statement saying, 'Snow Fenner is a friend of Winifred and me. She's also Autumn Field's most trusted business partner. Even if the world is slandering Snow and doesn't believe her, I, Tyr Summers, and Winifred believe her. Autumn Field believes her.'

After that, Tyr had these departments stop everything they were doing and just wait for news.

Many of the company's higher management was puzzled by Tyr's decision. However, since this was Tyr and Winifred's decision, they dared not go against it and could only comply.

Next, Tyr called Henry alone into his security director's office.

Inside the office, Tyr sat in his chair, lit a

cigarette on this rare occasion before tossing one to Henry.

“Have you come up with a countermeasure for this issue?” Tyr asked.

Henry lit a cigarette as well and took a drag. “Brother Tyr, this is actually an entertainment industry’s issue and it’ll be very troublesome to deal with.”

Tyr’s expression darkened. “This is not what I want to hear. I’m just asking, do you have a countermeasure?”

“I do,” Henry answered. “But it’s only theoretical because this countermeasure won’t work in real life.”

“Let’s hear it.”

Henry replied, “But Brother Tyr, before I say it, I need clarification on how much of

these news on the internet is true and false?”

“The bad portion is all false. The rest is true. Star Entertainment has acquired Brilliant Media, and they’re trying to use this method to take Snow down. Also, it’s to deal with me and Autumn Field as well.”

Henry nodded before staying silent for two seconds. “My countermeasure is a little exaggerated.”

“Spill.”

Henry elaborated, “For us to solve cases like an entertainment celebrity’s scandal, the first thing to do is have the public relations department to clarify. But this is an inferior method and doesn’t have much effect.

“For Snow’s current situation, no matter

how we clarify, it'll only get worse. But as the saying goes, 'whoever started the trouble should be able to end it', if Brilliant Media and Star Entertainment can take the initiative to clear Snow's name, the significance will be completely different.”

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Chapter 382 Extreme Methods

“Get Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media to take the initiative?”

For a moment, Tyr Summers was stunned. Wasn't Snow Fenner's issue a joint effort by Brilliant Media and Star Entertainment? How could they possibly take that initiative?

However, soon, Tyr understood. “Star Entertainment has acquired Brilliant Media and forced the latter to use Snow's details to slander her. So, can I acquire Star Entertainment as well?”

“You're right, Brother Tyr. This is my countermeasure and the only solution we have at the moment. Also, when helping Miss Fenner to clear her name, there's

something else we need to do,” said Henry.

“What?” Tyr asked.

“A diversion.”

“A diversion?”

“That’s right.” Henry nodded. “It’s to divert everyone’s attention. We’ll use a bigger scandal to shift the popularity of this incident away.”

“A bigger scandal.” Tyr narrowed his eyes as if he had thought of something.

Suddenly, he realized that Henry Walker was no doubt a veteran in new media. The man’s entire being was exuding a crafty aura, and his brain was f*cking brilliant!

By now, Tyr had more or less grasped Henry’s intention. To say this matter was complicated, it was truly harder than

ascending heaven. However, to call it simple, it was, in fact, quite simple. The prerequisite was that one had to be capable.

Tyr stood up and patted Henry on the shoulder to show his approval. “Hey Henry, how much is your Walker Technologies worth on the market?”

Startled, Henry answered, “Currently, about three billion dollars.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded briefly. “I know that other than new media, you’re also engaged in many other online business channels. This new media company of yours is only a foundation while the other businesses are your real source of income.”

“That’s right, Brother Tyr.”

Tyr flashed him a bright smile. “I’ll give you five billion. When this is all over, you

can stop doing new media and operate an entertainment company instead.”

“Brother Tyr, uhm...” Henry’s heart violently shuddered.

“Leave your Walker Technologies to your people. I plan to have Autumn Field branch into different industries to build a foundation for Autumn Field’s brand to penetrate the international market. We’ll start with the entertainment industry then. Once I acquire Star Entertainment, you’ll be its person-in-charge,” Tyr explained.

Henry gasped. Tyr’s statement utterly stupefied him.

“What? Are you unwilling?”

“I’m willing. Of course, I’m willing.” Henry nodded excitedly.

Of the many big-shots in Khanh City, everyone was trying to become Tyr's true subordinate and work for him. However, up until now, the only person who could be said to be truly working under Tyr was Drake Tucker and no one else, not even Jade Laurell. Although previously at Riverville City, Jade had acknowledged Tyr as her master, he had not given her any task after that, and there wasn't much change in their relationships.

Now that Tyr was offering Henry an opportunity of his own accord, how could Henry stay calm? This was Henry's greatest chance to rise to success. Hadn't he been doing so much for Tyr and Autumn Field all for this day?

“Thank you, Brother Tyr, for your nurture and appreciation,” Henry said eagerly.

“It’s what you deserve,” Tyr said nothing more and got up to leave. “I’ll take care of Star Entertainment. When I attain what’s required, you’ll work the PR and process. Be on standby.”

“Yes, Brother Tyr.”

After leaving Autumn Field, Tyr called up Max Cheever to have him send a few brothers from Wolf’s Den over. Tyr had to acquire Star Entertainment and force Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media to clear Snow’s name in the shortest time possible. Formal methods were not the way to go.

Hence, Tyr needed to exercise extreme methods.

An hour later, Tyr arrived at the airport. Five of the Wolf’s Den members Max had assigned were already here, waiting.

Because this mission wasn't as challenging, Max had sent the members who were ranked number ten and after, which are Martin Jakeman, Fiona Jennings, and the others.

The group set off for Stellar City by plane. One had to admit that having a flight that covered this six hundred kilometers distance between the two cities was extremely convenient. It would have been taxing to drive there.

Once they got off the plane, Tyr called Torbert Octavius.

This guy never returned to Khanh City with Tyr last night but stayed in Stellar City instead. Hence, Tyr had no idea where he was.

However, Tyr was not worried about

anything happening to Torbert. Forget the insignificant Star Entertainment. Even if Stellar City's Quintus family took action, they couldn't possibly catch Torbert.

The call got through, and Torbert's lazy voice flowed from the other end.

"Where are you?" Tyr asked.

"In a bridge hole." Torbert yawned. "Are you here again? Call me back later. I'm sleeping."

Tyr glanced up at the scorching midday sun. A layer of sweat covered his forehead. Just like Khanh City, Stellar City was a stove.

"It's f*cking noon. How can you still be sleeping?" Tyr was speechless. However, come to think of it, the guy was still a beggar, so how could he not be sleeping?

“Stop sleeping. I brought some Wolf’s Den brothers over. We have a mission. Do you want to come and help?” Tyr asked.

Torbert yawned again. “What’s there to help with? Aren’t you guys just taking care of minor characters like Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media? Do you even need me to take action?”

“Stellar City’s underground society has been chasing me all night. I’ve been busy the whole time, so I want to catch up on some Zs. Don’t disturb me.”

Tyr frowned. “Has the Quintus family made any moves? After all, I smashed their Capra open last night.”

“Didn’t see anyone from the Quintus family,” Torbert answered. “But I’m sure quite a lot of them were arranged by the

Quintus family behind the scenes. Having lost so much to our hands, big families like this wouldn't want to make this incident huge.”

“Yeah.” Tyr nodded. “If you're not coming, then forget it. Be careful. The Quintus family will definitely get involved in this, and it just so happens that my next plan will be to deal with the large families in the south. So, don't you return to Wolf's Den during this time. Stay here and investigate the Quintus family for me. If my assumptions are correct, after we deal with Star Entertainment, the Quintus family will come out. Preparing ourselves in advance won't be a bad thing.”

“Alright.” Torbert yawned once more. “I'm hanging up. After my nap, I'll continue playing with those fools at night. Speaking of which, this is much more interesting

than staying in that boring Wolf's Den.”

After ending the call, Tyr sighed. When he first called Torbert to Wolf's Den, he thought Torbert would enjoy the environment there. However, now it seemed like Torbert wasn't suited for Wolf's Den. The man preferred living his life freely roaming on the streets.

However, now that things were concluded, Tyr had no plans to change it. If Torbert really brought up the topic of leaving Wolf's Den, Tyr had no reason to reject him.

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Chapter 383 Angered Masses

“Brother Tyr, what should we do next?” Martin Jakeman and the other four Wolf’s Den members were getting impatient.

S Tyr was unprejudiced. For every mission, he would get different Wolf’s Den members to carry out the tasks, leaving no one out.

“Let’s find a place and get lunch. After that, we’ll first head to Brilliant Media to loiter around,” said Tyr.

The group found a nearby restaurant, and as they were eating, Tyr’s phone rang again.

The caller ID displayed an unknown number. Tyr answered the call. “Hello.”

“Brother Tyr, it’s Lily Zimmerman.”

Tyr never expected Lily to call him, and from the sound of her voice, she was extremely anxious and breathless. It was clear that her injuries were still heavy.

“When did you wake up? How are your injuries?” Tyr asked out of concern.

“I’m fine, Brother Tyr,” Lily answered. “I know about Snow’s issue. I heard you’ve gone to Stellar City to take care of this.”

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded. “Don’t worry. This isn’t too troublesome to take care of. I guarantee you that I’ll help Snow regain justice and clear her name.”

Lily said, “Thank you, Brother Tyr. I believe you can do it too. However, let me give you an address and a phone number

for you to look for someone. I've contacted him, and he's waiting for you right now."

"Who?" Tyr asked.

"His name is Herman Hale, and he can be of great help to you. He's also the key to whether Snow can successfully turn the tables. Of course, I'm not questioning your capabilities, Brother Tyr. It's just that with Herman's help, it can save you a lot of trouble," said Lily.

"Okay." Tyr nodded. He was quite trusting of Lily. Just in case, even if it was a scheme, Tyr feared nothing. It was as if Tyr was invincible in the current world, and no scheme could bring him down.

After that, Tyr heard more about Herman from Lily. When he was done listening, the corner of his lips curled up slightly, and he

felt confident.

“Alright, let’s go with this. Rest well, and don’t worry about anything. I’ll take care of it.”

After hanging up, Tyr continued eating with Martin and the others. Once lunch was over, Tyr was done coming up with the countermeasures for this incident and relayed them to Martin, Fiona Jennings, and the others.

At three in the afternoon, the blazing sun was scorching the grounds. However, at that moment, the atmosphere inside Brilliant Media’s building had reached a freezing point.

“This is too much. I never thought Maxwell Douglas was such a person.”

“Yeah. He can do anything for money. This

won't do. We have to look for him and reclaim justice for Sister Snow.”

Inside the resting lounge, a group of Brilliant Media artists was furious. From the moment they saw the news on the internet early this morning, they were piqued. Snow and Lily had been looking after them regularly, so these artists had a good relationship with them.

Many of the artists in this group had a contract with Autumn Field. When Brilliant Media attacked Snow today, they had also released scandals about the artists who have signed with Autumn Field to strike Autumn Field. This infuriated them even more.

At first, they dared not speak up because they were only unknown celebrities and had no courage to go against their

employer. However, as the incident became more exaggerated, these artists finally couldn't take it anymore.

And so, more than ten of these Brilliant Media celebrities gathered to discuss forcing Maxwell to revoke every falsehood against Snow on the internet and to help Snow clear her name.

If there were only one or two of them, they wouldn't dare to challenge Maxwell. However, with so many artists banded together, they could surely become a formidable force.

After their discussion, the group marched toward Maxwell's office aggressively.

When the door was pushed open, Maxwell just happened to be scrolling through the abusive comments about Snow on the

internet. He was wearing a faint smile.

The man shouldn't be blamed for being so ruthless because Star Entertainment's offer was just too tempting. If Maxwell managed to push Snow onto the Hall of Shame, Star Entertainment would pay Maxwell an additional hefty sum.

At present, things were going well. When the day was over, Snow would completely fall from a rising goddess to a publicly resented b*tch. With this, Snow Fenner would be completely ruined without a chance to redeem herself.

Maxwell had sold Brilliant Media. Once the handover procedures were completed in the next few days, he could use the huge sum of money to buy a tiny island overseas and get himself a few wives. Just the thought of it excited him.

“President Douglas, why are you treating Sister Snow like this?”

At that moment, his office door was pushed open and a group of Brilliant Media artists strode in indignantly.

Maxwell’s expression darkened when he saw the aggressive group. “What are you guys doing?”

One of the artists stepped up and placed her phone on Maxwell’s desk, interrogating him, “President Douglas, what is this? You have to give us an explanation.”

“Sister Snow has done so much for our company over the years. Why does she receive such an ending?”

“President Douglas, these articles on the

internet are sheer fiction. Why did you send these evidently normal videos and materials to the media to allow them to slander Sister Snow deliberately?”

When one person spoke up, the others began to chime in. The office immediately fell into chaos, and Maxwell’s expression was growing increasingly darker.

“Preposterous!” Maxwell slammed his desk with one hand. He glared at everyone in the room and bellowed, “What are you guys trying to do? Are you starting a rebellion?”

“But President Douglas, for this incident, you’ve really...”

“Are you questioning me?” Maxwell furiously interrupted that artist. “Who do you think you are to question me? These

scandals exposed on the internet today was all because of Snow's improper behavior. Who can she blame?"

The group of celebrities was enraged. "President Douglas, you can use this excuse to cheat the media outside, but do you think it means anything to us?"

"We've been in Brilliant Media for a long time now, and whether or not Sister Snow's behavior is improper, everyone knows. Moreover, those videos and photos didn't happen like how the media described them to be. They're all slander."

"There are so many companies in the entertainment industry, but which of them are like Brilliant Media, who would defame their own celebrity?"

N

Chapter 384 My Name Is Fiona Jennings Of Khanh City

To the celebrities, Brilliant Media had always been a delightful entertainment company, and they had a good impression of Maxwell Douglas. They had teamwork, were hardworking, and supported each other so the company could keep moving forward in this cruel entertainment industry and gradually gain acknowledgment in the industry.

Before this, everyone had seen a ray of hope. The artists were all pumped up and envisioned a wonderful future.

Yet, who knew that something like this would happen at such crucial timing.

This matter no longer concerned only

Snow Fenner but every celebrity under Brilliant Media. Hence, at this dire time, be it for Snow or themselves, these artists couldn't back down. Maxwell had to give them a reasonable explanation and a good ending to this matter. Otherwise, this group of artists would be restless.

If something like this could happen to Snow today, who was to say it wouldn't happen to the other celebrities tomorrow?

“Are you all really trying to riot?”

At first, Maxwell thought he could suppress this group of talents with his authority as their employer. However, it seemed like he had overestimated himself and underestimated the fury and reactions of these artists.

Now that things had come to this, Maxwell

decided not to show them any more consideration. A savage expression appeared on his face. It was as if he had been playing the role of a good sheep all this while but was a hungry wolf.

Now that his sheep facade was no longer required, his wolf's skin could see the light again.

“All of you shut up!” Maxwell abruptly stood up. “Who did you think you were? You're all but dogs under my Brilliant Media. A tool to make money. What? Now you're trying to ask me for human rights? Let me break it to you. Do garbage like you even have human rights?”

“Your contracts are all in the legal department. If any of you dares to cause a fuss, I'll feed you a lawsuit so that you can never get back up again.”

Maxwell's threat had startled quite a few people, and the room suddenly became quieter.

However, there were still a few brave souls who continued to stand up to Maxwell. "Maxwell Douglas, you weren't like this before. We were wrong about you."

"Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning for what you've done?"

"Only broke fools will be struck by lightning. Hahaha, I won't!" Maxwell no longer restrained himself and laughed. "You're right. I have deliberately caused Snow's scandals. She never had any, but after I've sent out these videos and materials, it gets processed a little, and now, they're all scandals."

"What? You're all upset, aren't you? This

is the entertainment industry. If all of you continue to cause a commotion, I can guarantee you that before the next sunrise, you'll all have it worse than Snow Fenner.”

At this, Maxwell cheekily lit a cigar, looking cocky. “Bunch of clowns. Do you think I can't handle you?”

The artists were immediately frightened by Maxwell and stopped. No matter how furious they were, they had no power to go against an entertainment company.

“But I don't have the mind to pay you any more attention. I'll be honest with you. Did you really think Zayn Lee from Star Entertainment came yesterday just for a chat? Hahaha, Star Entertainment has acquired our Brilliant Media with a huge sum. In two more days, Star Entertainment

's higher officials will come to take charge of Brilliant Media. When that happens, you'll all be Star Entertainment's artists and have nothing to do with me.

“Do you know why Snow has such a tragic ending? Because she doesn't know her place. She has offended Star Entertainment, offended Zayn Lee, offended Maeve Lee, f*ck... Were they people whom she could afford to provoke? Maeve Lee's fiance is the Quintus family's heir, Yulian Quintus. Star Entertainment's backing is also the Quintus family.”

All of a sudden, the air around them froze. In fact, news about Brilliant Media being acquired by Star Entertainment had spread since yesterday, but it had never been confirmed. Now that Maxwell himself was declaring it, it became a fact.

“So, Maxwell, you sold all of us.” After a

long silence, an angry female voice suddenly broke the silence.

“Hehe, what do you mean by selling you all? I’m giving you a brighter path. Star Entertainment is the biggest entertainment company in the south. You’ll all soon be Star Entertainment’s artists, isn’t that great?”

“But with the likes of you, even if you get into Star Entertainment, they might not really feed you a bone. So, since you’re just dogs, you should behave and guard the door for your owners. Stop randomly barking at the hand which feeds you. That’s not what an intelligent dog would do.”

The group of celebrities was outraged. Maxwell Douglas was going overboard. Yet, even though they knew the man never saw celebrities as human beings, they couldn’t

do anything about it.

That woman continued to speak, “So, for such an excellent girl like Snow Fenner, you would still choose to trample her until her career is beyond redemption, wouldn’t you?”

“Isn’t that obvious?” Maxwell said with a laugh. “Who asked that idiot of a woman to provoke Star Entertainment? Provoke Maeve Lee? Did she think she could compete with Maeve in the future? Do you all think it’s possible? Even if she didn’t offend Star Entertainment, just by rising to popularity so quickly, Maeve would have dealt with her all the same. These are the rules of survival of the entertainment industry. Who can blame Maeve for having such a powerful background?”

“Snow Fenner is considered utterly

destroyed beyond redemption. A woman like her is too pure and too disciplined. She's not suited for the entertainment industry. This is also my advice for you. If you don't want to end up like Snow, behave yourselves."

At this, Maxwell took a long drag of his cigar, feeling relaxed.

However, at that moment, as if he suddenly realized something, he subconsciously glanced at the female celebrity who kept asking questions. "Who are you? Why have I never seen you before?"

Due to his agitated state earlier, Maxwell didn't realize this strange new face. He thought a Brilliant Media manager had signed on a newcomer.

However, Maxwell suddenly felt that

something was off. He even felt a chill run down his spine.

A malicious smile appeared on the woman's face. "It's only normal that you haven't seen me before because I'm not from your company."

"Then, you are..."

"My name is Fiona Jennings, from Khanh City."

Fiona Jennings was number fourteen of Wolf's Den. She was also the only other female in Wolf's Den besides Vanessa Harris.

N

Chapter 385 Brilliant Media's Vice President

At that instant, she brazenly held out a phone with a high definition camera function and smiled brightly at Maxwell Douglas. “Mr. Douglas, whatever you said just now has been recorded into my phone. Haha, you’re really a straightforward person. You’d just say whatever is on your mind. Did you really think no one would settle scores with you? Once this video of mine has been exposed, I think Miss Snow Fenner can rise up again, dignified.”

Maxwell went pale. He never expected a situation like this to happen.

Meanwhile, the other artists were startled as they looked in Fiona Jennings’ way,

their expressions painted with shock and disbelief. However, everyone felt elevated on the inside. Fiona's actions had dealt a huge blow to Maxwell.

“What are you guys standing there for? Snatch that phone out of her hands at once!” Maxwell was anxious as he shouted at the celebrities.

Yet, no one was willing to do anything to Fiona. Maxwell got out of his chair and pounced at Fiona, ready to snatch her phone away. However, how could he ever match up to Fiona? She was Wolf's Den's number fourteen. She could easily take down at least thirty of Maxwell alone.

Fiona moved to the side, effortlessly dodging Maxwell, and then with a swift kick, she simply booted Maxwell to the ground.

The celebrities were dumbstruck when they saw this scene. Who knew that a seemingly frail woman like Fiona would have such explosive strength.

“Security, security...” Reluctant to admit defeat, Maxwell shouted for his guards.

However, of the dozens of guards hired in this huge Brilliant Media company, no one responded.

Just then, the office door was once again pushed open, and Tyr Summers entered with Martin Jakeman and the rest in tow. Following beside them was a shabby man of similar age to Maxwell with a crippled leg.

“Mr. Douglas, you can stop shouting. Those guards you’ve hired couldn’t take a beating, so they’re all down.” It was Tyr

who spoke. After that, he turned to the man beside him and said, "Herman Hale, whatever you've wanted to say, you can say it now."

This man was the person introduced to Tyr by Lily Zimmerman, Herman Hale.

The moment Maxwell saw Herman, his face was filled with shock and incredulity. Not only Maxwell, but the senior celebrities in Brilliant Media were also startled.

"Vice President Hale, you... aren't you already dead? Why are you..."

It turned out Herman Hale was Brilliant Media's vice president. This Brilliant Media was a company founded by both men in a joint effort. However, why did the artists of the company claim that Herman

was supposed to be dead?

That instant, a wild expression appeared on Herman's face. He was gritting his teeth as he stared at Maxwell. "It's been a long time, Maxwell Douglas. I finally have this opportunity. You're dead meat."

"Herman Hale, you... why are you..."

Maxwell stammered.

"Why am I not dead?" Herman laughed out loud. "Because I'm lucky."

"Maxwell, you're too ruthless. When I founded Brilliant Media with you, you had evaded tax payments, offered casting couches to newcomers, and two years ago, you even raped Miriam Clark, causing a budding young girl to commit suicide by jumping off a building. How do you even sleep at night for the past two years?"

Herman exposed.

This statement was like a bolt of lightning to the artists around. Never in their wildest dreams had they imagined that Maxwell was such a person. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

As for the incident two years ago about Miriam Clark, everyone had thought she jumped off the building due to immense pressure. Maxwell had even fainted while crying out of grief for this incident and was sent to the hospital.

Back then, everyone in Brilliant Media had thought Maxwell was a caring and loving person. However, who knew that he was the cause of Miriam's death the whole time.

“Maxwell, we've been good brothers for

decades before. At first, I couldn't get used to your way of handling things, but for the sake of our friendship, I tolerated it. Even after you had caused Miriam's death, I helped you conceal the incident because you were a brother to me. But you... you actually sent someone to assassinate me because you were afraid I'd expose your misdeeds!

“Hahaha, did you think that the car accident you've gotten someone to fabricate really killed me? I even saw you shedding crocodile tears on the news as you organized my funeral. But I was fortunate to have escaped that tragedy. Did you know how resentful I was when I watched your deceptive appearance on TV? I kept wanting to come back for you these past two years, but as the business kept growing, I didn't have a chance. However,

today, you won't be able to escape anymore.”

The celebrities around were staring, wide-eyed, while Maxwell turned ghastly pale and was shivering all over. He never imagined, never in his wildest dreams, thought that Tyr would bring Herman here.

“Herman Hale, don't spout nonsense! You're slandering me. I've done none of the things you mentioned,” Maxwell retorted.

“Hehe!” Herman chuckled icily. “Only you would know if you've ever done such things. However, I'm not afraid of you denying it. After all, I've already made a police report before coming here. I still have evidence for the things you've done in the past and the police will be re-investigating Miriam's case.

“Lastly, although I can’t find evidence of you hiring someone to cause my car accident, with just the previous evidence and this case of intentional slander against Snow Fenner, it’s enough to keep you in jail for the rest of your life.”

“Hahahahaha!” Having been arrogant and full of himself several minutes ago, Maxwell seemed to have suddenly lost his mind.

At that moment, police sirens were heard outside of Brilliant Media’s office. When he heard the sirens, Maxwell shuddered and began crying. He was even wailing out loud.

However, what was done by night appeared by day. So what was the use of crying over it now?

In less than a minute, the police appeared with a warrant of arrest and apprehended Maxwell under various charges. Herman also followed the police back to the station to assist in investigations.

After two years of hardships, Herman seemed to have gained insight into the world. He no longer had any yearnings for his future as if he had died on the inside.

Now that Maxwell was taken away, Herman would definitely choose to perish with him so that Maxwell never got to see the outside world ever again.

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Chapter 386 Six Billion Dollars of Hell Money

Everything that happened just now was also recorded by Fiona Jennings' phone. **S** Once this video gets exposed, it would no doubt turn the web into chaos.

A huge turnaround had appeared in Snow Fenner's case, and the crisis could be deemed averted. When Tyr Summers sent this video to Henry Walker, the latter almost jumped from excitement.

“Brother Tyr, you're too admirable. To think you could secure such powerful evidence in such a short time. This is great. Paired with the PR we've hired, we can completely clear Miss Fenner's name with this video.”

“To what extent can we clear her name?” Tyr asked.

Henry pondered before answering, “About seventy percent. After all, you know the internet. Some keyboard warriors are crazy. Even if some facts have been proven, they would still cause a fuss.”

Tyr grunted a reply. “So, what we’ve done now is still not enough.”

“That’s right, Brother Tyr,” Henry answered. “I’ve mentioned two steps to you earlier. This first step has been achieved. Next, we have to complete the second step. Once the second step is complete, Miss Fenner’s case will be resolved flawlessly.”

“To divert the mass’ attention?” Tyr affirmed.

“That’s right. If we expose this video online, reasonable netizens would change their views. However, for the sake of creating gossip, some media would use this material to start something else. Hence, only with the appearance of delicious gossip would those media immediately shift their attention and target. That way, the traction of Miss Fenner’s case would be swiftly suppressed. After that, we’ll host a fan meeting and use that opportunity to clear Snow’s name, and things will be truly resolved when that’s over.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded. “Then, up next, I’ll go and look for this so-called delicious gossip you’ve mentioned. If I really can’t find any, I’ll make one.”

“Alright Brother Tyr, I’ll await your good

stars decorating it. This was a peaceful and quiet night.

Inside a mansion in the suburbs of Stellar City, Star Entertainment's president, Hanson Yard, slept soundly with a mistress in his arms. It was a beautiful night.

However, a chilling breeze suddenly swept in through the windows and Hanson felt a chill on his back. Subconsciously, he pulled the covers over his body, but his mistress abruptly shrieked.

Her scream awakened Hanson. He turned to his lover, irritated, and asked, "What are you shouting for in this middle of the night?"

His lover looked frightened and pointed at the front of the bed, stammering as she

news.”

After the phone call, Tyr gave a long stretch. Then, he turned to the few Wolf's Den members and said, “Later, I'll need to prepare some documents while you guys have a small mission. As for the mission's contents, I've emailed them to you. It's such a hot day outside, and what I need isn't easily purchased, but I believe you guys can get it for me.”

Although the five Wolf's Den members weren't sure what Tyr wanted them to do, they nodded and agreed without hesitation. These were the members of Wolf's Den. They never questioned their mission and would just carry it out as told.

A full moon hung in the midnight sky with

asked, “Wh-... what is that?”

Hanson rubbed his eyes and looked ahead.

In the next instant, as if his mind had suffered a huge shock, Hanson abruptly sat up in bed. At first, he thought he was dreaming. He pinched himself hard on his thigh and the stinging pain made him realize this was reality.

At that moment, in front of Hanson’s bed, there were bundles of banknotes stacked at least one meter tall like a huge wall.

“This...”

Even if the stinging pain in his thigh lingered, Hanson was still reluctant to believe this was real. For no reason in the middle of the night, a mountain of cash had suddenly appeared before his window. What was going on?

Not only was there a pile in front of his bed, but it was also scattered all over his bed.

Moonlight shone in through the windows. His lover subconsciously picked up a bundle and immediately, as if she had just seen the most horrifying thing on earth, she tossed the bundle of cash away after a shudder.

“Pre-... President Yard, these are hell banknotes.”

Their minds exploded in a buzzing sound. Although it was a summer's night, Hanson and his mistress felt as if they had fallen into an ice pit. Even the room felt like an ice house.

“Who are you?”

That instant, Hanson's mistress noticed a

few silhouettes appearing on the room's sofa.

Hanson shuddered and quickly turned on the lights.

The room was filled with hell banknotes, and Tyr was sitting on the leather sofa, swirling a glass of freshly poured red wine in his hand as he smiled at Hanson.

Behind Tyr stood the five Wolf's Den members.

“Who... Who are all of you? Are you humans or ghosts?”

Hanson was on the verge of his sanity because he couldn't understand how these people did it. Of the brief moment while he slept, how had they moved so much hell banknotes into his room? Moreover, he had dedicated security guards outside his

mansion and two vicious dogs.

Hanson was truly suspecting Tyr and the others to be phantoms because this was too bizarre. Only the supernatural could do something like this.

“Don’t be afraid, Mr. Yard. Of course, we’re humans. How can there be ghosts in this world, right?”

“Let me introduce myself. My name is Tyr Summers from Khanh City. I presume you’ve heard of my name before.”

Hanson trembled and stared fearfully at Tyr, stammering as he said, “You... You’re Tyr Summers? How did you get in here? And this is...?”

Tyr took a sip of his wine and smiled. “Don’t be nervous. We naturally came boldly through your front door.

“As for these notes, we were the ones who moved them up here with much effort. I’ve roughly calculated. Your Star Entertainment is worth about ten billion dollars on the market, and you hold sixty percent of the shares.

“There are six billion dollars here. Would you like to count them?”

N

Chapter 387 I'm Just Messing With You

Color drained from Hanson Yard's face. On the other hand, his mistress had been overtaken by anxiety as her tears rolled down her cheeks in rivulets.

Someone like Hanson Yard, who has been in the entertainment industry for many years and had been involved with criminal syndicates and law enforcement alike, could be considered a wily old fox.

Naturally, he understood his current position and the strength of Tyr Summers' group across from him.

To be able to subdue the bodyguards and the large black dog downstairs and then bring up so many hell banknotes and have

them placed in his house without alerting him or his mistress.

Was that not something ordinary people would not be able to do?

The only ones who could presumably do such a thing within Stellar City are the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs fighters.

“You... What the hell do you want?”

Tyr Summers got to his feet, grinning like a Cheshire cat as he strode toward a stack of hell notes and pressed his hand lightly against it.

“Haven't I made myself clear? Six billion for sixty percent of Star Entertainment's shares.”

“But... But you...That's...”

Hanson Yard no longer dared to continue.

He was mortified and rattled.

Tyr Summers let go of the banknotes as they fell from his hand, scattering all over the floor.

“You mean these hell banknotes?”

A teasing smile surfaced on Tyr's visage. “Hahaha, I'm just messing with you.”

As Tyr Summers spoke, he took a cowhide bag from Fiona Jennings, who stood by his side and tossed it toward Hanson Yard. “Everything you want is in here. I'll give you three minutes to think about it.”

After saying this, Tyr no longer paid any heed to Hanson. He turned around and made himself comfortable on the sofa, continuing to swirl the brand new glass of red wine in his hand.

Within the cowhide bag was the contract

for Hanson's shares in Star Entertainment with a check for six billion dollars attached in addition to a flight ticket to Singapore.

Earlier this afternoon, Tyr had obtained information on Hanson through special means. As long as Tyr was willing to pay for it, it wasn't difficult to have him investigated.

He found out that Hanson's family was in Singapore—his wife and daughter. This was a way out arranged just for him.

Hanson was tongue-tied at the sight of the items in the bag.

He seemed to be pondering.

Three minutes passed with a blink of an eye. Tyr looked up, gaze boring into Hanson. With a smirk, he announced, "Times up, President Yard. Have you come

to a decision?”

At that moment, all previous tension seemed to have left him.

The situation, now at least, was considerably better than he'd expected. Just moments ago, he believed his life would end tonight when he discovered Tyr and his group appearing unnoticed in his bedroom.

However, Tyr had offered to buy his shares in Star Entertainment for six billion when he thought Tyr would threaten him with the six billion in hell notes to force him to part with his shares.

His shares were worth six billion. Tyr gave him exactly that and did not take advantage of him.

“Hehe, Mr. Summers, guess I've run out of

the bargaining room, huh?”

Tyr flashed a smirk at Hanson as he swirled the glass of red wine in his hand. “You can certainly bargain with me if you find the courage to.”

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll say yes now and then backtrack tomorrow?” Hanson continued, “You are aware that the Quintus family is behind Star Entertainment.”

Tyr took a sip of the wine and asked placidly, “I hear Zayn Lee is currently in a vegetative state?”

“That’s correct.” Hanson nodded.

Tyr continued, “Then, between you and Zayn Lee, who do you think is of more importance to the Quintus family?”

Hanson fell silent, then clarified, “The

Quintus family is giving face to Maeve Lee, not Zayn Lee.”

“Indeed.” Tyr nodded. “What about the Quintus family’s Capra? I heard he’s one of the Quintus family’s zodiacs fighters. I don’t know how he’s doing right now. But, I suppose even if he doesn't die, he’ll have to rely on an IV drip for the rest of his life. He seemed worse off compared to Zayne Lee.

“Let me tell you a secret. It was me who caused Capra to end up that way.”

Hanson’s hands trembled violently, his eyes filled with fear.

Tyr set down the glass of red wine, stood up, and stretched. “Well, I don’t want to talk too much, so give me an answer.”

This time, Hanson barely hesitated before

retrieving a pen and signing his name on every contract page.

He didn't bother reading the contract because it would have been pointless. At the very least, the six billion worth of check and the plane ticket were real.

He had made the wisest choice—in fact, any veteran would have done the same.

After this incident, the Quintus family and Tyr would definitely go to war. Even if Tyr Summers doesn't kill him tonight, even if Hanson has the Quintus family's support afterward, even if the Quintus family killed Tyr in the end, it won't be beneficial to Hanson in any way.

The risk was too great. Thus, the wisest decision was to get out while he still could.

When the two dragons clash, a calamity

would also befall the fishes in the moat. Hanson Yard did not want to get caught in the crossfire, let alone get involved.

“Thank you, Mr. Summers.” After Hanson signed the contract, he respectfully handed it over to Tyr Summers. “Thank you for giving me a chance to get out of this.”

“Do you need a ride to the airport?” Tyr asked.

“No need.” Hanson shook his head. “By the way, for Mr. Summers to come to see me late at night, this has to do with the matter involving Snow Fenner? You have a great public relations expert behind you.

“I must say, for you to have made a move against Brilliant Media’s Maxwell Douglas is impressive. Now that a massive online

crusade against Maxwell Douglas has begun, Snow Fenner's image has been restored. The effects are notable.

“But the media won't just take it lying down. They will definitely continue to make things difficult. Your next step is to shift the target, right?”

“That's right.” Tyr nodded without hesitation. “This is why I still need your help, President Yard.”

“Hehe.” Hanson chuckled, then reached for a bunch of keys from within his bedside table and handed them to Tyr. “There's a safe inside my office that contains all the dirt on all Star Entertainment's artists.

“Some information and videos from the early years of Maeve Lee's debut, in

particular, fills half the safe. Mr. Summers, I can guarantee that you'll be pleasantly surprised after watching them. There's no need to hire the media to embellish things like that.”

Tyr laughed. He should have expected Maeve Lee to have a dubious background from the beginning. How could a b*tch like that have used ordinary means to get to the top?

N

Chapter 388 The Collapse Of Maeve Lee's Public Persona

“It’s no wonder that Maeve Lee is the Quintus family’s future young mistress. To have kept the fallout with Star Entertainment under wraps, you people who are in the entertainment industry are really something.”

Tyr Summers took what he wanted and left with a smile.

Naturally, Tyr did not bring everyone along with him just in case but left Fiona Jennings and Martin Jakeman behind to ‘escort’ Hanson Yard and his mistress to the airport to board his flight to Singapore.

It was also six o'clock in the morning, exactly the same time as the day before a

series of shocking anecdotes swept the internet by storm.

They were all dirt on Maeve Lee.

From her debut, Maeve had sold her body and directly offered herself to Hanson Yard for support.

Then, for Maeve to get a specific role, she did not hesitate to have Hanson arrange for her to bed several investors.

In the end, in the interest of attracting the attention of Yulian Quintus, the heir to the Quintus family, Maeve used all sorts of schemes and trickery at her disposal. Every piece of news was capable of creating upheaval on the internet.

In addition to these significant reveals, there were several smaller revelations published simultaneously.

Such as Maeve acting stuck up, taking pleasure in bullying and oppressing newcomers, and going so far as to force them to lick her shoes—all of it had come to light.

What was more, each of these pieces of information contained an irrefutable video.

Videos of Maeve slapping the rookies and making them kneel and act like dogs were all in HD.

The existence of these videos were not disclosed to Maeve. That was the backup that Hanson and the others had prepared for themselves to fall back on from the very beginning as they were worried Maeve would sink her claws into Star Entertainment after becoming the young mistress of the Quintus family. Hanson

had all this while been assigning people to collect these incriminating evidence as leverage.

Hanson and the others were absolutely right to have done so. Maeve had expected to have kept a tight leash on the men and originally planned to threaten Hanson and the others to hand over the implicating particulars after she and Yulian Quintus got engaged and then get rid of them completely.

However, now, she would never get that chance again.

In the eyes of the masses, Maeve was a pure goddess. However, with the reveal now, it was causing her public persona to thoroughly crumble, nailing her directly to the pillar of shame, where she was lambasted.

Maeve was one of the most popular female stars in the entertainment industry today, and Snow Fenner was still a long way behind her.

As Tyr Summers had predicted, the internet blew up in less than ten minutes after all the dirt saw the light of day.

Every major forum, every popular news media, the most searched hashtags, almost all of them reported on Maeve.

There was even a large number of verified influencers openly posting and bashing Maeve.

Henry Walker and the others arranged many of these verified influencers and media outlets from the start.

It was only natural that countless others

would follow suit as long as someone laid down the groundwork.

Almost every verified post was able to garner massive amounts of comments and kudos in a short period, with engagement skyrocketing.

The web was full of media outlets that would do anything for the sake of traffic. It was only natural that they followed suit after seeing others do so with great results.

In less than an hour, Maeve's case had festered to an unprecedented level on the internet. With it, the heat of the negative press about Snow had long since disappeared without a trace.

Henry Walker thoroughly exploited the topic shift to explosive results.

Concurrently, because in that previous

video, Maxwell Douglas himself admitted that Snow was slandered because she offended Maeve.

Henry Walker then took advantage of the heat and made a monumental revelation about Maeve's suppression toward Snow. Comparing the two had infinitely exalted Snow and trampled on Maeve.

Thanks to the craze, Snow had gone from reprehensible to respectable. The incident had boosted her image and attracted a large number of new fans who embraced her.

“Ahhh...”

At seven o'clock in the morning, the first rays of sunlight streamed into Maeve's room in her villa.

Inside the room, Maeve's deranged roar

reverberated.

She had stayed with her brother over at the hospital until midnight yesterday and originally intended to get a good night's sleep to recuperate and wait until tomorrow to think of a strategy to deal with Tyr.

However, she did not expect such a horrible thing to happen.

Maeve trembled at the sight of the smearing campaign on her phone.

“Who... Who exposed all this?”

Maeve was currently unable to suppress her anger. It was as if she were a patient from the mental ward suffering from a psychotic episode. The originally magnificent bedroom was soon smashed to smithereens by her hands.

“What is the meaning of this, Skyler Yaleman?”

Maeve called up Skyler, demanding an explanation. In truth, Skyler was even more puzzled and enraged than Maeve at this time.

“How am I supposed to know?” On the other end of the line came Skyler's tirade. “Maeve Lee, if you didn't want anybody to find out, don't do it in the first place. I've warned you since the first day of your debut. You're a public figure now. You have to pay attention to your every move because you don't know when the paparazzi's camera would be aimed your way.

“And, I've advised you to temper your domineering personality, but have you

listened? Who is to blame now that something has happened?”

Maeve was so angry that her whole body was shaking as she growled, “Skyler, was all this taken by a paparazzi?”

“Can a paparazzi actually take pictures of your basement? Skyler, stop trying to feign ignorance. You’re sorely mistaken if you think I don’t know what you and Hanson Yard were doing.

“Besides you and Hanson Yard, no one else could’ve possibly got their hands on these. How ruthless. You’re so quick to take action because you’re worried that my marriage into the Quintus family will threaten Star Entertainment?”

Skyler remained silent for two seconds, then clarified, “I really don’t know

anything about this matter. I've also called Hanson Yard, but his phone has been switched off. I don't know what that guy is doing.

“But with all this going on, I'm sure he's already over at the office, so let's go over and find him.”

“Okay.”

Maeve usually felt obliged to put on elaborate makeup when she went out, but today she simply washed her face and hurried out.

She and Skyler met at the entrance of Star Entertainment. Both had long since dropped their camaraderie.

After meeting, they just looked at each other without saying anything then grimly headed inside the building.

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Chapter 389 Get Out Of Star Entertainment

Several employees were arriving at Star Entertainment for work when Maeve Lee and Skyler Yalerman entered. The staff inside were having various discussions. The entire firm felt like a busy market.

Most of them had gloating grins on their faces, and their words were full of contempt and cynicism. It was obvious that Maeve's reputation in the company was highly unfavorable.

Someone coughed at the sight of Maeve Lee and Skyler Yalerman striding in. With it, the originally lively company fell silent as everyone went back to doing their own thing.

In the past, if something like this were to occur, Maeve would have been absolutely furious. Whoever spoke badly of her would find themselves in her grip where they would be dealt with harshly.

However, Maeve was in no mood for such a thing today.

She and Skyler marched briskly toward Hanson Yard's office together.

“Hanson Yard, what is going on here?”

As soon as she flung open the door, Maeve couldn't help but snarl, yet in the next second, both she and Skyler stood frozen in place.

It was not Hanson sitting in the office but Tyr Summers.

“You've arrived. I've been waiting a long

time for you two.”

Tyr was currently seated in Hanson’s chair with the computer switched on, where a video footage was being played.

After Tyr scrutinized the video on the screen. Then, he looked up at Maeve Lee, grinning from ear to ear as he inquired, “I’m curious, Miss Maeve Lee. Can you actually do thirty-six backflips at once?”

The powder keg in Maeve’s heart instantly detonated. She pounced at Tyr, her visage twisted with malice.

When Fiona Jennings, who stood by the window, witnessed Maeve throwing herself at Tyr, she moved swiftly and slapped the other woman across her face.

Maeve stood stupefied for a brief second as she could not come to terms with the fact

that someone had dared to slap her in Star Entertainment.

“You... You dared to hit me.

“Someone! Anyone, get in here!”

If Maeve started screaming anywhere within the office, someone would usually be the first to run her way, so she could have them sent on an errand. However, the situation today was completely unprecedented.

Despite her crying out multiple times, no one rushed in at all.

The situation was so bizarre that even Skyler felt that something was off.

Tyr, who wore a placid smile, said sardonically, “Stop yelling. No one in his company takes orders from you anymore.

Why don't I try calling someone for you?"

With that said, Tyr took a sip of the brewed coffee to soothe his throat. "Come in."

From outside the door, a group of people immediately entered, all of whom were Star Entertainment's board of directors and the head of Star Entertainment's legal department, and several of Star Entertainment's major agents.

When they entered, they did not even spare a single glance at Maeve and Skyler. Instead, they came up to Tyr and respectfully addressed him as President Summers.

"President Summers?"

Maeve and Skyler were taken aback. How could this be true?

Tyr, on the other hand, felt generous

enough to explain to the pair. “Surprised? There's no need for you to be so shocked.

“Last night, I spent six billion to buy over the shares under Hanson Yard's name. So now, I'm the biggest shareholder of Star Entertainment and have the right to exercise control and the authority to make decisions.”

“That's impossible.”

This time, even Skyler became flustered as he subconsciously fished out his phone from his bag, preparing to call Hanson.

Tyr advised, “Don't waste your time. Hanson Yard is now over in Singapore. Let's talk about the two of you next.”

With that said, Tyr waved over the head of the legal department, where the other immediately handed over two contracts.

“Skyler Yalerman, you are the vice president of Star Entertainment and hold the second-largest share of twenty-three percent, while Maeve Lee, you also have seven percent of shares in Star Entertainment.

“I’ve done my research. You two were found to have misconducted yourselves at Star Entertainment and have also been vague in monetary matters. So, I’ve decided to take back your shares in Star Entertainment for the same price.

“Of course, you are free to refuse. Whether you want to go to court or resort to other means, I’ll keep you company to the very end.”

As soon as the words left Tyr’s lips, Skyler and Maeve both froze in their tracks. Tyr

had made it clear that this was an attempt to drive them out of the company.

“Don’t you dare, Tyr Summers.”

Skyler was likewise unable to restrain the cloud of anger within him by that point and lunged at Tyr. However, Fiona had outright drop-kicked him to the ground.

“How boring.”

Tyr stood up from his seat and said to Fiona, “Give them three minutes. When the three minutes are up, and they still refuse to sign it, we’ll use your way to settle this matter.”

“Yes, Brother Tyr.”

At ten that morning, breaking news was spread that Star Entertainment, the largest entertainment company in the

South, had changed ownership. There was no official announcement as to who the new chairman would be.

At the same time, the former chairman and vice-president of Star Entertainment and more than a dozen of its hottest artists, including Maeve Lee, were all axed from Star Entertainment.

Once the news had spread, despite it not being as sensational as Maeve Lee's scandals, it still created a considerable uproar.

In the afternoon, the midday sun hung in the cloudless sky.

Inside the villa on Lunar Mountain at Khanh City, Snow Fenner had faced immense stress for the past day. However, now, everything was finally over.

“Sister Winifred, Brother Tyr did it. Not only did he help me clear my name, but he also taught Maeve Lee’s group a harsh lesson.”

Winifred Zea was also in good spirits as she replied to Snow Fenner, “Just like I told you from the beginning, Little Snow. Trust your Brother Tyr. Nothing in this world is too difficult for him.”

“Thank you. Thank you so much, Sister Winifred.”

Snow was finally unable to restrain the stir in her heart and threw herself into Winifred’s arms, bursting into tears.

Meanwhile, over at Walker New Media.

In Henry Walker’s office, Henry lit a cigar and took a drag, feeling infinitely more

relaxed after the hard-fought battle.

Across from him sat a middle-aged man slightly younger than him. His name is Hector Walker, Henry's biological younger brother, who now held the position of deputy general manager of Walker New Media. He was, like Henry, a capable and skillful individual.

“Hector, from today onward, Walker New Media will be managed by you.”

A trace of doubt surfaced on Hector's face as he murmured, “Brother, what if I can't do it?”

“You're a man. How can you just say you can't do it?”

Henry stood up and approached Hector, patting him on the shoulder. “I believe in you. You'll definitely be able to improve

Walker New Media.”

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Chapter 390 He Loves Me

“Brother, do you really intend to take over Star Entertainment? The entertainment industry is so convoluted. You could be under tremendous pressure.”

“Where is motivation in the absence of pressure?” Henry Walker chuckled. “This is an opportunity given to me by Brother Tyr. Do you know how many big shots in Khanh City want the chance to work for Brother Tyr? The opportunity to do something for him is not something that just anyone can get.”

“I understand, Brother.”

Hector Walker nodded and assured. “Don’t worry. I will definitely not let you down.”

At that moment, the office door flung

open, and Tyr Summers strode in.

Henry and Hector immediately stood upright in attention as they respectfully greeted Tyr.

Tyr motioned for them to drop their formalities and then praised, “You handled the matter well, Henry. I’m satisfied.”

Henry Walker hurriedly said, “Thank you, Brother Tyr, for your praise. It’s all thanks to Brother Tyr’s efforts in Stellar City. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been able to pull this off.”

“There’s no need for compliments. I’ve already bought Star Entertainment. Have you made the necessary arrangements on your end?”

“Arrangements have been made, Brother

Tyr,” Henry Walker answered. “But Brother Tyr, Star Entertainment, and Brilliant Media have caused such a massive uproar these past two days. They have definitely attracted the attention of the authorities. Whether it’s Star Entertainment or Brilliant Media, the next step is sure to be a thorough investigation by the relevant parties.”

“I’m aware.” Tyr nodded. “Star Entertainment’s legal department has mentioned this. They say Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media may have to shut its doors for a while.”

“But it’s just as well. Star Entertainment has always been a part of Stellar City, and the Quintus family still owns stellar City. I’m sure the Quintus family will have to do something about us sooner or later.”

“It just so happens that Star

Entertainment and Brilliant Media are closing their doors during this time. This way, we can avoid the wrath of the Quintus family. When I'm done with the Quintus', let's get Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media back in business. You can swoop in and merge the two entertainment companies into one, with you as the chairman of the board.”

“Many thanks, Brother Tyr.”

Tyr inclined his head as he continued, “Right, I want to promote Snow Fenner and a few other artists who have signed with Autumn Field. Do you have any plans when you take over Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media?”

Henry Walker nodded in assent. “Brother Tyr, I have already thought about it. Although this incident has been contained

and Snow Fenner has managed to turn the tide, it still impacts her.

“So, the next thing I want to do is to tailor-make a film for her that will completely help her re-establish her persona. We’ll also allow the artists who signed with Autumn Field to co-star in it. As long as the film is well-produced and draws praise, it will allow Snow Fenner to gain a foothold among the A-list celebrities.”

“Mm.” Tyr nodded once more. “How much do you estimate to invest in the movie budget?”

“One billion at minimum,” Henry answered.

“I’ll give you five billion then. If you’re going to do it, go big or go home.”

Over the next two days, Maeve Lee's numerous scandals remained prevalent with no signs of abating. It had become impossible for her reputation to ever recover.

Now that Maeve lacked an entertainment company backing her, she was not even granted the chance to formulate a response.

Maeve was thoroughly finished—her image was in shambles, her career ruined. There would no longer be a place for her in the entertainment industry.

“Skyler Yalaman, what the f*ck do you think you're doing? How dare you swindle me of my funds?”

Concurrently, at Maeve's villa, her enraged roar once again resounded.

At the same time, Skyler Yalaman's extremely treacherous and sinister voice was heard. "Maeve Lee, the reason that you've lived a good life all these years and held such great power and status is all because I helped you get it.

"You are naturally obligated to compensate me now that such a good deck of cards has been played to tatters by your own hands. Therefore, I'll take my share of the money that Tyr Summers used to buy off my shares and will be taking your portion as well."

Skyler and Maeve had completely shed all pretenses of cordiality.

After forcibly acquiring Skyler and Maeve's shares in Star Entertainment, Tyr had intentionally credited Skyler with all three

billion dollars.

At that time, Skyler held 23% of Star Entertainment's shares, while Maeve held 7%. Out of the three billion, 700 million was supposed to rightfully belong to Maeve Lee.

But, Skyler had no plans to hand over the 700 million and intended to hog it.

Maeve was incensed as she reproached him, "How dare you swindle what is rightfully mine!

"Skyler Yalaman, have you forgotten that despite my collapse in the entertainment industry, although I can no longer continue to be a part of the showbiz world, I will soon be the young mistress of the Quintus family. How dare you steal my money!"

“Young mistress of the Quintus family?”

It was as if he had heard the funniest joke the world had to offer. Skyler mocked the woman, “Maeve Lee, are you still daydreaming?”

“Do you really think Yulian Quintus is stupid? Why was he so madly in love with you before this? Wasn’t it because of your public persona?”

“Hahaha, he really f*cking thought you were some kind of pure white lotus. Now that everything has been exposed on the internet, Maeve Lee, what do you think Yulian Quintus will do to you when he finds out about all this?”

“He loves me.”

Maeve grew frantic, her eyes bloodshot as

she glared at Skyler, as though she wanted to devour him whole.

Skyler chuckled as he jabbed, “Maeve, I don’t care if Yulian Quintus still loves you or not. I’m leaving the country anyway, so you can forget about getting that 700 million back from me.

“Also, the villa you live in right now including the furnishings were all arranged by me. I’ve sold the villa. If you don’t want to be thrown out in the streets later, you better move out on your own.

“How humiliating would it be to be photographed later on when the goddess, Maeve Lee, is seen being chased out of the villa like a dog?”

“Skyler Yalaman, you’re going to regret this.”

Maeve was trembling with anger as she rushed up to do the other man in, but Skyler unceremoniously threw a slap across her face.

“B*tch, you really see yourself as queen, don’t you? If you keep trying to pick a fight with me, I’ll kill you where you stand.”

With that said, Skyler viciously kicked Maeve, turned around, and left the villa.

He had to catch a plane out of the city as soon as possible because the Quintus family was involved in Maeve’s scandal. Although none of this was Skyler’s fault, he knew in his heart that once the Quintus family started to interfere in the matter, he would definitely not have a favorable outcome.

They were the upper society of the south,

and not people that he, as the head of a small entertainment company, could compare to.

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Chapter 391 The Quintus Family's Siblings

After Skyler Yalaman took his leave, Maeve Lee was left standing on her own in the large villa in a daze.

She failed to understand the reason she had lost so miserably.

“I still have Yulian. I’m still the Quintus family’s future young mistress.

“You can have your way, for now, Tyr Summers and Snow Fenner. When Yulian comes back, I’ll make sure you two die a horrible death.”

Maeve gritted her teeth in frustration. At that moment, her cell phone began to ring.

When she saw the caller ID, Maeve

physically trembled. A sardonic smile broke on her face.

“Honey,” Maeve immediately answered the call, coyly greeting her husband. What a deserving actress. She had an expression of a savage, yet her voice remained pleasant and sweet.

The caller was none other than Yulian Quintus, the heir to the Quintus family.

He had just returned from an errand abroad and called Maeve as soon as he landed.

“Where are you?” Yulian’s voice was audibly hypnotic and exuded an air of unimpeachable nobility.

“I’m at the villa, hubby. Have you returned to Stellar? Where are you now? I’ll come to pick you up. I haven’t seen you for such a

long time. I've missed you so much. Do you want to come to my place now, darling?"

"No, you come to me."

Yulian said over the phone, "I'll wait for you at the villa that I bought."

"Okay."

Maeve acquiesced. However, before she could say anything else, the other party had already hung up.

This filled Maeve with a feeling of unease. In the past, Yulian would have immediately sought her out first every time he came back from a trip. Even if Yulian did not show up personally, he would have sent his men over to fetch her.

However, this time, Yulian only gave her a

call and asked her to come over. It was as if he were ordering a servant around.

If she were a more sensible and intelligent woman, she would have made a clean getaway by now.

However, Maeve had no intentions of running away. She was convinced Yulian was still deeply in love with her and that with her silver tongue, she would convince him that the unsavory tales on the internet were spread deliberately to discredit her.

“Yulian, I know you’re angry, but I’m sure you’ll forgive me.”

Maeve beamed with confidence, then drove to the villa where Yulian resided.

Within the greenhouse of a European-style villa, a young man held a sprinkler in

his hand, watering the greenery within the trellis.

The sun was scorching outside, but the temperature within the trellis was a mere 20 degrees. The flowers were not supposed to bloom at this time of year, but they contended with one another inside the structure.

The man was only in his early thirties, but he already had the air of one who was in charge.

He was Yulian Quintus of the greatest family in Astral Province and heir to the southern gentry Quintus family.

Yulian was a very sophisticated man and a bit of a germaphobe, so he was always immaculate.

He also had stringent requirements for

women as he was not like other men who went around philandering; on the contrary, he was a very devoted lover.

For all intent and purposes, any woman who could win Yulian's favor would be blessed.

Apart from Yulian, another individual was standing in the flower shed.

The man bore a striking resemblance to Yulian, with bangs that flowed down his forehead and a pair of eyes that gave him the appearance of an obsequious academic.

The man was Yulian's brother, Joe Quintus.

However, he could only be considered Yulian's half brother. Jakoda Quintus, the head of the Quintus family, had an affair with his lover, which meant Joe Quintus was his illegitimate son.

When Jakoda's legitimate spouse was still in the picture, it was impossible for Joe to join the Quintus family.

However, when his legitimate spouse passed, and he became the head of the Quintus family, he took Joe, his illegitimate son, back into the family. Joe's mother grew seriously ill and died the year after he had been brought into the family.

Even though he was now part of the family, Joe could not escape the fact that he was an illegitimate child.

Thus, he was not well received in the family, leading to his standing in the Quintus family low. Although he had been careful in everything he did and had gone to great lengths to curry favor with others, he had not achieved much.

A prominent family like the Quintus family had their fates decided at birth.

While Yulian was destined to be the favored son, Joe, nominally the second son of the Quintus family, was nothing more than a pitiful wretch.

“Do these flowers look beautiful?” Yulian asked Joe while watering the plants in the trellis with a sprinkler.

“They look good.” Joe pointed at the flowers in front of him and began to ramble incessantly, “The Natal lilies Elder Brother is watering now is a herbaceous plant primarily grown in winter and spring, and will bloom in and around New Year’s Day and the Lunar New Years. The moderate temperature for growth is generally between 15–25°C. Once the

temperature drops below 5°C, it will cease to grow. This flower is highly ornamental.

“And the peony next to it is often planted in the mountainous areas around Daba Mountain. The peony is among the most renowned woodland species of flowers in China, with the reputation of being the national splendor and king of flowers, and has long been taken as a symbol of wealth and prosperity. Peony flowers come in many colors, including pink, red, white, and so on.

“And that daffodil over there, it's...”

Joe's mouth was like a machine gun at this point, droning on and on about the dozens of kinds of flowers and greenery inside the trellis. It could be seen that he had done all the preparatory work beforehand and had memorized it all by heart.

“Brother, all these flowers supposedly only bloom in March, and many of them are not suitable for growing in the south. Yet, you were able to have them competing with each other in September here. How admirable, Brother.”

“Hahaha.” The sound of Yulian’s laughter echoed within the shed as he suddenly clapped Joe on the shoulder.

“Father had me travel abroad to negotiate a project, which is why I have not been here in a while. So, I asked you to come over to help me cultivate these flowers. I originally thought you would’ve had them wilting, but I didn’t expect you to have kept them all alive.”

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Chapter 392 A Ride to Hell

“Oh brother, you were flattering me with such a compliment earlier on. But, are you suggesting that you're actually pretty good yourself?”

Joe Quintus shivered upon his words. It was evident that he was terrified of Yulian Quintus.

He hurriedly explained, “Big Brother, these flowers aren't blooming well because of my cultivation for the past few days. It's you who has taken good care of them from the start. The thriving had little to do with me.”

“Is that so?” Yulian narrowed his eyes. “But half of the flower inside my trellis died about the same season last year.”

“This...” Joe's forehead was covered with a dense layer of sweat. He didn't know how to answer the question.

“Maybe... Maybe the flowers are of a different species this year.”

Snap...

It wasn't clear if Yulian didn't hold it firmly or if it was intentional, but the flower sprinkler in his hand suddenly fell to the ground.

He was about to bend over and pick it up, but Joe beat him to it. He squatted down and picked up that sprinkler.

Hence, he spotted that the tips of Yulian's pair of haute couture leather shoes had some dirt on it. He reacted as if he had discovered something remarkable.

“Big Brother, your shoes are dirty. I'll wipe them for you.”

He didn't even wait for Yulian's consent but took the initiative to wipe the shoes clean with his sleeves.

He wiped it carefully as if he was polishing a precious piece of art, worried that he might have missed out on a single detail.

Yulian narrowed his eyes at Joe, who was so meek in front of him, just like a dog.

The corners of his mouth curved up smugly.

“A useless prick that is good at nothing, but number one for kissing ass and being a dog.”

Joe raised his head, pushed the glasses on the bridge of his nose. He said with a smile,

“It's good to be able to serve you, Brother.”

“Get up, or you'll wipe the leather off my shoes. You know I can't tolerate any blemishes in my eyes.”

Yulian directly took off the leather shoes on his feet. Immediately, the maid beside him brought him another brand-new pair of shoes.

After putting those shoes on, he patted Joe on his shoulder again, “Take these shoes and throw them away. Of course, if you want to put them on, you can bring them back as your reward for assisting me with these flowers and plants.”

Joe hurriedly nodded to thank him. His face didn't show any dissatisfaction. Instead, he appeared grateful.

“Ha-ha.”

Yulian turned his head to the maid that accompanied him as if muttering to himself or talking to the maid.

“A namby-pamby and dog-like brother, and I'm actually worried that he'll compete with me for the position of the head of the Quintus family in the future. Do you think I'm overly worried?”

The maid beside him was mute as a stone, she dared not answer the question.

Yulian walked into the villa's living room. Maeve Lee was already sitting there on the couch, waiting for him.

Compared to her arrogant and domineering normal-self, Maeve was a completely different person now.

She sat straight on the couch, sipping the

tea slowly, like a graceful lady of noble birth.

If it had been before, Yulian would have been happily hugging her. Still, this time he didn't take the initiative to run toward Maeve.

This was a dangerous sign that left Maeve a little uneasy.

They had been together for a while, so she knew Yulian's temperament well.

The young master of the Quintus family was outstanding in every aspect, but his only weakness was his faithfulness. It was something that Maeve got him by the balls.

“Oooooo...”

Tears raced down Maeve's cheeks. She was crying beautifully, like a pear flower

trembling in the rain.

She was an actress and a master of these sorts of acting to gain sympathy.

There were very few men in this world who could continue being cold when seeing her cry.

However, Yulian's reactions didn't seem to have the effect that Maeve expected. It was apparent that he had found out about that bad news of her from the internet.

Yulian must be furious inside.

Maeve decided to pull the tactic of reverse psychology on him. She looked at Yulian with an aggrieved expression and said, “Yulian, are you mad at me? Do you think that I'm a shameless woman, just like those netizens make me out to be?

“Yulian, do you trust me? It was Tyr

Summers who deliberately set all this up to screw me over.”

Yulian still didn't have much of a reaction. It made Maeve a little anxious. It seemed like this time, it won't be that easy to smoothen things over.

Maeve decided to up her game.

She fiercely grabbed a fruit knife on the coffee table and then held it against her chest, acting like she was going to stab it in.

“Yulian, I was wrongly accused by them.

“I know that I'm at loss for words. I'll have to die to prove my innocence. I love you so much, and I really, really want to marry you.

“If in this life, we are destined to go our separate ways, perhaps in the next life, we

will be able to hold onto each other's hand and get married.”

Maeve was about to stab the sharp fruit knife into her chest in a downward motion after saying that.

Meanwhile, Yulian was already running toward her. Maeve spotted a hint of panicking in his eyes.

Maeve was secretly proud of herself. The so-called three tricks—weep, bleat, and commit parasuicide, was a woman's tried and tested method of subduing men.

As long as Yulian's heart was set on her, he would definitely stop her from committing suicide.

Maeve could even envision her throwing herself inside Yulian's arm and crying her heart out.

Yulian would always comfort her and promise to bring back justice for her.

At the speed of lightning, Yulian grabbed the handle of the fruit knife in Maeve's hand.

Then...

Pfft!

Maeve stared at Yulian with wide-open eyes. Her entire body was at a loss, unsure of what had happened.

The tip of the razor-sharp fruit knife had plunged into her chest. There was a cold sensation that followed by a sharp pain.

She felt her throat fill up with liquid, and a large mouthful of blood spurted out of her mouth.

“Yulian, you... you...”

Yulian wasn't rushing over to seize the fruit knife from her hand, but he was giving her an aggressive push, sending her onto the highway to hell.

This was definitely something that Maeve would never have dreamed of.

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Chapter 393 Right or Wrong

Yulian Quintus's face remained expressionless. He was still driving the knife in until the blade was sunk deep into Maeve Lee's chest.

Blood gushed out of Maeve's mouth, squirting all over Yulian.

Yulian was obsessed with cleanliness. On a typical day, he couldn't even stand to have any stains on him. Let alone the blood that was covered all over him now.

Yet, this was Maeve's blood. The woman he had loved deeply, Yulian still loved her profoundly at this point.

They were supposed to get engaged next month.

However, now, Yulian was the one who murdered his fiancée. He didn't even bat an eyelid when he shoved that knife into her chest and her heart.

“I loved you. In fact, I have already completed the task given by my father last week.

“But I didn't return home at once. Since you are so fond of gemstones, I went looking for it from its country of origin. I made a special trip to South Africa and handcrafted a heart of the ocean blue diamond for you.”

Yulian said as he pulled out an exquisite gemstone box from his chest pocket.

There was a blue light sparkling from the box when it was opened. The nail-sized natural blue diamond was capable of

capturing the heart of any woman in the world.

Yulian took the diamond ring out and slowly put it in Maeve's hand.

“It was intended to be given to you on the day of our engagement, but now, it's destined that we won't be able to wait for that day.”

Maeve seemed to have forgotten the pain coming from her chest. She used the last moments of her life to focus on that diamond ring.

There was a glistening teardrop flowing from the corner of her eyes. The teardrop was no longer an act but from the bottom of her heart.

If only she had known Yulian when she was just starting out.

If only she had remained chaste to this day.

If only she had been like Snow Fenner from the very beginning, where she gained everything based on her efforts rather than selling her body.

If only god allowed her to do it all over again.

But what was done had been done. There are no second chances in life.

Maeve eventually collapsed powerlessly into a pool of blood. Until she breathed her last, her eyes were fixed on the ring she wore on her hand.

Yulian was still expressionless. It felt to him as if he had just stepped on an ant.

“Young Master, warm water and the flower petals in the bathtub are ready

upstairs. You can have a bath and get changed now.” The servant who had worked with Yulian for years walked over respectfully and said those words carefully.

“Take care of her. It just so happens that those flowers and plants inside the trellis need some fertilizer.”

“Yes, Young Master,” replied the servant.

Yulian climbed up the stairs, taking off the clothes he was wearing as he walked.

Another servant followed along to pick up those clothes with his hands, worried that the clothes would fall on the floor and the bloodstains would taint the floor.

Just like the way he had done when he walked out from inside the trellis, Yulian seemed to either be muttering to himself or talking to the servant next to him.

“I really intended to marry her. I just didn't expect that she was deceiving me from the very beginning. She was faking all that. Even the first encounter with her at that banquet was all deliberately arranged by her and others.

“What a great irony! God knows I'm a massive germaphobe, yet he has arranged such a woman to torture me. It hurts me.

“Do you think I did the right thing or the wrong thing by killing her just now?”

The servant next to him dared not reply. Instead, he kneeled with a thud.

Yulian didn't make it difficult for the servant and went straight to the bathroom.

The right temperature of the water coupled with fragrant rose petals were

something that only women would use for bathing, but Yulian was very obsessed with it.

He cleaned up in the bathroom for nearly an hour before he got up, wiped his body clean, and then went downstairs in a bathrobe.

Two men were standing in the lobby downstairs.

One of them was Yulian's butler. His name was Albert Cantrell. He had watched Yulian grow up. Albert was in charge of Yulian's daily life when he was young. When Yulian had grown up, he helped him to manage his various businesses.

The other man was an obese man with a pig totem tattooed on his face, and there was no doubt that this man was also one of

the Quintus family's zodiac fighters.

The zodiac totem was a sign and symbol of their status in the family.

This man was nicknamed Pigsty; just like Capra, he was one of the Quintus family's most potent super fighters.

Yulian was the first in line to succeed the Quintus family. The family had always valued him and cared deeply for his safety.

Thus, when Yulian turned eighteen years old, the family had assigned the three generals of the zodiac fighters to him at his disposal.

These three were the Capra, Pigsty, and Tigre. The act alone was enough to explain Yulian's pivotal position in the Quintus family.

The last time when Zayn Lee wanted to

mess with Tyr Summers, Maeve had called Yulian for help. He had lent Capra to her without hesitation, which also showed that Yulian really loved Maeve deeply.

However, deep down, this man was decisive and ruthless. When Yulian learned that Maeve had been deceiving him all this time. She was not exactly pure and innocent but a slut. Though he loved Maeve, he still killed her decisively without batting an eyelid.

Yulian walked to the couch and sat down. The butler handed a glass of red wine to him.

“Skyler Yalaman and Hanson Yard have gone abroad now?” When Yulian sat down, the first thing he did was inquire about the two former Star Entertainment bigwigs’ whereabouts.

“Yes, Hanson Yard is in Singapore, while Skyler Yalaman has gone to America,” the butler replied.

“The spate of the events has already implicated the Quintus family. Those negative news on the internet about Maeve alone had already disgraced the Quintus family and even nailed me, Yulian Quintus, to the pillar of shame.

“I won't let this matter go.”

Having said that, Yulian downed all the red wine in his glass. He then placed it on the coffee table in front of him angrily. His hand was so strong that when he placed the glass down, the glass shattered into pieces.

There were a few blood stains on his palm.

The bearded butler beside him frowned

and hurriedly used disinfectant fluid to disinfect and wipe Yulian's hand clean. Finally, he carefully wrapped a roll of sterile gauze around the wound.

“Send some men abroad. I want picture proofs that both Skyler Yalaman and Hanson Yard are dead in two days.”

“Roger.”

N

Chapter 394 Yulian's Plan

Pigsty rubbed his face with his hands and simply responded before he left the villa.

After Pigsty left, Yulian Quintus continued with his question, “How's Capra?”

The butler, Albert Cantrell, hurriedly replied, “At the hospital. He is still not out of danger, but the doctor said that even if he wakes up, he'll have to be kept alive with life support for life.”

“Oh.”

Yulian responded, no emotions visible on his face.

“Has that brother of mine left yet?” Yulian continued to ask.

“Just left,” butler Albert replied.

A sinister smile suddenly broke on Yulian's emotionless face. “Call him up and hand him the task. Ask him to go to the hospital and remove Capra's tube.”

Yulian was indeed a ruthless man. Once one lost his value, that person would be completely abandoned by him.

Capra might be alive, but he no longer had any value. In Yulian's opinion, those who had used up their value didn't have the right to live in this world.

However, no matter what, Capra was one of the twelve zodiac fighters of the Quintus family. If he had had Capra's tube pulled out, he would be gossiped about.

So, he entrusted the glorious and

challenging task to his bastard brother, Joe Quintus.

“Alright, Young Master.” Albert nodded and took out his phone to call Joe.

Joe was driving when he received the news. It made him tremble all over, there was even a sound of a sharp brake sounding from the other side of the phone. It was clear that he was frightened.

However, he couldn't disobey his big brother's order.

“He has agreed to do the task, but he spoke with a trembling voice. This bastard is never going to make it after all,” said Albert.

“Ha-ha, maybe I'm overthinking this.” Yulian rubbed his temples a few times with his fingers and said, "Have you figured out

the whole thing?"

"The information is all here."

Albert handed over a pile of information to Yulian. There was a detailed record of all the history and context that happened between Tyr Summers and Star Entertainment. It also documented all those events at the beginning. Tyr and the others had clashed with Skyler Yalerman and Zayn Lee.

There was also the complete structure of Riverdale Province and the sturdy relationship between Tyr and Carson Yorke. The documents even recorded the connection between the city center with Autumn Field Group and Tyr.

A southern gentry that lived up to their name, the family, had done well in terms

of intelligence.

Yulian went silent for a long time after going through the information, "I didn't expect that a small Riverdale Province had quite a lot of talents. First, there was Carson Yorke, and now there's another one called Tyr Summers.

"What a good opportunity, especially now that I'm preparing to branch out to Riverdale Province."

As the conversation paused, another intriguing smile appeared on Yulian's face.

Albert also nodded. "Eldest Young Master, although you have claimed the title of the Quintus family's heir, there are still many opposing voices within the family.

"Still, no one has stood up to formally unify Riverdale. Even Carson Yorke, he

merely claims his kingship over the north and south rivers. If you can integrate all three rivers and proclaim it as the Quintus family's, no one within the family will dare to question you any more.”

“You're right,” said Yulian as he stood up.

“Nowadays, the Quintus family might be known as a southern gentry, but we are still a long way from a first-tier gentry. The reason being our family only entrenched in Astral Province. We might be influential, but our family only controls a small territory.

“It's time for the Quintus family to expand its territory.”

With that said, Yulian had the maid pour him another glass of red wine. The goblet was spotless and crystal clear.

He swirled the red wine goblet in his hand, and stared at the red wine that was a beautiful color of carnelian bead. “Albert, do you have any thoughts on this matter?”

Albert pondered for a moment and replied, “The most capable man in Riverdale at the moment is Carson Yorke. If we want to take Riverdale, we must take on Carson. Before that, we'll have to test him.”

“How shall we do it?” Yulian asked with narrowed eyes.

Albert replied, “Carson and Tyr share a strong relationship. Now, Tyr is deep-seated in Khanh City, and his biggest business is the city center. As for Autumn Field, it's not worth mentioning.”

“Hmm, so?”

“Urypus City under Astral Province is just

as huge as a foreign trade city. The Zraa family from Urypus City has been engaged in foreign trades for years. I'm pretty certain that the city center of Khanh City will be very much to his liking.”

“Oh, that Warren Zraa of the Zraa family is such a greedy man. Back then, the Quintus family had wasted a lot of money with our attempt to take over the Zraa family.

“It's rather appropriate to send Warren to test the waters.”

Yulian took a sip of red wine and said, “You can run along and make the arrangements. Send Warren to Khanh City and acquire the city center in the name of the Quintus family from Astral Province. That Tyr Summers is nothing but a stronger cat. When the Quintus family steps in, he won't be able to turn the tide, but he will

definitely go to Carson for help.

“It's made this a good opportunity to assess Carson's attitude. If he sits idly by, it means he can surrender to the Quintus family, and this man can be included under our command.

“If Carson dares to make a move and help Tyr Summer to fight against the Quintus family, then we shall just get rid of him.”

“Yes, Young Master. I'll go on and make the arrangement now.”

After Albert left, Yulian drank up the red wine from his goblet, an endless number of grimaces reflected in his eyes.

In the meantime, inside a hospital in Stellar City.

Two burly men dressed in black were

guarding the door of an intensive care ward. Even the doctors and nurses wanted to enter this ward, they had to go through their inspection and consent.

Inside this ward was a vital member of the Quintus family—Capra.

Joe Quintus, who had bangs and glasses on him with his looks resembling a timid and weak scholar, walked toward the ward.

“Stop, this ward cannot be entered by anyone without special permission.”

One of the big men in black stopped Joe.

“You don't you know who I am? I'm Joe Quintus, the second young master of the Quintus family.”

Joe's voice didn't reflect much confidence.

Sure enough, as soon as he said that, one

of the big men couldn't help but snort.

Of course, they recognized this man as the Quintus family's second young master. However, no one from the Quintus family would look up to an illegitimate child.

N

Chapter 395 Capra Is Dead

“Second Young Master, we are just following the rules. Please don't make it difficult for us.”

S

The words were respectful, but the tone was a different story.

“If it was Yulian standing here right now, would you still dare to block the door?”

“What?” Both of the men suddenly flinched, unsure of how to answer.

In other words, the answer was relatively obvious, who had the nerves to stop Yulian in Stellar City?

“Second Young Master, this is the rule...”

“B*llshit.”

Yet, before the big man can finish the word “rule”, Joe suddenly slapped him.

“Kneel to me.”

An explosive roar filled the air with a superior kingly aura. Joe was like a changed person.

The momentum made the two men trembled with fear, and the contempt they had earlier on had vanished into the air.

Joe seemed more terrifying than Yulian at this very moment.

“Can't you understand English?”

The two big men had yet to kneel. Joe threw another slap. The slap was clean and neat. It was a forceful slap. He was a different man compared with the weak scholar he seemed to be just now.

The two big men eventually couldn't handle the pressure and kneeled.

“Get down on the floor.”

Joe said, pointing at the big man who had just spoken.

“Second Young Master, this...”

“I said, get down on the ground.”

Under the pressure of the powerful aura, the big man could only kneel in fear.

Then, Joe stomped on his head and stepped on the big man's body, walking straight into Capra's ward.

The pair of shoes under his feet were scuffed and shined. It was the same pair that Yulian had worn and intended to throw away.

“Ha-ha, is this what it feels like to trample someone underfoot?”

Entering the hospital room, Joe closed the door behind him. He looked down at the pair of leather shoes on his feet and then walked step by step toward Capra on the hospital bed.

After taking in that punch from Tyr Summer, Capra's chest was crushed. Given that he was still alive, it was proven that this guy had a robust physical strength.

He had been in a coma for the past few days, with various life-supporting tubes stuck into his body.

Joe approached Capra and examined him from head to toe. Then, he extended his hand toward the tubes.

He took a deep breath. His hand was

shaking slightly, and he didn't know if it was because of fear or excitement.

Snapping...

All the tubes stuck into Capra's body were pulled out of him.

Suddenly, Capra, who was still unconscious, opened his eyes.

His eyes were like copper bells as he stared at Joe.

Capra was a great fighter, he always gave off an oppressing aura, and now the grim posture made him look even more terrifying.

Joe's heart clenched, he took a few steps back. Capra was still glaring at him, which made his entire body begin to tremble slightly.

N
It was still impossible to tell whether Joe was nervous or terrified.

L
S
An indication of fierceness surfaced on Joe's face again. Just like a classic scene from most movies and TV shows, he took a pillow beside him and aggressively covered Capra's face with it.

Capra began to struggle, but he didn't struggle for long before his entire body went soft.

Joe kept the pillow on top of Capra for nearly two minutes before he stopped to make sure of a clean kill.

When he flipped the pillow over, Capra, lying on the hospital bed, was dead, with blood flowing out everywhere from his mouth and nose, staining the pillow red.

Joe tossed the pillow aside, straightened

his clothes, taking a deep breath, then turned toward the outside of the hospital room.

It was midday, and the sun was blazing. Somewhere within the Quintus family manor, a roar and yell resounded through half of the mansion.

Jakoda Quintus, the head of the Quintus family, was in his fifties and was an absolutely formidable character. Even a man like Carson Yorke was inferior compared with Jakoda.

Carson was merely the king of the north and south rivers; he hadn't risen to the top of Riverdale yet. However, Jakoda had been the number one in Astral Province more than a decade ago.

In terms of land areas and prosperity, Astral Province was far superior compared to Riverdale Province.

“Rubbish, two piles of rubbish.”

Jakoda was quivering with anger. In front of him kneeled two big men, now covered in blood. It was clear that they were just severely beaten up.

These two men were the same two who were guarding Capra ward earlier on.

“Tell me, what's going on? Capra's one of the twelve zodiac fighters of the Quintus family. How did Capra die?”

“Capra has done so much for the family. Though he was seriously injured now, the Quintus family will never abandon him. Even if it means he has to spend the rest of

his life forever in bed on life support.

“I have entrusted you with such an important duty, but how did Capra end up being killed?”

Jakoda held an iron whip in his hand, smacking the two big men’s bodies as he spoke, cracking their flesh open.

“Master, please spare us. Master, it was the second young master’s doing. It has nothing to do with us.

“We were trying to stop him from entering Master Capra's hospital room, but we failed.

"Plus, we had no idea that the second young master would actually kill Master Capra.”

"Joe."

Jakoda's heart shuddered. After learning that Capra was killed, he was filled with anger, and there simply hadn't been time to get into the specifics about the cause of Capra's death.

The first thing he did was to find the two gatekeepers and hold them accountable for their failure.

However, it never crossed his mind that Joe would be the one who murdered Capra.

“How could it be him?”

Jakoda simply didn't want to believe that this was the truth. The bastard son of the Quintus family was cowardly and weak. How could he have the guts to kill the Capra?

“Someone, go and get Joe over here.”

One of the Quintus family's servants ran to get Joe over immediately. At the same time, Yulian walked into the room.

As soon as he came in, Yulian was equally furious and kicked the two big men several times in a row. "You two dogs, how the hell were you watching the door? Why is Big Brother Capra dead?"

The two big men continued to scream for mercy. Once again, they blamed it all on Joe.

After hearing this, Yulian turned to Jakoda and said, "Father, this is strange. Why would my brother do such a thing?"

N

Chapter 396 Not A Successful Material

L

Jakoda Quintus glanced meaningfully at Yulian beside him. That look alone made Yulian shiver.

S

Perhaps Jakoda had seen through Yulian's plan, but he was just reluctant to point it out.

In Capra's case, he could not have lasted more than a few days even if he held out today.

Now that he was utterly useless, there was no way that the Quintus family would keep a worthless man.

Jakoda might have acted furiously, but the fact was, he somehow approved of this

approach.

He just put up a show for the rest with his madness, to show the rest of the Quintus family that Jakoda Quintus was a merciful man.

“What's going on here? Won't it be clear if you call Joe and ask him directly?”

“Yulian, you will be in charge of the interrogation. Ask that brother of yours why he killed Capra, okay?”

Yulian's pupils shrank slightly. Although he was a little panicked, he was still indifferent on the outside.

“Alright, Father. I'm sure that my younger brother has his reasons. When the time comes, please be gentle with him.”

“I need to know his reasons to decide what

to be done with him,” replied Jakoda.

Joe entered the room, led by one of the Quintus family’s servants, while the father and son were having the conversation.

Although Joe was nominally the second young master of the Quintus family, he still held a low status and was simply not qualified to step into the hall.

His appearance was just like it was before; his forehead was covered by bangs, and he wore a pair of glasses. He carried an air of cowardice and fear.

In the beginning, when Jakoda retrieved Joe from the outside, he valued this son of his.

He gradually discovered that this bastard son was cowardly, fearful, weak, and difficult to be forged into a successful

person. As time passed, he became more and more disappointed in him.

So much so that by now, even he was somewhat displeased with him.

As soon as he came in and before Jakoda could speak up, Joe knelt before him. Not a word escaped from Joe's mouth, but his body was trembling lightly.

Everyone thought that Joe was trembling because of fear.

However, the truth was, other than Joe himself. No one knew whether this trembling was caused by fear or exhilaration.

The reaction of Joe gave more reason to Jakoda to grow even more disappointed with him.

“Capra... did you kill him?”

Jakoda didn't beat around the bush and got straight to the point.

Joe's body was still shuddering, but he didn't dare to answer.

“Lift your head and answer me.”

Jakoda disliked Joe's appearance, as they say, like father, like son, but he would never have dreamed that in his glorious lifetime, he would give birth to such a wimp-like son.

Joe warily raised his head up. His face was filled with cowardice and terror.

“Answer me.”

Jakoda finally couldn't hold back and lashed his whip at Joe's body. A single fierce whip cracked open Joe's skin, bloodstains blossoming on his body.

Joe, on the other hand, shrieked, and his entire body jerked.

“Yes, yes, Father.”

His voice carried an aching grief, almost like a roar.

“Tell me why.

“Or maybe, who ordered you to do it.”

As soon as the words were spoken, the hall went quiet.

Joe looked at Yulian as if it was a subconscious reflex.

Yulian frowned, and his heart thumped even more violently.

He was the one who had instructed Joe to finish off Capra. However, he wasn't doing it because he was worried about the

Quintus family having to care for Capra in the future.

The family was filthy rich. They didn't care much about Capra's medical fees.

He just wanted to use the incident as the last test to assess Joe's attitude toward him.

Although Joe was a wimp and a bastard, he was still the second young master of the family.

Yulian was a very refined man with mental mysophobia and wouldn't allow his position as the heir of the Quintus family to be threatened in any way.

He couldn't accept that, even if that possibility were only one in ten thousand.

Therefore, he had to give Joe a test to reach

his conclusion.

Once Joe killed the Capra, his status in the Quintus family would definitely sink lower. As of now, if Joe dared to turn him in, it would mean that he was still a threat to Yulian.

If he didn't, Yulian would feel entirely at ease with him because this person was nothing more than a dog without any temper or thoughts.

A dog that was no threat to himself.

When Joe turned his gaze at him, it made Yulian a little nervous.

“Yes, it was the Capra himself who asked me to end his life.”

His answer left both Yulian and Jakoda in shock.

Joe hadn't given Yulian up after all, but he had chosen to answer the question in a way that skipped Yulian's mind.

Jakoda frowned even harder. The anger on his face grew even more apparent. "What is this nonsense? Capra was in a coma. How would he allow himself to be killed? Even if he were awake, why would he beg to be killed?"

Following those words was another lashed from Jakoda. Another bloodstain blossomed on Joe's body.

His entire body was curled up on the ground, shivering like a dog.

"Brother Capra was awake. I just planned to go and visit him at first.

"But he said that he was in so much pain

that he was in a place worse than death. He couldn't even commit suicide, so he asked for my help. It was he who requested me to kill him.”

Jakoda went silent. Even Yulian was a little surprised himself.

They were a little confused as to whether or not Joe was telling the truth.

Capra was a skillful fighter himself. It could be true if he had woken up and learned that he would have to survive on life support for the rest of his life.

It was indeed very likely that he would have said something like that. Given his state, he was indeed better off dead.

“Do you mean it?”

Once Jakoda had calmed down, the

oppressive aura he had on him diminished.

“Yes, it's true. Father, I wouldn't dare lie to you.”

Joe curled up on the ground and answered with a shaky voice.

Jakoda turned to Yulian and asked, “What do you think?”

Yulian's heart pounded as he replied, “Father, I feel that this is quite in line with Big Brother Capra's style of doing things. Younger Brother should be telling the truth.”

Jakoda tossed the whip in his hand to the side. “Send him to the hospital. It's hard to achieve anything if you can't even bear such superficial wounds.”

After saying that, Jakoda left in a hurry.

N

Chapter 397 A Million Reasons Why

After Jakoda Quintus left, Yulian Quintus squatted down and stared at Joe Quintus, who was huddled on the ground trembling, and said, “Why didn't you give me up just now?”

Joe's eyes were filled with fear as he said with trepidation, “I don't dare, I don't dare, I wouldn't dare.”

“Hahaha!” Yulian laughed and patted on Joe's face twice. “A good doggy indeed. I asked you to kill the Capra as a joke, but I didn't expect you to go on and do it.

“Get well and rest. When you're better, I'll teach you how to play golf.” Yulian giggled and left, leaving Joe alone, curled up on the

ground on his own. It wasn't until a long time later that the Quintus family's servants came to take him to the hospital.

Once he entered the hospital, Joe's eyes were filled with fierceness and viciousness. It was as if he had turned into another person.

Meanwhile, on Khanh City bus station.

Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea had driven here and waited for half an hour.

Today, their daughter Blair Zea would come home after her summer vacation from Riverville City.

Since the last time, they had listened to Carson Yorke's words back in the provincial capital. Both Winifred and Tyr realized that they didn't spend enough time with Blair.

However, there was nothing much they could do about it. After all, there were so many things to do.

No matter what, they would pay more attention to this in the future. It was necessary to take some time out to accompany the child, regardless of how busy they were.

Blair was accompanied by Helen Cole and Jacob Zea when they walked out of the station.

“Little Blair,” Winifred called out Blair's name. She crouched down and opened her arms wide.

She thought that Blair would run toward her happily as before and then jump into her arms.

On the contrary, Blair didn't react much

until Helen, who was beside her, reminded her, “Little Blair, what are you doing? Don't you like Mommy anymore?”

It was then that Blair reacted and threw herself into Winifred's arms.

The two of them kissed, then Tyr went over to pick his daughter up. “Little Blair, how was Riverville City? Did you have fun?”

“It was fun! So much fun that I don't want to come home.”

A little startled, Tyr said, “Why don't you want to come back?”

“Because I want to have fun with Dion.”

“Dion?” asked Tyr.

Helen, who was next to her, came up and explained, “Dion is a neighbor's child, a

three year old little boy. Little Blair has been hanging out with him every day.”

“Oh,” Tyr responded, then the family got in the car and went home together.

Maybe it was because they hadn't seen each other for such a long time. Both Tyr and Winifred had the feeling that Blair had grown distant from them.

After dinner, Tyr and Winifred discussed that they must spend some time with Blair tonight to bond with her again.

Tyr even went online to find numbers of children's stories. He planned to tell them all to Blair when she went on the bed later.

It wasn't just Tyr. Even Winifred was prepared. They had even selected a story filled with dialogues that they could tell together, determined to amuse Blair

together.

Previously, bedtime stories were Blair's favorite activity.

Tonight, she would be thrilled.

“Mommy and Daddy, I don't want to sleep with you tonight. I want to sleep with Grandma and Grandpa.”

When it was time to go to bed, Blair was the one who refused to sleep with her parents. It made both Tyr and Winifred surprised.

They didn't expect Blair would actually make such a decision.

“Little Blair, why don't you want to sleep with Mommy and Daddy?”

Winifred grew even guiltier. Her daughter had somewhat rejected them.

Helen also came over and spoke to her. “Little Blair, you always said that you missed Mommy and Daddy. Now that you're back, why don't you want to sleep with them?”

Tyr also spoke up, “Little Blair, don't you love listening to Mommy and Daddy's stories? We have prepared quite a lot of stories for you tonight.”

“Little Blair doesn't want to listen to them, ” Blair replied directly. “Grandma can tell it all to Little Blair.”

Tyr and Winifred looked at each other with bitterness and helplessness.

Blair's next words left all the adults stunned.

It wasn't that she was rejecting her

parents, nor did she blame them for spending too little time with her, but...

“Little Blair wants a younger brother like Dion.

“I heard from Dion's sister that if Mommy and Daddy want to give Little Blair a brother, Blair shouldn't sleep with Mommy and Daddy. It is because if Blair got in the middle, it would affect Mommy and Daddy's performance.”

Tyr, Winifred, and the others were all astonished.

This... should this be something that came from a five-year-old child?

In the end, Blair was still unable to get what she wanted and went to bed with Tyr and Winifred.

Blair finally fell asleep by midnight, but

both Tyr and Winifred were awake.

Each of them kissed Blair on the cheek and walked toward the window sill.

After a long silence, it was Tyr, who finally broke the silence.

“Darling, those were childish words, but I have to say that Little Blair was very reasonable.

“Being an only child is too lonely.”

Winifred turned to look at Tyr warily, “So, what do you suggest?”

“What do I suggest, need I say more?”

Tyr smiled and looked at Winifred. “Sometimes, I feel like you're not as understanding as Little Blair.”

Winifred glared at Tyr and asked, “Why

are you taking the words of a child seriously?”

“But I really want a son.”

Upon saying that, some devilish charm appeared on Tyr's face.

Winifred suddenly became a little nervous.

“What? With our daughter beside us?”

“Let's go to the other room, then.”

“No.”

This time, Winifred didn't go along with Tyr's wishes, probably because Blair had come home.

“Next time, then.”

Tyr wasn't too lost. After all, his daughter was home tonight.

The two of them slept on the bed, with

Winifred holding Blair in her arms while Tyr held Winifred. The soft moonlight shining through the curtains and upon the family of three was gentle and tender.

The next morning, Tyr and Winifred set everything aside. They had planned to spend the day at home with Blair.

Winifred didn't go to the office, and Tyr didn't have much to do nowadays.

Early in the morning, the two of them took Blair to the water park.

N

Chapter 398 The Sky's the Limit

The family of three had a good time in the water park from morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. They went to the supermarket together on their way home and bought a whole bunch of food. In the evening, Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea would cook a feast for Blair by themselves.

The couple was overly worried before. After all, Blair Zea was not the same as ordinary kids. She was more sensible than the average kids.

Any other kids would definitely complain and get emotional if their parents were too busy to accompany them. However, Blair didn't have too many of these emotions. It was because of what she had experienced

before.

Therefore, when Blair came back from Riverville City, she was a bit cold as she hadn't met her parents for a long time. However, the phase was over quickly. By the next day, she was an apple of her parent's eyes once more.

Soon, it was time for Blair to go to school. Tyr and Winifred brought her to shop for a school bag and all kinds of school supplies.

Those kinds of stuff were quite ordinary, but Blair treated them like treasures and chattered non-stop on the way back.

It was typical for little kids to have a million questions of why's.

For example, they liked to ask why men walked on their feet while kittens and puppies walk on fours.

Why couldn't the sun and the moon be in the sky at the same time?

Or why did Mommy and Daddy have to sleep alone together to have a little brother, and why couldn't Blair be present when Mommy and Daddy were getting a little brother?

Why didn't Mommy get Blair a younger brother sooner? How many more days did they have to wait?

Tyr and Winifred were able to give Blair a quick explanation at first, but gradually they felt as if they had fallen into this little girl's trick.

After returning home from the trip to Riverville City, this girl was clearly obsessed with the wishes of having a younger brother. She was acting like other

children, who were always yelling at their parents to buy them toys.

Tyr picked Blair up and replied with a smile, “We need to give it more time to have a younger brother. It's not that easy to give birth.”

“Why, Daddy?” Blair’s eyes widened; her eyes were as bright as the stars. She asked while looking at Tyr innocently.

Tyr was somewhat embarrassed by her question. 'How should this question be answered?'

Winifred, who was beside her, chuckled and said, “Because your father has a bad stomach these days. When he recovers, he'll give you a brother.”

“But Dion's sister said that only Mommy could give birth to a younger brother.”

Blair continued to say innocently.

“Your mommy is having a stomach issue too.”

The family of three laughed and talked while carrying a large bag of vegetables home.

Back at home, Tyr and Winifred were ready to cook for themselves and make a sumptuous dinner for Blair.

Then, Tyr's phone rang.

It was a call from Drake Tucker. Tyr slid the answer button on the phone. His tone was somewhat unpleasant.

Drake seldom reached out to Tyr. He was a competent man. He could solve almost everything on his own.

However, when he called, it meant that

something beyond his capabilities must have happened.

“What's wrong?”

“Brother Tyr, do you have time? Hurry up and come to the city center. We've run into trouble.”

Tyr frowned as he said, “I'm busy now. What could possibly happen to the center? Solve it by yourself, don't bother me.”

“But Brother Tyr, the situation is much different. We can't make the call. You have to step in.”

Drake's tone on the other end of the phone sounded very serious. Before this, Tyr had never heard him sound as serious as he was now.

Realizing that something was wrong, Tyr

picked up the phone and walked out to the balcony. “So, what's going on?”

“Warren Zraa, the head of the Zraa family from Urypus City. He had brought some man to Khanh City, proposing to buy fifty-one percent of the city's shares for two billion dollars.”

“What?” Tyr was stunned by Drake's words. He wasn't scared, but just felt all of this was too bizarre.

Purchasing fifty-one percent of the city's shares with merely two billion dollars. This act could be defined as a form of extortion. Tyr felt numb, was there actually someone in this world who dared to extort Tyr Summers?

On top of that, it was on his turf.

“Is this guy a clown?”

Tyr even wanted to laugh a little, but he couldn't. He answered in a deep voice, "Drake, do I still need to teach you how to handle this kind of thing? Has it slipped your mind that Khanh City has another name? It's called God's Forbidden Zone."

Drake, on the other end of the phone, drew a breath of cold air and said, "Brother Tyr, I want to teach that guy a lesson at first. However, his background is too strong, and I didn't want to make a rash decision."

"What kind of background does he have?"

"Urypus City is a prefecture-level city in Astral Province. The Quintus family is recognized as the top gentry in Astral Province. All the great clans from the province look up to the Quintus family. Although the Quintus family is only rooted

in Astral Province, their strength and heritage should never be underestimated. Nowadays, the Quintus family is also considered as one of the southern gentries.

“Behind the Zraa family stands the Quintus family, which is why I didn't dare to act rashly.”

“The Quintus family!”

Hearing these two words, Tyr suddenly came to his senses.

'No wonder a family so distant would come all the way to Khanh City and act against the city center. It was the Quintus family behind the plan.'

Tyr probably got a hold of what this was all about.

After returning from Stellar City, Tyr had

been waiting for the Quintus family to make a move on him. He had thought of many possibilities, but this move was beyond his expectation.

“The sky's the limit.”

A faint smile appeared on Tyr's face. “It's getting interesting.”

“Brother Tyr, shall I wait for you to come over?” Drake continued to ask.

“Wait up. Ask Warren Zraa to wait too. Just tell him that I'll come and talk to him personally. Give Noah Lee, Zachery Smith, and others a call too. They have come all the way to Khanh City and visited us. We have to give him some souvenirs in return, don't you think so?”

Drake was a smart man. He understood Tyr's hidden meaning at once. He hurriedly

nodded and agreed.

Hanging up the phone, Tyr returned to the kitchen and looked at Winifred guiltily.

Winifred was washing the dishes. She turned to Tyr and asked, “Honey, is something wrong?”

“A little something, I need to attend to it, so...”

“It's fine, I can do the cooking myself. Besides, Mom's free too, I'll have her come in later to help. Are you coming home for dinner?”

“Of course.”

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Chapter 399 Warren Zraa

Winifred Zea did not ask any further. “Then, please be careful. I’ll be home waiting for you for dinner.”

S

Tyr Summers smiled. He kissed her on the forehead and said, “Why aren’t you asking me where I’m going or what I’m going to do?”

Winifred shook her head. “What’s the point of asking? I can’t stop you from going. However, remember what I always say. No matter what you do, do not forget that Blair and I will be home waiting for you.”

“Yes.”

Tyr nodded heavily and said, “Don’t you

worry, it's just a small matter. I'll be back before you know it. Oh right, the scrambled eggs with tomatoes and minced meat with eggplants dishes, please leave it. I will make it when I'm home. I promised Blair I'll cook those two dishes for her.”

“Alright.”

At the same time, in the city center.

The city center's main building's top floor was a luxurious office.

This office was made for Tyr, but Tyr did not have the time and motivation to come here. So it was mostly empty.

Drake Tucker and Zachery Smith would sometimes come to this office. They would sit in the office and discuss various

projects regarding the city center.

At this moment, there was an over forty-year-old guy in the office who had a greedy look on his face. He sat on the main boss chair with a cigarette in hand. He looked as if he was enjoying himself.

This person was Warren Zraa. He was one of Urypus City's noblemen. He was a very greedy person.

Behind him were a few bodyguards who were foreigners and looked skillful.

Warren was a visitor, but he looked as if he was the owner of this place.

“Micheal, did you draw the contract? Will it be fine?” Warren asked the foreigner standing beside him as he puffed his cigarette.

The foreigner's name was Michael, an

American. Warren had invested millions of dollars in him so that he would become a top-class lawyer. All these years, Michael had helped Warren in various commercial disputes and extortion, gaining hundreds and millions of dollars of profits for Warren.

“There is no problem at all, Boss. Everything has been planned accordingly. Soon, you will be the city center’s biggest shareholder, and that is the CEO here,” Michael said confidently.

“Very well.”

Warren smiled and nodded. His pupils were dilated. It was as if he saw a bunch of money floating in front of him.

Michael then said, “Boss, even though the contract has no problems, if Tyr tried to

file a police report, they cannot do anything according to law.”

“But our opening price this time is too little, won’t that Tyr...”

“He wouldn’t dare.”

Warren cut Michael off before he could finish.

Warren was super confident. He was not only confident in the Urypus City’s Zraa family, but also in the Quintus family.

It was the Quintus family that had ordered him to buy the city center building. If Tyr were to object, it would mean he was against the Quintus family. In the entire South City, no one dared to go against the Quintus family.

It was obvious that Tyr from Khanh City

would never go against the Quintus family.

At this moment, the office door opened. Drake Tucker, who was on the phone earlier with Tyr, walked into the office. Jade Laurell was following beside him.

When they saw Warren sitting on the CEO's chair, Tyr's seat, they both frowned.

Jade was furious. Drake gave her a look telling her to be calm.

Since Tyr was on his way, they should leave it up to him to deal with this guy. He would be destroyed by Tyr.

“Mr. Tucker, how dare your Brother Tyr make me wait for him. When exactly will he arrive?”

Warren started complaining. Drake put on a forced smile and answered, “I have

already called Brother Tyr, he is on his way here.”

“Yeah?”

Warren looked at the time on his green submarine Rolex watch and said, “I will wait for him for ten more minutes. If he does not come by, then I will be angry.”

Warrant then stood up from the chair and walked toward the huge window. He could see the entire city center from here.

“As expected, there is potential for it to become an international business. I believe if I were to lead the company, we will definitely reach an international level,” Warren said as he got more excited, he looked like a wolf that found a big juicy sheep.

After doing so, Warren sat back on the CEO’

s chair once more. He acted as if he was the rightful owner of the place.

After exactly ten minutes, the front door opened, and Tyr walked in with Jamie Sunder and Stephen Cole.

Wolf's Den, at this point, was pretty capable. Whenever there were problems that Tyr was lazy to deal with, they would be his sword.

Since Tyr was Regal Palace's king, it would be illogical if he were to deal with every small situation himself. What would people think?

“Brother Tyr.” Drake and Jade immediately stood up and greeted Tyr respectfully.

Tyr nodded lightly. When he noticed that Warren was sitting in his CEO's chair, he

was not affected by it.

“So, you are Tyr Summers?”

Warren lifted his head and looked at Tyr, his voice full of ignorance. “I did not expect you to be this young. However, let me give you advice as your senior, being punctual for business is very important.”

The corner of Tyr’s lips lifted a bit. Jamie pulled a chair over for Tyr to sit. Tyr sat on the chair and faced Warren.

“How do I address you?”

“My surname is Zraa, and my name is Warren. I am also a businessman.”

“Oh,” Tyr answered, then he said, “So?”

Warren laughed. He then waved his hands for Micheal to step forward. Micheal immediately passed the contract that he

had prepared beforehand to Tyr and said, “Mr. Summers, please read the contract. If you think there is no problem with it, then please sign it.

“But of course, even if you have problems, we will not negotiate with you. This is because this matter has already been decided.”

N

Chapter 400 Scalp Tingling

If it was not for Tyr Summers telling Drake Tucker and Stephen Cole to leave it to him before this, the both of them would have snapped Micheal's neck in half already.

Warren Zraa and Michael were examples of being too ignorant and looking like a clown.

Tyr took the contract from Michael. He flipped the pages and scanned through them quickly. His lips then curved up into a smile.

“You want to buy fifty-one percent of my city center's shares with two billion dollars?”

“You are right.”

Warren took a puff from his cigarette as if

he was giving Tyr a profitable deal. “
Brother Tyr, seeing as you’re young, you
would not know about international
businesses and how they operate, right?”

“However, no worries, as your senior, I
will give you the advantage. I will pay you
two billion dollars, and you just sit back
and wait for the profits.”

“Wait for the profits?”

“Yes,” Warren said, “From today onward,
the Zraa family will have fifty-one percent
of the city center’s shares. The Zraa family
will decide all decisions and operations.

“If I remember correctly, you currently
control the entire city center. Even though
you will give me fifty-one percent of the
shares, you would still be the second-
biggest shareholder. I believe under the

guidance of the Zraa family. The city center will grow drastically. Selling it for two billion may look like a disadvantage for you, but in the long run, it would definitely benefit you a lot.”

Warren was indeed a smart businessman. It was apparent that he was trying to scam Tyr, but the words from his mouth seemed as if Tyr was the one who would benefit the most from this.

It was as if he was throwing his pride away and buying the city center as if he was doing Tyr a big favor.

Drake Tucker and Jade Laurell were standing at the corner, their faces livid. Even Stephen and Jamie could not stand Warren any longer.

Tyr’s face was still calm, still smiling. He

put his hands under his chin, pretending to think about it.

“Thinking about what you said, it’s actually true. In five years, the city center’s shares would be at least three times more than now.”

“Of course.” Warrant smiled and said, “In conclusion, Brother Tyr would benefit the most in this contract. You can’t just look at the short term benefits in businesses. You need to look at the long term benefits.

“If Brother Tyr has finished reading the contract and if there is no problem, hurry up and sign it then.”

“Okay.”

Tyr picked up a pen. At this moment, Warren’s eyes were full of greed while Michael smiled brightly.

As Yulian Quintus said, as long as the Quintus family was backing him, he could even steal the company from Tyr, and Tyr would not be able to do anything.

How could a small nobody like him fight against the big Quintus family?

Suddenly, Tyr put the pen he was holding down.

“This isn’t right, Mr. Zraa.”

“What isn’t right?” Warren was stunned.

Tyr smiled and said, “Now the entire city center is mine. It’s worth over ten billion. In five years, it would be more than thirty billion dollars.

“The thirty billion dollars should be mine. Why would I get two billion right now and split over one hundred and fifty billion

dollars to you? Mr. Zraa, don't you think I'm at a disadvantage here?"

Warren kept quiet for a while. He then looked at Michael and said, "If there was no support from the Zraa family, it might be impossible for the city center to profit three times the amount within five years."

"That's true." Tyr thought for a bit and nodded. "Without help from the Zraa family, it is impossible for the city center to gain three times the profit in five years. It should be five times the profit!

"So, after consideration, I will not sign this contract."

Bang! Warren slammed his hands down on the table. He finally realized Tyr was toying with him, treating him like a monkey.

“Tyr Summers, are you playing with me? Today, you will need to sign this contract. Even if you don’t want to sign it, you have to sign it.”

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the air seemed heavy. In an instant, a cold and strong bloodlust came from Warren.

Jamie and Stephen, who were standing behind Tyr, had already readied their fists.

Did this b*stard even have a brain? How dare he come and try to scam Brother Tyr. Did he even want to live?

At this moment, Tyr’s face turned sullen. His eyes were as sharp as a blade. He stared at Warren intimidatingly.

“The city center is currently worth at least one hundred and fifty billion. Do you think

you can use two billion to buy fifty-one percent of my shares and control the city center?

“Who gave you this courage, Jasmine Leong?” Tyr said as he slammed his hands on the table hard.

Bang! A loud sound reverberated throughout the entire office. Tyr had snapped the table in half.

This shocked Warren. He was terrified. Is this a joke? Is this a movie?

Warren stood still, frozen. He was so shocked that he could not blink.

Jamie and Stephen could not hold back their anger anymore. In an instant, they rushed toward Warren with their fists.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Loud sounds of

punches were heard.

The people Warren brought were professionals; they could easily defeat at least ten ordinary fighters.

However, in front of Jamie and Stephen, they were nothing but mere three-year-old kids in their eyes. They did not even have half their strength.

In a few seconds, Warren's people were defeated.

“You... you guys dare...”

Michael was so terrified that he was pale. It had been so many years since anyone from the south had ever fought Warren's people.

“Shut it, foreigner!”

Jamie was already grabbing Micheal's collar and flinging him toward the wall.

Now, there was only Warren left. He was still sitting on the CEO's chair, sweating bullets.

“Tyr Summers, I... I have the Quintus family backing me, you...”

Before Warren could even finish his sentence, Tyr spoke. Warren did not expect Tyr not to be bothered by it.

“Yulian Quintus?”

Tyr stood up and walked toward the window.

He then looked over at Warren and waved his hands. “Come over here.”

Warren shivered. His legs were shaking so much that he couldn't even get up. Let alone walk.

“Brother Tyr told you to go over there. Are

you deaf?”

Stephen grabbed Warren and dragged him over to the window where Tyr was standing. It was as if he was dragging a dead dog.

“Look outside the window. If you want to buy the city center, I can sell it to you. However, you should ask them if they agree to it first.”

Warren looked outside the window; he felt his scalp tingling in an instant.

The empty ground below was suddenly filled with a bunch of cars. There were over a hundred of them. As the people got down from their cars, there were over a thousand of them.