

Chapter 401 Clumsiness

There were over a thousand people, full of bloodlust. Their bloodlust seemed to feel like a massive cloud covering the entire city.

“This... this...”

Warren’s teeth started chattering. This scene had shocked him speechless.

Yet, Tyr was snickering as he said, “I do not care how powerful your Zraa family is nor how powerful the Quintus family is. Let me remind you, in Khanh City, whatever I say goes.”

Tyr spoke as he opened a window and looked down at over a thousand people. He shouted, “Someone is trying to scam me

and take over the city center. My brothers, do you guys agree to hand it over to him?”

“We disagree.”

The entire army of people shouted. Their voices were heard throughout the whole city center.

Warren felt his scalp tingle again. Tyr turned his head and looked at Warren, smiling brightly.

“Mr. Zraa, you see, they disagree.

“Since they have disagreed, you can never take the city center.”

Warren quickly nodded and said while shaking, “Brother Tyr, this was a misunderstanding. This is business; both sides need to agree to it. Since Brother Tyr does not agree, then I won’t force it.

“I will take my leave now,” Warren said as he shivered and turned around, he wanted to escape.

However, before he could even take a step, Stephen grabbed him and threw him to the ground. “What makes you think you can come and go as you please here?”

“Brother Tyr, no one likes it if their pride is trampled. I have the Quintus family backing me.”

Tyr snickered. “I do not care if the Quintus family backs you. Did you not see the Khanh City’s sign before coming into Khanh City?”

“The sign had three words saying ‘God's forbidden area’. It is for people like you who self-proclaim themselves as powerful as a god.

“So since you came, you should just stay,” Tyr said as he turned away from Warren, not looking at him anymore while Stephen lifted Warren up from the ground.

Warren struggled, trying to break free of Stephen’s grasp, and roared, “Tyr Summers, how dare you to lay your hands on me. The Quintus family will eradicate your entire family. They are the South’s nobles. They are people you should never anger.”

Slap!

Tyr slapped Warren’s face hard, making half his face swollen and bruised. “I defeated Capra from the Quintus family’s zodiac fighters with one punch. Who are you to threaten me?”

Warren froze on the spot. “You! So it was

you who crippled Capra! How dare you!”

Warren lost all hope; he felt hopeless.

“Throw him out the window.”

Tyr did not want to speak to Warren anymore. He just gave an order to Stephen. Stephen did not hesitate one bit and threw Warren out of the window. However, not only Warren was thrown out the window, but Micheal and the rest of the men that Warren brought were also thrown out.

A few loud sounds of crashing were heard. It was as if a few boulders fell from the sky.

Tyr did not look back; instead, he walked toward Drake Tucker and Jade Laurell.

“Brother Tyr.”

The both of them stared at Tyr with an amazed expression.

It was obvious; they were shocked by Tyr's actions.

Tyr's eyes had a slight disappointment, and said, "Drake and Jade, you guys are smart people. You don't need me to teach you how to deal with small things like this.

"I will forgive you this time. If something like this happens again, and you guys still need me to teach you guys what to do, then you guys might as well just scam."

Drake and Jade immediately nodded and said, "Brother Tyr, even if a king were to come here, we will get rid of him properly."

"Ha!" Tyr snickered, he then left the office along with Jamie and Stephen.

Once they reached the bottom floor, the bodies of Warren and his people were

already gone. The people that Noah and Zachery brought over had already cleaned up the bodies.

There was not a single trace of blood in the entire area.

Tyr left the city center and went back to the villa.

At dusk, Winifred and Helen had already prepared most of the dishes. Tyr kept his promise and made the dishes that he promised Blair.

At sunset, the family happily enjoyed their dinner.

At the same time, in Stellar City's golf course...

Yulian Quintus was aiming at the golf ball on the tee. He swung his golf club, flinging

the ball out. The people beside him immediately replaced a new ball on top of the golf tee.

“Come, do you wanna try?” Yulian asked as he passed the golf club to Joe Quintus, smiling.

Jakoda Quintus had beaten Joe up into a pulp. Even though he had already gone to the hospital for treatment, the injuries would not heal within two to three days.

Originally, he wanted to rest at home.

However, after he reached home, Yulian had ordered people to ask him to have a golf session with him.

Even though this sport did not require intense movement, his body was not in a condition to do any type of sport, especially with the hot weather making

him sweat buckets. His wounds would definitely get inflamed.

However, Joe did not dare reject Yulian's summons as he had ordered people to tell him to come. He couldn't reject.

Joe was still dressed and looked like a cowardly nerd, having a long fringe and wearing glasses.

He did not take the golf club from Yulian; he hesitated.

“Why, you won't play?”

Yulian looked at Joe, he was getting angry.

“Joe, are you looking down on me? You think I'm too lowly to play golf with?”

“Big Brother, no. I do not mean it that way.”

Joe quickly shook his head. He panicked

and quickly took the golf club from Yulian.

“Yes, now this is right. Come, let me teach you.”

Yulian smiled and put his hands on Joe’s hands, teaching him how to hold and swing a golf club. With Yulian’s guidance, Joe swung the golf club hard. In an instant, he could feel his wound tearing apart.

“Not bad. I did not expect you to be talented in golf,” Yulian said as he looked at the golf ball flying out. He then waved his hands to the men beside him, once again the guy took a golf ball and placed it on the gold tee.

“Come, do it yourself this time.”

Joe nodded, he then slowly lifted the golf club. Thud...

Without Yulian’s hand on hands guidance,

Joe's swing missed the golf ball. In fact, he almost swung the golf tee away.

“You really are a dumb*ss.”

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Yulian's smile faded, he proceeded to scold Joe harshly.

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Joe's face was red, he stood there not daring to speak.

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“Never mind, you're too clumsy even to learn. Go and pick the balls back for me.”

Chapter 402 Warren Zraa's death

Joe Quintus could not react in time. Yulian Quintus shouted again, "Are you deaf?"

Only then did Joe react. All he could do was nod and quickly rush in the direction where the ball flew.

Even though it was in the evening, the weather was still hot. After a while, Joe started sweating. The wounds on his body started burning painfully.

Joe frowned, bit his lips, and continued picking the balls.

On the outside, Yulian said he was trying to teach Joe golf. However, he was just trying to make fun of Joe.

Joe was an illegitimate child of the Quintus

family. Yulian would not see him as his real brother no matter what.

Yulian was sipping his wine while looking at Joe running around, picking up the golf balls. He said to his butler, Albert Cantrell, "Uncle Albert, do you think a useless f*ck like him should be qualified to fight for the position of the Quintus family heir?"

Albert laughed and said, "He looks like a dog."

"Hahaha, he's more fun playing with than a dog."

At this moment, Pigsty, who was a giant ball of fat, walked over. He wiped the sweat off his face and complained, "Young Master, what are you doing? Today's weather is so hot. Why are you playing golf?"

“Oh, isn't that Joe Quintus? What's he doing?”

“Picking up golf balls,” Yulian answered.

Pigsty laughed loudly and said, “Is he stupid? The golf balls are used only once in a game. There's still a second round. Why is he picking it up now?”

“Let him be. Why do you care?”

Yulian stared at Pigsty and said, “Did you do what I told you to do?”

Pigsty passed the phone to Yulian and said, “Hanson Yard's and Skyler Yalermen's videos are in here. Hanson's family is in Singapore. I made them all go together so that they have each other's company.”

Yulian took the phone from Pigsty. He wanted to open and watch the video, but

he did not want to watch it anymore after some thought. Blood and violence weren't his things.

“Young Master, who exactly defeated Capra?”

Pigsty changed the topic and asked about Capra. It was not because he was worried about Capra; he was concerned about who was so strong to defeat Capra.

As a strong fighter like Pigsty, he liked to challenge other strong fighters. This was what all strong fighters liked to do; to challenge others.

Yulian answered, “It's Tyr Summers. Though, I cannot believe that he could defeat Capra with one punch.”

Pigsty asked, “Was there a witness?”

“There is. It's Zayn Lee. However, he was

in a coma. I have already ordered people to unplug his life support today.

“However, according to other witnesses, Tyr had a beggar with him. The beggar was super strong. I believe that he was the one who defeated Capra.”

“Where is that beggar now?” Pigsty’s eyes lit up.

“We have searched the entire universe for a few days, and we still could not find him. I even told the professionals in the Quintus family to find that beggar. No one could find him. I think he might have gone back to Khanh City.

“Tyr Summers sure is crazy. He dares fight with Star Entertainment, and now he dares fight against the Quintus family. It might be because of that beggar by his

side.”

Pigsty hands were already balled into fists as he said, “Then, I will go to Khanh City right now.”

“No.”

Yulian immediately stopped Pigsty and said, “Tyr Summers is none of my concerns. I hope you act according to my plans. I want to fight against the entire Riverdale Province, not Tyr Summers.

“As long as I get hold of Riverdale Province and get lands for the Quintus family. When that happens, no one will ever dare defy me anymore. This plan was made before Tyr was in the equation. I have already planned everything out, don't mess up my plans.”

Pigsty touched the fat on his face and said,

“Young Master, what are you planning exactly?”

“I have already placed my chess pieces. Now, our target is not Tyr Summers, but Southriver King, Carson Yorke,” Yulian said as he looked at the sunset in the distance. “At this time, Warren should have already dealt with the city center. Next, we wait for Carson’s reaction.”

At this moment, Alber’s phone rang. As he picked up the call and listened, his face went pale.

“What is it?” Yulian frowned and asked as he saw Albert’s expression change.

“Young Master, Warren is dead.”

“What?”

Yulian was in disbelief. Pigsty frowned as

well.

“Young Master, Warren was killed by Tyr Summers. He did not hand over the city center. Warren failed.”

Yulian frowned. He took a golf ball beside him and threw it at the wall. “Tyr Summers! Are you defying the Quintus family? You should also know who the owner of the dog you are beating is, crazy b*stard.”

“Young Master, that Tyr Summers was not even bothered about the Quintus family.” Pigsty clenched his fists. “The Zraa family is one of our Quintus family. Since Tyr dared to lay his hands on Warren, we would never forgive him.

“I will go to Khanh City now with some men and destroy Tyr Summers.”

“Stop right there.”

Yulian stopped Pigsty immediately and said, “Why are you so agitated? Warren was just a bait. I have expected him to die. It’s just Tyr’s actions that were unexpected.”

“What?” Pigsty was confused.

At this time, Yulian laughed loudly. He swung the golf club in his hand, and continuously hit the golf balls one after another.

“Order someone to go to Urypus City and calm the Zraa family. Tell them the Quintus family will avenge them, and we would use the funds from the city center to compensate them.”

After saying so, Yulian threw his golf club

aside. "Butler Albert, you can visit the Yorke family in Southriver now."

Albert nodded. He turned around and left.

Pigsty was confused and asked, "Young Master, why are you making Albert go to Southriver and not Khanh City?"

Yulian said, "Because Carson Yorke is there. Have you heard of Zeppelin Wayne, who is by Carson's side?"

"Southriver's blade, Zeppelin Wayne," Pigsty said as he wiped his face with his hands. "Yeah I have heard of him before. Tigre told me about him. He said he wants to fight Zeppelin badly."

Yulian continued, "If Zeppelin could be a part of our twelve zodiac fighters, he would be one of the top. He has good sword skills, I want him to join us, not get

destroyed.”

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Chapter 403 Albert Cantrell's visit

Yulian Quintus looked at the sky once more, the sun had already set, and the sky was dark.

“The chess piece that I set in Riverdale Province was already there for a long time. Now, it's time for the full operation to start. I hope the Yorke family will be my white chess piece, not the black chess piece.”

Joe Quintus was still picking up the golf balls; his entire body was in sharp pain. His wounds were bleeding again. The blood had stained his perfectly white shirt.

Yulian's anger slowly faded when he saw Joe suffering in the corner.

Yulian turned toward the bodyguards, who

were standing at the corner, and said, “
Make sure he picks up all the golf balls
here. Otherwise, he’s not allowed to leave.”

“Yes, Young Master!”

As night fell upon the Yorke family’s yard.

Zeppelin Wade was in the yard training as
usual. He trained from morning till night,
following Tyr’s instructions. He
continuously swung his dragon blade.

However, Zeppelin’s swings were not
getting faster but getting slower.

While Carson would still visit Zeppelin
every morning and night, he was worried
about him.

However, seeing as Zeppelin’s condition
improved, it was evident that Tyr’s

method was helping him a lot.

“Your swings are getting slower.”

Carson could notice Zeppelin's swing getting slower. He could not help but ask.

“It's slow so that it can be fast,” Zeppelin answered. He then stopped swinging and said, “Tyr said to me that if I achieved fifteen thousand swings, and my mind is still full of Sword Freak, I can find him in Wolf's Den.

“However, he has never planned for me to join Wolf's Den.”

Carson was stunned and asked, “So your mind is still full of Sword Freak's shadow?”

“No, Sword Freak is not important to me anymore. That is because even if he were alive, he would not be a problem for me.

“What I meant was that Tyr knew from the start I would not be able to swing the sword fifteen thousand times a day. It’s just as you see, the more I swing, the slower I get.”

Zeppelin took the dragon blade and stabbed it into the ground. The sword went into the ground as if it was mud.

“I remember every year during mid-autumn, you and Heather would go back to your village for a visit. It’s mid-autumn soon in a few days.”

“Yeah.” Carson nodded. “Three more days. Are you going to come with us this year?”

“I’m not going.” Zeppelin smiled and said, “I won’t be leaving this yard for a long time.”

Carson nodded lightly and said, “Since you have found a new goal to aim for, it’s understandable. This blade is your wife, so can I say that you’re prioritizing your lover over your friends?”

“Hahaha!” Zeppelin laughed loudly. He took his blade up once again and said, “Speaking of friends and lovers, you are still my senior. Though, Heather sure is lucky to have such a good man like you.”

Suddenly, Carson felt a bit upset and said, “You know her family background. It’s my luck that she agreed to marry me.”

“Haha, you are right.” Zeppelin laughed. He did not say much to Carson anymore and continued to swing his blade.

“Next time, you don’t need to visit me if there’s no emergency. Since you said I’m

prioritizing my lover over my friends, why are you still here to be the third wheel?”

Carson sighed and said, “Fine, I won’t come then. Do you think I love staying with you? I should use my time to spend with my wife,” Carson said as he shook his head and walked away.

As he reached the garden in his house, a butler quickly rushed toward him, “Master, Albert from the Quintus family has come to pay a visit. He is in the living room, waiting.”

“The Quintus family?”

Carson was confused, he did not know about what happened between Tyr and the Quintus family. So, he did not understand why such a strong and prominent family would want to speak to him.

However, since the Quintus family was one of the nobles in the south, it was not someone he should offend. Therefore, Carson would not be rude.

“Alright, I understand.”

Carson walked toward the living room immediately.

At this moment, Albert was drinking tea that the Yorke family's maid made.

Carson walked into the living room.

“I did not expect an important guest from the Quintus family would come visit. Sorry for keeping you waiting.”

Albert put the cup in his hand down and stood up immediately. “Brother Yorke, no worries I have just arrived. Please forgive me for coming unannounced. I hope you

don't think of me as being rash.”

“Hahaha, no, it's fine.” Carson laughed. Even though they had not met before, they treated each other with respect.

They acted as if they were old friends who had not met for a long time. There was no awkwardness at all.

Carson sat down and exchanged small talks with Albert. After a while, Carson told Albert to get to the main point.

“Why has Brother Albert come all the way here to visit me? Has something happened?”

Albert noticed that he had to leave soon, so he said straightforwardly, “Looking at the entire south province, each noble family has their land.”

“Riverdale Province has more than ten

cities. Even though you have defeated Yannick Llyod, the Northriver King, and gained control of both the north and south, getting the title of the Riverdale King is still way out of your reach.”

Carson smiled and said, “I’m getting old, I do not have the motivation as I had when I was younger. Now, the title of King that I have and the title of the Riverdale King is just a title. No matter what title I get, it does not change the fact that people die, so there’s no meaning to it.”

“Hahaha!” Albert laughed and said, “I agree with what Brother Yorke said. However, you are not at the age where you would die anytime yet. You are not old.

“And I do not believe that you have no desire at all to claim the Riverdale King title.”

Chapter 404 Scram

Carson squinted and said, “Brother Albert, just cut to the chase. There’s no need to beat around the bush.”

“Alright.”

Alber nodded and said, “Even though the Quintus family is the biggest and most powerful family in the north. I wanna ask, how do you compare your Yorke family with our Quintus family?”

Carson laughed and answered, “The Quintus family is stronger. Even if a family managed to gain control of the three rivers, the Quintus family would still be stronger, let alone my family.”

Carson was not buttering up to the Quintus

family. He was stating the facts.

Albert smiled and said, “Then Brother Yorke, the Quintus family invites you to ally with us. After the alliance, the Quintus family would help you ascend to the title of the Riverdale King. What do you think?”

Carson squinted and said, “The condition?”

Albert answered, “Once you ascend to the title of the Riverdale King, the Quintus family will lead the three rivers. However, rest assured. This is only in name. We can guarantee you that it would not affect your businesses.”

“You mean, you want the Yorke family to become one of the Quintus family’s Vessels?”

“That is only in name. As soon as Brother

Yorke agrees, we would make you the Riverdale King within one month. As for the Quintus family, having a vessel that is the Riverdale King would help us connect with other families. In this alliance, it's a win-win situation for both of us.”

Carson put his hands under his chin as he thought. He then nodded and said, “You are right. In fact, it seems that the Yorke family gains more from this.”

“You are right.”

However, Carson smiled and shook his head, he said. “There is no such thing as a free meal. You are right. Even though I am old, I still have thoughts on becoming the Riverdale King.

“However, for the Quintus family to help me, there has to be a twist. I do not believe

there are no other conditions from the Quintus family.”

Carson turned to Albert and said, “Brother Albert, just tell me everything clearly. What other conditions are there, tell me.”

Albert smiled and said, “In fact, there is a small request.”

“Oh? What is it?”

“Have you heard of Tyr Summers from Khanh City?”

“Tyr Summers?” Carson was puzzled when he heard the name. He did not know why Tyr was involved with the Quintus family.

Albert said immediately as he saw Carson’s expression changed, “Looking at your reaction, you definitely know him. I guess

that you and Tyr Summers have a very close relationship.”

Carson laughed and said, “Brother Albert, you definitely did a background check on us before coming. Why are you acting clueless?”

“Tell me what happened between Tyr and the Quintus family.”

Albert took a sip of tea. He then told Carson everything that happened between Tyr and the Quintus family.

After listening to Albert, Carson’s face became extremely gloomy.

“So, what is the Quintus family trying to say?”

Albert smiled and replied, “It’s very simple. Tyr Summers is acting out of

bounds like this is because of the beggar by his side. However, I think that the Yorke family's Southriver's fighter, Zeppelin Wayne, isn't weak.

"If Brother Yorke agrees to help the Quintus family get rid of Tyr, then we will proceed with the Riverdale King title plan."

"You're asking me to get rid of Tyr?"

Carson could not help but laugh loudly. It was the funniest joke Carson had heard all year.

"Brother Yorke, you refuse to comply?"

Albert was shocked. He quickly said, "Brother Yorke, you have to think properly. This is a chance for you. Compared to a measly Tyr Summers, isn't the Riverdale King title more important?"

"Brother Yorke is a smart person. I believe

you will pick the right choice.”

“Hahaha!”

Carson’s laughter roared throughout the entire living room. After he finished laughing, his face turned sullen.

“See the visitor out.”

“What?”

Albert’s face turned sullen too. He then said coldly, “Carson Yorke, you dare defy the Quintus family?”

“You have to know, if you reject us today, you will be our enemy tomorrow.”

“So what?”

Carson’s anger was apparent. “Even if all the noble families, the three big kings, or no matter which powerful entity stands

before me, why would I care?

“It is impossible to make me, Carson Yorke, go against Tyr.

“Do you know what’s my relationship with Tyr?”

“What is it?” Albert asked.

Carson answered, “Tyr was the person who cured my wife.

“When Prime City was in a mess, it was Tyr who helped me settle the conflict. When the north attacked me, Tyr was the one who defeated them and helped me conquer the north.

“And now, Tyr and his wife had accepted my wife as their godmother. He is considered my son. Why does the Quintus family want me to go against Tyr, do you

want to die?”

Carson could not control his emotions.

“Scram, tell your master that it is impossible for me, Carson Yorke, to ever be his dog.

“If he dares touch even a strain of hair of Tyr, heck, I would not sit still.”

After saying so, Carson said, “Scram!”

As expected from the Southriver King, his aura made Albert shudder.

“Carson Yorke, do not regret this. It is suicidal to defy the Quintus family.”

“Someone come.”

Carson had no patience anymore. As soon as he gave the order, a few professional fighters rushed forward.

“If this person is still in front of me after ten seconds, kill him.”

“Yes.”

The professional fighters stared at Albert, they were not joking. If he did not leave within ten seconds, they would not hesitate and kill him.

“Carson Yorke, you will regret this.”

After saying so, Albert left angrily.

After Albert left, Carson was still angry. “Hmph, the Quintus family, who do they think they are. Let’s see if they dare to try touching the three rivers!”

Chapter 405 Bring Carson Yorke's Brain

The night wind blew as the moon shone brightly in the sky.

In Yulian Quintus's villa in Stellar City, Yulian was holding a glass of wine. He was swirling the wine in the glass.

“B*stard!”

Suddenly, his calm heart exploded with anger. He threw the glass onto the floor furiously.

After that, he looked at the wild flowers in front of him. He suddenly hated them. It was as if he was mentally ill, he immediately started kicking and stepping on them.

Watching this, Albert suddenly panicked.

He had been by Yulian's side for over ten years, he was already used to his temper. It had been many years since Yulian lost his mind in anger like this.

Even when he killed Maeve Lee with his own hands, he did not react like this.

At this moment, Joe Quintus was in the garden. He saw Yulian angrily stomping on the flowers.

However Yulian did not target him this time, so he pretended as if he was not there and continued to trim the flowers and grass.

“I'm gonna take a shower. Prepare what you have to say to me, I want you to give me a proper explanation.

“Otherwise, let’s see what happens to you.”

Albert could feel a chill down his spine.

Yulian walked in the direction of the shower as he took off his clothes and shoes.

There was hot water twenty-four-seven in his bathtub because he would walk into the bathtub at any moment to shower.

After an hour, Yulian wore a new set of clothes and came out from the shower.

“Young Master.”

Albert was nervous, it has been so long since he had been this nervous.

“Speak,” Yulian said.

Albert nodded, he then told Yulian the entire conversation he had with Carson

Yorke.

After he finished speaking, Yulian let out a loud laugh.

Sometimes, laughing did not mean happiness but anger.

“What else did that Carson Yorke say?”

Albert took a deep breath and said, “ He also said... he said...”

“What did he say?”

“He said ‘what is the Quintus family? If they dared step foot into the Riverdale Province, I will destroy them’.”

“Arrogant.”

Yulian laughed angrily once more. “That b*stard Carson Yorke, he sure has big guts. A measly Yorke family, how dare they act

arrogantly?

“Alright, very well. Originally I wanted Carson Yorke on my side. Since he wants to defy us, he can die.”

“Pigsy,” Yulian called. The fat Pigsy then walked in. “What is it, Young Master?”

“Your opportunity is here,” Yulian said as he walked toward the main door and looked up at the moon, “I want to see Carson Yorke’s brain this Tribal Festival.

“No... Not right, I want the brains of his entire family.

“Hahaha!”

The entire villa was filled with Pigsy’s laughter. All these years, the Quintus family was unstoppable and undefeated. As one of the twelve zodiacs fighters in the

Quintus family, Pigsy was one of the strongest.

It had been a while since he had a satisfying battle. At this moment, his blood was boiling.

“Yes, Young Master.”

Yulian took a deep breath and looked at the moon in the sky.

“Why are you hiding in the corner?”

At this moment, Yulian turned toward the corner and scoffed.

Joe was shivering in the corner, he came forward and said, “The scissors broke, I wanted to get a new one, but I saw you raging, so I was scared to come in.”

“You are that scared of me?”

Yulian walked toward Joe, staring at him

like a wild beast.

Joe immediately shook his head; the fear on his face gave him away. "I... I am just respecting Brother."

"Hahaha!"

Yulian laughed and said, "Stop trimming the plants, go back home and rest."

"Yes, thank you, Brother."

Three days later, it was the Tribal Festival.

It was a festival that everyone enjoyed and celebrated.

Early in the morning, Tyr had gone to the market to buy some ingredients. They had planned to cook the most luxurious meal tonight.

However, this time Tyr did not help out in the kitchen. Winifred and Helen were the ones preparing the dishes.

Tyr and Jacob Zea had brought Blair Zea to the garden to play.

“Daddy, why do we celebrate the Tribal Festival every year?” Blair asked as she opened her arms wide.

Tyr smiled and asked, “Do you want to hear a story?”

“What story?”

“A story about the Tribal Festival,” Tyr replied.

“Okay,” Blair said.

Blair raised her hands in the air happily and said, “Blair loves Daddy’s story time.”

Tyr organized his thoughts for a bit then said, “Long ago, there were a pair of lovers ...”

Tyr told Blair the story and origins of the Tribal Festival. She was immersed in the story.

“Daddy, so the fairy lady lives on the moon with her earth husband?”

“Yes.” Tyr smiled and replied, “They have been living on the moon for over a thousand years. They have a palace and a jade rabbit.”

“Is the jade rabbit cute? What does the jade rabbit eat?”

“The jade rabbit eats carrots.”

“So, that means there's a carrot farm on the moon?”

“Probably.”

“Is it a white radish or carrots?”

Tyr was speechless.

Kids were like this. Once they started asking questions, they never stopped. However, they asked a lot of questions that adults could not answer.

Seeing as Tyr was helplessly drowned in Blair's questions, Jacob laughed and said to Blair, “Come here, Grandpa can tell you if the jade rabbit eats white radishes or carrots. I can even tell you if that jade rabbit is black or white.”

“Really, Grandpa you know about the rabbit?”

Blair went toward Jacob while asking more questions.

At this moment, Tyr's phone vibrated .

He saw a message on his phone from an unknown number.

It said, "Tribal Festival, night, the Quintus family is out to kill the Yorke family!

"Location, the Yorke family's village."

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Chapter 406 Mid-autumn festival

After receiving this news, Tyr's heart trembled. He immediately called the number that sent him the text. However, the number was incognito. He could not call the number back.

He then immediately called Carson Yorke.

The call got through, and Carson said, "Little Tyr, Happy Tribal Festival."

"Happy Tribal Festival, Uncle Yorke."

Tyr then said, "Uncle Yorke, are you in Prime City?"

"I'm not in Prime City. Your godmother and I went back to our hometown in the village. Every year during the Tribal

Festival, we would return to our hometown. That's because my dad's death anniversary is on the same day.”

“Oh.”

Tyr nodded. He felt a chill down his spine.

“Uncle Yorke, is Zeppelin with you?”

“Nope.” Carson answered, “That guy has been fixated on the sword skill that you taught him. He has been swinging his sword nonstop at home. He might as well think of his sword as his wife.”

Tyr took a deep breath. He realized that it was bad. “Then, who did you bring? Did you bring enough bodyguards?”

Carson laughed and said, “I'm just going to the village, not to war. Why would I bring so many bodyguards? However, Jay and Yoshua are with me. They brought

along a few strong fighters as well. I rejected it at first, but they didn't listen.

“They are worried that the Quintus family would attack me since I have offended their butler.”

“Uncle Yorke, what happened between you and the Quintus family?”

Carson laughed and said, “Just some small matters. The Quintus family wanted me to be their dog and fight against you. Do you know how I responded?”

“I kicked the Quintus butler out of my house. However, I don't think that's all they are planning. I think they are planning to take over the entire Riverdale Province.”

Tyr felt grateful and said, “Uncle Yorke, I received an anonymous message earlier. I

don't know who sent it, but it said that tonight the Quintus family would come and kill you and your family.

“You guys should be careful. I will immediately bring people over to you.”

Carson frowned and said, “Are you sure?”

“I'm not sure, but it's better to be safe than sorry. If you were to try to come back to Prime City, it would be too late. So please be careful.

“Of course, it might be a prank, but I think we should prepare just in case.”

Carson was not panicked and said, “That Quintus family sure is strong, but that's against the south's noble families. Against Riversdale, it's not that easy to touch me.

“Little Tyr, you don't need to come over. I

have Jay and Yoshua with me. Nothing will happen.”

Tyr answered, “I can’t do that, Uncle Yorke. I will personally come over. It’s too late to go back to Prime City, so just stay put.

“I do not know if this message is real or fake, but just in case, I should go there personally. If people from the Quintus family really come, we can use this chance to weaken their forces.”

Carson was silent for a few seconds and then said, “Alright!”

After hanging up the phone, Tyr called Max Cheever and told him to bring some people from Wolf’s Den.

At the same time, he also made a phone call to Torbert Octavius. Before Tyr could

even speak, Torbert lazily said, “Tyr, I’m coming back to Khanh City.”

“Why?”

“It’s pointless over here.” Torbert answered, “I was playing hide and seek with the people in Stellar City, but they are too dumb even to find me.

“I got bored, so I started giving hints and purposely left my tracks for them, but they still could not track me down. Don’t you think it’s meaningless?”

“The Quintus family also had people look for me, but they were useless.”

A huge sigh came from the phone. “It really is meaningless. It would have been more fun playing with the members in Wolf’s Den.”

“Don’t come back first. There’s a new

game starting. I need you to investigate someone.”

“Who?” Torbert asked.

“I don’t know. I just know that this person has a grudge against the Quintus family, or is someone from the Quintus family.”

“Are there any leads?”

Tyr sent the message that the anonymous sender sent him to Torber and said, “The lead is this. This may be a bit hard for you, but I believe in you. With your skills, you definitely can find out who it is.

“There is no time limit, but this is important. Find him as soon as possible.”

“Alright!”

As night fell, the moon shone brightly in

the night sky.

In a small village in South Province, the moonlight shone upon a three-floored house.

This was the Yorke family's home. This was where Carson grew up. When Heather was sick, they stayed here for quite a while.

At that time, the house was always filled with a somber mood.

However, it was different now. The house was warm and cozy.

In the evening, Carson visited his father's grave. After coming back, the villagers had gifted him a lot of fruits and vegetables.

Carson was poor when he was young; his father passed away early.

After Carson grew older, we went to the

city to work. He then met Heather. Both of them got married and went back to the village to live for a few years.

By the time Carson and Heather got married, Carson had already started his business in the city. However, because they needed to hide from Heather's family, they decided to go back to the village.

After they came to the village, they had lived with minimal supplies and had gotten help from the people in the village.

After that, Heather's family problem was resolved. Carson brought Heather back to the city and conquered Southriver.

After being rich, he did not forget his father and others back in the village. He would always donate money to the people

in the village. Carson was the village's pride; everyone loved him.

Heather used the vegetables that the villagers brought and made simple vegetarian dishes. The three sat on the balcony and ate dinner while admiring the moon in the night sky.

Other than Carson and his family, there was Jay and Yoshua with them.

Outside the yard, there were over ten strong fighters.

Chapter 407 Enemy attack

Half of the bodyguards were brought by Jay. Each and every one of them was a top fighter in Prime City. While the other half was Yoshua Murray's men, the strong fighters that Carson invested in.

Each of them was like a professional guard. They stood outside, observing the area. Not even a fly could enter.

“Let them come in and have a meal. This is a village; there should be no danger. They do not need to stand guard outside.”

Heather could not help but feel bad as she told Carson that.

Usually, Carson would have nodded and agreed. However, tonight, he must reject

that idea.

“Let them stand outside and guard us. This is their job.”

“Alright, then.”

Heather stood up and brought some snacks for the guards.

“Thank you, Madam,” the bodyguards said, feeling touched.

“Eat some,” Heather said as she passed them the snacks. She also gave them some tips. “Happy Tribal Festival.”

The bodyguards were super touched as they were born to fight. They did not have anyone treating them nice.

Heather's action made them feel warm inside; it made them feel homely.

“No worries, I will reheat the dishes later.”

Come in and eat later.”

“Alright, Madam.”

Heather walked back and continued enjoying their dinner.

Shortly after, it was already nine at night. At this time, the moon shone even brighter than before. It was beautiful.

The bodyguards were still standing guard outside, not letting their guard down.

“Who are you guys?”

At this moment, one of the bodyguards shouted suddenly. The atmosphere became serious in an instant.

More than ten people had appeared in the night near the muddy road in the distance.

The person leading was a fat middle-aged

man. There was a tattoo of a pig on his left cheek; countless strong fighters accompanied him.

“Haha, I did not expect the Southriver King to come to such a remote village to celebrate the Tribal Festival.

“This really gave me a headache,” Pigsy complained as he walked toward the Yorke family’s house. The people following behind him brought out their weapons and were pumped with bloodlust.

“Enemies.”

The bodyguards were alerted and immediately rushed toward the attackers.

“Hehe!”

Pigsy looked ready to fight. As one of the Yorke family’s bodyguards rushed

forward, Pigsy had already punched the bodyguard.

Bam!

The punch felt like an adult wild boar ramming the Yorke family's bodyguard. The bodyguard flew about seven to eight meters away from Pigsy's punch.

As the bodyguard hit the ground, he felt his bones crack, and he could not fight anymore.

“Go, spare no one.”

Pigsy's expression became even fiercer. He clapped his hands and ordered the men he brought to attack. The men immediately rushed forward like hungry tigers. It immediately became a battlefield.

“Trash, all of you are trash.

“How dare trash like you try and stop me, haha!”

Pigsy walked forward, not affected by the attacks. It was as if he was invincible.

The bodyguards in the Carson family were all strong. Each of them could take on twenty people on their own. However, in front of Pigsy, they were nothing but ants. They were helpless against him.

Pigsy grabbed one of the Yorke family’s bodyguards with one hand and flung him away easily.

Pigsy could not feel anything from their attacks. However, Pigsy could punch them back hard.

“Trash!”

Pigsy grabbed one of the Yorke family’s

bodyguard with one hand while he punched the bodyguard back with his other hand.

Crack! Pigsty's punch shattered the bodyguard's bones. Pigsty then kicked the bodyguard, causing him to fly a few meters away.

At this moment, Carson and the rest heard the commotion outside.

Everyone's expressions went solemn, but none of them were panicking. Even Connie Yorke was calm.

"It's from the Quintus family. Little Tyr had called me this afternoon to warn me. I rejected the Quintus family, so they are sending people to kill us." Carson explained.

"Can you fight them?" Heather asked.

“I can, but from the looks of it, the situation right now isn’t good,” Carson said as he looked at Heather and Connie and said, “Little Tyr will come with some people to help. They should arrive anytime soon. You guys should go up and hide first. You guys shouldn’t see the blood spill.”

Heather and Connie nodded. As they got up from their seats, they could hear loud laughter.

Two bodyguards flew into the yard and fell to the ground hard. A fat figure walked in. “Carson Yorke, today I will kill you and your entire family.”

Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray immediately stood up and stood in front of Carson and his family, defending them.

“Scram!” Yoshua roared at Pigsy. As the

leader of the Yorke family's protectorate group, he had an incredible aura.

"Wow, there's another strong fighter here. Just perfect for me to warm up.

"As one of the Quintus family's twelve zodiacs fighters, it's been long since I've gotten a good fight."

Pigsy readied his fist and rushed toward Yoshua as soon as he finished speaking.

Yoshua roared. He gripped his fist and readied himself.

Both of them threw their punches at the same moment; their fists met.

Bam!

Chapter 408 How is this possible

A loud sound of fists meeting was heard. Yoshua Murray took three steps back, while Pigsy only took one step back.

Yoshua was shocked by Pigsy's strength. While in Pigsy's eyes, he was excited to fight someone strong finally.

“You managed to make me take a step back. No wonder Carson was so confident. He actually has such a strong fighter with him. You have managed to grab my attention.”

When Pigsy finished speaking, he launched an attack at Yoshua once more.

Jay who was standing beside, took out his dagger. He rushed toward Pigsy and

Yoshua. His dagger was already pointed at Pigsy.

Pigsy ignored Jay from the start, so he did not expect Jay to be this brave.

As the dagger almost touched Pigsy, he dodge quickly. Due to his fat body, he could not avoid the dagger in time, and it scratched his body. It made a thin cut on Pigsy's body that started to bleed.

“Fat Pig, I will not allow you to act wildly here.”

When Pigsy saw the cut in his hand with blood flowing out, he frowned.

“Two strong fighters? Then, both of you should just die.”

At this moment, Pigsy was obviously angered. He then took on the both of them

without breaking a sweat.

The sound of fighting echoed throughout the yard. Even though Pigsy was fat, he was still fast, and he had a good reaction time.

Yoshua and Jay were defeated by Pigsy very easily.

Pigsy punched Jay in the chest, Jay was flung into the ground as his dagger dropped beside him shortly after.

At the same time, Yoshua had gathered all his strength and threw six to seven punches at Pigsy. However, each of his punches were too soft. Pigsy's fats were cushioning the power of Yoshua's punches.

“Your punches are too soft, it's impossible to break my defense. Now, it's my turn.”

Pigsy threw a punch at Yoshua's forehead

after he finished his sentence.

Bam...

The punch felt like an earthquake, tearing Yoshua's head apart. Yoshua's mind went blank.

His body flew into the distance and dropped to the ground.

Blood flowed from his nose, he tried to crawl back up but his body wouldn't listen to him. He was panting on the ground, his head dizzy. He could not get back up anymore.

“Vulnerable.”

Piggy looked at Jay and Yoshua; he then swung his fists. His face was filled with ferocity once more.

At this moment, Carson and his family

were still sitting at the stone table. Their faces were still calm; they were not terrified at all.

“Let me introduce myself. I am Pigsy, one of the Quintus family’s twelve zodiacs fighters.

“Today, I am here to carry out my master’s orders—kill you and your family. I am sure that you guys have nothing else to say, right?”

Carson laughed coldly and said, “You think you can kill me?”

“Hahaha!” Pigsy laughed loudly. “Why can’t I? The two bodyguards beside you have been defeated by me, while the other bodyguards standing outside are already half dead.

“Unless you and your family have grown

wings, you have no way of escaping,” Pigsy said as he walked toward Carson and his family.

“It is awful not to have meat for the Tribal Festival’s celebration dinner,” Pigsy said as he ate all the food on the table. First, he sniffed them. Then, he gobbled them down.

He did not even chew and directly swallowed the food.

He ate everything on the table, one after another, in the same way, swallowing everything.

This guy was really like a pig. Within ten seconds, he had already finished half the food on the table.

“Stop, you fat pig. If you finish the food, then what would my Brother Tyr eat when

he arrives later?”

Connie could not help but slap Pigsy's hand.

Pigsy looked at Connie and asked, “Who?”

Connie was terrified at the way Pigsy looked at her and answered, “You do not need to care about who I was talking about, you just need to know the food was not prepared for you.”

“You guys are gonna die soon, of course, I'll eat the food here. Otherwise, it would go to waste. Am I right, little girl?”

After Pigsy said so, he slammed his hands on the stone table. The table was split into half by his strength.

Connie was shocked by the sound, while Carson and Heather started to panic.

Tyr should have arrived by now, but he was still nowhere to be seen. Carson felt that they were now in danger.

“Alright, I should not waste any more time.”

Pigsy stretched and burped. “Thank you for the food. To repay you guys, I will make sure to give you guys a painless death.”

Pigsy then looked at Heather and Connie and said, “Carson Yorke, why did you go against the Quintus family?”

“I will first kill your wife and daughter so that you feel the pain of losing your loved ones. Anyone who offends the Quintus family will never have a good outcome.”

Pigsy said as he grabbed Connie, “I’ll start from you then, little girl.”

“Brother Tyr!” Connie panicked and shouted as she stepped back.

“Even if you call the king it would be useless.”

Pigsy’s expression was ferocious.

Suddenly, there was a loud scream outside the door. A few bodies were flung into the yard, landing on the ground hard.

“What is happening?”

Pigsy quickly turned his head over to see his men were on the floor, full of blood and screaming in pain.

“I’m sorry, Godmother. I am a bit late.”

Tyr’s voice was heard followed by Matthew Collins, Stephen Cole, and other strong fighters walking into the yard.

Pigsy turned around. He saw Tyr and a few

others walking in. He frowned.

At this moment, he could feel the strong aura rushing toward him. Pigsy could feel the threat from not only Tyr, but each and every person behind Tyr.

“Brother Tyr, you finally came! Help me beat his fat*ss to death,” Connie shouted in excitement. Pigsy heard the name clearly this time.

Tyr Summers!

So, he was Tyr Summers. Why was he here?
How was this possible?

Chapter 409 Matthew Collins vs Pigsty

Why would Tyr Summers show up here when he was just at Khanh City. Unless, of course, he caught wind of the Quintus family's plan and rushed over.

“Die.”

Pigsty went after Connie Yorke just as Tyr swiftly advanced toward them.

He moved extremely fast and in just the blink of an eye, Tyr was right next to Pigsty.

“You should have asked me for permission before going after the lady.”

Bam!

Tyr's punch came quickly and landed

heavily on Pigsty, who was surprised by Tyr's immense strength.

One punch was all it took to send the chunky Pigsty flying a good distance away.

A sharp pain radiated from his chest as his bulky body fell to the ground. Shakily, he got onto his feet and looked at Tyr in astonishment.

"You... impossible!"

Tyr snickered. "This is the punch that finished Capra. Seems like you are stronger than him."

"So, you are responsible for Capra's death." Pigsty was appalled. "Why are you here?"

With a smile on his face, Tyr took out his cell phone and opened the anonymous

message. “Someone tipped me off, though I have no idea who that person is. I assume it is either the Quintus family’s enemies or someone inside the family.

“With that, Uncle Yorke and I came up with a little plan to trap you.

“If I am not wrong, you are Pigsy, right? How dare you come after King Yorke himself? Do you have a death wish?” Tyr spoke loudly as if he wanted someone else to hear him.

Pigsy did not expect the turn of events.

Initially, he thought killing Carson was an easy job with his band of fighters because they received news that Carson’s strongest warrior, Zeppelin Wade, was away.

He would not have thought that a seemingly easy mission to be his final one.

Tyr's attack was enough for Pigsy to realize that things would not end well for him.

"Tyr Summers, Carson Yorke, the Quintus family is not someone you want to provoke. Why don't we both call it a night. You will let me go, and I will talk to them and get them to resolve the feud."

Both Tyr and Carson laughed, listening to Pigsy's suggestion.

"Nah." Waving his hand, Tyr said, "I ended Capra's life, and I am going to do the same here, you little pig."

"Tyr Summers, watch your mouth! The Quintus family is not to be messed with..."

Bam!

Before he could finish his sentence,

Matthew Collins interrupted with his fist.

“Quit babbling!”

Scurrying to duck, Pigsty was hit in the shoulder by Matthew’s punch and instantly felt a crushing pain.

Matthew’s punches could not be compared to the ordinary person’s. Pigsty, with his plump and fleshy body, could easily cushion hits from other people but not Matthew’s.

“He is all yours, Matthew Collins! You are not allowed to return to Wolf’s Den until he is dead.”

Tyr gave Matthew the orders and sat down at a granite table nearby, on it were some festive foods. Munching on one, he remarked, “Ah, assorted nuts, my favorite.”

He turned his attention toward Stephen Cole and the rest, who were at the sidelines, and said, “Go clean up the mess outside and come have some festive foods once you are done.”

As he took a big bite out of the festive cake, he added, “The moon is beautiful tonight.”

“It really is.” Carson picked up a piece of festive cake. “Happy Tribal Festival!”

Over there, Matthew and Pigsy’s fight was entering its final stages.

Both were bulky characters who did not fight with any fancy tricks or special tactics. Without moving around, they dished out hits and punches at each other.

Toward the end, it became a clockwork-like performance, with Matthew hitting

Pigsty before returning the favor, as they kept exchanging punches.

Getting hit by each other at least a few dozen times, it was interesting to note that their bodies were well-equipped to protect themselves from harm.

Pigsty had his layer of fatty flesh to thank while Matthew's protection was his muscular body.

In reality, fats were no match for muscles.

As the fight neared its end, each of Matthew's punches was enough to cause excruciating pain. On the contrary, Pigsty's hits were getting weaker.

“The game is over.”

Matthew roared and struck Pigsty's chest with a heavy blow.

A loud, muffled sound was heard as Pigsty took a few steps back, struggling to steady his body. He wanted to stay on his feet but ultimately succumbed to the massive impact and crashed to the ground.

With this, he lay there for good.

He had sustained massive organ damage and died with blood streaming out all of his orifices.

Stephen and the gang were done with the clean-up at the same time, although a little incident happened.

“Brother Tyr, someone from the Quintus family played dead and escaped as we came in. Should we go after him?” he asked.

“Heh heh.” Tyr chuckled. “I was afraid he

was not going to flee. This is great news, why are you so concerned?

“Even if none escaped tonight, we will still find a way to put someone out there.”

Stephen did not understand what Tyr was scheming.

The members of Wolf’s Den were very focused on increasing their fighting power. Believing the fist to be the ultimate answer, they neglected their intellect and judgement.

Thus, it was reasonable for them not to grasp Tyr’s intention.

Both Tyr and Carson smiled. Only they knew what was up.

Tyr waved at Matthew Collins and the rest and said, “Go clean up. Do not forget to

load that pig into the car, you will send him to the crematorium later. Once it is done, come and have some festive foods.”

Standing on the side, Heather Quelch added, “I will prepare some dishes. We have some liquor at home, let us celebrate the Tribal Festival together!”

S

Chapter 410 Tigre

Heather Quelch then went into the kitchen as Connie Yorke obediently took up the responsibility to treat Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray's injuries. The battle had brought about a significant amount of casualties among the Yorke family's fighters.

For that, Carson Yorke contacted people from Prime City to take care of matters.

For a person like Carson, who had always lived his life on the edge, these situations did not bother him at all. The same went for Heather and Connie.

Having a meal among corpses was just as uneventful as it could get.

In a short while, Heather had prepared

several delightful dishes. She also opened a huge bottle of high-quality wine to go with the food as the folks started feasting.

“Little Tyr, here’s a toast to you helping the Yorke family, cheers!”

Carson raised his glass of wine and thanked Tyr from the bottom of his heart.

Smiling faintly, Tyr replied, “You are too kind, Mr. Yorke. After all, I was the cause of this incident. If it were not for me, the Yorke family would not have gotten involved with the Quintus family.”

“No. Without you, they would have still come after us.”

Chugging a half glass of wine, Carson continued, “As the predominant faction of Astral Province, the Quintus family has immense wealth and power to be one of

the greatest families in the South.

“That being said, their realm of influence is limited to Astral Province, which means that many of their business activities cannot expand into other places. Thus, no matter how powerful and wealthy they are, they can never top the ranks.

“Starting a few years ago, they were seeking to expand their influence into other regions in the south. If you look around, Riverdale Province is considered the most chaotic and volatile province. The endless feud between Northriver and Southriver thwarted any attempts for a single ruler overseeing Riverdale Province.

“Therefore, the Quintus family has been building up their presence here in Riverdale Province. If I am not mistaken, out of the various prefecture-level cities

we have here, at least half is now under their control.”

Tyr raised his eyebrows. “So, the incident between Star Entertainment’s Maeve Lee and me just so happened to be the trigger?”

“Right.” Carson nodded. “Even if it did not happen, our battle with the Quintus family was only a matter of time.”

Tyr gulped down the last of his wine and asked, “What do you have planned, Mr. Yorke?”

“I say bring it on! No matter how strong the Quintus family is, the Yorke family is not to be messed with. If they dare come, I will make sure it does not end well for them.” Carson smiled.

He added, “Little Tyr, remember the

Riverdale King? A few more steps, and the throne is ours.”

Tyr smiled and gave him a meaningful look. “As long as I am not the king.”

“You...”

Carson grinned and pointed at Tyr as they touched glasses. “Cheers to a beautiful Mid-Autumn night!”

The next morning, as the sun’s rays touched the earth, the sound of Yulian Quintus growling in exasperation could be heard from his villa in Stellar City.

“Carson Yorke and Tyr Summers, you arrogant fools!”

He was utterly enraged after finding out that Pigsy and the rest of his best fighters had lost their lives in Riverdale Province.

In the living room was the fighter who had managed to escape Prime City. He had spent the entire night waiting outside the gates of Yulian's villa.

Yulian was fast asleep when he arrived. Thus, even though he had extremely urgent news, he dared not disturb Yulian's slumber.

Yulian had a rule that he was never to be woken up from his sleep.

Previously, a loyal and trusted subordinate was shot dead on the spot just because he had woken Yulian from his sleep for an urgent matter.

The heir of the Quintus family was not only a germaphobe but also had many odd habits.

Therefore, the fighter could only wait out

the night. Only when Yulian woke up did he notify him of the tragedy that occurred the night before.

“You better tell me everything in detail, or else...”

Yulian smashed the coffee mug he was holding onto the fighter’s head. The man dared not flinch and was hit squarely on his forehead. Blood streamed down his face.

Trembling in fear, he recounted, “Master, we were exposed. It should have been an easy night out, killing Carson Yorke and his family. Instead, Tyr Summers and his people arrived in the nick of time. They were powerful, and we were completely overpowered.

“Master Pigsy was killed by one of his

henchmen. I hid behind a door and heard Tyr Summers telling Master Pigsy how he was informed of our whereabouts by an anonymous text message a day ago.

“We were trapped right from the beginning. I fought my way out here to warn you, Master, that someone has been targeting the Quintus family. Perhaps it is one of our enemies.”

Yulian’s expression darkened after hearing the news. “There is no one here in Astral Province who can fight the Quintus family. How could that happen?”

“Are you lying to me?”

The man immediately dropped to his knees. “Master! I will never do that!”

“We severely underestimated Tyr Summers right from the beginning. Not

only the beggar, but he also had plenty of strong henchmen at his disposal. Tyr Summers admitted himself that he killed Master Capra!”

“What?!” Yulian’s heart shuddered. “Are you sure?”

“Affirmative!” The man continued, “Tyr Summers is absolutely not an easy target. We were so wrong about him.”

After a few seconds of silence, Yulian Quintus, rubbing his temples, motioned to the henchman. “Go.”

The man felt a huge relief and left as fast as he could.

Leaving the hall of Yulian’s villa, he thought he missed the Grim Reaper’s scythe by a whisker’s length.

Fortunately, the worst had passed.

“Master Tigre.”

Right at that moment, a figure suddenly appeared and blocked his way.

It was a man with a muscular body who exuded an aura of ruggedness. A tiger motif was tattooed on his face.

This man was Tigre, one of the Quintus family’s twelve zodiac fighters, a person much stronger than Pigsy and Capra.

“After screwing up, how are you still alive?”

Chapter 411 Pegasus, Black Dragon

Tigre's words petrified the henchman; he felt the life drained out of his body as Tigre's murderous aura overwhelmed him.

Instinctively, he turned and ran. However, he was only two strides away before Tigre caught up with him.

Bam!

Tigre extended his hand and brought it down on the henchman's head.

The sound of bones shattering was heard as the man slumped to the floor; his eyes were ruptured and blood streamed out of his orifices.

“Hmph!”

Tigre withdrew his hand as he looked on coldly. His expression stayed the same as he snorted and entered the hall of the villa.

Yulian Quintus was, at the moment, sitting down on the couch rubbing his temples.

He was surprised to see Tigre's arrival.

“Young Master, Master wants to see you,” announced Tigre.

“Oh?”

A flash of nervousness surfaced on Yulian's face as he stood up.

In the Quintus family, Yulian was only afraid of his father, Jakoda Quintus.

“Brother Tigre, when I turned eighteen years old, my father assigned you, Pigsy, and Capra to me as my trusted servants.

Now you are the only one alive, do you think he will be pissed?

“He would have known by now the calamity that befell us last night. Now he wants to see me. I wonder how much of his wrath I am going to receive this time.”

A brief silence later, Tigre replied, “Young Master, there is nothing we can do about the past, and avoidance is not the answer. Plus, it was not your fault. Let’s go.”

Yulian nodded. Accompanied by Tigre, he got into his car and drove toward Quintus Manor.

At that moment, Jakoda was lounging on his couch, drinking ginger tea, in the living room of his villa.

Behind him stood two men. One had a horse motif tattooed on his face and was

dressed in a white shirt, while the other wore a black shirt and had a dragon motif tattooed on his face.

They were Pegasus and Black Dragon, of the Quintus family's zodiac fighters, and the strongest among them all.

Simultaneously, they were also Jakoda's bodyguards, responsible for his safety twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Yulian and Tigre entered the living room.

The tense atmosphere seemed to paralyze Yulian's already distraught mind.

"Father."

He approached Jakoda and instantly dropped onto his knees. "I have made a mistake. Please punish me, Father."

Setting his mug of ginger tea down, Jakoda started rubbing his temples, a habit that Yulian also had.

Plagued by migraine attacks, he had seen countless doctors and medical professionals but found no cure to this day. The torment was real as the pain would worsen whenever it was hot outside or when he was agitated.

Yulian was unfortunate enough to suffer the same condition as his father and would get headaches every so often.

Unexpectedly, Jakoda did not display any signs of anger. Instead, he was very calm.

“Yulian, remember I told you two years ago that, even though you are the heir to the position of the head of the Quintus family, it came about because I pushed the

notion through, disregarding oppositions.

“Many people in the Quintus family objected to your appointment. They thought you do not possess the necessary capabilities to lead the family. That was why I told you to accomplish something big and silence them with your success.

“Two years has passed. Tell me, have you achieved the goal of taking over Riverdale Province you so promised me?”

Yulian’s heart skipped a beat as he hurriedly explained, “Father, I have been working hard for the past two years. Plenty of prominent families in the various prefecture-level cities over at Riverdale Province are now my people. Soon, I will assemble everyone and march into Riverdale.”

“How soon?” Jakoda asked.

“According to my plans, Father, it should take no more than six months till I am established as the King of Riverdale, under our own terms of course. I did not expect Tyr Summers to interfere in our affairs. He is a dangerous character.”

Massaging his forehead, Jakoda asked, “Was he the one who killed both Capra and Pigsy?”

“Yes.” Yulian nodded. “I do not know where Tyr Summers came from. He brought a group of powerful fighters with him and turned up when we were going after Carson Yorke.

“Last night, I sent Pigsy out to kill Carson Yorke. It should have been an easy mission since Carson was back at his hometown celebrating Mid-Autumn. Someone had

informed Tyr Summers of our plan, and so, they had wiped out our people.”

“Who did that?” Jakoda frowned.

Yulian shook his head and sighed. “I have no idea, Father. Perhaps it was one of the Quintus family’s enemies who wanted to see our demise.”

“Heh heh,” Jakoda snickered. “Now, let us take a look at Astral Province. I see no one else except us, the Quintus family at the top. No one and I mean none at all, can fight us.

“As for the other prominent families in the south, they are so caught up in their feuds; they could not have come after us.”

Listening to his father, Yulian shivered as he suddenly realized. “Father, are you saying that it was not someone from the

outside?”

Jakoda sneered and said, “Watch out for the people around you. Loyalty is not absolute.”

Yulian shut his eyes and took a deep breath.

“I understand, Father.”

Sitting down on the couch, Jakoda took a sip of his ginger tea and said, “Remember, the Quintus family is massive and contains many factions. Your relatives are all expecting you to fail.

“The Quintus family will hold its triennial Ancestral Ceremony soon. If you do not achieve anything by then, and instead cause further losses, the other factions of the family will take advantage of the situation and cause havoc. If this happens,

I cannot promise you your status as the heir even though I am the head of the family. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Father. I am preparing now to take over Riverdale Province at lightning speed!” Yulian replied.

Jakoda nodded. He felt the pain worsening in his head and repeatedly slapped his palm over his temples.

“Pegasus, from now on, both you and Tigre will follow Yulian around and do whatever he says.”

Chapter 412 Unwitting Confession

Pegasus nodded. “Yes, Master.”

Yulian’s eyes sparkled with joy. Losing both Capra and Pigsy seemed like a blessing in disguise now as he was given Pegasus.

Among the Quintus family’s twelve zodiac fighters, Pegasus was one of the best, second only to Black Dragon. With his presence, Yulian had no concerns for Tyr Summers and his bunch of ragtag fighters.

“Thank you so much, Father.” Yulian swiftly thanked his father.

“You may go now. Remember what I said; do something great before the Ancestral

Ceremony.”

“Yes, father. I will wipe out Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke and take over Riverdale Province, all before our Ancestral Ceremony!”

He stood up and headed for the exit. Upon reaching the gates, he saw Joe Quintus approaching with a small bag in his hand.

“Why are you here?”

Yulian was irritated seeing Joe’s feeble demeanor.

Not expecting to see Yulian, Joe was spooked and hurriedly replied, “Father’s migraine attacks are getting worse, so I went and got some medicine from the old doctor to soothe his symptoms. I was just about to give it to him.”

“Well, you are a good son, after all.” Yulian

squinted and silently snickered. As a bastard son, Joe had been doing some behind-the-scenes grunt work to get on his father's good side.

However, the status of a bastard son was perpetual, and no matter how much he did for his father, he would never achieve anything in life.

“Give it to me.”

Yulian waved at Joe, motioning him to hand him the packet of medicine.

Joe hesitated like it was a precious treasure.

“I said, give it to me! Are you deaf?”

“Yes.” Joe reluctantly handed it over to Yulian.

Yulian opened the packet and saw a mix of expensive and rare medicinal herbs. He

was a sufferer of migraine attacks. Having consumed many different medicines and drugs, he was familiar with some of the ingredients he saw.

This was indeed a packet of medicinal herbs to treat migraines.

“My people have searched high and low for some of these herbs but to no avail.

You, on the other hand, have managed to gather all the herbs. Amazing.” Yulian grinned faintly. “Well, I will be taking this. You should go and prepare another one for Father.”

Joe panicked. “But Big Brother, it is not easy at all to see the old doctor. It comes down to fate. I...”

“So you are unwilling to give this to me?”

Yulian smacked Joe across his face. “When

did you become so disrespectful, huh?”

“No, I would not dare to.” Joe clasped his hand on his cheek and lowered his head.

“Hmph! I am warning you, do not have any funny ideas. Know your place, you bastard son! Imbecile!”

Clutching the packet of medicine, Yulian left, smiling.

Just as quickly, he stopped in his tracks and turned back.

“Joe Quintus.”

“What is it, Big Brother?” Joe’s face was flushed with fear when he looked at Yulian.

“Did you perhaps tell Tyr Summers about our plans and expose Pigsy’s whereabouts?”

Joe looked at Yulian with terror and

confusion in his eyes. Perhaps startled by the question, he was speechless for a moment.

Observing Joe's reactions, Yulian was sure that he had no idea what happened to Pigsy.

"I beg your pardon, Big Brother."

"Hahaha!" Yulian laughed and gave Joe a hearty smack on the back. "I was just joking, do not worry. Thanks for the medicine, by the way."

He turned back and headed out.

Looking at Yulian's retreating figure, Joe's initial meekness vanished and gave way to a vicious and murderous glare.

Without the medicine, there was no reason to see Jakoda. With that, Joe left Quintus

Manor as well.

Past the gates, he came to his hundred-thousand-dollar Honda.

Both were sons of Jakoda Quintus, but Joe and Yulian led very different lives.

Yulian's ride was worth at least a few million dollars. Plus, he had his chauffeur to drive him around. As for Joe, he only had a Honda, and it was purchased using his hard-earned money.

Getting into the driver seat, Joe was just about to start the car when he sensed that something was off.

Turning his head abruptly, he looked to the rear seats in surprise. "Who are you?"

A beggar sat smiling in the rear seats of the Honda. He was Tobert Octavius.

“Master Joe Quintus, let us talk.”

On his way home, Yulian racked his brain, trying to figure out who exposed Pigsy’s whereabouts.

Initially, he thought it was an enemy from the outside, but he immediately understood that it was an insider after listening to his father.

The Quintus family did not have any rivals; it must have been someone from the inside.

After some thought, he took out his phone and dialed Albert Cantrell’s phone number.

When he arrived at his villa, Albert was already waiting for him. Pacing nervously in the hall, Albert was obviously distraught.

Yulian, accompanied by Pegasus and Tigre,

entered right at the moment.

“Young Master, you are back.”

Immediately, Albert approached Yulian with a damp towel in his hand. Yulian was to wipe his hands on it, as usual. It was his habit when he returned home.

Yet, Yulian did not take the towel. Instead, he walked to the coffee table and wiped his hands with wet wipes.

“Albert, how long have you worked for me?”

Albert was startled and hurriedly replied, “Ever since you were young, Young Master. This should be the nineteenth year.”

“Yes, nineteen years.” Yulian nodded slightly. “Plenty of time to build and deepen ties, right?”

Albert felt unsettled hearing his master's remark, "I, Albert Cantrell, am loyal to you, Young Master. Has been and always will be!"

Yulian smiled. "I did not say you are disloyal. Albert, did you just give yourself away?"

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Chapter 413 The Death of Albert Cantrell

Albert Cantrell was petrified and dropped onto his knees. “Young Master, I, Albert Cantrell, swear to god that I have never done anything wrong to you and the Quintus family!”

Yulian Quintus continued wiping his hands and said, “You have two sons and a daughter. Your daughter owns a business abroad; I heard she lost a lot of money last year?”

“Your older son is studying in Canada right now. He needs a lot of money for that, right?”

“Your younger son, however, is a gambling addict. I am afraid he gambled the family’s

fortune away in the past two years.”

Yulian sighed before continuing, “Albert, why do you have these useless wimps as your children? I am curious, though. Their shenanigans would have cost you at least a few million dollars a year. I wonder where you get the money from?”

Albert was startled. He did not expect Yulian to know so much about his family matters. Frankly speaking, he had siphoned a lot of money from his role as Yulian’s butler.

Given the enormity of the Quintus family’s wealth, they were not concerned. In the past, Yulian had intentionally overlooked Albert’s business dealings.

Now, however, the young master was getting serious.

“Albert, I just thought of something wild. Do you want to hear it?”

The butler shivered and said stammeringly, “Su... sure, Young Ma... Master.”

Tossing the used wet wipes into the trash can, Yulian continued, “Remember I sent you to deal with Carson Yorke, but he chased you out? Right after that, Pigsy was sent to kill him. You were aware of everything that happened, right?”

“Yes, Young Master.”

“What if Carson Yorke bought you over with a lot of money, wanting you to turn your back against the Quintus family? Would you do it?”

As soon as the words were spoken, Albert

trembled in fear. “Young Master, you have wronged me. I would never do it even if I had the lion’s courage!”

As he spoke, Albert kept kowtowing as his forehead bled profusely from the impact.

Yulian broke into a laugh and helped Albert up from the ground.

“Albert! I was just pulling your leg, do not worry!”

The butler raised his head and looked at Yulian in terror. “Young Master, you know how loyal I am to the Quintus family. I swear I didn't do it!”

“Of course, I believe in you.”

Yulian grabbed the damp towel from Albert’s hand and wiped the blood off his forehead. He said, “Go clean up your

wounds. We do not want an infection, do we?”

“Thank you, Young Master.”

Albert left the hall with immense dread hanging in his heart. After he left, Yulian’s expression darkened.

“Brothers, what do you say about this?”

Both Pegasus and Tigre shook their heads. It was obvious that they did not want to concern themselves with this matter.

Speaking to himself, Yulian noted, “I am very familiar with Albert’s personality and character. He is definitely a loyal person.

“I believe he did not snitch on us. Yet, I cannot allow the uncertainty to wreck my peace.

“Brother Tigre, you know what to do.”

Tigre nodded. "Yes."

That night, inside the master bedroom of the Cantrell Villa, Albert lay in his bed, trying very hard to fall asleep.

Even though he was cleared by Yulian for any wrongdoings, for some reason, he could not sleep, as he kept tossing and turning in the bed.

The feeling of restlessness almost drove him insane.

"What are you doing?" His wife complained.

Albert replied, "I feel uneasy. I do not know who snitched and informed Tyr Summers about Pigsy."

"Who cares as long as you are not the one. Moreover, Yulian Quintus believed you.

What is there to worry about? It is getting late. You really should get some sleep,” said his wife.

“Yet, the feeling of uneasiness lingers.”

“Who are you?!” His wife suddenly screamed in terror, as the couple jumped out of bed instantly.

In front of them stood Tigre.

Expressionless, Tigre slowly approached Albert and his wife, like a tiger stalking his prey.

Tigre’s face looked especially horrifying under the moonlight.

“Tigre, why are you here?”

“Young Master wanted me to send you off.”

He walked toward him.

Both Albert and his wife panicked. “Calm down, Tigre, I didn't do it!”

“It does not concern me; I am here just to carry out orders.”

His hands slammed onto their heads as he finished his sentence.

Crack!

It was the sound of bones being crushed.

After the Mid-Autumn Festival was the day when school started.

Tyr Summers got up early in the morning and made breakfast for Blair Zea. At the same time, Winifred skipped work for the day to send Blair to her kindergarten together with Tyr.

After breakfast, Blair put on her new

backpack and happily went to the kindergarten, accompanied by her parents.

From registration up to entering the class, Blair did not stop smiling. She also had no issues interacting with her fellow classmates.

Before they left, Tyr and Winifred kissed Blair and promised to pick her up after school.

However, Blair shook her head. “No, Mommy and Daddy, it's fine for Grandma to pick me up after school instead.”

“Why?”

Tyr and Winifred were surprised to hear that. Previously, she was adamant that her parents came to school with her.

Blair replied, “I know you are both very

busy. I am starting Grade One next year and will be a big kid soon. I do not want to give you both any more trouble.

“Also, I like school very much and do not feel lonely here anymore. It does not matter since we see each other at night, anyway.”

Tyr and Winifred looked at each other; it seemed like their little girl had grown up all of a sudden.

"We will come and pick you up today, Blair. Grandma can take you home starting tomorrow. What a good girl!"

Chapter 414 Second Tattle

Blair Zea answered, “Alright, Mummy, Daddy. I’m going back to class to play with my friends. Hurry on back, and don’t worry about Blair.”

Seeing how lively Blair was, Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea suddenly felt an indescribable feeling in their hearts. On the way home, Winifred seemed emotionally disturbed.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Tyr asked.

“It’s nothing. I’m just lamenting,” Winifred answered with a smile. “Blair used to be repulsed by kindergarten. Especially when school opens, she would cry because she hated going to kindergarten.”

“Is it because the kids at school would regularly bully her?” Tyr asked.

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded. “Back then, the children at school would call her a wild child without a father. Once, Blair ended up arguing with a classmate because of this, and the classmate pushed Blair to the ground. The kindergarten teacher called the other child’s parents and me over to the school. I had to apologize to the other party instead, and after going home, I gave Blair a beating.

“I know it wasn’t Blair’s fault, but her mistake began at arguing with her classmate.”

At this, Winifred’s eyes began to turn red as tears seemed to sparkle in them.

Meanwhile, Tyr felt as if a needle stabbed

him in his chest. Before his return, the mother-daughter pair had suffered too much scorn and ridicule. He couldn't imagine how they had managed to live through the years when he wasn't here.

"It's all in the past, sweetie," Tyr comforted.

"Yeah. That's all in the past." The gloomy look on Winifred's face disappeared, and a smile bloomed upon her face. "It's just that whenever I recall it, it still feels bitter."

Tyr embraced Winifred in his arms. "Something like this won't ever happen in the future. No matter how big the troubles are, I'll always be here to protect you both."

"Yeah."

At this moment, Winifred felt safe and blissful.

“Right, now that Autumn Field’s branch in Prime City has stabilized, it’s time to consider letting Autumn Field enter the southern region’s market,” said Tyr.

Winifred stared incredulously at him. “Dear, isn’t this a little too soon?”

“It’s not.” Tyr shook his head. “Compared to our grand plans of having Autumn Field enter the international markets, this speed is considered slow. Only by making a name for itself in the southern market can Autumn Field be truly considered a huge apparel brand in the country.

“Okay.” Winifred nodded. “Now that you’ve mentioned it, it’s true that Autumn Field is a little too small, but we can’t be

too rushed with this.”

“I’m not saying we should enter the southern market now. Don’t worry. I already have plans and arrangements. I’m just informing you in advance. During this time, you guys have to be prepared,” Tyr explained.

Winifred answered, “No problem. We’re also researching and designing several new creations. This summer season will be over soon, and the autumn apparels will soon be launched. I was thinking of using this opportunity to focus on a few autumn designs, and I’ve also discussed it with Snow. Once our products are ready, they will immediately shoot the videos and photos for the launch.”

“That’ll work.” Tyr nodded. “Once the shoots are done, Star Entertainment can

reopen. I plan to have Star Entertainment be renamed to Autumn Field Entertainment and officially place it under Autumn Field's subsidiary corporation. Autumn Field is to enter the international markets, so it will require other industries to strengthen its foundation and support it. This way, we can have a strong contending power.”

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded.

“Also, inform Snow that I plan to invest in a large movie production, so she can be prepared,” Tyr added.

“Really?” Winifred glanced excitedly at Tyr, her eyes filled with anticipation.

“Of course, it's real,” Tyr answered with a smile. “And when Star Entertainment is officially under Autumn Field, you'll be

considered Snow's boss. After that, you can package her however you wish to. How much resource you wish to give her will all be up to you."

"Thank you, darling." Winifred kissed Tyr on the cheek out of delight.

Just as they linked hands, about to head home, Tyr's phone vibrated again.

Like the last time, it was an anonymously sent message, "Tonight, in Dome Restaurant at Riverdale Province's Coast City, Yulian Quintus is hosting a meeting with twenty-two heads of households from Riverdale Province to plot an attack against Khanh City and the Yorke family."

Tyr's expression immediately darkened. "Yulian Quintus has come to Riverdale Province personally. As expected of the

Quintus family's young master; he's vigorous and effective in taking action.”

“What's wrong, honey?” Noticing his odd reaction, Winifred immediately asked.

“There is a little trouble,” Tyr answered. “Sweetheart, I'm going to Prime City now to look for Uncle Yorke. You don't have to worry about me. It's only a tiny problem, and I'll solve it very soon.”

Winifred had long been used to situations like this, and she had no power to stop it either. After all, Tyr had his reasons for doing things.

“Okay.” Winifred nodded. “Be careful.”

“Yeah.”

Tyr drove toward Prime City. On the way, he called Max Cheever to have every Wolf

s Den member get ready to move out for a mission.

At that moment in Yorke Manor's yard, Carson Yorke was at Zeppelin Wayne's patio, watching him swing his sword.

Although Carson said he didn't want to be a disturbance, he was, in fact, still worried about Zeppelin. Hence, he would come over and take a look whenever he had time.

Tyr immediately came to the patio after reaching Yorke Manor.

“Little Tyr, you're here.”

Upon seeing Tyr, Carson immediately greeted him while Zeppelin stopped swinging his sword.

When Tyr was coming over, he had called Carson in advance to explain the situation so Carson wasn't surprised by Tyr's arrival.

“Uncle Yorke, have you thought of a countermeasure?” Tyr asked.

Carson chuckled. “There’s no need for any countermeasure for such situations. Previously when the Quintus family suffered in our hands, I had expected they would pull such a move. So, I’ve made the necessary preparations in advance.

“Only, I never expected Yulian Quintus to have bribed so many families in Riverdale Province. Fortunately, we received the word in advance, so we still have time to stop them. Otherwise, the results would be unimaginable when these twenty-two families join forces with the Quintus family to attack us.”

In the entire Riverdale Province, with over ten inferior cities, the number of families

was in the hundreds. For the Quintus family to form so many alliances in the dark was a clear indication of the family's capabilities and Yulian Quintus' competence.

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Chapter 415 Round-table Conference

Those who could enter the Quintus family's range of consideration were no doubt significant families and large corporations that had power.

Carson Yorke was right. If they had indeed banded together to launch a sudden invasion upon the Yorke family and Khanh City, they would all be dealt a massive blow in both corporate businesses and the family's combative strength. Even if Carson and Tyr Summers managed to beat these people back, they would suffer just as many losses.

"We still have time," said Tyr. "It just so happens that we're preparing for a

Riverdale King. We'll use this opportunity to complete this task as well."

Carson nodded. "You're right. But now I'm worried about the reliability of the message you've received. What if this is a trap laid by the Quintus family? If that's the case, we might be ambushed if we bring our men over."

However, Tyr was smiling confidently. "Don't worry, Uncle Yorke. I've sent someone to investigate this mysterious sender. The message is reliable."

"Have you already found out who it is?"
Carson was startled.

"Yeah. I'm almost certain." Tyr nodded. "Just in case, even if it's truly a trap, so what? I really think nothing much of the Quintus family."

Had someone else declared this, Carson would have assumed they were unscrupulously arrogant. However, it was Tyr who was saying this, so Carson had no suspicions because Tyr indeed had the capabilities and resources to be so powerful.

“Since that’s the case, we’ll gather our men and make a trip there.”

“I’m coming with you guys.” Zeppelin Wayne came over with a flash of anticipation in his eyes. “Since it’s a southern region’s elite family, they must have quite a few experts with them, don’t they? What a coincidence. I can test my blade!”

Around evening, the skies over Coast City

were illuminated by an evening glow. Various luxury cars filled the parking lot of Dome Restaurant.

Dome Restaurant was a symbolic five-star restaurant in Coast City. Its renovation and decor were quite similar to Homer's Feast of Khanh City. The building had four levels with the top floor being an open-air banquet hall. Just like Castle in the Sky of Homer's Feast, this banquet hall was never open for service unless there was a significant event going on.

Today, the open-air banquet hall was open to the public as the southernmost elite Quintus family's young master, Yulian Quintus, had invited twenty-two prominent figures from Riverdale Province to dine with him.

A large, round table was placed at the

center of the hall with various delicacies filling the table. This round table was at least four times larger than a regular table, so almost thirty people could sit down together.

At that instant, twenty-two owners of families and significant corporations from different cities sat at the table. In the direction where the sun was setting, sat Yulian Quintus.

The entire venue gave off the feeling of a round-table conference.

Behind Yulian stood Pegasus and Tigre. Just by standing there without a word or action, the auras they exuded was enough to help Yulian take control of the venue.

Meanwhile, standing behind Pegasus and Tigre were tens of muscular men in black.

These people were all elites among elites whom Yulian had mobilized from the Quintus family.

Yulian's goal for coming here all the way from Stellar City was to join forces with these twenty-two families and corporations to annihilate the Yorke family and Tyr Summers. Hence, the experts he had brought over were not only the ones standing behind him.

For a moment, the atmosphere was suffocating. Under such pressure, even if the figures present were the heads of prominent families and corporations, they felt anxious without even daring to breathe too loudly.

“Are you all nervous?” With a fork and knife in his hands, Yulian was leisurely cutting the sirloin steak in his plate as he

spoke with a hint of mockery.

“What are you all sitting there for? Eat.”

He put a piece of steak into his mouth before extending a hand to his guests. “You’re all people of my Quintus family, so there’s no need to be so nervous nor be courteous with me. This feast here is prepared for everyone. Let’s first eat before we discuss business.”

After Yulian had spoken, the lords dared not disobey and carefully began dining.

Only, just as they had picked up their chopsticks, Yulian spoke again. “It’s almost time. Have you all eaten well?”

Everyone was dumbstruck. They had just picked up their forks, but Yulian was already asking them if they were done?

Yulian doubled in laughter. He wiped his

hands with a handkerchief and then raised his wine glass. “I’m just joking with you all to lighten the mood. Like I’ve said, you don’t have to be so cautious or nervous because you’re all the Quintus family’s people.

“Come, let me, Yulian Quintus, toast to you all.”

The group of lords quickly held up their glasses. “To Young Master Quintus.”

After the drink, Yulian began urging the group to help themselves to the food.

By now, the sun had completely set in the western mountains while the skies burned a fiery red.

Yulian drank a glass of clear water to moisten his throat before he began the main subject.

“Everyone here today is a prominent figure, invincible in Riverdale Province. You’re also big-shots who can make the city of your residence quake just by a stomp of your feet.

“Today, I, Yulian Quintus, am honored that everyone is showing me respect by coming here to ally with me. Of course, I’m sure you’re all aware of the reason why I’ve called you here today.”

The lords nodded. Long ago, when the Quintus family recruited them, they knew that such a day would come. Hence, when Yulian gathered them here, everyone knew that the fateful day was here.

“Young Master Quintus, just tell us what we need to do, and we won’t hesitate to lay down our lives without another word.”

Soon, one of the lords began flattering Yulian while the others echoed.

The Quintus family was an elite tribe in the south, while Yulian Quintus was the family's first heir. Naturally, they would seize this opportunity to get on his good side.

Yulian looked at the group with crinkled eyes, very satisfied with their reactions.

“In this huge land with abundant resources like Riverdale Province, there are more than ten prefecture-level cities. However, based on my understanding, this province's main resources are accumulated within both Southriver City and Northriver City, is that correct?”

“That's right.”

The lords all nodded.

Chapter 416 Yulian Quintus's Scheme

Yulian Quintus nodded as well. He continued, "Previously, the Southriver King, Carson Yorke, and the Northriver King, Yannick Lloyd, had occupied their respective cities as rulers of the region. They had always dominated most Riverdale Province's resources and deemed themselves as higher beings, never showing the other families and corporations in the prefecture-level cities any respect. They behaved arrogantly.

"Hence, in the past, when you've tried to expand your businesses into Prime City or Northriver City, you've all been continuously oppressed and had to suffer.

Am I right about this?"

The twenty-two lords nodded. They were not trying to flatter Yulian but were truly annoyed and furious about this fact. One of the lords even slammed his hand on the table and began lashing out, elaborating the injustice he had suffered when he was conducting his business.

Before this, it was true that there were families who deemed themselves as gods in both Prime City and Northriver City. This was also why Tyr Summers had named Khanh City as 'God's Forbidden Territory'.

However, this notorious declaration did not come from the Yorke family. Instead, former existing families like the Fisher, Griffin, and Layton families kept subduing these families and companies, tainting

Prime City's reputation.

As for the former Northriver City, Yannick Llyod was an evil tyrant who had caused grief for quite many of these lords in the prefecture-level cities.

Only the Fisher, Griffin, and Layton families and even Northriver's Yannick Llyod had been wiped out, so Carson was left to shoulder this awful reputation. ①

"Young Master Quintus, just tell us straight up what you'd like us to do today." One of them became impatient.

Yulian smiled faintly. "Alright. If that's the case, I won't beat around the bush.

"I've gathered everyone here today for only one purpose, which is to do away with the landlord and take his property. With my

Quintus family in the lead, I hope that everyone can support me by striking down Prime City's Yorke family and Khanh City's Tyr Summers.

“When the Yorke family falls, I, Yulian Quintus, can guarantee you now that each one of you here will be able to get a portion of the resources from Southriver, Northriver, and Khanh City. You'll all return with your banks full.

“As for the future, you can also rely on my Quintus family and become an affiliate of our tribe. My Quintus family is destined to soar to greater heights, so when that time comes, I will let you enjoy better benefits.”

After his speech, excitement flashed in many people's eyes. Hadn't they gone under the Quintus family's wing just for this day?

The group nodded, and no one rejected. They gave Yulian full control, choosing to listen to the Quintus family's instructions.

Yulian scanned the group, very pleased with their reactions. The level of obedience in this group was higher than Yulian had expected.

"Alright." Yulian waved. "Next, let me tell everyone the specifics of my arrangement."

After that, Yulian spent almost half an hour to brief the twenty-two lords present of his scheme.

The plan was frankly simple. They just had to launch simultaneous attacks at the Yorke family and Khanh City above and below ground. Among the families present, their core businesses covered a variety of

industries. If they gathered their strengths, they would be a formidable force to be reckoned with.

Once midnight struck, the twenty-two families and corporations, under the Quintus family's leadership, would launch attacks on the Yorke family's various businesses and Tyr's city center, and Autumn Field Group.

With a supply of large funds, one night would be enough to make the Yorke family's businesses and Tyr's city center and Autumn Field suffer greatly. In three days, they would be utterly crushed and fall apart.

This was Yulian's plan in the business aspect.

Besides, of the twenty-two families and

corporations, many lords had their own batch of expert fighters, especially those who were influential in their respective cities ' underground society, their elites were everywhere.

Yulian demanded to have all these experts transferred over to cooperate with the elites from his family to invade the Yorke family.

After two confrontations, Yulian knew of Tyr 's amazing battle prowess and how he had a batch of elites under him. Besides Tyr, the Yorke family also had many capable fighters. Only by joining forces with all the experts under these prominent figures could Yulian gain confidence in defeating Tyr and the Yorke family.

After elaborating on the plan, Yulian scanned his guests once again. He asked

with a smile, "That's about it for my plan. Is there anything you'd like to add?"

He asked if they had anything to add, not whether or not they agreed. Meaning to say, Yulian had settled on the plan, and these twenty-two lords had no other options.

"Young Master Quintus, you asked us to send out our elites to invade the Yorke family and Khanh City's Tyr Summers with you. Will our people be on the front-lines?"

Yulian's expression instantly darkened at this question. His gaze became as sharp as knife when he glared at this lord.

As if a ferocious beast was eyeing him, this lord felt a chill run down his spine. He quickly said, "I'm willing to serve as Young Master Quintus' vanguard."

The other lords gasped internally as well. “We’re all willing to serve as Young Master Quintus’ vanguards.”

“Hahaha!”

Yulian finally laughed in satisfaction. A waiter poured him another glass of wine. Yulian held up his glass and narrowed his eyes at the twenty-two lords.

“Since that’s the case, let’s all toast. After tonight, we’ll make the Yorke family and Khanh City’s Tyr Summers disappear from Riverdale completely. When that time comes, my Quintus family won’t mistreat any of you,” Yulian announced.

“Thank you, Young Master Quintus.”

The lords held up their glasses and thanked

Yulian loudly before they drank the toast.

However, the instant their glasses touched their lips, a mocking voice suddenly rang from the entrance.

“Hahaha, Yulian Quintus, what a great plan you got there. With the likes of you, you’re thinking of destroying my Yorke family and dealing with Tyr Summers? Who gave you the audacity?”

Stunned, everyone subconsciously looked to the entrance.

Several people could be seen barging in through the door.

In the lead were Carson and Tyr, while following behind them were Zeppelin Wayne, Jay Blade, Yoshua Murray, and the Wolf’s Den members.

In an instant, the entire atmosphere turned ominous as everyone looked frightened and incredulous. Even Yulian and his team never expected Tyr and Carson to make an appearance so abruptly.

How was this possible?

Chapter 417 Activating Battle Mode

Tyr Summers' gaze swept over the twenty-two lords sitting at the round table, looking at them like they were idiots.

His tone was laced with mockery as he said, "I say, each one of you is as dumb as an ass, how did you become the masters of your households? Doing away with the landlord so you can divide the land? Isn't he just sending you guys to the front lines to be cannon fodder?"

Yulian Quintus' wishful thinking had been very well-planned. The goal of this trip to Riverdale was to defeat Carson Yorke and Tyr, but he had only brought a little over ten experts with him. With the size of his army,

it would be impossible to take down Carson and Tyr.

Hence, he was planning to have the subordinates of these twenty-two lords be his vanguards. Once Carson, Tyr, and their forces were worn down, Yulian would come in and take advantage.

When that time came, both Tyr and Carson's side, as well as the twenty-two lords' faction, would suffer tragic losses.

Meanwhile, Yulian, the third party, would reap the benefits.

In fact, none of the people present were idiots. Someone had also raised this question earlier. Only, they feared the Quintus family's strength. So, when Yulian shot them a look, they could only endure it and accept his proposal.

However, now that this layer of falsehood had been exposed by Tyr, the atmosphere in the room changed, becoming heated.

Yulian never expected Tyr and his group to show up so suddenly. His gaze was now filled with murderous intent. “Why did you guys come here?”

“Naturally, it’s because someone told on you,” said Tyr, waving his phone and smiling at Yulian. “If my guess is correct, since that fatso incident, you must have suspected someone around you.

“Huh? Where is your butler? Why isn’t he here? You didn’t get rid of him because you suspected that he was the snitch, did you?”

Tyr’s statements sounded extremely harsh to Yulian’s ears because the former was spot

on. But now, Yulian knew that Albert Cantrell wasn't the snitch, and he had killed the wrong person.

“B*stard!” Yulian slammed a hand on the round table and stood up. “Good. Great. And here I was thinking of how to take all of you down in one fell swoop. Who knew that you would actually show up here of your own accord? This has saved me quite a lot of trouble. Since you've come here, then leave your lives behind today.”

At this, Yulian's expression turned wilder, as if he would no doubt devour Tyr and his group today.

However, Carson suddenly laughed out loud. “Yulian Quintus, since we had the courage to come here, do you think you can match up to us? Haven't you realized your

situation?

“You clearly had tons of your family’s experts standing guard outside this restaurant, but here we are, making a grand entrance. Haven’t you ever thought about how we managed to come up here?”

Carson’s words were like a bolt of thunder, striking at the top floor.

He was right. There were clearly tons of experts from the Quintus family standing guard outside. Not even a fly was supposed to get in, but how did Tyr and Carson’s group enter?

Everyone exchanged glances as the panic on their faces became evident. As if Yulian had also come to a realization, he reflexively took out his walkie-talkie.

“What’s going on down there?” he asked.

However, there was no answer, only the chaotic noises of static.

Tossing the walkie-talkie aside, Yulian hurried over to the windows. It was a mess downstairs, and his family’s experts were clearly on the losing end.

The group of people across them looked like lunatics with their excited and savage expressions. They had pummeled the Quintus family’s experts to the ground, punch by punch. Besides the Wolf’s Den members, the group also included the Yorke family’s protectorate experts.

“Oh no, we’ve severely underestimated Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke.”

Beside Yulian, Tigre suddenly let out a roar.

Then, as if he had entered battle mode, Tigre clenched his fists with his arms looking like metal hammers as he bellowed, “Clear a path for Young Master!”

Having said that, Tigre was the first to charge at Tyr and his group. The other Quintus family experts followed closely behind him.

As expected of a highly-ranked elite in the Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiacs, Tigre was highly effective in his actions and able to make prompt decisions.

In fact, Yulian and the others didn’t have much time to think in such a situation.

On the other hand, Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray led their group of Yorke family fighters forward, while several Wolf’s Den

members also joined the fray. The initially harmonious top floor of the banquet hall immediately fell into chaos.

Meanwhile, the twenty-two lords at the round-table had yet to digest the situation. They looked lost, sitting there without an inclination of what to do next. Since they didn't know what to do, they just continued to sit there.

Tigre was indeed powerful. Not even a joint effort between Jay and Wolf Den's number five, Ashblood, was enough to handle him. Tigre's punches were like cannonballs, easily pushing Jay and Ashblood back with each blow, forcing out a bloody escape path.

Just as Tigre was on a rampage and indestructible, a cold light flashed across the room.

Pfft!!!

As if he were struck by a bolt of lightning, Tigre felt his vision blur as a fearsome strength pushed him several steps back.

Once he steadied himself, he noticed a bloody slash wound opening on his arm.

Tigre called out, asking, “Who is it?”

Hints of fear flickered on his fierce expression. It had been a long time since he met such a formidable opponent.

Zeppelin Wayne could be seen gripping the Dragon Blade without a trace of emotion on his face. Fresh blood was dripping from his weapon, drop by drop.

“Southriver’s Blade Maniac, Zeppelin

Wayne,” answered Zeppelin.

“So, you’re Zeppelin Wayne.”

The one who spoke in reply to Zeppelin was not Tigre, but the man who had been protecting Yulian without making a move thus far—Pegasus.

At that moment, Pegasus, who had a lantern jaw, looked equally excited. It was a thrill that would only appear when an expert met another rare and powerful enemy of the same level.

Pegasus drew out a horn knife, unique to herdsmen from grasslands. The blade was gleaming slightly.

“Tigre, escape with the young master through the windows. Leave this place to me. Don’t hesitate and hurry.”

After that instruction, Pegasus darted at Zeppelin like a spark of lightning.

Clang!

Crisp sounds of metal reverberated as dazzling sparks flew.

Chapter 418 No One Is To Interfere

At that instant, even Zeppelin Wayne was exhilarated. Having borne the nickname 'Blade Maniac', it had been many years since he met a blade-user who was on par with him. It was now clear that Pegasus' skills were comparable to his own.

This feeling was like rain after a long drought, immediately making Zeppelin's blood boil.

Clang, clang, clang!

Within a few short seconds, Zeppelin and Pegasus had exchanged eight swings, but Zeppelin's slashes were distinctly slower than Pegasus'. Not only was he slow from the beginning, but Zeppelin was also

gradually getting slower as the fight dragged on.

Soon, Zeppelin had suffered a slash from Pegasus' blade, and blood flowed from his wound. However, this didn't affect Zeppelin's performance.

Upon noticing the situation, a Yorke family expert immediately rushed over, ready to assist Zeppelin in defeating Pegasus. “Master Wayne, I'll help you.”

However, Zeppelin growled at him, “Scram!”

The Yorke family's expert frowned, confused.

Blocking one of Pegasus' swings with his own blade, Zeppelin coldly exclaimed, “Today, unless I die at this rascal's blade, no

one is to interfere!”

As Zeppelin spoke, Pegasus’ deliberately slowed down his attack speed. He was reluctant to take this advantage, and wanted to ensure he had a fair fight with Zeppelin.

Once Zeppelin was back in shape, the speed of Pegasus’ blade instantly increased as well.

Clang, clang, clang!

On the other side, Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke had been standing at the door the entire time. They had no plans to take action, nor was there a need to.

By then, Tigre noticed how unfavorable the situation had become.

In a flurry of panic, he grabbed Yulian Quintus. “Young Master, we’ve severely

underestimated the capabilities of these people. We've lost this battle. Come with me, Young Master.”

Having said that, without even waiting for Yulian to respond, Tigre dashed toward a glass window with Yulian in his grasp.

Crash!

Following a huge noise, the tempered glass was smashed by Tigre. He grabbed Yulian and simply jumped off from the top floor of Dome Restaurant.

“After them!”

Jay Blade and Yoshua Murray immediately darted over, but Tyr slowly opened his mouth to say, “Don't chase them. They won't fall to their deaths from that jump, but if you guys jump, you'll either end up a cripple

or dead.”

Jay turned back to look at Tyr, asking in confusion, “Brother Tyr, why didn’t you stop them? With your skills, they wouldn’t be able to get away.”

Tyr shrugged as he walked over to the huge round table. “Someone will take care of Yulian Quintus. Consider this a thank you gift to the person who reported to me twice.”

The top floor was currently a mess as the battles continued. Fights between more than twenty experts had turned this luxuriously decorated hall into a wasteland.

All twenty-two lords finally regained their senses now. The capabilities of these experts around them had exceeded their imaginations, and these were not people

whom their hired fighters could even compare to.

Panic surfaced in each prominent figure's eyes. Some of them were ready to leave this disturbing location.

“I never agreed to any of you leaving. You can go ahead and try,” said Tyr darkly, placing both his hands on the large round table.

Just one glance from him was enough to throw these twenty-two lords into an ice pit. This young man in his twenties was simply too terrifying. The dominating aura he exuded from his body was something these men had never seen before.

Everyone immediately fell silent, not daring to move a muscle in their seats.

At the same time, Tigre was jumping off the top floor of Dome Restaurant with Yulian. If they wanted to make it out alive, this was the only way.

The four-storied building was at least ten meters tall, but Tigre never fell to his death while carrying Yulian. Tigre's strength was indeed formidable. However, because he was protecting Yulian, the bones in one of his legs cracked the moment they landed.

Enduring the severe pain in his limb, Tigre gritted his teeth and stood up. "Run towards that car, Young Master."

Even while breaking out in cold sweat, Tigre was still grabbing onto Yulian as they made for the Benz not too far away.

The situation downstairs was still a mess.

Some of the Yorke family experts had noticed them and instantly surrounded them both.

“Scram!” yelled Tigre, unleashing a beastly roar immediately after.

Although he was limping, it didn't affect his battle prowess at all.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Those were the dull sounds of impact from a chain of dynamic punches. In the blink of an eye, more than five Yorke family experts had been sent flying.

Tigre strenuously cleared a bloody path as

he escaped with Yulian to the Benz.

“What an amazing fighter.”

Almost at the same time, Matthew Collins, Vanessa Harris, and the others simultaneously turned their attention to Tigre. As if they had spotted a rare prey, at least five of the Wolf’s Den members charged at Tigre and Yulian.

“Everyone, stop!” Stephen Cole suddenly commanded from behind, instantly halting the Wolf’s Den members.

Matthew turned around to look at Stephen, perplexed. “Stephy, what are you doing?”

“Brother Tyr has instructed us to let them go.”

“Let them go? What kind of joke is that?”

The group of Wolf's Den members was clearly reluctant to yield. In fact, Vanessa, who was further in front, had begun dueling with Tigre.

Even if Vanessa was a woman, the improvement of her strength was considered extremely rapid in Wolf's Den. Her current combat abilities were considered robust.

However, no matter how strong she was, she was still no match for Tigre. After a few moves, his punch sent her flying.

The other Wolf's Den members began to charge after Tigre again in excitement, until Tyr's voice rang from the top floor of Dome Restaurant, "Are you guys trying to disobey my orders?"

It wasn't loud, but his voice had a piercing effect, stunning every Wolf's Den member. Their eardrums throbbed as if the words had pierced into the brains.

Immediately, these crazed Wolf's Den members stopped.

They wore confused and baffled expressions. Weren't they here today to deal with Yulian Quintus? Why was Tyr stopping them from pursuing Yulian when the latter was clearly about to get away?

Although they were puzzled, they dared not go against Tyr's orders.

Finally, these people shifted their targets and charged at the Quintus family experts.

Chapter 419 The Terrifying Joe Quintus

After Yulian Quintus and Tigre got into the car, due to Tigre's injury, Yulian had to take the wheel.

The Benz sped away like an unbridled wild horse, springing forward on the road.

Inside the car, Yulian grabbed the steering wheel tightly. His forehead was covered in sweat, while his initially clean clothes were now stained all over with blood.

The foul smell of blood filled the car's interior, giving Yulian an urge to throw up. Had this been a normal moment, he would have disposed of this car. But now, he couldn't get rid of this car, nor abandon it, because

this vehicle could save his life.

“F*ck, f*ck, f*ck...” Yulian cursed.

He could no longer suppress the rage in his heart. His emotions finally collapsed, and he began hitting the steering wheel madly while he drove.

This was a tragic loss. All his life, Yulian had never lost so devastatingly like he did today.

At first, he had thought that after joining forces with the twenty-two families, he would be able to completely annihilate Tyr Summers and the Yorke family tonight. He had thought that after tonight, he would control the entire Riverdale Province.

But, never in his dreams did he expect his plan to be stopped before he could even carry it out.

Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke were too ruthless. Not only did they catch Yulian and the others off guard, but they had also beaten Yulian's men to a pulp, allowing them no chance to fight back.

“Just what background does that Tyr Summers have? Why does he have a bunch of lunatics under him?” Yulian kept growling. “That Zeppelin Wayne is also stronger than we expected. I'm afraid Brother Pegasus won't make it back alive.”

At the thought of his men being wiped out and how furious his father, Jakoda Quintus, would be when he returned, Yulian couldn't help but shudder.

Previously, when Capra and Pigsty were put out of action, Jakoda might still be able to

endure. But, if Pegasus was lost this time, Jakoda would go mad.

“What do I do? Just what do I do?”
wondered Yulian anxiously.

Beside him, Tigre was trying to keep himself composed, but his heart was shuddering just as violently. He also couldn't fathom the wrath they would be facing when they returned to Jakoda.

Pfft!

At that moment, Yulian suddenly felt a suffocating sensation in his chest, and immediately after, he sprayed a mouthful of blood.

At first, Tigre assumed that Yulian was internally injured due to his suffocating emotions. But soon, he realized something

was off, because not only was Yulian spewing blood, but his nose and ears were also bleeding.

“Young Master, what’s wrong with you?”

Tigre was startled, no longer able to calm himself down. He kept pulling out tissues to wipe away the blood trickling down the corner of Yulian’s mouth. However, the blood flow never stopped, and the initially bright red liquid gradually blackened.

“It’s a traditional medicine that cures migraines.”

As he recalled those words, Yulian suddenly came to his senses and his scalp prickled. Inside, he felt profound despair and dread.

In his mind, the humble appearance of Joe Quintus began to surface. However, the

latter's face began to morph. The initial submissive demeanor eventually turned into a terrifying and savage countenance.

“Joe Quintus. It was Joe Quintus who tattled. That guy has always been playing dumb to take advantage of others.” As Yulian spoke, the blood in his mouth had turned completely black. “All of this was done by that illegitimate son behind our backs.”

“Joe Quintus...”

At that instant, unclear whether it was a hallucination, on the dark and deserted road up ahead, under the dim streetlights, stood a phantom-like silhouette.

It was Joe Quintus.

However, the only difference now was that he wasn't wearing glasses. The bangs

covering his forehead were combed back into a slicked-back hairstyle. The current Joe Quintus no longer looked feeble and studious.

His eyes were sparking with hostility, and his expression was diabolical. The aura he was emitting could frighten a three-year-old child to tears.

Compared to the Joe Quintus before, it was as if this man was a different person altogether.

“I’ll kill you. I’ll f*cking kill you!”

As if he had gone mad, Yulian stepped on the accelerator, all the way down. The Benz thrust forward like a rampant wild horse, gunning straight for Joe.

Just then, two people, a man and a woman,

suddenly appeared behind Joe.

The man was baring his arms, showing off his tattoo of a sickle weasel. The woman had long crimson hair, making her look unusually demonic.

“Kamaitachi, stop him,” said Joe faintly.

The man with the sickle weasel tattoo immediately sprinted towards the Benz, leaving an afterimage in his wake.

At that moment, in a nearby pavilion, Torbert Octavius was lazily lying on top of the structure as he watched this incident happening on the road.

With a chewed up fur grass hanging from the corner of his mouth, he mumbled to himself, “Kamaitachi and Phoenix. God knows where this illegitimate son found

these two freaks. F*ck, this guy is nicknamed 'Kamaitachi'. Does he really think he's an ancient beast?"

When Yulian saw a human charging toward his car, his heart began to drum violently. "Do you have a death wish? I'll fulfill it for you."

Gritting his teeth, Yulian pushed forward brazenly.

Ahh!!!

He roared madly, thinking he could just run Kamaitachi over. However, his subconscious mind still had control over his body and he turned the steering wheel at the last second.

Yulian wimped out. He was completely afraid.

After the emergency turn, the Benz

screached as it swerved to the side. The silhouette up ahead had disappeared, and Yulian breathed a sigh of relief. He assumed he had avoided that person.

But, in the next instant...

Bang!

A loud noise came from in front. The windscreen glass shattered, having been forcibly smashed open by a human punch. An arm extended inside and simply pulled Yulian out of the car.

The force of this tug was too horrifying. Yulian still had his seatbelt on, but he was dragged out nonetheless.

Having lost control, the car crashed into a cemented flower bed. Tigre cursed out loud as he crawled out of the car with his head

covered in blood.

Yulian was utterly dumbstruck as he was suspended in midair by Kamaitachi. The latter's muscular arm was filled with explosive strength, as if it was the legendary arm of a kirin beast.

Chapter 420 Reversal Blade

From the other side, with Phoenix in tow, Joe Quintus sauntered over step by step towards Yulian Quintus, like a demon from hell.

“Unhand the young master!” Tigre roared as he limped over to Kamaitachi with his head covered in blood.

“Cripple him,” Joe instructed calmly.

Phoenix flashed away, also leaving an afterimage in her wake as she charged at Tigre. Her flowing red hair was like a crimson waterfall gleaming in the night sky.

Bam!

With a whip-like kick, Tigre was swept back

by Phoenix.

Although Tigre was suffering from heavy injuries, he was still a highly-ranked elite in the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs.

Gritting his teeth, he mustered every ounce of strength in his body and battled Phoenix.

However, he was too badly hurt, while the red-headed woman was too strong. Hence, Tigre couldn't last more than a few moves before he was defeated by her.

“Since you're a cripple, I'll just paralyze you completely,” said Phoenix.

She shot Tigre a malicious grin before grabbing his arm and giving it a hard twist.

Crack! Crack!

It was the sound of Tigre's bones snapping.

Tigre's hysterical cries echoed through the night sky. No matter how sturdy a man was, it was impossible to withstand such torture.

Ten seconds later, Tigre fell to the ground like a pile of mud. His initially focused gaze had dimmed, while his expression was filled with despair.

Yulian had watched the entire process clearly. He was now afraid. Utterly terrified. His body was trembling as he felt the energy drain rapidly from his being.

Kamaitachi released his hold and the once arrogant Young Master Quintus fell limp to the ground. Tears began to stream from his eyes as Yulian surprisingly cried out of fright.

Joe came up to Yulian with a menacing gaze

and slicked-back hair, no longer looking like the weak bookworm he was acting as before.

“My dear older brother, what’s wrong? Are you afraid? Or maybe I should say, are you terrified of me right now?”

Yulian’s teeth were even chattering, leaving him without any courage to complete a full sentence, “Jo-... Joe Quintus... you...”

“What do you mean, me?” asked Joe, stepping on Yulian’s face.

On his feet, he was currently wearing the leather shoes that Yulian had scorned for being dirty.

“Yulian Quintus, you always f*cking ordered me around like I’m some dog. You probably never dreamed that this dog was

actually a wolf. Hahaha, I've waited so long for this day that I'm getting tired of waiting anymore.”

Joe exerted more force into his leg as he smothered Yulian's head into the ground. “Didn't you have mysophobia? Weren't you always conceited? I'll tell you now just how miserable of a human being you are.”

“Don't... don't kill me. I'm your older brother,” Yulian begged.

“Older brother?” It was like Joe had heard the joke of the century. “I'm sorry, but I'm not your younger brother. I mean it, I'm really not. Hahaha!”

Reverberating in the night sky was Joe's savage laughter, mingled with Yulian's despairing screams.

Simultaneously, at Dome Restaurant, the battle had ended.

All the Quintus family fighters had been taken down by the Wolf's Den members and the Yorke family elites. Some were dead, some were injured, and the remaining ones became captives.

On the top floor of Dome Restaurant, the battle between Zeppelin Wayne and Pegasus had also ended.

Zeppelin had suffered nine slashes from Pegasus, each slash wound appalling to look at, to the extent of making Zeppelin look like a bleeding human. However, with his superior physical constitution and willpower, Zeppelin remained standing.

Meanwhile his opponent, Pegasus, had only

suffered one slash from him.

Logically speaking, Zeppelin had taken eight more slashes compared to Pegasus, so it was his loss. But, reality wasn't like that, because Zeppelin was still breathing after nine slashes, while Pegasus, who was only sliced once, had died!

That's right. Zeppelin cut Pegasus down with just one slash. Zeppelin's blade had gotten slower, but its fatality was getting stronger.

His entire being looked incredibly weakened, and when Tyr came over to him, Tyr frowned.

"That blade style wasn't something I taught you," Tyr commented.

"You're right," Zeppelin said. "It's

something I came up with. I call it the Reversal Blade.”

“Reversal Blade.” Tyr carefully considered the words before nodding slightly. “It’s a terrifying blade style that starts out slow before gradually speeding up. Before your swings accelerate, it’ll be very disadvantageous for you and even endanger your life in every battle. But once your blade quickens, you’ll be invincible.”

Tyr stopped saying more after that, because he was afraid that Zeppelin might die of blood loss if he continued talking.

The top-floor battle ended just like that, and the battle scene was immediately cleaned up as if nothing had ever happened.

All twenty-two lords remained seated at the

large round table. Their hearts were stuck in their throats, fearing that Tyr and Carson Yorke might suddenly snap and order for their disposal.

Carson apathetically went over to where Yulian had sat earlier. He swept a glance at all the lords before letting out a dry cough. “You can relax. I, Carson Yorke, am a man of virtue and won’t take advantage of those in difficult situations.

“So tonight, I won’t give you any trouble. It’s as the saying goes— ‘every man for himself’. Humans will always seek greater heights, and if I were you, I would have chosen to rely on a huge family like the Quintus family as well.

“Hence, I don’t blame you all.”

Even after Carson’s declaration, the twenty-

two lords still felt uneasy. That was because they knew that capable men always had peculiar tempers. Carson might be saying he wouldn't trouble them one second, but order his men to kill them off the next. After all, they had come here to scheme against the Yorke family.

Carson narrowed his eyes at the group before smiling. "I, Carson Yorke, am a man of my word and I will naturally honor it. However, in half a month, I will prepare a feast at this same location. The heads of large households and sizable corporate owners in Riverdale Province will be invited to this banquet.

"As for the goal of this banquet, there's really no point in keeping it from you all. I want to become Riverdale's King. It's just

that simple. Those who support me can come. You'll be the friends of my Yorke family.

“Those who oppose can choose to be absent, but let me be the bearer of bad news and say you'll be my enemy when the time comes.

“Alright. I'm done with my speech. All of you can leave now.”

Chapter 421 Take What We Need

As expected of a hero of his generation, Carson Yorke's speech was simple and concise, concealing nothing. Whatever his thoughts were, his mouth conveyed it out loud.

The twenty-two lords exchanged glances. No one dared to stand up and be the first to leave.

Tyr Summers was getting impatient. He casually picked up a blade and tossed it into the air. With a swoosh, the knife fell from the sky, stabbing right into the middle of the table.

“We said you could leave. If you don't go, in exactly thirty seconds, I'll start cutting you

open,” said Tyr, taking out his phone and starting a countdown.

Finally, the first lord gritted his teeth and stood up. He saluted Carson before turning to leave, walking away quickly. Upon reaching the door, he deliberately looked back to see if anyone was chasing after him before hurrying away from the restaurant.

When the others saw this and affirmed that Carson wasn't kidding, everyone scurried away.

Soon, the initially lively open-air restaurant suddenly became desolate.

Tyr picked up a dessert from the table and stuffed it in his mouth. “Perhaps none of these people will yield willingly. After harassing Yulian Quintus tonight, we'll

definitely invoke the Quintus family's wrath. They're all waiting to see how we'll die."

Carson chuckled. "Would that have any effect? Although this is what they're thinking now, I can guarantee that half a month later, they'll show up earlier than anyone else."

Getting up, Carson went over to the windows, staring fixedly at the full moon in the sky. "Tyr, to be honest, I really don't want to work so hard anymore."

"That won't do. " Tyr simply shook his head. "We've already agreed that in half a month, you'll become Riverdale's King."

Having said that, Tyr gave Carson no chance to retort as he turned to leave the restaurant.

In the breezy night outside, luxurious cars had filled the open-air parking lot. But now, these luxurious cars were speeding away like their lives depended on it.

The battle scene downstairs had also been cleaned up by the Wolf's Den members and the Yorke family experts. Once they were done cleaning, the group left on their own.

In the center of the parking lot was a Honda worth only about a hundred thousand dollars. It was evidently out of place compared to the vehicles around it.

Standing in front of the car was Joe Quintus, with Kamaitachi and Phoenix staying close behind him.

For some reason, Tyr did not look at Joe, but had his eyes fixed on Kamaitachi and

Phoenix instead. When their eyes met, Tyr could observe a unique sense from their gaze. It was a rather peculiar intuition. Tyr clearly didn't know these two people, but he could vaguely feel a sense of familiarity from them.

Joe's voice interrupted Tyr's mystifying thoughts, "Tyr Summers, who'd have known you'd be so young?"

Tyr finally directed his gaze to Joe. At first glance, Tyr could tell that Joe was a wolf. A wolf that had gone insane from starvation and was searching for food everywhere.

"I never knew that an illegitimate child of the Quintus family could tolerate humiliation to this extent either. It's truly shocking. And you're even younger than me," said Tyr, walking over to Joe. As he

closed in, the sensation became stronger.

“Let’s speak in private,” replied Joe.

Joe was watching Tyr as he got closer, but the feeling was akin to a ferocious beast coming at him. Joe had always assumed his mind was strong enough, yet at that moment, there was a hint of panic surging within him. Still, he tried to maintain his front as a composed and vicious man.

At first, Joe had planned to oppress Tyr with his aura, but soon gave up when he realized that it was impossible.

Tyr followed Joe into the hundred-thousand-dollar Honda. The doors and windows were shut tight, while Kamaitachi and Phoenix stood guard outside, allowing no one to come close.

Once inside, Tyr was the first to speak, with a trace of disappointment in his voice, “I can tell that you’re nervous.”

Joe chuckled menacingly. “This isn’t nervousness, but excitement. Because just earlier, I’ve taken back everything Yulian Quintus owed me.”

As Joe talked, he took out a handkerchief and bent over to wipe his leather shoe. It was covered with a crimson red liquid.

“You tipped me off and I sent Yulian Quintus to you. We’re considered even now,” Tyr said.

“No. I tipped you off twice, but you only helped me once. So, you still owe me another favor,” Joe replied.

“Oh, is that so?” Tyr suddenly laughed. He

never expected Joe to haggle with him. “So?”

Joe folded the handkerchief and continued wiping the top of his leather shoe. “The Quintus family’s head, Jakoda Quintus, has severe recurring headaches. Especially during sweltering summers like this, he gets a splitting headache every day.

“So, he found an old practitioner who’s skilled in various acupuncture techniques in Stellar City to ease his migraines. Every Saturday, at eight in the morning, he punctually arrives at the old practitioner’s place to get his treatment.

“Only then is he not surrounded by experts like he usually is when at the Quintus manor. However, the Twelve Zodiac’s strongest member, Black Dragon, always follows him around, serving as his personal

bodyguard. But Tyr, I presume that with your capabilities, Black Dragon won't be a problem for you.

“I've also made the arrangements. News of tonight's incident won't reach the ears of the Quintus family before eight tomorrow.”

After that, Joe said no more and continued wiping his shoes.

Tyr crinkled his eyes into a smile. “You're really heartless. You've just dealt with your blood brother, and now you're thinking of dealing with your own father?”

“He's not my father. He's my enemy. An enemy who murdered my parents,” said Joe darkly. His emotions became unusually erratic all of a sudden as his eyes turned bloodshot.

Tyr wasn't in the mood to hypothesize about the grudges between Joe Quintus and Jakoda Quintus. "You're quite an intelligent person with massive courage to want to borrow someone else's hand for a kill.

"But, Joe Quintus, you have some nerve to want to borrow my hand for this feat."

Joe suddenly stopped wiping his shoes. He straightened up and stared gravely at Tyr. "I don't have that nerve because I know you're powerful. We're also not friends, nor can we be considered collaborative partners. We're merely taking what we need."

Chapter 422 You're A Ruthless Person

Tyr Summers quite admired Joe Quintus' directness. He shrugged and said, "Let's hear it."

Joe said, "Today, you and I took down Yulian Quintus in a collaborative effort. That's the Quintus family's first heir. Tomorrow morning, once this news reaches Jakoda Quintus' ears, he'll undoubtedly go mad. Once he's enraged, he will mobilize all of the Quintus family's forces to Riverdale, aiming for you.

"Of course, I know you're powerful, but the Quintus family is still a prominent tribe in the south, so you shouldn't underestimate

them. Even if they can't do anything to you, you have family and friends. I can guarantee that you won't be able to ensure everyone's safety when that happens.”

Tyr frowned slightly. Joe was right. When the head of an elite household went insane, it would be difficult to keep things under control.

“So, Tyr, kill Jakoda Quintus. Once he's dead, I have confidence in taking over the Quintus family as its new lord. We're all just taking what we need. I can vouch that the Quintus family will never step foot into Riverdale after that. How does that sound?” Joe suggested.

“Hehe,” Tyr chuckled. Joe's proposal was flawless, and Tyr couldn't find any reason to reject him. “You're really a ruthless person.”

Tyr patted Joe heavily on the shoulder before getting out of the Honda. As soon as he got out, Kamaitachi and Phoenix got in. The trio did not stay any longer and simply drove away.

“What did he tell you inside the car?”
Carson Yorke asked Tyr as he came downstairs.

“He told me about Jakoda Quintus’ schedule tomorrow morning, and wanted me to end the guy. That Joe Quintus has long since lost his mind,” Tyr answered.

Carson gasped. “Then, Tyr, what do you plan to do next?”

Tyr smiled brightly at Carson. “Uncle Yorke, there’s no need for you to play dumb in front of me. You’re an old fox, so you must

have guessed my intentions.”

Carson chuckled and said, “Drive safe at night.”

Tyr stretched before letting out a yawn. “If I drive to Stellar City now and take a short nap there, it’ll be daybreak soon.”

Tyr turned to look at Torbert Octavius who still had that fur grass dangling from his mouth. “You’re coming with me. You drive.”

But, Torbert shook his head. “It’s boring over there, I’m not going. Also, I don’t know how to drive.”

“That’s okay. It’s an auto car, exactly like a toy. I can teach you”

And so, Torbert and Tyr got into the car as they wobbled all the way to Stellar City.

By the time they reached Stellar City, it was already four in the morning. Torbert had never driven before, so it took them double the time required to get there. Of course, this only lasted for the first half of the journey. After he had gotten used to the vehicle's functions, the car almost flew during the second half of their trip.

Bleugh!

The car had just stopped and Tyr jumped out of it to start dry vomiting. It was his first time feeling nauseated from a car trip. When he turned back to look at Torbert, he realized that the guy was also puking his guts out.

Tyr was speechless. It was also his first time seeing a driver throw up because of his own

driving.

“Are you okay?” asked Tyr, glancing at Torbert with a disdainful expression.

“I’m fine.” Torbert waved. “I suddenly found a new hobby. It’s called driving. Tyr, why don’t you get me a sports car when we get home?”

Tyr’s facial muscles twitched violently as he laughed icily. “You want to drive a sports car? First, you’ll have to change into more decent clothing.”

Once they were done throwing up, they returned to the car.

“We can rest for a bit,” said Tyr, staring at the empty street.

Torbert abruptly turned to Tyr, beaming at

him. "Us? Rest?"

"Scram!" Feeling the hair on his skin stand, Tyr punched Torbert in the face. "Don't be so f*cking disgusting in front of me."

Torbert finally returned to normal. "Why did you force me to come to Stellar City with you?"

"Because you're familiar with this place. Although Joe Quintus has told me the old practitioner's location on the west side of the city, I'm bad with directions," Tyr explained reasonably.

However, he suddenly became serious. "Those two experts beside Joe gave me an indescribable vibe. I kept feeling like their auras were somewhat familiar, but also unfamiliar."

“So?” Torbert pouted.

“Go and investigate where those two came from,” Tyr instructed. “Joe Quintus is only Jakoda Quintus’ illegitimate son. He has no status or authority in the Quintus family, so I don’t believe strong experts like them would serve him willingly.”

Torbert scoffed. “I knew that a dude like you didn’t have good intentions. So, even you can feel uneasy?”

Tyr shook his head. “It’s not that I’m uneasy. Maybe it’s because I have a family now, so I won’t allow any flaws to exist. I keep getting the feeling that a dangerous figure is lurking behind Joe Quintus, but whether this figure is a friend or a foe, I can’t be sure yet.”

“Then, I’ll go and investigate.” Torbert gave a helpless shrug. “Why do I suddenly get the feeling that you’re treating me like a secret agent?”

Tyr sneered. “Hasn’t that always been your talent? Back when we were on the streets, weren’t you the most knowledgeable when it came to which restaurants had more leftovers and which bridge hole was cooler?”

Leaning against the car seat’s headrest, Tyr closed his eyes. “I’m resting for a bit. When it gets bright outside, I still have to drive this thing back.”

“Save this car for me,” Torbert said excitedly.

“The day you change these clothes on your body will be the day I buy a car for you.”

Soon, the skies turned bright! The morning sunlight covered the lands as the city began to fill with life.

At that moment, on the west side of the city, two cars were speeding toward an old residential area.

In the innermost region of this residential area, was a courtyard that looked very much like a farmhouse. The courtyard was filled with various kinds of medicine racks.

An old doctor in his seventies was taking some traditional herbs out of his house to dry it under today's bright sunlight.

Just then, there was a loud knock on his courtyard's doors. The old practitioner headed over out of habit and opened the door. Standing outside were Jakoda Quintus,

Black Dragon, and two other Quintus family bodyguards dressed in black clothing.

Jakoda was very courteous to the old doctor. He smiled and saluted the doctor, saying, “Old Doctor, I’m here to trouble you again.”

Chapter 423 I'm Not Here To Kill

When Jakoda Quintus first came to seek the old practitioner's acupuncture services, the old doctor had been fearful. But now, he had gotten used to it.

He smiled back at Jakoda and said, "Mr. Quintus, the preparations are done. Please follow me."

"Great."

Jakoda and Black Dragon entered the courtyard, while the other two black-clothed bodyguards stood guard outside the door.

Once inside, Jakoda and the old doctor entered a small room. Black Dragon stopped

following them, staying outside the room.

As usual, the old doctor had prepared the necessary tools. First, he let Jakoda drink a cup of herbal tea specially brewed for him, then, he asked Jakoda to lay on the reclining chair.

Beside them lay a row of sterilized needles. The old doctor picked up a needle and began slowly piercing it into one of the acupuncture points on Jakoda's forehead.

“Mr. Quintus, how do you feel recently? In this hot weather, do you feel your headaches becoming more severe than before?”

Jakoda answered, “This headache has been recurring quite often lately, but it's not because of the weather. Previously, when you administered the treatment on me, it

helped to ease this illness of mine greatly.

“But recently, some unhappy things have happened in my family, so I feel that it’s rebounding. Since yesterday evening, my mind has been feeling dull and I couldn’t sleep well at all. After getting up this morning until now, my head has been hurting and the pain is quite unbearable.”

Old Doctor frowned. “Mr. Quintus, your illness requires you to avoid being agitated and to stay away from alcohol. Please be more careful in the future.”

As he spoke, Old Doctor pushed another needle into another one of Jakoda’s acupuncture points. “Close your eyes and relax. I’ll try to relieve your symptoms in the shortest time possible.”

“Okay,” Jakoda replied before closing his

eyes and relaxing. He had gotten used to this state because he had absolute faith in this old practitioner.

Old Doctor began administering needles into Jakoda's various acupuncture points. At first, Jakoda felt quite relieved as his headache gradually lessened. However, this relaxation didn't last very long.

Unsure whether Old Doctor had administered the needle in the wrong location, or perhaps his strength was not enough, when he pierced in the ninth needle, Jakoda suddenly felt acute pain around his temple.

Feeling as if his mind had exploded in a buzzing noise, his scalp went numb as his expression contorted into a painful look.

Old Doctor was frightened and quickly said,

“Mr. Quintus, please endure it. I think your illness is getting worse. I’ll try my best to cure you.”

Jakoda grunted a reply, trying his best to relax. However, this stinging pain was still unbearable for him.

Old Doctor put in every effort to administer the needles on Jakoda, but after several minutes, the painful expression on Jakoda’s face showed no signs of loosening up. By now, even Old Doctor was at his wit’s end.

However, just as he was wondering what he should do, a hand suddenly reached over from behind him.

The hand was also holding a needle, and its movement was swift as it accurately pierced the needle into one of the acupuncture

points on Jakoda's head. Then, the fingers gently trembled, and that pierced needle began trembling with a buzzing sound.

"The trembling needle," murmured a dumbstruck Old Doctor.

This... was a legendary acupuncture technique. In more than sixty years of his life and a medical career of more than fifty years, he had only ever heard of this technique.

Old Doctor abruptly turned around. When he saw that it was a young man in his twenties who had administered the needle, Old Doctor felt the blood in his veins freeze.

How was this possible? How could a young man like this have such mystifying and exquisite acupuncture skills? Also, how did

he suddenly appear in this room like a phantom? Wasn't Jakoda's subordinate guarding the door?

Tyr took another needle and made a shushing gesture at Old Doctor. "Shh!"

The unique aura he was emitting made Old Doctor stay quiet as the old man obediently stood aside.

At that moment, Jakoda, who was closing his eyes, had no idea Tyr was here. When Tyr administered the needle on his forehead, Jakoda instantly felt a refreshing feeling surge through his body as his muscles relaxed completely. His migraine had also eased up quite a bit.

"Old Doctor, your acupuncture skills have improved at such a surprising rate. What

technique is this? Why haven't I seen you perform this technique before?" asked Jakoda.

Old Doctor was standing aside, giving him a helpless and bitter laugh.

Tyr never spoke. He was about to administer the third needle.

However, the room's door was suddenly pushed open, and Black Dragon came in with a threatening expression. Profound shock and disbelief appeared in his eyes. Two Quintus family elites were guarding the courtyard's gates, while Black Dragon was inside the courtyard. It was impossible for a fly to even enter.

But how did Tyr come in unnoticed?

When Black Dragon had been studying some

herbs in the courtyard earlier, he had sensed something flash through behind him. But when he turned around, there was nothing there.

However, Black Dragon kept getting this nagging feeling, so he finally couldn't resist and entered the room.

Sure enough, there was an extra person in the room. He was even holding a needle, prepared to administer it into Jakoda's head. At that moment, Black Dragon felt his scalp tingle. If this guy was here for Jakoda's life, the older man might have ascended to paradise by now.

“Master!” Black Dragon shouted in panic as he charged at Tyr.

Upon hearing Black Dragon's voice, Jakoda,

who was enjoying this comfortable feeling, suddenly opened his eyes. When he saw that it wasn't Old Doctor who was treating him, but someone else, Jakoda's heart violently shuddered.

“Who are you?”

Out of reflex, Jakoda wanted to sit up from his chair. Meanwhile, Black Dragon had reached Tyr, about to throw a punch at him.

Instead, Tyr was wearing a relaxed smile as he held Jakoda down with one hand and pointed a needle at Black Dragon's throat with the other. “Don't worry, I'm not here to kill.”

Chapter 424 Never In Consideration

The air in the room seemed to have suddenly frozen, with Black Dragon being the most stunned among them all. Because he never anticipated the young man's reaction speed to be this swift and accurate. Black Dragon was the one who initiated the attack, but for some reason, the stranger's needle was currently at his throat.

Putting aside the question of whether a needle could kill, just this action was enough to make Black Dragon understand the difference in capabilities between himself and this young man. He was no match for Tyr Summers, and probably couldn't even endure one attack from him

either.

Black Dragon behaved, while Jakoda Quintus also composed himself.

“Who are you?” asked Jakoda. While he already had an inkling, he dared not easily jump to conclusions.

Tyr retracted his arms with a smile and said, “Lord Quintus, such an intelligent man like you must know who I am. But to show my manners, I’ll still introduce myself. My name is Tyr Summers of Khanh City.”

“So, you’re Tyr Summers.”

Black Dragon’s heart thumped violently. This man was an enemy of the Quintus family. Subconsciously, Black Dragon clenched his fists again.

Tyr casually turned to glance at him. “You

should be aware that if I wanted to kill, you'd all be corpses by now. So, it's best not to challenge my patience."

Perhaps only Tyr was able to brazenly threaten the leader of the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs and still make the latter submit. Black Dragon did not take action, while Jakoda leaned back into the chair.

"Lord Quintus, if you can trust me, let me continue your treatment, because I have something important to tell you later. If your emotions get too riled up, I'm afraid you might die from a splitting headache after that," Tyr said.

Jakoda was frowning hard. In fact, the earlier eased-up symptoms had returned again, and the severe pain was unbearable. He said nothing, simply obediently leaning

back.

Tyr took up three needles and simultaneously pierced them into three acupuncture points on Jakoda's head. The three needles trembled at the same time. Old Doctor was so shocked by this scene that he held his breath.

Jakoda's headache was once again relieved and he relaxed once more. "Tyr Summers, I come here for an acupuncture treatment every week at this time. But, an outsider like you shouldn't be able to find this place. Who told you?"

"That isn't important." Tyr smiled faintly as he continued administering needles. "How do you feel now?"

"I never thought you'd have medical skills

as well, and to be this profound in the study,” lamented Jakoda.

Had the person performing this treatment not been Tyr Summers, Jakoda might have already requested said person to treat him long-term. However, Jakoda knew well that Tyr wasn't here to cure his illness.

“Just what do you want?” Jakoda asked directly without beating around the bush.

”Hehe, I'm here to tell you something,” Tyr answered with a smile. “I'm only treating you now so you relax as quickly as possible. Because after you listen to this news, I'm worried that you won't be able to take the blow and will die from your arteries exploding.”

“What?” Jakoda frowned. An ominous dread

instantly surfaced in his heart.

“Your son, Yulian Quintus, is dead, killed by your other son, Joe Quintus. I’m sure that with my appearance here, you’ve figured out that Yulian has failed in his attempt to destroy me in Riverdale.”

As if he was struck by a bolt from the blue, Jakoda’s mind went blank.

His son was dead? How was that possible? Yulius was his most adored, most prized son, and also the Quintus family’s first heir. How could he possibly die? And he was even killed by Joe Quintus? What kind of joke was this?

Not only was Jakoda bewildered, but Black Dragon’s expression also froze as well. It was evident that he too refused to believe it

was true. Jakoda's reaction was just as Tyr had assumed.

Smiling, Tyr continued, "There's worse news, so you need not be so agitated right now. It was Joe Quintus who gave me your current address. He wanted my assistance in killing you."

At this, Tyr stopped the acupuncture treatment. "He has powerful experts helping him, and there might even be a mastermind behind him, so do as you see fit."

Having said that, Tyr was about to leave.

By now, Jakoda was completely dumbstruck, while Black Dragon managed to come to his senses. He wanted to reach out and stop Tyr out of reflex. But soon, he dismissed this

idea after knowing he didn't have the capabilities.

“Then, why aren't you attacking Master?”
Black Dragon asked.

Tyr gave him a faint smile. “Joe Quintus wants to borrow my hands to eradicate you, but he's not worthy of making me, Tyr Summers, his blade. I don't care what all of you are thinking right now, but I'm standing my ground. If your Quintus family wants to duel me, I'll take you on any time.

“After all... your Quintus family has never been in my consideration.”

Without another word, Tyr strode out from the premises.

While the two Quintus family experts were still meticulously standing guard at the

gates, Tyr exited the house and left through the courtyard. When they saw him coming out of the courtyard, the two experts were dumbfounded.

By the time they came to, Tyr was already a distance away from them, disappearing from their sights in an instant.

The two Quintus family experts exchanged glances, feeling a vague and tingling feeling on their scalps. Without hesitation, they hurried into the courtyard.

They had just entered when they saw Black Dragon supporting Jakoda as the pair came out of the house.

At that moment, Jakoda seemed to have aged several years. His face was ghastly pale, with a layer of sweat covering his

forehead. His headache became increasingly severe, and it was so painful that his eyes began to redden.

Looking at Jakoda, Black Dragon was worried. “Master, are you okay?”

Jakoda was pressing down hard on his temples, continuously massaging them with quivering fingers.

Joe Quintus, his illegitimate son. He was such a seemingly feeble and studious child that even Jakoda assumed he was an unambitious and wretched son. How could he be so ruthless as to kill his own brother and deliberately expose Jakoda’s location to Tyr Summers so the latter could come and kill him?

Jakoda’s misery increased as he thought

about it. He was already going mad on the inside.

Black Dragon quickly asked, “Master, could Tyr Summers be intentionally tricking us?”

Chapter 425 Split Personality

Jakoda Quintus had the same thought. He presumed that Tyr Summers was trying to use this method to get the Quintus family to kill each other internally. But at that moment, Jakoda's phone rang. The caller was the Quintus family's intel representative.

Last night, Joe Quintus had guaranteed Tyr that all information to Jakoda would be sealed off until morning, so that Jakoda would not immediately find out that Yulian and his forces had been completely wiped out in Riverdale.

Looks like Joe had done it. It was hard to imagine that he was once a powerless

illegitimate child who even the Quintus family servants didn't respect.

However, this illegitimate child had successively done inconceivable things. Such a person was too horrifying.

After the phone call, Jakoda felt his body go limp. His phone fell from his hand with a loud thud, and a splitting pain invaded his head. Blood rose from within his body and he suddenly spewed a mouthful of blood.

“Master!”

Black Dragon was shocked, while Old Doctor immediately hurried over. As soon as the doctor took Jakoda's pulse, his expression changed.

“Mr. Quintus, your emotions are too unstable. If this keeps up, you...”

Before Old Doctor could finish, Jakoda interrupted him, “My oldest son is dead, killed by my second son. And now, my second son wants to kill me too. How can I calm down?”

His words stunned the old practitioner into silence. Having been acquainted with Jakoda for so long, this was the first time he realized how scary Jakoda was.

“Black Dragon, call Joe over... No... We can’t call him over. I’ll look for him personally.”

Having said that, Jakoda ignored his migraine and left in a hurry with Black Dragon and the others.

Simultaneously, in a bungalow.

The house had a tiny courtyard fenced by

bamboo walls. Planted in this yard were not flowers, but various vegetables. This residence was located around the edge of Stellar City, and those who lived here were migrant workers who came to work in the city, or common folk with low income.

Joe and his mother had once lived in this bungalow. Besides them, there had also been another man living there.

Some of the tomatoes in this vegetable garden had ripened.

Joe picked a few and handed them to Kamaitachi and Phoenix, who were behind him. “Please have a taste of my home-grown tomatoes. They’re purely organic and unpolluted, very sweet.”

This Joe Quintus must have a split

personality. He had now returned to his harmless appearance, looking like a freshly graduated university student. The ferociousness and hostility he displayed last night were gone without a trace.

Kamaitachi and Phoenix weren't Joe's subordinates, but they obeyed their original master's orders. Hence, when their original master had them serve under Joe, they unconditionally followed Joe's arrangements.

Both of them took the tomatoes from Joe and had a bite. Sure enough, the tomatoes were sweeter and juicier than those on the market.

“Can I have another one?” Phoenix asked, feeling unsatiated after finishing one tomato.

“Of course,” Joe answered with a smile. “This vegetable garden not only has tomatoes, but there are also cucumbers and bitter gourds. Miss Phoenix, just pick whatever interests you.”

Showing no restraint, Phoenix nodded at Joe with a smile and began choosing tomatoes.

Kamaitachi looked around the vegetable garden and commented, “You seem to know a lot about planting this stuff.”

Joe said, “I’ve been living here with my parents since young. Every year, they would plant a lot of vegetables here in this garden. When this season came, I especially loved eating the tomatoes here, so I would always secretly pick a few of them.

“Because of this, I ended up being scolded

by my mother quite often, as the tomatoes were supposed to be sold at the market. But my father was different. He would always quietly pick the biggest and reddest tomato for me, slice it up, and then sprinkle some white sugar on the slices. Once the sugar melts, the tomato becomes deliciously sweet.”

A yearning smile appeared on Joe’s face, as if he was lost in an unforgettably beautiful memory.

However, Kamaitachi was confused by his story. “Isn’t your father the lord of the Quintus family, Jakoda Quintus? Has he lived here before?”

“I didn’t mean him.” Joe shook his head. “My father’s name is James Yard, an average migrant worker. He’s my real father.”

Although Kamaitachi didn't really understand what Joe meant, he didn't get to the bottom of it because he was not the type to ask too many questions. He took another bite of his tomato and admittedly, the fruit was very sweet.

“You gave Tyr Summers Jakoda's location, but that man isn't a normal person. I have a feeling that your plans will go awry this time,” said Kamaitachi.

A hint of viciousness flashed across Joe's demure gaze. In an instant, the hostile personality hidden in his body seemed to have revealed itself again.

“Hahaha... Hahahaha!”

Joe's laughter filled the entire courtyard, sounding exceptionally harsh.

“You’re right, Tyr Summers isn’t a normal person. He’s the third young master of the Summers family in the north. How could he be a normal person?”

Kamaitachi frowned slightly, as if he was against people mentioning Tyr’s identity.

“I know that Tyr Summers definitely won’t kill Jakoda. He’s so intelligent, so powerful, of course he wouldn’t willingly become my blade. Instead, he will no doubt tell Jakoda that it was I who killed Yulian Quintus, and that I wanted to kill him too,” said Joe.

Kamaitachi smiled casually. “Looks like you’ve already seen through it all.”

“It’s not hard,” Joe replied. “It’s true that I wanted to reap the profits as a third party, but now, Tyr Summers has become the third

party. If my calculations are correct, Jakoda Quintus must be heading my way right now with the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs.”

Joe walked over to the tomato tree, plucked a large red tomato, and held it to his nose to take a whiff. After that, he stared straight at the bungalow, as if he was watching the scene of how his family of three had lived in this building.

“It has been almost ten years. This day has finally come!”

Chapter 426 True or False

At that moment, it was as if both of Joe Quintus' personalities had surfaced, meshing together. He stared at the bungalow with a gentleness in his eyes as he reminisced the memories of his family living inside. But when he turned to look outside the courtyard, his gaze was filled with hostility.

Just then, a black car drove toward the house and stopped outside the gates of the yard. The door opened and Jakoda Quintus got out, with Black Dragon following behind him.

Joe had expected Jakoda's arrival, so he wasn't fazed nor surprised by this. If Tyr

Summers didn't kill Jakoda, he would definitely tell Jakoda that it was him, Joe Quintus, who killed Yulian Quintus with his own hands. Thus, Jakoda would never let this go.

It was now morning and the sun was shining brightly. But in Joe's eyes, as Jakoda and Black Dragon came over, he could clearly see dark clouds forming behind these two people.

This time, Jakoda and Black Dragon hadn't come alone. The Twelve Zodiacs and the other Quintus family members must have tagged along, only, Jakoda didn't allow them to come out because Joe was still his son no matter what.

Both men pushed the gates open and entered the courtyard. Jakoda studied the

surroundings of this area before fixing his eyes on Joe.

By now, Jakoda's fury had subsided. He thought he would go into a fit of rage when he saw Joe, but he never expected himself to be as calm as he was right now. As if the person standing there wasn't his son, but a normal stranger.

“Tyr Summers just told me a few things, and they're all about you. I think you know very well what he said to me. Joe Quintus, let me ask you now, what Tyr Summers told me earlier, was it true or false?”

Jakoda had always been disappointed in this illegitimate son of his, thinking that the boy was incompetent. Back then, he only chose to bring Joe home to the Quintus family so that Yulian would have a rival. Joe was to be

a whetstone to sharpen and develop Yulian.

However, Joe's timid personality had let Jakoda down, so the older man only saw this illegitimate child of his as a dispensable dog after that.

But right now, this was considered the first time Jakoda was taking a good look at Joe. It seemed that everyone had underestimated this child. He was never a gentle and humble dog, but was instead a violent and proud wolf!

On the way here, Jakoda contemplated. Since Yulian was dead, he only had Joe left. He didn't want to be without descendants. So, supposing that Joe killed Yulian, if Joe shook his head and denied it now, he would consider believing in Joe.

This was the thought pattern of a leading

figure. While he was upset about his son's death, he still had to consider the future and plan accordingly.

Jakoda was now staring fixedly at Joe. In his mind, perhaps Joe had killed Yulian for this goal of replacing him.

Joe was also staring back at Jakoda, but the meaning behind his gaze was something Jakoda couldn't decipher.

“Answer me. Were the things Tyr Summers told me true... or false?” asked Jakoda again.

Jakoda couldn't control himself. To him, each second was torturous and agonizing. Perhaps we should say that he was waiting for Joe to deny this claim.

Yet, Joe never affirmed or denied it. Instead, he changed the subject.

He turned to the bungalow behind him as a meaningful smile graced his lips. “Jakoda Quintus, you must remember this place. Ten years ago, you came here personally to take my mother and I into the Quintus family. You also gave my father, James Yard, ten thousand dollars to sever his ties with us.

“Back then, James Yard agreed, but it wasn’t because of greed. Instead, he wanted my mother and I to live a good life. You also threatened him, didn’t you? You said that if he didn’t agree, you would kill us, so he had to agree.”

Joe didn’t address Jakoda as his father, but called James his father instead. This made Jakoda feel a stabbing pain in his heart.

Immediately, he burst into a rage, yelling, “

You b*stard! How dare you address me directly by name. I'm your father!"

"Hahahaha!" Joe laughed.

He felt like he had just heard the biggest joke on earth. This man who had once thought of him as a dog and never ever looked his way was now claiming Joe to be his son. Wasn't this a little too amusing?

Joe walked over to Jakoda.

As he moved forward, he removed the glasses from his nose-bridge and ran a hand over the bangs covering his forehead to tie them back with a rubber band.

The hostile aura on Joe's being gradually increased. By the time he stopped before Jakoda, he had become another person entirely.

Joe didn't respond to Jakoda's comment, but changed the subject again, saying, "Jakoda Quintus, you must be anxious now, aren't you? Also, you must be very conflicted and confused, right?"

"Relax. First, take a good look at this place, at the environment around here. Are you familiar with this place?"

Jakoda's brows were pinched tightly together. He felt his headache intensify due to anger from Joe's current attitude toward him.

"Back then, you took my mother and I into the Quintus family, not because of guilt, but because you wanted me to agitate Yulian Quintus, didn't you? After we were taken away, my father, James Yard, was killed by

the men you sent, wasn't he?"

As he spoke, Joe turned to point at the house behind him. "Don't make excuses. It won't be necessary. James Yard's grave is right behind this house and it was me who buried him.

"As for my mother, she died the second year after entering your Quintus family. She wasn't ill, but was instead poisoned by you, wasn't she?"

After Joe had made such declarations, Jakoda's internal emotions seemed to have entered a unique state.

He flared up in anger, pointing at Joe as he bellowed, "B*stard, what nonsense are you spouting?"

Chapter 427 Whose Son Is He?

Joe Quintus roared out in laughter instead. Previously, Joe would have knelt on the ground, shaking from seeing Jakoda Quintus this furious. But now, the hostility and toughness he was displaying had oppressed Jakoda instead.

“You don’t have to deny whether it was you who did it. It’s not important to me. After all, it was either you or Yulian Quintus. It can’t be anyone else. Now that Yulian is dead, you’re up next,” said Joe.

Like he was struck by thunder, Jakoda’s worst fears were realized. This answer was equal to Joe admitting to killing Yulian, destroying Jakoda’s final hope.

“Was it really you who killed Yulian?”

Jakoda asked in a trembling voice, attempting a last struggle.

“That’s right. I killed him. You didn’t see the despairing look on his face when I stepped on him. He was even worse than a dog, hahaha...”

“B*stard, he was your biological older brother!”

“He was not!”

Joe’s emotions suddenly exploded. He retracted his violent temper and put on a chilling expression.

Leaning into Jakoda’s ear, he whispered, “Jakoda Quintus, why don’t you take a wild guess whether I, Joe Quintus, am really your

biological son?”

“What...”

Jakoda instantly felt a shiver run down his spine. Could it be? He suddenly thought of a horrifying possibility.

James Yard and Joe’s mother were childhood friends who were separated after Jakoda forced himself into their relationship. But, due to Jakoda already having a family, he chose to abandon Joe’s mother and Joe, who was still a newborn at the time.

However, James never scorned Joe’s mother after that, but was willing to take care of both mother and son. He always treated Joe like he was his biological child.

But... there was also another possibility—

before Jakoda and Joe's mother got together, she could have in fact already been with James!

"That's impossible!" Jakoda cried out, staggering back.

As the lord of the most prominent family in Astral Province, Jakoda couldn't accept something like this happening.

"Joe Quintus, you're only saying this to anger me, aren't you? Tell me. Are you intentionally irritating me?"

"Is that important?" asked Joe, pleased by Jakoda's crazed reaction.

He had achieved his goal, which was to make Jakoda fall into the tortures of speculation. And he would never tell Jakoda the true answer. The more Jakoda suffered,

the happier Joe was.

“Hahaha, Jakoda Quintus. Whether or not I’m your biological child is not important. Because Yulian had to die, and you will die as well.”

Joe was no longer interested in saying more to Jakoda.

Behind him, Kamaitachi had stepped forward, bearing an intense murderous aura. From behind Jakoda, Black Dragon instantly came forward as well, shielding Jakoda protectively.

Jakoda only felt his mind exploding. His emotions were currently unstable and it felt as if the blood in his veins kept surging up into his head. The veins in his temples were threatening to burst at any time. Now that

things had come to this, Jakoda no longer had any hope in Joe.

“Black Dragon, kill them,” commanded Jakoda, finally unleashing the dominant aura of a patriarch.

This air he exuded was fairly similar to Joe’s, so whether or not Joe Quintus was Jakoda’s biological son was self-evident.

Bam!

A dull sound of collision reverberated through the void. It was the sound of Black Dragon’s and Kamaitachi’s fists colliding.

As the Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiac’s leader and the tribe’s number one fighter, Black Dragon’s combat ability was unquestionable. Even in the entire southern region, he would no doubt rank highly.

As for Kamaitachi, Jakoda still had no idea where this powerful fighter came from, but the man's battle prowess was not to be taken lightly.

In this exchange of fists, both their capabilities became clear.

Black Dragon never moved, but Kamaitachi had taken a step back. Based purely on strength, Black Dragon was evidently stronger than Kamaitachi.

Shock flashed across Kamaitachi's face. Nicknamed as the legendary sickle weasel, his main training focus had been in strength, and all this while, he had absolute faith in his power. Even in that massive tribe he served, among the countless experts, Kamaitachi had confidence that his strength

could overpower most fighters.

However, as he faced this average tribe's fighter, just this one punch made him realize their difference.

After that exchange, both men paused for half a second before the two silhouettes clashed again.

Bam, bam, bam!

The sounds of colliding punches formed an exceptionally harsh and demonic melody in the courtyard. These men were like two wild beasts, continuously tearing each other apart with their own violent methods.

In less than ten seconds, both men had exchanged attacks more than twenty times. It was proof that not only was Black Dragon stronger than Kamaitachi, but his speed was

also more superior.

Bang!

Black Dragon smashed a punch into Kamaitachi's chest and the force sent the latter flying back several meters.

Once he steadied himself, Kamaitachi suddenly felt blood surging up from his chest. Crimson liquid leaked out from the corner of his mouth. Gritting his teeth, Kamaitachi forced himself to swallow back the mouthful of blood.

This scene made Joe shudder inwardly. He had always been confident in Kamaitachi's battle prowess, but he never knew that Kamaitachi was no match for Black Dragon.

On the other hand, Jakoda looked murderous. As the blood boiled in his veins,

his eyes were filled with tiny blood vessels.

“Joe Quintus, did you think you could compete with me, Jakoda Quintus, with these little tricks of yours? What idiotic nonsense. Black Dragon, kill them all!”

Jakoda roared as Black Dragon emanated a bloodthirsty aura.

However, the expression on Joe’s face became even more peculiar.

Whack!

A kick swept across as Phoenix appeared, forcing Black Dragon to take a step back.

She got into a cooperative stance with Kamaitachi as they faced Black Dragon together.

“Don’t forget that I’m strong too,” she said.

Phoenix was still holding onto a tomato. She

took one last bite before tossing it aside.

Both silhouettes dashed forward like nimble leopards, forming a bolt of thunder in a collaborative effort as they charged at Black Dragon.

Chapter 428 Too Ruthless

The one-on-one battle became two versus one. Had it been a solo challenge, Phoenix and Kamaitachi were definitely no match for Black Dragon. But by working together, Black Dragon was soon pushed back.

Finally, Phoenix's ferocious kick lashed at Black Dragon. Before he had time to react, Kamaitachi's explosive punch had immediately come down on his head.

Bang!

There was a huge dull sound. Kamaitachi had exerted all of his strength into this punch, causing the force of a huge hammer to smash into Black Dragon's chest.

Pfft!

A splash of blood spewed from Black Dragon's mouth. At least three of his ribs had been broken by Kamaitachi.

Just as Kamaitachi was about to throw the second punch, Black Dragon roared and sent Kamaitachi flying with a kick. Black Dragon retreated to the side, sweat covering his forehead. No matter how he tried to endure, the expression on his face made it evident that he was in pain.

“Hahaha... Hahahaha!” Joe Quintus howled in laughter again. The entire courtyard was ringing with his savage and maniacal laughter. “Kamaitachi, Phoenix, kill Black Dragon. Once Black Dragon is dead, let's just see what Jakoda Quintus uses to keep his arrogance.”

Kamaitachi and Phoenix teamed up once

more and charged at Black Dragon.

However, Jakoda Quintus suddenly shouted for them to stop, then added, “Joe Quintus, I’m giving you one last chance. Do you have to be so ruthless?”

Joe was amused. Was Jakoda chickening out? For him to play this disgusting relationship card, was he that afraid?

The hostility was clear in Joe’s eyes. “Jakoda Quintus, did you have to ask such a dumb question? Speaking of ruthlessness, if you claim to be number one, no one else would dare to compete against you.

“From the moment you killed my father and murdered my mother, I vowed to one day destroy you with my own hands.

“All these years, I’ve suffered humiliation in

your Quintus family. It was all for this day. Today, my father, James Yard, will be watching from the back of this house. He'll see how I end you with my own hands, to avenge him so that his soul may rest in peace.”

Jakoda took a deep breath. At that moment, the older man truly felt like a sorrowful fallen champion. “B*stard, I'm your father.”

“Who knows?” said Joe, shaking his head.

“Very well. If that's the case, don't blame me for showing you no mercy.” Jakoda finally lost all patience he had for Joe. He suddenly pulled out a walkie-talkie and commanded, “Men!”

The next instant, booming sounds of footsteps came from outside. Soon, the

bamboo fence around the courtyard was violently pushed down and at least a hundred people closed in from all directions, bearing murderous auras.

These people were definitely extraordinary individuals, each one of them an elite fighter of the Quintus family. Leading them were the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs. Serpent, Jackrabbit, Bull, Kong, Hound, Rattus, and Fowl... the remaining seven of the Twelve Zodiacs had arrived as well.

This was the Quintus family's strength that Jakoda Quintus had the authority to mobilize as the lord of his household. It was also his family's greatest strength, and this force was their symbol.

As this scene unfolded, there was no panic in Joe's eyes, as if he had anticipated this to

happen all along.

“As I expected. Jakoda Quintus, you’ve been after my life from the start, haven’t you?” There was a hint of mockery in his tone. “So, Jakoda, you’ve never thought of me as a son. Don’t you feel disgusted by your phony act earlier?”

“I gave you a chance,” said Jakoda, massaging his temples vigorously.

His migraine was so severe that he was almost about to collapse from the pain. He didn’t want to continue wasting time on this matter. Things had developed to this point, and there was no way back.

“Kill them all,” Jakoda ordered.

Of the Twelve Zodiacs, Serpent, Jackrabbit, Rattus, and Fowl went into action, while

Bull and Kong hurried over to Black Dragon.

“Brother Dragon, are you alright?”

Both Bull and Kong were startled to see Black Dragon, the strongest of their Twelve Zodiacs, this battered. They were aware of Black Dragon’s prowess and had many times considered the man fitting of being described as invincible. But now, Black Dragon had been badly beaten up.

“I’m fine.” Black Dragon was looking pale as he shook his head. “Those two are strong. I’ve never heard of such strong fighters in this southern region, so I suspect they must have connections with a prominent family in the north. Leave me be and work with the others to corner those two. They must be taken down in the shortest time possible.”

“Understood!”

Bull clenched his fists covered by metal gloves, while Kong took his steel baton from a nearby subordinate. Both of them got into fighting stances, preparing to charge at Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

Just then, Black Dragon's mildly relaxed mind suddenly tensed up. He sensed a lethal danger engulfing him.

Boom!

Bull and Kong, who had been ready to rush out, abruptly turned. Next, Kong's steel baton unexpectedly swung at Black Dragon.

Everything happened too fast. Even if Black Dragon had remarkable reaction speed, his injured body couldn't dodge away immediately.

Bam!

Black Dragon reflexively blocked the baton with his arms, but the large force pushed him back several steps. Before he stopped, Bull had thrown a punch at his head.

Buzz!!!

Black Dragon's mind went blank as a severe pain invaded his senses. Bull and Kong joined forces, raining down punches on Black Dragon.

Simultaneously, on the other side, Serpent and Rattus had led the others to attack Kamaitachi and Phoenix. It was four elites versus Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

It had been a situation of four versus two, but all of a sudden, Serpent and Rattus abruptly turned and attacked Jackrabbit and Fowl.

Tsch!!!

Serpent's snake-shaped soft sword swiftly darted out, piercing Fowl in the abdomen, while Rattus leaped up and assaulted Fowl.

Their combat abilities were quite on par with each other, but Jackrabbit and Fowl were caught off guard by Serpent and Rattus' sudden offense. While the assault didn't injure Jackrabbit and Fowl heavily, their rhythms were definitely thrown off.

Chapter 429 Who Is Master Raiden?

Before they could react, Phoenix had come up and swept two kicks at Jackrabbit and Fowl, injuring them heavily.

This scene happened too quickly, too fast. Why did so many of these experts of the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs suddenly turn traitors?

At that instant, Hound was rooted to the spot, dumbstruck. He was holding a metal chain with confusion in his eyes. After Bull and Kong killed off Black Dragon, they walked over to Hound, grinning.

“You’ve been out for work these past few days, so you must be oblivious to the

situation. Hound, you have two options. One, continue serving Jakoda Quintus and let us kill you. Two, come with us and enjoy freedom and greater heights.”

Hound was stunned for a few seconds, and in this brief moment, countless speculations surfaced in his mind. At last, he thought it through. These guys must have found a great backer, so that explained their betrayal!

“Hehe.” Hound’s lips cracked into a grin. He darted away and appeared before Jakoda. The next second, his metal chain was wrapped around Jakoda’s neck. “Tee hee, I just want to live.”

By now, every member of the Twelve Zodiacs had clarified their stance. As for the other Quintus family elites, a large portion

had also been taken down the same way.

The others were left to stare in panic.

“Hahaha... Hahahaha!” Joe Quintus’ laughter echoed in the courtyard once more.

He was now an absolute victor after winning by a landslide. He swept a ferocious glance at the Quintus family experts.

Pressing his voice down into a low and heavy tone, he spoke with the aura of a monarch, “You have two options. The first is to put down your weapons and serve me. The second is death!”

“You ungrateful traitor!” scolded a Quintus family’s loyal subordinate, picking up his weapon to charge at Joe.

However, before he could take a step forward, he was taken down by the other

Quintus family experts around him.

Subsequently, those experts initially loyal to Jakoda began throwing down their weapons one by one. About a minute later, everyone there became Joe's men.

Jakoda was still being enslaved by Hound's chain. Without Joe's orders, Hound dared not act hastily.

This brief one minute had felt like a century to Jakoda. He was the Quintus family's head, a proud monarch of Astral Province, and the hero of his generation in the entire southern region.

He had been strategic in his every move, never allowing flaws, but what happened in this one minute completely overturned his world views.

Joe Quintus was an illegitimate child who had been living his days like a dog. How did he achieve all this? So many of the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs had betrayed Jakoda to willingly serve Joe. This was too much. Too illogical!

“Serpent, Bull... Didn't my Quintus family treat you right? When have I, Jakoda Quintus, ever mistreated you all? Why are you betraying me? Betraying my family?” asked Jakoda, glancing at Serpent, Bull, Kong, and the others. His tone was filled with fury.

Serpent chuckled before turning to walk over to Kamaitachi and Phoenix. “We'll be in your care from now on.”

Kamaitachi flashed an easy smile. “Humans

will always reach for greater heights. All of you who have made wise choices today will naturally receive greater rewards.

“Don’t worry, we’ll report everything you guys have done today to Master Raiden. He and the family behind him will remember your deeds.”

“You have my gratitude, Brother Kamaitachi.” Serpent’s smile stretched to his eyes as he turned to look at Jakoda. “Do you have your answer now?”

“It has been over ten years since the Quintus family existed in Astral Province, but it never truly became a first-rate tribe in the southern region. To be honest, the Quintus family isn’t doing well at all.

“Lord Quintus, we’re almost in our forties.

We don't have any more time to prance around, so we really want to enjoy the view at greater heights. Moreover, the family behind Master Raiden is stronger than any first-rate family in the south. There's no reason for us to reject his invitation."

"Who is Master Raiden?" Jakoda's eyes widened. "Is the family behind him from the north?"

Immediately, Jakoda felt his scalp prickle. It was too insane. Too terrifying. To think this presumably incompetent b*stard child of his, whom Jakoda had never respected, would actually be in league with a northern family.

Furthermore, judging from Kamaitachi and Phoenix's capabilities, it was clear that only a first-rate northern family would be

capable of producing such experts. Because from Kamaitachi and Phoenix's tones, he could tell that both their statuses in the northern tribe weren't very high.

They even had a Master Raiden behind them. And who knew which family was behind this Master Raiden.

With two casually dispatched experts, they could easily defeat his Quintus family's number one fighter, Black Dragon. This just proved how horrifying the true strength of this northern family was.

"Tell me, just which family in the north is trying to take advantage of my Quintus family?" asked Jakoda.

By now, Jakoda had gone completely mad. He kept struggling, but the more he

struggled, the tighter Hound's metal chain choked him. Soon, he found it hard to breathe.

Joe wore a faint smile as he strode over to Jakoda, looking into the older man's bloodshot eyes. At that moment, Joe's eyes were blood-red too.

“Joe Quintus, seeing as I'm your father, tell me which northern family is supporting you.”

“Hahaha!” Joe laughed out loud. It seems like he had vented out every previous irritation and anger today. “Jakoda Quintus, didn't I tell you just now that I'm not your f*cking son?”

As he spoke, Joe pointed to the grave behind the bungalow and said with a smile, “That

person buried under there is my real father.”

“You still have my blood in your veins!”

Jakoda shouted.

Slap!

Joe threw a tight slap across Jakoda’s face. He was now as feral as an irrational and cold-blooded wild beast.

“The blood of James Yard courses through my veins. My surname isn’t Quintus, it’s Yard. My name isn’t Joe Quintus either, it’s Joe Yard!”

At this, Joe leaned into Jakoda’s ear with a mad look on his face, as if he was mental.

“Jakoda Quintus, try guessing whether what I said earlier is true or false. Also, try and guess whether I’m really your son.”

Chapter 430 His Backing Is The Summers Family

Jakoda Quintus' expression turned green. He knew that Joe Quintus was deliberately agitating him, but he was powerless to fight back.

“Joe Quintus, you!”

“Me? What about me?” Joe taunted, slapping Jakoda one more time.

“Back then, when you murdered my parents, have you ever thought of such a day? Have you ever thought that I, who has been treated like a dog by you, treated like a wretched b*stard, am actually an existence you could never compete with?”

“Jakoda Quintus, have you any idea how

long I've been waiting for this day?

“All my life, ever since I left this house, it's been so long, so long since I've been this happy. Can you understand my delight when I stepped on Yulian Quintus last night? I feel as if every cell in my body has been activated. It's just too comforting.

“He died so tragically, with so much despair, hahaha. He'd definitely be terrified of being a human in his next life, because last night was such a trauma to his soul. Even if he enters hell and goes through the reincarnation cycle, he'll never forget the pain of last night.”

“You b*stard!” Jakoda bellowed. Blood was seeping out of the corner of his mouth.

Joe leaned into his ear and huffed out a

mouthful of hot air. “Jakoda Quintus, don’t get so excited. Because you’ll soon be joining your son.

“Also, I won’t tell you which family is supporting me, nor tell you whether or not I’m your son. I want you to Die. With. Everlasting. Regret!”

Joe had uttered the last four words with emphasis. As he said each word, one could feel the deep grudge and dissatisfaction in Joe’s heart. Putting aside the fact of whether or not Jakoda was his real father, Joe’s hatred for the man had long been etched deep into his bones.

Joe turned to instruct Serpent, “Serpent, this will be the proof of your allegiance.”

Serpent was wearing a malicious expression.

“Please excuse me, Master. As you can see, I don’t have a choice. If I don’t kill you, they’ll kill me.” ①

Serpent began tightening the chain. Jakoda struggled with all his might, but soon, he gradually lost his strength.

The hero of his generation, Jakoda Quintus of Astral Province’s prominent family and the elite tribe of the south, breathed his last breath. Until death, his eyes were opened wide like copper bells.

Just like Joe had said, the man died with everlasting regret.

After August, the weather in September eventually got cooler. Especially after a thunderstorm, Khanh City became more

refreshing overnight.

Inside a mansion halfway up Lunar Mountain, Tyr was guiding Blair Zea through her homework. Technically, it couldn't really be called guiding. It was mainly because Blair had learned new things this semester, so she liked to pester Tyr, asking him about everything.

“Daddy, I heard from Grandma and Grandpa that you've been overseas for the past few years, right?”

Tyr looked affectionately at Blair and nodded. “That's right. Daddy's been working overseas for the past few years. After earning money, I came back to look for you and Mummy.”

“Then, Daddy, were you in England?”

Tyr was stunned. “Why did you suddenly mention England?”

Blair blinked her beautiful and charming round eyes. “Because I learned spelling at school recently, so I was wondering if Daddy has stayed in England before. Daddy, are you good at English?”

Tyr was dumbstruck. He had a feeling that Blair’s questions were getting more imaginative.

He answered with a smile, “Of course Daddy’s good at English. Then Blair, tell Daddy what spelling you’ve learned recently in school.”

“I’ve learned a lot!” said Blair as she counted with her fingers. “Car: C-A-R. Train: T-R-C-A-R. Huge truck: H-U-C-A-R

...”

Tyr was speechless as his daughter continued listing the words she had learned.

“Papa, Father: F-A-T-H-E-R. Mama, Mother: M-A-T-H-E-R.

“Kitty, Cat: C-A-T. Chicky, Chicken: C-H-I-C-K-E-N.

“Ducky, Duck, quack, quack, quack. Kitty, Cat, meow, meow, meow. Puppy, Dog, woof, woof, woof...”

Just as Tyr was enjoying quality time with his daughter, his phone suddenly rang.

Lately, Tyr would be on edge whenever he heard a phone ring, because he knew a storm was brewing. So, every time his phone rang, he knew that it wouldn't be anything

good.

However, the person who called this time was Torbert Octavius. Tyr got up and walked over to the balcony before pressing the ‘answer’ button.

“Tyr, Jakoda Quintus is dead. Just as you’ve surmised, Joe Quintus killed him. Out of the Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiacs, only five of them remain. The family’s strength is now greatly reduced.”

It was all within Tyr’s expectations, but he still quite admired Joe for being able to take down Jakoda.

Tyr answered, “The Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiacs only serve under the family’s lord. They don’t equate to the tribe’s strength.

“The entire Quintus family still has several other branches, and each branch has quite a few experts. Although this family isn’t considered number one in the south, their family’s structure is no doubt close to that of a first-rate tribe.

“But Torbert, this isn’t what I wanted you to investigate. You know that these so-called Twelve Zodiacs mean nothing to me.”

On the other end, Torbert chuckled. “Why are you so impatient? I’ve also found out the background of those two people you wanted to investigate. I think you must have guessed where they came from.”

“The north,” Tyr simply answered. “I should’ve known.”

“That’s right. The Summers family of the

north,” Torbert replied. “Those two named Kamaitachi and Phoenix are the right and left-hand men of one of the Summers family’s Five Valiant Generals, Raiden Black.”

“Raiden Black of the Five Valiant Generals,” Tyr murmured.

At the mention of this name, mild hostility surfaced on Tyr’s expression. But soon, that hostility gradually softened.

Back then, in Riverville City, the Summers family had mobilized one of the Five Valiant Generals, Perry Reynold, to deal with Tyr, wanting to capture him back to the Summers family. But alas, Perry’s murder by Tyr was like a huge slap to the Summers family.

For several months after that, the Summers

family never made any other moves. Now, it seemed like they could wait no more.

Only, Tyr never expected them to use such a method to deal with him. Looks like the thought process of a first-rate family in the north isn't something an average person could begin to surmise.

“They can bring it.” Tyr stared at the post-storm skies. The corners of his lips curled up slightly. “After all, I’ve said that if they don’t fear death, they can bring it. Because every person they send, I’ll kill them all.”

Chapter 431 Crocodile Tears

Every time he recalled his past experiences in the Summers family, Tyr Summers felt like a knife was carving at his heart, frustrating him greatly. Sometimes, Tyr felt his predicament was quite similar to Joe Quintus', but he wouldn't pity him because of this, nor empathize with him.

Because Joe Quintus wasn't worthy!

Moreover, Joe's mentality was warped. His values and world views were completely different from Tyr's. If a person like that wasn't taken care of, he would eventually turn into the next Dark Shura.

"Raiden Black," Tyr muttered this name again.

The Summers family had three kings and five generals. The kings were superior, while the generals were below them. The Summers family should have learned their lesson last time, but they sent a general over this time. Were they masochistic?

“It was supposedly a grudge between me and the Quintus family, but now, the Summers family is getting involved in our conflict. Torbert, can you tell if there are any schemes happening from this?” asked Tyr.

On the other end of the call, Torbert chuckled. “The Summers family has always been observing you from the dark. Otherwise, how could there be such a coincidence?”

“They’re not just observing,” Tyr replied. “

The north has always had plans to expand its influence into the southern region.

“Only, we just happened to stumble upon the Summers family’s attempt to invade the Quintus family, so they changed their plans in advance. If my assumptions are correct, Joe Quintus is a pawn they’ve been preparing for quite some time.”

At this, Tyr began chuckling. “This time, I want to destroy this chess game of theirs. Torbert, you stay in Stellar City and observe the Quintus family’s every move. Soon, I’ll wipe the Quintus family from the face of this earth.”

“Sure,” Torbert responded before hanging up.

After the call, Tyr stared at the distant sky

again. A conflicted emotion flashed through his eyes.

“Raider Black, I never thought the Summers family would send you to deal with me. Whether we’ll be friends or foes will be your choice to make.

“Or perhaps, the Raider Black now isn’t the Raider Black I knew before. But I, Tyr Summers, am also not the Tyr Summers I was before.”

Putting his phone away, Tyr returned to the living room. By then, Blair Zea was still memorizing her spelling. Watching her earnest expression, Tyr felt annoyed and amused.

“Blair, how do you spell ‘cat’?” Tyr asked.

“Kitty, Cat: C-A-T,” Blair answered.

“What about ‘dog’?”

“Puppy, Dog: woof, woof.”

Tyr shrugged helplessly. “Blair, the spelling for ‘dog’ is D-O-G.”

“No, Daddy, you’re wrong. It’s woof, woof.”

Tyr was speechless.

Rain continued to fall through the night. In one night, the entire Stellar City and Astral Province seemed to have experienced a tumultuous change.

This was because both the lord and first heir of the largest family in Astral Province were dead. Not only had those two died, but seven out of the Quintus family’s Twelve Zodiacs

had also died. Only five were left to guard the household.

In an instant, the Quintus family fell into chaos. Not only was the internal family a mess, but the external parties were also in a state of disorder.

As change rose in the Quintus family, each head of the family's branches had their own axe to grind as they aimed for the family throne. Meanwhile, the external families and corporations used this opportunity to escape the family's binds or request for more beneficial conditions to secure their profits.

Everyone quarreled, seizing resources. In an instant, the entire Astral Province fell into a devastating state. However, this commotion only lasted for one night. The next morning,

Astral Province returned to its initial tranquility, as if nothing had ever happened.

As for what happened in between, only a handful of people knew.

Although Jakoda Quintus and Yulian Quintus were dead, leaving the main branch of the Quintus family without a leader, Joe Quintus was able to control the situation with his tenacious methods in the short span of one night.

Be it the internal family or external parties, in just one night, Joe had displayed staggering approaches and willpower to bring things under control. People or families who wanted to cause trouble received a bloody lesson from him.

Overnight, the Quintus family was

disoriented. From the heads of the tribe's branch families to the Quintus family's protectorate experts or servants, everyone was startled by Joe. Was this man still the once weak and incompetent illegitimate child whom everyone looked down upon?

Now, it was as if he had become another person. He was a demon. A grim reaper. He was Satan from hell.

Previously, in the Quintus family, even a lowly servant would make contemptuous remarks when they saw Joe, showing him no respect at all.

But after tonight, forget the servants, even those highly-paid experts among experts in the family felt goosebumps whenever they saw Joe. This illegitimate child was too scary. So scary to the point that they felt

their scalps prickle just by glancing at him.

This foreboding rain went on for several days. Jakoda and Yulian's joint funeral was also held under this depressing weather.

After Joe had spent one night to get Astral Province under control, returning the peace, Jakoda's and Yulian's funeral naturally attracted many heads of large families in the province to come and pay their respects.

The scale of this funeral was massive. After all, it was for the lord and first heir of Astral Province's largest family.

During the funeral, Joe seemed to be suffering from immense grief, to the point of almost fainting from his sorrow. This funeral caused grief to its listeners and brought tears to its audience's eyes.

From an outsider's point of view, Joe was an unscrupulously filial child. After all, the deceased were his father and older brother. Only a handful of people knew that Joe's act could win him an Oscar. He was the cause of all this, so 'shedding crocodile tears' was the best term to describe his behaviour.

After the funeral, the Quintus family was shrouded by a cloud of darkness. Simultaneously, another incident had begun brewing within the family.

In a few days, it would be the Quintus family's Ancestral Ceremony that was held every three years. Every Ancestral Ceremony was personally hosted by the head of the Quintus family household.

He would first report the family's situation,

detailing the development and gains of the tribe in the past three years to the family's ancestors. In addition, the family's patriarch would also introduce their most excellent descendant to their ancestors. And at the last ceremony, the decision of Yulian becoming the first heir was affirmed.

Hence, once every three years, this was no doubt the grandest occasion for the Quintus family.

Chapter 432 Jerome Quintus and Jemma Quintus

Besides this, whenever a new patriarch takes office, the inauguration can only happen during the Ancestral Ceremony. The new patriarch must light three joss sticks before the ancestors' memorial tablet.

If the joss sticks finish burning, that signifies the Quintus family ancestors' acceptance of the new patriarch. But, if any of the joss sticks stopped burning halfway through, that meant the ancestors were rejecting this new lord. With that, the candidate would be incapable of becoming the new patriarch no matter what.

However, all that were just formalities.

Late at night, the rain was still falling from the sky. In a luxurious mansion not too far from the Quintus manor, a man and woman were seated in the living room, engaged in a discussion.

Both of them were in their forties, and be it the man or woman, both individuals had the temperament of a superior figure.

The man was named Jerome Quintus, the second master of the Quintus household and Jakoda Quintus' younger brother; the woman was named Jemma Quintus, Jakoda's younger sister.

In Jakoda's generation, he had three other siblings. Jakoda was the eldest, Jerome was the second, and Jemma was the fourth. As for the third child, Lewis Quintus, just like

the meaning of his name, was a man of great strength. He was a hidden prominent figure in the Quintus family.

After a long silence, Jemma was the first to speak, “Second Brother, what do you think about Big Brother’s death?”

She was still brooding over the deaths of Jakoda and Yulian Quintus, because she didn’t believe that a mere Tyr Summers from Khanh City and Carson Yorke of Prime City could kill Yulian and Jakoda successively.

“Who knows?” replied Jerome, narrowing his eyes.

There were no signs of sorrow in his expression, instead, there was a delight in his eyes despite the tragedy. Perhaps there was no longer such a thing as familial

warmth in this prominent family. What was left was only an eternal source of benefit.

“There must be something going on behind Jakoda and Yulian’s deaths. And I suspect that it must have something to do with that brat, Joe Quintus,” Jerome commented.

“Joe Quintus?” Jemma frowned hard. “Second Brother, are you saying that Joe has something to do with Big Brother and Yulian’s deaths? How is that possible? Could a wretched illegitimate child like him do such a treacherous thing?”

“Hehe, it’s as the saying goes—you shouldn’t judge a book by its cover. Or have you forgotten who silenced the commotion in Astral Province last night?”

Jemma still found it hard to believe as she

continued, “Second Brother, the others might not know how the commotion in the province was suppressed, but aren’t you and I aware?”

“Although Big Brother and Yulian are dead, the Twelve Zodiacs still exist. Even if there are only five of them, they’re not to be underestimated. So, pacifying the province was mostly through the efforts of Serpent and the others. Also, didn’t you and I put in just as much hard work in the process?”

“I still think that Joe Quintus is just garbage. Even if he’s been intentionally disguising himself as a ferocious man lately, he’s still weak and useless at his core.”

However, Jerome shook his head. “Fourth Sister, we have to be prepared for the worst. Putting aside what kind of a person Joe is, he

's still Big Brother's son no matter what.

“Now that Big Brother and Yulian are dead, it will be troublesome if he steps forward to contend with us for the position of Quintus family head.”

Jemma let out a burst of contemptuous laughter. “Hahaha, the likes of him?”

It was as if she never considered her nephew a threat. And there was no blaming her.

After all, the impression Joe gave everyone was that he was incompetent through and through.

“Second Brother, I think what you should be worried about isn't that garbage, Joe Quintus. Although he's Big Brother's son and currently has a huge advantage of taking the throne, he's still only an

illegitimate child. He's no good.

“Instead, we should prepare ourselves for Third Brother.”

At Jemma's mention of Lewis Quintus, Jerome's expression became solemn.

In the entire Quintus family, the strongest fighter in name was Black Dragon of the Twelve Zodiacs. But in actuality, Lewis, who had a martial arts complex, had more profound capabilities. Moreover, Black Dragon had once admitted himself that he might not match up to the Third Master.

Also, Lewis' branch never participated in the internal family's disputes, as if they had no regard for the family, nor did they care to stay up to date. Lewis had one son, but the child had been sent abroad a long time ago.

On the surface, out of the Quintus family's four branches, Lewis' family was the least likely to contend for the patriarch position. However, the Quintus family's third master was a tad too frightening. With his hidden capabilities, who's to say he wasn't preparing something in the dark?

“Old Third didn't step forward to do anything during this crisis either. If he truly wanted to become the family's lord, he would've taken action by now,” Jerome said.

Jemma replied, “That's true. Third Brother always had a complex for fighting. Besides training, he doesn't care about anything else. He even sent his son abroad, not allowing him to return to the country. Isn't he just trying to clarify his stand on the matter through this method?”

“So, Second Brother, in a few days, it’ll be our Quintus family’s Ancestral Ceremony. When the time comes, the position of the family’s patriarch will definitely be yours.”

Jerome crinkled his eyes as he turned to smile at Jemma. “When that time comes, I’ll need you, my dear sister, to support me.”

“But of course.” Jemma nodded with a grin. “I’ve always been on your side, Second Brother. Only, when you become head of the household, don’t forget me, your dear sister.”

“Hehehe, but of course.”

Jerome and Jemma’s laughter reverberated throughout the mansion’s living room. It was as if the position of the Quintus family’s lord was already in their hands.

“But, Second Brother, there are still five of the Twelve Zodiacs left. They still have quite an authority within the family, so for safety precautions, you’d better win them over soon,” said Jemma.

“Hehe, that won’t be a problem. A talented person will always choose a patron of integrity. I believe that Serpent, Bull, and the others will make the right choice,” replied Jerome.

Although only five of the Twelve Zodiacs remained, each and every one of them were like a national treasure for Jerome. At the thought of these five zodiacs belonging to him soon, Jerome became excited.

Just then, a servant ran over in a flurry. “Second Master, Fourth Miss, Second Young

Master Quintus is at the door requesting for an audience.”

“Joe Quintus!”

Jerome and Jemma exchanged glances. Joe was requesting an audience with them at such a timing. What could he want?

“Let him in.”

Chapter 433 Submit To Me And Prosper

Jerome Quintus calmly instructed without showing any emotion.

“Yes,” replied the servant.

Soon, Joe Quintus, dressed fully in black with his glasses removed and hair slicked back, entered through the door. He no longer carried the temperament of a feeble bookworm, but was instead exuding the threatening aura of an authority figure.

Once inside, Joe immediately greeted Jerome and Jemma Quintus. However, there wasn't a hint of respect in his tone as he said, “Joe Quintus, here to greet Second Uncle and Fourth Aunt.”

Jerome and Jemma didn't press on this issue. After all, each one of them had ulterior motives. They all knew what the other was thinking, so there was no need to pay such formalities any mind.

“Joe, we're very saddened by your father and brother's issue. We also hope you'll be able to cheer up soon and stand up again,” Jerome said.

“Thank you for your kind words, Second Uncle.” Joe nodded. “Father and Big Brother's deaths were too tragic. And it was the fault of Khanh City's Tyr Summers and Riverdale Prime City's Carson Yorke. I definitely won't let them go. I have to reclaim justice for Father and Big Brother.”

“You're right. To think mere characters

from the inferior Prime City would dare to lay a hand on our Quintus family. They must have a death wish. Your Fourth Aunt and I were just discussing that after the Ancestral Ceremony, we'll head over to Riverdale and eliminate those insolent fools.”

Joe made a saluting gesture and thanked him, saying, “Thank you Second Uncle and Fourth Aunt for being willing to stick up for my father and big brother. I'm forever grateful to you.”

Jemma narrowed her eyes. “Joe, they're not only your father and big brother, but also our big brother and nephew. They were even the leaders of our Quintus family. It's impossible for us to not avenge them. But before this, we have to complete something else first.”

Joe narrowed his eyes as well. “May I ask what Fourth Aunt plans to do?”

Jemma answered, “A country can’t be without an emperor, and a household can’t be without a lord. Now that your father is gone, the entire Quintus family is panicking. So, before we move on, we have to quickly elect a new patriarch to preside over the family.

“With that done, after the Ancestral Ceremony, we can focus our attention on dealing with Riverdale’s Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke, to claim justice for your father and big brother.”

Joe nodded faintly. “You’re absolutely right, Fourth Aunt. Our first priority is to unify and strengthen the family before annihilating

Riverdale.

“Hence, we have to choose a new lord soon. Coincidentally, the Ancestral Ceremony is coming up. The new lord can carry out the ceremony before the memorial tablets to receive the ancestors’ blessings.”

Jerome and Jemma exchanged smiles, suddenly finding Joe to be quite civilized. Jerome would never actively bring up the topic, so it was up to Jemma to promote him.

Jemma continued, “So, Joe, I think, out of the entire Quintus family, your second uncle Jerome is most suited to take up this responsibility as head of the Quintus household. What do you think?”

“Now that you’re the only child Big Brother has left behind, your second uncle needs

your support to secure this position as the family's lord. So, Joe, you'd definitely support your second uncle, right?"

Before Joe could answer, Jerome shook his head in a pretense. "Fourth Sister, how can you say this? In our Quintus family now, in terms of capabilities, our third brother, Lewis Quintus, is more suited to the role of patriarch.

"As for rights, our big brother's son, Joe, is more worthy than I am. How could I, Jerome Quintus, be a fit for this role as head of household?"

Jemma chuckled. "Second Brother, there's no need to be humble. Everyone can see what you've done for the Quintus family all these years. So, no one in this Quintus family is more suited for the role of the lord

than you.”

At this, Jemma deliberately glanced at Joe to catch his reaction.

However, Joe looked composed, as if his face was covered by a mysterious veil. Jemma couldn't gauge his reaction at all.

Meanwhile, Jerome kept putting on an act, rejecting the idea and saying that he wasn't qualified for the role of lord.

“Joe, talk to him. Isn't your second uncle too humble? Do you think your second uncle is worthy of the position as our next head of household? I think you must be rooting for your second uncle too, aren't you, Joe?”

Joe smirked inwardly. There were only three of them in the living room now. Frankly speaking, Jemma and Jerome need not

perform such tricks at all.

After all, each of them knew what the other was thinking.

A malicious grin finally appeared on Joe's face. Out of habit, he pushed the area on his nose bridge even though he was no longer wearing glasses.

“You're absolutely right, Fourth Aunt. I think Second Uncle is quite suited to be the Quintus family's head of household,” said Joe.

At this, Jemma and Jerome felt a wave of delight in their hearts. As they expected, Joe Quintus was still a wretched fool who didn't dare to set his sights on the family's throne.

“So, Joe, you...” Jemma continued, hoping to get Joe to clarify his stance right now and

support Jerome in attaining the position.

However, before she could finish, Joe spoke again, “But from Second Uncle’s words, he must not want the position. Since that’s the case, we can’t force Second Uncle, can we? So, I think that I should take the family’s throne after all.”

“What!?”

In an instant, the air inside the mansion seemed to have frozen. Jemma and Jerome were staring at Joe, stunned. They never expected Joe to be this straightforward and say that he wanted to become the family’s lord.

“Joe Quintus, are you spouting nonsense?” Jemma’s expression darkened as irritation overflowed in her tone.

Jerome was also frowning hard and his expression was as cold as ice.

However, the maliciousness on Joe's face became more evident, until finally, he laughed out brazenly. This laughter sounded like that of a demon from the lowest level of hell, flustering any who heard it and making their scalps tingle.

Soon, the laughter died away. When Joe looked at Jerome and Jemma again, the menacing aura of his being completely overpowered both of theirs.

“Second Uncle, Fourth Aunt, I, Joe Quintus, will clarify my stance now. I will take my place as the Quintus family's head of household. Submit to me and prosper, or oppose me and perish.”

Chapter 434 Your Life Is Not As Valuable As Jakoda Quintus'

There was no need for Joe Quintus to put on an act. In fact, he had come here just to tell Jerome and Jemma Quintus that he would become the family's patriarch. Moreover, he didn't come here to discuss this with them, but to gain their affirmation instead.

"Joe Quintus, the nerve of you! Ungrateful child!" yelled Jerome.

He didn't anticipate such a reaction from Joe, so he couldn't contain himself anymore. Since Joe had torn down all pretense, there was no need for Jerome to continue faking it.

"Haha, ungrateful?" Joe roared in laughter.

“Second Uncle, it was you who said you didn’t qualify as the head of household. What? Are you going back on your word so soon?”

For a moment, Jerome was at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, Jemma spoke, “Joe Quintus, you’re only Big Brother’s illegitimate child. You have no right to take the Quintus family’s throne.”

At the mention of ‘illegitimate child’, Joe’s mental state seemed to have suffered a huge stimulation. Immediately, the hostility he exuded increased as his gaze turned into that of a wild beast’s.

“An illegitimate child is still Jakoda Quintus’ f*cking child. The position of head of the Quintus household will be mine. I’m only

here to inform you, not to seek your approval,” Joe snapped.

“Joe Quintus, you’re insane.” Jerome flared up in anger while Jemma was also shaking with fury.

“It’s not that I’m insane, but you guys have aged.” Joe swept a glance at the both of them. “The current Quintus family belongs to the younger generation.

“If the both of you submit to me, I can guarantee you a carefree life for the rest of your days. But if you dare to oppose me, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.”

“Preposterous!” Slamming a hand on the wine cabinet beside him, Jerome shouted, “Guards!”

Immediately, more than ten experts from

Jerome's branch of the family rushed in from outside.

“Seize this insolent brat. I want to see just what capabilities this b*stard child has to compete with me, Jerome Quintus, for the family's throne.”

The group of fighters surrounded Joe in an aggressive manner.

However, Joe wasn't the least bit fazed or nervous. Instead, he laughed out loud. His laughter was filled with insanity, as if he didn't mind these so-called experts.

“Jerome Quintus, are you trying to take me down with only this many people? Aren't you thinking too highly of yourself?”

Veins popped on Jerome's forehead. He roared, “Seize him! If he struggles, just kill

him!”

“Hahahaha!” Joe let out a burst of roaring laughter again. “As I said, you’re thinking too highly of yourself.”

Bam!

He had just spoken when a dull sound of collision rang out. It was then followed by the screams of one of Jerome’s men.

This subordinate was thrown back, crashing heavily into a wall. There were a few more hammering noises and several other experts fell to the ground, shrieking.

A few silhouettes darted in from outside and they were none other than the Quintus family’s remaining five zodiacs. Jerome’s subordinates couldn’t last a beating from them. After all, the Twelve Zodiacs were the

family's prized fighters.

In under a minute, Jerome's subordinates were all taken down by the five zodiacs. The entire mansion was filled with pained wails, and the air was saturated by the foul smell of blood.

Jerome and Jemma were dumbstruck. They never expected Joe to bring the five zodiacs along to defeat them.

Based on the Quintus family's current structure, Jerome was no doubt the most worthy and capable of becoming the family's head. The five zodiacs weren't fools and could tell such a thing. Even if Joe was Jakoda's only flesh and blood left, the Twelve Zodiacs served the Quintus family as a whole, not specifically Jakoda's branch. Hence, after Jakoda's death, the five zodiacs

should be currying favor with Jerome instead, because he had the most potential to become the family's next head. However, the reality was far from what Jerome had assumed.

This whole time, Joe had been wearing a menacing and ruthless smile. Every pore on his being was filled with confidence and arrogance, showing no concern for Jerome and Jemma.

“Serpent, Bull, what are you guys doing? You're actually helping this garbage, Joe Quintus, to go against me?” bellowed a furious Jerome.

Meanwhile, Jemma simply took out her phone to call for more backup.

Serpent crinkled his eyes, smiling at Jemma.

“Fourth Miss, you don’t have to waste your time. Just earlier, all your subordinates have pledged themselves to Young Master Joe. They’re all very supportive of Young Master Joe becoming the next head of household.”

Jemma’s expression changed. “This is impossible.”

Immediately, she called her subordinates. She made several other calls, but the results were the same. Her calls either went unanswered, or the people on the other end simply stated their positions of supporting Joe as the new family’s leader.

“This is outrageous!” Jemma had no choice but to accept the facts. She bellowed and smashed her phone onto the ground heavily. “Joe Quintus, I don’t know what kind of enchantment potion you’ve fed Serpent and

the others, nor what tricks you've pulled behind the scenes, but I can tell you that you have no chance of becoming the Quintus family's head."

Slam!

Joe strode over and slapped Jemma in one swift action. This slap had contained almost all of Joe's strength, dealing a huge blow.

Five crimson fingerprint marks immediately appeared on Jemma's face. She was too dumbstruck to even feel pain. How dare this cowardly b*stard slap her in front of so many people? She was the Quintus family's young miss of the last generation, Joe's aunt.

"Joe Quintus, how dare you hit me. You... Do you have a death wish?"

Slap!

Joe slapped Jemma again without hesitation. This slap had not only left five bloody streaks on Jemma's cheek, but the force had also pushed her to the ground.

The current Joe Quintus was too horrifying, worse than a demon from the depths of hell.

Jemma laid sideways on the ground, utterly dumbfounded. Her gaze was filled with confusion.

Joe squatted down and leaned into her ear. With an excessively hoarse voice, he threatened, "If you say another word, I'll kill you. Don't doubt my audacity, your life... isn't as valuable as Jakoda's or Yulian's."

Chapter 435 Only One Out Of Two Can Live

Buzz!

Jemma Quintus only felt her mind explode. What did Joe Quintus mean by this? Could he mean that Jakoda Quintus and Yulian Quintus were both murdered by him? This was too insane. Was Joe a demon? How could he do such a thing?

For a moment, Jemma could sense every cell in her body being submerged in deep fear. It was a kind of horror that stemmed from within her soul, causing her body to shiver uncontrollably.

“Hehehe!” Joe chuckled before getting up and turning to look at Jerome Quintus.

By now, Jerome was frightened as well. Because this was his first time realizing how crazed and terrifying this illegitimate child whom the family had been underestimating was.

“Second Uncle, it’s now time for you to choose.”

As Joe spoke, Serpent held his snake-shaped soft sword to Jerome’s neck. There was an invisible and piercing aura seeping out of Serpent’s blade. Jerome had no idea if he was hallucinating, but he felt a stinging pain around his neck.

“Second Uncle, I’m giving you thirty seconds to consider. My proposal is the same, you only have two options. Submit to me and prosper, or, oppose me and die.”

After saying that, Joe really took out his phone and began a countdown.

A short span of thirty seconds felt like a century to Jerome. He thought of resisting, but this current situation allowed him no such chance at all.

Also, with Serpent's blade at his neck, the sharpness of the blade's aura assured him that if he defied Joe's wishes, Serpent would end his life in a swift movement.

Five seconds passed.

Ten seconds passed.

Fifteen seconds... Twenty seconds!

Jerome finally took a deep breath. He swept a glance at Serpent and Bull. "I'd like an

answer.”

Serpent and Bull looked at Joe. The latter nodded nonchalantly.

“The answer is, we can follow Young Master Joe to see the highest view of the world.”

“A higher view?” Jerome shifted his gaze back to Joe.

Joe merely smiled and turned to look outside the door, staring into the distant north.

“The north!” gasped Jerome.

At that moment, Jerome seemed to have realized a horrifying truth. No wonder Joe suddenly had such huge resources and capabilities. So his backing was the north!

“Thirty seconds are up. Second Uncle,

please make your choice,” said Joe, putting away his phone and looking at Jerome with a champion’s pride.

Jerome took a deep breath. Alas, he chose to compromise. Or should he say, he didn’t even have a choice. “I’m willing to support you in becoming the family’s new lord.”

“Hahaha!” Joe’s laughter filled the living room once again. He nodded in satisfaction and patted Jerome heavily on the shoulder. “Then, let me thank you, Second Uncle, for supporting me.”

“It’s... only natural,” Jerome stammered. “Yulian was supposedly the first heir of our Quintus family. Now that he’s dead, the new heir should naturally be you, Joe.”

When he said this, Jerome’s heart was filled

with reluctance. But even if he was unwilling, what else could he do?

“Second Brother, you...” Jemma, who had just picked herself up, wanted to say something but was stopped by a look from Jerome.

“Second Uncle, since you’ve agreed to support me, why don’t you do something for me now?” suggested Joe.

Jerome was stunned. “Do what?”

The same menacing grin resurfaced on Joe’s face and a bloodthirsty glint flashed in his merciless eyes. Immediately he fixed his gaze onto Jemma. Just this look was enough to give her a feeling of being targeted by a massive beast.

That instant, Jemma felt herself being

engulfed by a wave of fear.

Joe pulled out a dagger and stuffed it into Jerome's hands. "Kill her."

"What?" Jerome shuddered.

"I said, kill her," Joe repeated. "Of the two of you, only one can live."

"What?"

At this point, not only Jerome and Jemma, but even Serpent, Bull, and the others felt their minds going numb. They had witnessed Joe's ruthlessness before, but they never expected him to be this malevolent.

"Joe, we've never offended you. Also, you wanted us to support you in attaining the throne and we've agreed to it. Why do you

have to do this?”

Jerome and Jemma were panicking, but Joe didn't feel like saying much. Suddenly, another dagger appeared in Joe's hand and he passed it to Jemma.

“I'll give you two one minute. Only one of you can live. If neither of you has taken action after one minute, both of you have to die.”

With those final words, Joe said no more and left the mansion's lounge without looking back.

The rain got heavier outside. It continuously washed away this ground that was filled with blood and wickedness.

Bracing the rain, Joe strode out of Jerome's mansion. Just as he reached the mansion's

gate, a hysterical shriek reverberated from the mansion's living room. It was the screams of Jemma Quintus.

Outside the gates, a black-clothed bodyguard was holding an umbrella, shielding Joe from the rain. A black Rolls Royce was parked by the roadside. It was once Jakoda Quintus' ride.

The bodyguard opened the back passenger seat's door for Joe, who got in and stretched lazily. Sitting inside the car were two people — Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

As soon as Joe got in, Kamaitachi asked, “Joe Quintus, your cruelty just keeps reaching a new level in my mind. Why do you have to be so ruthless?” ①

Joe smiled faintly. “Am I?”

“Are you not? They’re your second uncle and fourth aunt.”

“Hahaha, but I’m not a Quintus.”

The entire Rolls Royce was resounding with Joe’s maniacal laughter. This was a burst of laughter that made Kamaitachi and Phoenix feel uncomfortable.

“Don’t think that I’m being too ruthless. Compared to your northern tribe, an incident like this isn’t worth mentioning at all. I now no longer believe in anyone. So, if neither Jerome nor Jemma dies in an attempt to prove their allegiance, I’d feel uneasy.”

Having said that, Joe began chuckling again. His grin was becoming more horrifying.

“Start the car. To Quintus Gym.”

Chapter 436 Quintus Gym

Of the Quintus family resources, Quintus Gym was the least remarkable business and of the least worth. But at the same time, it was also the family's most important asset.

To be precise, it couldn't be considered a business because it was the residence of Quintus family's third master, Lewis Quintus.

Lewis Quintus had a martial arts complex and was always immersed in studying martial arts. In his younger days, he set up this gym and hosted highly rewarded tournaments for the sake of attracting experts to duel with him.

However, three years ago, Lewis removed

the tournament when he realized that everything had become meaningless. None of the experts who came to challenge him could match up to him.

Hence, for the past three years, Lewis had been living in this gym alone. He rarely went out and would stay there to develop his abilities whenever he had time.

This was the reason why outsiders said the Quintus family's third master was a martial arts maniac. They said he had no interest in participating in any of the family's power struggles. And it was true. Lewis never thought of wanting to take the family's throne.

However, while these were his thoughts, others might not think the same.

The rain began falling harder as bolts of

lightning filled the sky. Claps of thunder resonated throughout the entire Stellar City.

Just then, in the large hall of the gym, a middle-aged man near his fifties was sitting at the nave of this premise, dressed in black training robes. The hair beside his temples was a greyish white, but his build was muscular, his body bursting with vigorous energy.

This man was Lewis Quintus, the third master of the Quintus family. The martial arts maniac with unfathomable capabilities.

However, Lewis was looking solemn right now. He seemed to be deep in thought as traces of conflict and hesitation appeared on his face. After careful consideration, he finally took out his phone and called a number he had not dialed in a long time.

The dial tone rang for quite a while but the call was not answered. It was as if the person on the other end was hesitating to answer as well.

“Hehe.”

A bitter expression appeared on Lewis’ face. Finally, he sighed and put down the phone.

Outside, lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating the entire Quintus gym. Just then, Lewis’ phone rang. The number he had called earlier was calling him back.

Lewis shuddered before subconsciously grabbing his phone. But after placing his thumb on the screen, he didn’t swipe the bar to answer the call.

How amusing. It was Lewis who made the

call first. Now that the other party was returning his call, Lewis was hesitating instead. It wasn't until the ringtone was reaching its end that Lewis swiped the bar to answer.

He could hear the other person's breathing on the other end, but the latter didn't speak. Similarly, Lewis kept quiet as well. This silence went on for almost a minute.

Finally, it was the other party who broke this quietness. His tone didn't sound friendly nor did it sound agitated either, saying, "If you won't speak, I'm hanging up."

It was a younger voice, sounding to be in his early thirties. It was also a charming voice, as if belonging to an educated figure.

"No!" Lewis finally uttered out.

After that, he didn't know what else to say. Subsequently, it was another half a minute of silence.

“I'm hanging up.”

“No, Faron, don't hang up. I'm calling you today to ask if you still blame me.”

So, the young man on the phone was Faron. His full name was Faron Quintus—Lewis' only son whom he had sent to live abroad many years ago. But from the looks of this situation, it seemed like Faron and Lewis didn't have a good relationship.

“Blame you?” Faron chuckled. His laughter was laced with a thick sense of sarcasm. “Why should I blame you? What right or capabilities do I have to blame you?”

“You sent me to America when I was only

sixteen years old. It's been thirteen years since then. I wanted to come back for a visit but you never allowed me to return. Right now, in your eyes, I'm probably still an ignorant brat, aren't I?

“But now, I've grown into a man.”

Lewis heaved a deep sigh. “I'm only doing this for your own good.”

“For my own good?” Faron found it hilarious. “For my own good, you tossed me away to America, leaving me lonely, bullied, and scorned?”

“When I was bullied, you weren't here. When I was punched, you weren't here. When I was wronged and framed, you weren't here either. Have you ever thought of me as your son? I think martial arts is your real

son.”

The words “it’s not like that” reached Lewis’ lips, but he didn’t know how to continue. Alas, he could only choose to swallow them back.

“Faron, you’re an extremely capable man. An indomitable man. I believe that you’ll be able to overcome all these obstacles. This Quintus family doesn’t suit you. The world outside this country is your true canvas.

“I’m only a man of combat, it’s true that I don’t know how to educate my son, so I chose the most primitive way.

“After a lion has raised its cub for a short period of time, it leaves the cub in the forest to learn how to hunt on its own. And eagles push their fledglings that don’t know how

to fly off a cliff, so that they can learn to soar ...”

Lewis was only halfway through when Faron interrupted him, “But I’m human. I’m not an animal. Animals don’t understand compassion but humans do! Animals don’t feel heartache but a human’s heart will feel pain!”

Faron seemed to be losing control, so Lewis was reluctant to say more. He was still unskilled in communication.

“I heard you’ve joined an amazing organization overseas and you hold an important position in that group. I think you must have found a canvas that belongs to you. Congratulations, Faron. Father is happy for you.”

Father!!!

Upon hearing the word 'father', Faron felt as if he had been touched by something somewhere deep inside his heart. It had been so many years since Faron heard Lewis addressing himself as his father before him. It had been so long that Faron assumed Lewis had forgotten he had a son.

At that moment, Faron seemed to have thought of something. "You're acting weird today. Tell me, what has happened on your end?"

Chapter 437 The Invincible Lewis Quintus

Crackle!

Outside the door, another bolt of lightning pierced the sky, and the deluge of rain came pouring down right on schedule.

Lewis Quintus' face once again displayed a hint of profound bitterness as he stood up and strode towards the door of the assembly hall.

Outside the martial arts complex, leather soles trampled the ground, mingling with the sound of torrential rainwater pelting down.

Pitter-patter!

Splish-splash!

“Faron, won’t you... call me Father?”

Uttering these words had sapped away all of Lewis’ strength; he had never lowered himself in front of his son to such a degree since the day Faron was born.

On the other end of the call, Faron Quintus was left stunned. “Are you pulling my leg, old man? You rarely ever drink. Have you gotten drunk today?”

“If you really miss me, drop your stinking pride for once. Do you want me to come see you, or do you want to meet me in America? I’ll even take you sightseeing here.”

However, Faron was destined to be unable to hear his father’s voice.

Lewis simply smiled. The knot in his heart seemed to have unraveled at that moment. “Stay in America and never come back!”

“What... is that supposed to mean, old man? Answer me. Hurry up and answer! Father!”

Boom!

On the other end of the line, Faron’s tone grew frantic as he finally called out to his father. But with the sudden thunderclap on his end, Faron’s cry had ultimately gone unheard by Lewis.

Hanging up and tossing his phone aside, Lewis finally looked toward the sparring ring.

He then stepped out, a violent aura enveloping his figure. The moment he set

foot outside, there would be no turning back.

On the other side of the martial arts complex, three silhouettes approached at a brisk pace. The one who stood at the forefront was Joe Quintus. The individuals trailing behind him were Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

As soon as they met, Lewis Quintus inquired bluntly, “You were the one who killed Jakoda and Yulian, weren’t you?”

He was a martial artist and a brutish man, so he was not accustomed to mincing his words.

“Would you believe me... if I said no?”
replied Joe.

Lewis refrained from questioning further and simply shook his head. There was no

trace of outrage or even a sliver of emotional turmoil on his face.

His eyes did not fixate on Joe, but shifted back and forth between Kamaitachi and Phoenix. “They’re not from the south.”

“We’re from the north,” Kamaitachi spoke in a flat tone.

“Oh,” Lewis gave a curt sigh of affirmation. “So, you guys came here specifically to kill me?”

Joe grinned like a Cheshire cat and said, “Third Uncle, in a few days, it will be the Quintus family’s triennial Worship Ceremony. I want to inherit my father’s position as head of the Quintus family.

“So, when the time comes, I hope you’ll support me and help me reach the top. Oh,

by the way, Second Uncle has put Fourth Aunt in her place, as she rebelled. Second Uncle is quite supportive of me becoming the head of the Quintus family as well.“

A hint of anger finally surfaced on Lewis' nonchalant visage.

‘What a cruel illegitimate b*stard. Jakoda shouldn't have brought him back. This is a typical example of letting a wolf into the sheepfold,’ he thought to himself.

As the fourth daughter of the previous generation of the Quintus family, Jemma Quintus held a pivotal position within the household. One of the four pillars of authority had fallen, and had her death so flippantly summarized by Joe.

It was as if the one who died was a

disposable pawn of the Quintus family.

What was even more terrifying was that Jemma's death should have stirred an upheaval within the Quintus family, yet her passing caused no ripples in the circle.

Nobody from the Quintus family had even notified Lewis on the matter up till now. That could only mean the current Quintus family was no longer what it once was.

“Please give me a definite answer, Third Uncle. You can't possibly expect me to stand here all day wasting time in the rain, don't you think so?” said Joe.

“Your surname is Yard, not Quintus. The Quintus family will never fall into the hands of someone who bears another surname,” replied Lewis.

Though Lewis Quintus was a martial artist who spent all his time indoors, he knew much more than he had let on!

Joe flashed a grin, revealing a row of white teeth. “Hehe.”

At that moment, he had become a beast from hell once more.

“Kill him.”

Having bluntly spat out those words, Joe stared at Lewis as if he was looking right at a dead man.

Kamaitachi and Phoenix simultaneously charged towards Lewis.

Crack!

Another bolt of lightning pierced the night

sky, and in the blink of an eye, the three figures clashed.

All three of them were extremely fast. Their fists and kicks were imbued with formidable strength—each punch that rained down could be likened to an explosion.

Lewis, the martial arts enthusiast of the Quintus family, was so powerful that it was even rumored that the Quintus family's number one expert, Black Dragon, was no match for him. The claim had never been demonstrated before, but this time it was thoroughly proven.

Previously, Kamaitachi and Phoenix had to team up to deal with Black Dragon before they could finally seriously injure and kill him.

In other words, the two of them working

alongside one another proved to be more powerful than Black Dragon. But in their current situation, the duo were unable to do anything against Lewis, and even appeared to be pressured by him.

“Eight Extremities!”

With a roar, Lewis blocked Phoenix’s whip with a flick of his palm, followed by another blow to his opponent’s chest, instantly sending her flying several meters and crashing into the ground.

Kamaitachi was taken aback at the sight. He had not expected the third son of the Quintus family to be so powerful.

Roar!

With a bellow, all the muscles in Kamaitachi’s arms bulged, his strength seemingly

doubled. Nicknamed Kamaitachi, he had always been a strength-oriented individual. He threw both fists out as he lunged at Lewis like a cannonball.

An average expert would've been instantly crushed under the pressure of Kamaitachi's overwhelming strength and have their internal organs burst.

However, his opponent this time was Lewis Quintus, who was no ordinary expert.

“Nestling Mountain.”

It only took Lewis less than a second to go from taking an offensive stance to unleashing Nestling Mountain, and then Lewis instantly clung to Kamaitachi.

Boom!

A dull crash sounded, like a thunderclap

ringing through the ether.

Before Kamaitachi could even land a hit on Lewis, he felt as if he had been struck by a speeding train. Like a kite with a broken string, he was sent flying backward seven or eight meters and crashed into a stone wall.

Chapter 438 Raiden Black

No one knew whether or not the stone structure had been made brittle with age. In any case, the entire wall collapsed when Kamaitachi collided with it.

The battle lasted less than three minutes, ending with Kamaitachi and Phoenix's defeat. Despite having joined forces, they were still no match for Lewis Quintus.

Such a sight left even Joe Quintus, who always had a plan, astonished. From the start, he had known that Lewis was formidable, but he had not expected the man to be quite this powerful.

Lewis was indeed worthy of being the Quintus family's martial arts enthusiast.

With strength like his, even if one were to look to the entire south, he would probably be among the best.

Rumble...

Thunder rolled overhead like the fury of the gods.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the length of the sky, and the light illuminated Joe's face. In that instant, Lewis could discern a hint of fear in Joe's countenance.

"You're afraid," said Lewis, a hint of sardonicism surfacing in his tone. "You, who is cruel and merciless, shouldn't be afraid."

Joe did not reply, but subconsciously took a step backward.

Lewis raised his palm infused with an

intense force. If the strike were to land on Joe's crown, he would undoubtedly perish where he stood. Whether Joe's surname was Quintus or not, he would send him straight to hell today. That was Lewis' exact train of thought.

Joe Quintus was a demon, and a demon... should go back to where he belongs.

"I'll send you on your way," said Lewis darkly.

Letting out a low-pitched roar, he became an afterimage, instantaneously dashing toward Joe.

With speed as fast as lightning, even if any of the remaining five of the Quintus family's Twelve Zodiacs stood before Lewis, none would be able to escape the blow—not to

mention, Joe himself was no expert.

Kamaitachi and Phoenix, who had just gotten to their feet, could only spectate because they were incapable of putting a stop to it.

Slap!

It was the sound of a palm striking down. However, Lewis' blow did not connect with Joe's skull.

Joe was still standing in the same place as before.

When Lewis had rushed toward him, terror had been clear on his visage. But now, the fear had turned into amusement and deviousness.

Before Joe stood a middle-aged man all

decked out in black, who seemingly materialized from nowhere, with a bald head and three red lightning motifs engraved into his left temple.

Even Lewis failed to recognize when the other man showed up in front of Joe. His entrance was like a bolt of lightning. It was this man who denied Lewis' blow just now.

Stumbling back two steps, a trace of bewilderment flashed across Lewis' face. He scrutinized the man from top to toe for several seconds before finally asking, "Who are you?"

"I am Raiden Black of the Summers family up north."

Rumble...

For a moment, a series of thunderclaps

resounded through the air, as if they were a background track specially prepared for Raiden.

“Raiden Black, one of the Five Valiant Generals of the northern gentry Summers family!”

Lewis had obviously heard of Raiden. After all, the Five Valiant Generals of the Summers family was a renowned presence in both the north and south.

“So, it’s true. No wonder Joe has gone mad. To think he was riding on the coattails of the Summers family all this time.”

Lewis drew in a deep breath and refrained from speaking at length. The reason he made that call to his son Faron was because he realized he would not be able to make it

through tonight. It was impossible to stop Joe now that he had come this far.

Lewis was indeed trying his best to get rid of the scourge that was Joe. However, he ultimately failed. Raiden Black was, without a doubt, the greatest asset that Joe had brought with him.

Hence, it appeared that one of them was destined to perish tonight. As things stood now, the likelihood of Lewis' demise was far greater.

“I didn't expect such a skilled expert to be present in the Quintus family's Astral Province. What a worthwhile trip I've made,” said Raiden, a hint of excitement in his tone.

It seemed as if all masters in the world were

this way—whenever they encountered an equal, their blood started pumping wildly.

Just as his words trailed off, Raiden bounded toward Lewis. As his name suggested, he was as swift as lightning. Raiden was incredibly agile, but Lewis was not far off. The two silhouettes thus flitted amidst the torrential downpour.

Experts like Kamaitachi and Phoenix may just barely be able to discern their trajectory. However, ordinary men like Joe Quintus would be incapable of making anything out in the slightest. All he could see were two silhouettes moving rapidly in the rain.

The air resounded with the sound of a barrage of clashing fists.

“Nestling Mountain.”

With a roar, Lewis Quintus once again unleashed his technique.

When he bumped into Kamaitachi earlier, the other man was sent flying seven or eight meters away. Raiden also retreated several steps backward, but in the process of doing so, his hands fluttered wildly in the pelting storm, as if he were unloading pressure from the thrust.

Raiden very quickly stabilized himself. There was a trace of intense euphoria visible across his mien.

“Good Lord, you’re an Eight Extremities practitioner.”

Raiden smacked himself on his bald head, and in the next second, he dashed toward Lewis again. This time, Raiden’s speed was

significantly faster.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Amid the torrential downpour, the sound of clashing fists resounded once again.

“Eight Extremities... Avalanche!” roared Lewis, his palms forming a figure resembling a dragon and unleashing a series of combos against Raiden.

“Too slow,” quipped Raiden, letting out a low roar.

Lewis’s vision blurred as lightning ripped through the sky and his opponent vanished from sight.

Bam!

Raiden, who had swiftly shifted to Lewis’

side, struck the martial artist in the face hard enough to knock him back several steps. Before Lewis had time to react, Raiden's fists descended like lightning, pounding a succession of blows into flesh.

Lewis' tempo had been disrupted by Raiden. With his rhythm in disarray, the ensuing result was only a beat-down.

Bang!

Raiden threw a punch to his opponent's heart, followed by a blow to his temple, and then a kick to his abdomen.

Chapter 439 Dickson Watt Is Back

In a matter of seconds, Raiden dealt a barrage of blows to Lewis in succession. With one final blow, Raiden vaulted high into the air and struck down like a thunderbolt, smashing Lewis's skull.

Boom!

It was as if Lewis had been struck by lightning. His mind went blank as blood streamed out of his mouth, nose, and ears.

Lewis fell to his knees with a resounding thud, his head sagging, and never got up again.

With that, Raiden called it a day. Taking one more look at the still-kneeling Lewis, he

saluted him—a show of respect from one strong man to another.

Kamaitachi and Phoenix came his way and greeted him with great respect, “Master Raiden.”

“Hm,” Raiden responded indifferently, then turned to look at Joe.

Armed with a dagger in his hand, Joe approached Lewis. His visage was no different from a devil’s as he cruelly stabbed the blade into the downed martial artist’s chest.

Raiden frowned, grabbing Joe’s wrist as he coldly questioned, “What are you doing?”

Joe looked downright diabolical as he declared, “I want him dead.”

“He won’t survive. I don’t want you to keep

insulting him. A truly strong man deserves the respect that he is due.”

If anyone else had stopped him, Joe would have foamed at the mouth. However, it was Raiden who held him back, so he did not dare to put up any resistance.

Despite his reluctance, Joe ultimately held his tongue and discarded his dagger.

“Let’s go. In a week, it will be the Quintus family’s triennial Worship Ceremony. Now that all obstacles have been dealt with, no one will be able to stop you from being the head of the family,” said Raiden.

A maniacal expression surfaced on Joe’s visage. He looked up at the sky, letting the rain wash over him. The moments he had experienced over the years were repeatedly

brought to the forefront of his mind.

All the humiliation. All the reticence. And now, the day had come.

The day had finally come!

Shortly after Joe and Raiden left, several members of the Quintus family entered the Quintus Gym and transported Lewis to the outskirts of the city in a car.

A few men had already dug a large pit in a deserted area on the outskirts of the city. All this had been prepared as per Joe's orders.

The third son of the Quintus family was not satisfied with the status quo and wanted to pursue greater heights in martial arts elsewhere, so he left the Quintus family without saying goodbye, never to return. That would be the story told to everyone.

Not many would believe such a claim. But even if they didn't, what did it matter? In the Quintus family today, there were none left who dared to oppose Joe.

It was nearly midnight, yet the rain did not let up. It continued to pelt down from the heavens as layer after layer of soil washed away.

Two young men lifted Lewis and threw him into the pit, while the others shoveled dirt and mud into the cavity.

“Well, that will do. It's not like anyone is going to show up in the middle of nowhere anyway. It's still raining cats and dogs.

Everyone should go home and allow your wives to warm your bed for you. Don't stay here and suffer.”

As soon as the leader uttered those words, everyone stopped what they were doing in unison. Not wanting to continue what they were doing, they simultaneously turned back to the van and threw their shovels in the vehicle. The van started up and sped away.

However, not long after they left, a silhouette of a man atop a small hill strode in that direction. It was a young man in his twenties, carrying a black bag.

If Tyr Summers and Connie Yorke were present, they would immediately be able to identify him—Dickson Watt of West Suez.

“I do hope I’m not late,” he muttered.

Tossing the black cloth bag he slung over his back aside, he began digging the fresh

soil with his hands at great speed. It was just his luck that the plot had just recently been filled. Coupled with Dickson's speed, he was able to dig Lewis Quintus out of the soil in just a minute or so.

Lewis lay motionless on the ground, looking no different from a corpse. The downpour continued to wash over him, cleaning away the mud from his body.

"Is he dead?" Dickson murmured, then pressed his ear close to Lewis' chest. "What a lucky fellow. He still has a heartbeat. You should count your lucky stars to have met me. If it were anyone else, you'd be dead."

Dickson pinched Lewis' head a few times as he muttered, "A heavy blow? But they seem to have been deliberately lenient on you. The damage to the other areas of your body

don't seem particularly serious.

“Well, let's go back and soak in this master's medicine, and you'll be back on your feet soon enough.”

With that, Dickson lifted Lewis. He weighed 140 pounds, yet Dickson carried him as if he were toting cotton—with absolutely no effort at all.

“You can't die, successor of the Eight Extremities. If you die, where am I going to find another master of the Eight Extremities to challenge? Even if you're going to die, you must die by my hand.

“As the saying goes, anybody can be an expert in a profession through their efforts. I, Dickson Watt, must be the very best at everything.”

Rumble...

Another volley of thunder resounded. Carrying a black cloth bag and an unconscious Lewis on his shoulders, Dickson bounded as quickly as he could and soon disappeared into the rain.

The rain lasted for nearly half a week in both Stellar City and Khanh City of Riverdale Province. The blistering summer completely passed after half a week, and the weather in the south began to cool.

Over the past few days, the Quintus family did not show up at Khanh City to stir up any trouble, nor were they likely to do so. Thus, Tyr also had a rare respite.

That morning, he had just dropped Blair Zea off at kindergarten and was on his way

home when his phone rang. With the long-awaited ringing of the phone, Tyr knew that his days of leisure were over again.

The incoming caller ID indicated an unfamiliar phone number, and the area code showed that the call was coming from the north.

“He finally called.” A faint smile appeared on Tyr’s countenance as he tapped on the answer button. “Raider?”

Chapter 440 Speaking With Raiden Black

Tyr Summers was the first to greet the other party by name.

There was silence on the other end of the line for a moment, before a deep, steadfast voice filtered through, “You’ve grown up. You don’t even call me uncle anymore.”

“Is there really a need?” Tyr chuckled. “After all, we’ll be enemies soon enough. Did the Summers family send you here because they finally decided they couldn’t sit still anymore?”

“I didn’t come to the south for you. The Quintus family was originally a chess piece of the Summers family. It’s just that fate is

fickle, and I got involved in your mess. I naturally would know about things like that, Tyr. Why don't you help me this once?"

"Help you?" asked Tyr, huffing out a laugh. It was as if he had heard the most hilarious joke of the century. "Do you want me to restrain myself, go see the Summers family with you, and then obediently let that woman order someone to extract my bone marrow and give it to Kirin Summers?"

"That's pretty much what I meant," replied Raiden.

"Hahaha!" Tyr convulsed with laughter before he abruptly cut himself off as a grim expression surfaced on his face.

"Raiden, I'm no longer the same crybaby I was back then, so there's no need for you to

say such things to make me laugh. But, since you treated me well back then, I would advise you not to get involved in this mess.”

Raiden fell silent for a moment before he continued, “He who is ordered to die by the king has no rights to disobey.”

“We’re done here then,” said Tyr firmly. “You’re not the first person the Summers family has sent to find me. Take them as lessons drawn from the mistakes of others. Don’t blame me for not warning you. I won’t be lenient.”

“Hehe,” Raiden sniggered on the other end of the line, as if he was not taking Tyr’s words into account whatsoever. “If that’s the case, then fine. I’d like to see just how terrifying the former crybaby actually is.”

Tyr sighed. “Are you calling just to tell me

that?”

“Of course not,” Raiden replied. “The Quintus family’s triennial Worship Ceremony is in three days’ time. Joe Quintus will inherit the position of head of the Quintus family there.”

Tyr nodded. “I have my own sources. You don’t need to stick your nose into this.

“You’re trying to tell me that once Joe Quintus rises to power, he will unleash the might of the Quintus family to deal with me, yes?”

“You still think of me as that kid from back then, Raiden. Do you really think that the mere might of the Quintus family can do anything to me?”

“No, no, no,” Raiden vehemently denied. “

That wasn't what I meant. I was trying to tell you that three days ago, the third son of the Quintus family, Lewis Quintus, died by my hand.

“But, he has a son by the name of Faron Quintus. He lives in America. This Faron Quintus joined a very powerful global organization in America, called Regal Palace.”

“What?!”

When the words tumbled from Raiden's mouth, even Tyr's heart thudded violently. That was too much of a coincidence. Tyr also caught on to the alternative meaning to Raiden's words.

“Why are you telling me this?” asked Tyr.

Raiden said, “Hehe, you were a smart child,

but I hadn't expected you to be able to establish Regal Palace overseas in just a few years. Although I don't know exactly what kind of existence Regal Palace is, I'm sure it must be very powerful.

"But overseas is simply just that. Don't underestimate the magnates of the Celestial Empire. It's definitely not something that can be compared to whatever is abroad."

Tyr narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Are you trying to show off the strength of the Summers family in front of me?"

"You should know exactly what I mean. Like I said, you've always been a bright kid. Surely, you must know why I'm making this call. Well, I believe we're done here, Tyr. I'll see you in three days at the Quintus family's Worship Ceremony.

“Speaking of which, I haven’t seen you in over a decade. I wonder if you’ve grown taller since then.”

“I’m not just taller but stronger as well,” Tyr answered.

“Hahaha.”

There was a roar of laughter from Raiden on the other end of the line, and then he hung up the phone.

After hanging up, Tyr fell silent for some time. Finally, he seemed to have thought it all through.

He picked up his phone again and dialed a number. It did not take long for the call to be answered, despite the fact that it was probably nighttime over in America because

of the time difference.

A sluggish voice could be heard from the other end, “Boss.”

The speaker was none other than Phantom Dragon, one of the eighteen generals of Regal Palace. A while back, he had saved Heather Quelch while she was in America.

“I need you to look for someone. His name is Faron Quintus, he’s a member of Regal Palace. You’ve been in charge of Regal Palace over in the States, so he should be your subordinate. When you find him, have him contact me immediately,” Tyr ordered.

Phantom Dragon immediately scrambled out of the bed and divulged, “Faron Quintus. I think I remember him.”

“Oh?”

Phantom Dragon continued, “Yeah. When Regal Palace invested in a bank that had serious financial problems, I nearly gave up on it. Then, a cadre named Faron Quintus stepped up to save the day, and promptly put an end to the issue, which ultimately resolved the crisis.

“The incident he helped with nearly cost Regal Palace six billion dollars. It just so happens that I had a general director dismissed last month, and I’m thinking about picking a new personnel to take his place.

“And this Faron Quintus you’re talking about, Boss, is one of the four candidates I’ve selected.”

On the other end of the call, Tyr nodded,

then narrowed his eyes and smiled, muttering, “No wonder Raiden called me. This Faron Quintus is truly an asset. I want that man, Phantom Dragon. Have him contact me.”

Phantom Dragon sighed, seemingly upset that Tyr always took his men with no rhyme or reason, but he did not dare to disobey. No matter what, Tyr was still the Palace Master of Regal Palace.

“Consider it done, Boss.”

After hanging up the phone, Tyr continued to drive back to the villa. As soon as he arrived home, his phone rang again.

When Tyr answered the call, he simply addressed the other party by name, “Faron Quintus?”

“Yes, Palace Master. Faron Quintus, personnel of the American Branch of Regal Palace, Los Angeles Division, greets the Palace Master.”

Tyr could hear heartfelt respect in Faron’s tone. At the same time, a trace of fear and trepidation carried through his speech.

Chapter 441 Worship Ceremony

There were tens of thousands of members within the ranks of Regal Palace, from the Five Kings and eighteen generals, down to the general staff or members, and they all treated Tyr like a god.

“You don’t have to be so nervous. I’m seeking you out this time to deliver news to you,” said Tyr.

“Do tell, Palace Master,” Faron Quintus hurriedly responded.

“Your father, Lewis Quintus, has passed.”

Crackle!!!

On the other end of the line, Faron was

horror-struck. A constant buzz invaded his mind.

‘What? My father is dead? How can this be?’

Faron suddenly recalled that when he spoke with Lewis Quintus over the phone a few days ago, he had an inkling his father’s tone was a little off.

‘Could it be... That night?’

At a loss for words, Faron was unable to respond. Tyr wasn’t bothered by this. After all, the one who died was Faron’s father. Naturally, he needed time to digest the incident.

It was a long time before Faron could articulate his words. There was a tremor in his sorrow-tinged voice as he asked, “Palace Master, who killed my father?”

Tyr answered, “It’s a long story. It doesn’t matter who killed him.

“The Quintus family is in complete chaos right now, and may even fall into the hands of someone of a different surname at any moment. The Quintus family needs a direct descendant to preside over the situation.

“So, Faron Quintus, I, as Palace Master of Regal Palace, now order you to return to your homeland immediately. Once you return, I’ll lead you to seek revenge.”

Faron was flummoxed.

‘What kind of situation is this? This is the Palace Master of Regal Palace, a god-like existence. And, me? I’m just a cadre under Regal Palace. Did the Palace Master actually say he would personally avenge my father?’

Faron was so startled that he couldn't refuse Tyr, even if he wasn't a member of Regal Palace.

His father had been killed. His family was in shambles. He had no choice but to return.

Three days went by in a flash! Soon, the day of the Quintus family's Worship Ceremony arrived.

The triennial Worship Ceremony of the Quintus family was such a grand event that not only did every member of the Quintus family participate, but all the major families and organizations in Astral Province also sent delegates to the gathering.

This was the Quintus family's grand event that only happened once every three years. As the family that stood atop the food chain

in Astral Province, no one dared to disrespect them.

The Worship Ceremony was held at the Quintus family hall. It was built with such opulence that it gave others the impression that it was a small palace.

Although there was no rain today, the sun was also absent. The sky was overcast, as if a layer of haze had fallen over the entire Quintus family hall.

Concurrently, Jerome Quintus stood before Joe Quintus to carefully explain to his nephew what he needed to do next, “Joe, your succession as the new head of the Quintus family has long been recognized by all the direct and indirect members of the family.

“You can go directly to the hall to give a

speech as the head of the family, and then you can proceed to make your candle offerings. After you have made your offerings, you will officially become the head of the Quintus family.”

Although Jerome was Joe’s second uncle, and the only living second son of the last generation of the Quintus family, he was groveling in front of Joe like a lackey in an ancient court.

There was nothing he could do. Joe was now in control of the entire family, and Jerome could not fight against him.

Moreover, Jerome had even killed his own younger sister, Jemma Quintus, with his own hands to give Joe proof of his allegiance. Jerome no longer had a way out. He and Joe were now in the same boat. There

was no going back.

Joe wore an off-white suit and a pair of flat-lensed glasses. His hair was combed back, which gave him an air of authority.

Although he wore glasses, he could not hide the stern and sharp edge in his eyes.

“You don’t need to teach me this. Now that I’m the head of the Quintus family, even if I destroyed the hall, no one would dare make a peep.”

Jerome felt a chill run down his spine.

‘This Joe Quintus is a complete lunatic. Only a psychopath would dare to spout such things at the Worship Ceremony.’

Despite his displeasure, Jerome did not dare to show any signs of his vexation. He checked his watch and reported, “Joe, it’s

time. Let's begin the Worship Ceremony.”

“Okay.”

Inclining his head, Joe strode over to the hall, followed by Jerome and other Quintus family elders.

The remaining five of the Twelve Zodiacs also trailed behind Joe. According to the former regulations, these five people were not eligible to follow Joe into the hall to worship the departed.

However, Joe deliberately arranged for them to be by his side. On the contrary, many members of the third generation Quintus family members were not qualified to enter the hall.

Everything that Joe had done today was going too far. Yet, he was only doing all this

to gauge a reaction from the Quintus family.

If anyone from the Quintus family dared to jump in and denounce him today, then no one could blame him for wiping out their entire lineage after the Worship Ceremony.

Be that as it may, the facts proved that no one wanted to stand out and bear the brunt of the attack. The so-called Worship Ceremony was simply a formality. Who would actually compete with Joe Quintus on the matter?

“Let the Worship Ceremony begin,” yelled the master of ceremonies, his booming voice instantly reverberating throughout the entire hall.

Joe, accompanied by his entourage, walked into the main hall and bowed. The entire

process lasted five minutes in solemnity. Not even Joe dared to mess with the proceedings.

It was only after the entire procedure was completed that Jerome, who was next to Joe, heaved a sigh of relief. It was as if a weight had been lifted off Jerome's chest. He had been worried that Joe would raise a fuss during the ceremony. If something were to happen, it would make things difficult.

“You’re nervous?” asked Joe.

He could tell Jerome’s complexion was not quite right. His uncle was tense the whole way through.

So, he prodded with a smile, “Is it because I threatened to wreck Quintus Hall?”

“Hahaha, I was just joking. I’m not that

much of a savage. The departed Quintus family members are housed here. How could I possibly sabotage myself?

“But I, Joe Quintus, have always believed that living is all that matters. Do you think these dead people will bless the Quintus family with prosperity?”

Chapter 442 Candles That Wouldn't Stay Lit

Jerome Quintus drew in a breath of cold air. Joe Quintus' question left him speechless.

Joe continued to laugh hysterically. "Ghosts and gods don't exist in this world. I doubt they can bless the Quintus family. To grow to greater heights, the only one the family can count on is me, Joe Quintus!"

Joe was getting more and more frenzied. It was clear to Jerome that to be in his company was tantamount to living with a tiger. If Joe dared to defy the departed members of the family, was there anything he couldn't do?

To continue the Worship Ceremony, Joe

walked to the front of the hall. He had a suspicious look in his eyes. With a sidelong glance, his eyes swept through all the Quintus family members and the representatives of various families or groups throughout the Astral Province.

Everyone was holding their breath, waiting for what he would say next.

This was a typical part of the Quintus family's Worship Ceremony, where the head of the family would give a speech. He would state his determination and attitude in front of both the departed and living Quintus family members, and declare his promise to lead the family to glory over the next three years.

Joe didn't say much. He was completely egoistic, and his tone was dripping with dominance.

“From today onwards, I, Joe Quintus, am the head of the Quintus family. If anyone disagrees, come forward now.”

The crowd looked at each other. Everyone felt that Joe was a bit too straightforward. The ceremony had turned into the likes of triad fights for leadership. His attitude annoyed many of the Quintus family members. At the same time, the outsiders ridiculed Joe for being a country bumpkin who didn't know any better.

Those present may be having various thoughts in their minds, but no one dared to come forward and accuse Joe.

Joe looked at their reactions with a wry smile on his face. “Here, I pledge to the Quintus family, to all my brothers and

sisters in Astral Province, and to all the departed members of the Quintus family.

“I guarantee that the Quintus family will thrive rapidly under my leadership. Within the next three years, I will elevate the Quintus family status into a first-tier gentry in the south.”

The crowd was divided with opinions due to the proclamation.

Many people didn't believe in Joe, thinking that he was bragging. After all, Jakoda Quintus had spent years and put countless effort into trying to raise the Quintus family status in the south. Yet, in the end, there was no progress at all.

‘Isn't it a little unrealistic for you, Joe, to set such an impractical goal right after you took

office?

'Or, do you take the Quintus family and all the other families in Astral Province as a three-year-old child? That you get to do whatever you want.'

Joe disliked the murmured noises of disapproval coming from the crowd. His expression was darkening.

His glance was razor-sharp as he swiftly brushed through the masses. His tone turned icier, asking, "What, you all don't believe me?"

The crowd instantly fell silent. Everyone kept their mouths shut, fearing that they would be targeted by Joe, the madman.

After all, rumors of his frenzied behavior had long been spread throughout the

province. Many of those stories were not proven, but they were enough to indicate the kind of horror Joe was capable of.

Jerome, on the other hand, was worried that Joe would lose control during the meeting. So, he wanted to end the session as soon as possible.

“Time’s up. It’s time for the new head of the family to offer candles to the spirits of the deceased,” shouted Jerome.

He couldn’t help it. If the session prolonged any further, Joe could go too far, and someone might actually stand up against him.

Many of those present were already dissatisfied with Joe, both Quintus family members and the representatives of other

families from Astral Province alike.

Someone who was not afraid of death might stand up.

Followed by the remaining five of the Twelve Zodiacs and a group of Quintus family elders, Joe turned around and walked into the hall.

Someone had readily prepared the freshly lit candles for him. With three candles in his hand, he walked to the portraits of deceased Quintus's family members and bowed.

“To all the Quintus family before us, your descendant, Joe Quintus, hereby inherits the position of the head of the Quintus family today. Please bless the family with prosperity. I will live up to everyone's expectations and lead the Quintus family to greater heights.”

Having said that, Joe placed the candles into the candelabrum in front of him.

If the candles stayed lit for thirty minutes, it would suggest that the departed Quintus family members had accepted Joe as the new head of the family. The process was then considered complete.

As it was a formality, the process was relatively simple. It was impossible for the lit candles to be extinguished midway, especially when they weren't exposed to wind and rain from outdoors.

Nevertheless, not long after the three candles had been lit, before even a third had burned, all three candles suddenly went out at almost the same time. It was as if all the candles had come to an understanding, for

they all went out without a sign.

“What’s going on here?”

Not only did Joe’s face turn pale, but the five zodiac fighters and the elders of the Quintus family were also stunned. Jerome’s heart thumped as well. His face was filled with shock and disbelief.

‘Why is this happening? Why did the candles abruptly extinguish? This is something that has never happened during the Worship Ceremony.’

This was so bizarre that everyone present was panicking.

Even those who remained outside of the hall couldn’t help but whisper about it when they witnessed the incident. This was a clear sign that the departed members of the

Quintus family disapproved of Joe as the new family head.

Eyebrows furrowing, a ferocious expression surfaced on Joe's face. "There must be something wrong with the candles. Remove them and light them up again."

"But Joe, how can we do that? It would be the greatest disrespect to the departed members of the Quintus family," Jerome protested.

"Don't you speak English?"

Having been snapped at in front of everybody, Jerome's face turned red. Joe had embarrassed him. And yet, he still didn't dare to refute anything, even though deep down, he wanted to tear Joe into pieces.

"Bring me the candles."

Someone handed him the three candles again. Taking them, Joe lit them again and reinserted each one into the candelabrum.

After that, Joe didn't say a word. He just stood beside the candelabrum, silently staring at the candles with his fierce and vicious eyes.

This time, the candles only burned for less than a minute before going out again.

Buzz!

Everybody's minds went blank and buzzing sounds rang in their heads. Were the spirits of the deceased really present here?

Chapter 443 Faron Quintus Turned Up

Joe Quintus' heart thumped heavily. He hadn't expected this kind of chaos to occur at such a critical time, especially not at today's Worship Ceremony.

“Bring me another candle,” said Joe, his tone turning a maniacal from anxiety.

Click, click, click...

The sounds were made by a servant as he continuously pressed on the lighter. Finally, he managed to get the flames going and tried to light up the candles.

But this time, something even stranger happened—all three candles refused to light

up at all.

Everyone in the hall was at a loss. What was happening was unexplainable by science, it was simply too bizarre.

Could it be the spirits of the departed members of the Quintus family? Were they objecting to Joe inheriting the position of the head of the family?

Joe angrily knocked the servant to the ground. “You punk.”

Snatching the candles and lighter out of the servant’s hand, he decided to just light them up himself. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, the three candles just refused to burn.

“F*ck,” Joe couldn’t help but curse as he smashed the candles on the ground. “There’s something wrong with these candles.”

A voice suddenly shouted from the crowd outside the hall, “I think it’s you who has a problem. The departed members of the Quintus family don’t approve of you becoming the head of the family. So, Joe Quintus, you’re not fit to inherit the position.”

Those words were the spark that ignited a fierce reaction. In a flash, the hall erupted into a wave of heated discussion.

“Yeah, how is it possible for the candles to be unable to light up? It must be the departed disapproving of Joe.”

“That’s right. Joe is not competent to lead. I may not be a member of the Quintus family, but as the representative of an affiliated family, I didn’t give my consent for him to

be the head of the Quintus family.”

“Yup, the bastard son is not qualified to be the head of the Quintus family. It’s inappropriate.”

....

Immediately, all sorts of rumors exploded in the hall. Each word was so harsh that the circumstances began to get out of hand.

Joe was furious, downright furious. “Motherf*ucker, who the hell tampered with these candles?”

His eyes were blood red as he turned around and walked out of the hall. “Who the hell dares to say that I, Joe Quintus, am not qualified to be the head of the Quintus family? I dare you to come forward.”

Though the discussion was heated, when it

came the time for someone to step forward, no one dared to make a move. Nobody was a fool. If they openly went against Joe, wouldn't it be the end of them?

Yet, a few seconds later, the same voice sounded again, "Joe, you are not right for the role as the head of the Quintus family."

Somebody had actually stood up!

The crowd suddenly parted, making way for the owner of the voice.

A young man dressed in mourning clothes walked towards Joe. He was accompanied by Tyr Summers, Carson Yorke, and the others.

Many of the Quintus family elders recognized the young man at once. "Faron Quintus!"

As Faron had stayed abroad for all these

years and rarely returned, some had long forgotten what he looked like. But elders like Jerome Quintus recognized Faron at once.

“Faron!”

Joe’s pupils shrank sharply. He was tremendously shocked. He never expected that Faron, who had been sent abroad by Lewis Quintus, would turn up at such a critical timing.

Out of all the members of the Quintus family, only Jakoda, Jerome, and Lewis’ lines were considered to be direct descendants.

Previously, Joe had wiped out everyone from the older generation of the Quintus family. And since no one from his generation was capable of competing with him, that made

Joe the most qualified candidate to inherit the family.

But now that Faron, who was also a direct descendant of the Quintus family, had shown up, Joe felt a bit uneasy about his position.

“Faron, why have you come back?”

Many of the Quintus family elders walked towards Faron. He might not have returned for years, but the elders seemed to have an excellent impression of him.

With a cold expression on his face, Faron spoke in an icy tone, “How could I not return after such misfortune has befallen the Quintus family?”

“My uncle, aunt, dad, and Yulian have all been brought down by this traitor. And now,

the great Quintus family is about to fall into the hands of outsiders.”

“Faron, what nonsense are you talking about?” snapped Jerome, immediately furrowing his brow.

Faron turned his gaze towards Jerome. Just like Lewis, his eyes were burning with a fierce aura of superiority. Like father, like son indeed. That one glance from Faron sent a chill down Jerome’s back.

What the heck was all this?

Be it Joe, Faron, or the late Yulian, why was it that each of the third generation descendants of the Quintus family were sharper than the previous one? A glance from them was enough to make Jerome’s heart tremble with fear.

There was a time when Jerome had intended to compete for the position of family head. But now, it seemed he was rethinking it.

“Second Uncle, I have no idea why you’ve come this far. But as your nephew, I’d like to remind you not to ask for trouble,” said Faron.

“What?!” retorted Jerome. He drew in a breath of cold air and his facial muscles twitched viciously.

Joe, however, laughed heartily. “Faron, what do you mean? Are you joining forces with Tyr and Carson to deal with Quintus family matters?”

“The men standing beside you are our family’s sworn enemies. Both my father and elder brother died at their hands.

“Faron, I didn’t expect that you would actually be in cahoots with our sworn enemies. Since you’ve come today, you might as well die here.”

His gaze fixed on Tyr and Carson, Joe’s body emitted a dense murderous aura. The last time he tried to get someone else to do his dirty work, Tyr went against him. That moment determined their fate as rivals of a lifetime.

“Tyr and Carson, I didn’t go after you, yet you dare to show up at my doorstep. Do you really think the Quintus family is easy to take on? Guards!”

At Joe’s command, a group of Quintus family fighters suddenly rushed out and surrounded Tyr and the others.

“Haha.”

Tyr and Carson weren't affected by their presence and couldn't care less about these so-called Quintus family fighters.

Chapter 444 The Horrifying Videos

Tyr and Carson weren't here to fight. The focus of Tyr's visit wasn't Joe at all—he wasn't worthy of being Tyr's opponent.

As Faron's cold gaze swept through his surroundings, his aura became increasingly vicious. "Between Joe and I, who is the actual sinner of the Quintus family? We shall see about that soon. Before that, I have to tell you all something. Joe Quintus, your end has come!"

"Hahaha."

Joe's laughter resounded throughout the entire Quintus family hall. The way he saw it, the Quintus family was under his control. Faron was no match for him.

‘Even if Faron has Tyr and Carson by his side, so what?’

‘Carson’s power is rooted in Riverdale's Prime City. Even if he managed to bring all of his fighters here, he still wouldn’t be a match for the Quintus family.’

‘As for Tyr, he is indeed powerful and has a bunch of psychos around him, but so what?’

Joe was armed with the five zodiac fighters and numerous fighters of the Quintus family. Most importantly, the Summers family of the north had his back. That night, Joe saw with his own eyes what Raiden Black of the Summers family was capable of.

Compared to that, Tyr was undeserving of his attention.

Even under the circumstances, Joe was still

behaving ridiculously. He firmly believed that no one could shake his position as the head of the Quintus family today.

It was just that, Joe failed to notice that both Raiden and Kamaitachi were absent today.

But it sort of made sense that they didn't show up today. After all, Raiden and the others were from the north. Given that the north and the south stood as equals, it was inappropriate for them to attend the Worship Ceremony of the Quintus family.

“Take them,” Joe ordered.

The Quintus family fighters who had surrounded Faron and Tyr were ready to attack.

Just then, a vast screen projection suddenly appeared on the wall behind Joe. In the

middle of the crowd, a projector had inexplicably been set up and was now projecting a scene on the wall.

Video after video was played.

“I will make you regret being born. You will be living in terror of tonight. The fear will be stuck with you for all eternity. Even if you are reborn, tonight’s fear will brand into your soul.”

“Jakoda Quintus, why don’t you take a wild guess whether I, Joe Quintus, am really your biological son?”

“I’ll give you two one minute. Only one of you can live. If neither of you has taken action after one minute, both of you have to die.”

The screen showed footage of Joe killing

Yulian and Jakoda, as well as instigating Jerome to kill Jemma Quintus. The clips played continuously in the form of the sudoku grid. Not only that, there was also footage which clearly displayed the conversation between Joe and Jakoda when the son attempted to murder the father.

In the end, Joe's unbridled laughter thundered from the screen, "Hahahaha. I am a Yard, not a Quintus."

The hall fell into silence. Only the sound of Joe's frenetic laughs and words continued to reverberate in the air.

Everyone was thunderstruck by the twist. Not only the members and fighters of Quintus family, but even the representatives of other families and groups from Astral Province were also dumbfounded.

Although there were rumors of Joe doings in the beginning, a rumor would always remain a rumor without any evidence. But with the revelation now, the situation was completely different.

Today, the whole Quintus family and representatives of all the prominent families in Astral Province were here. These videos were hard evidence to reveal Joe's crimes publicly. And each of these videos were unfavourable to Joe.

No, it can no longer be described as unfavourable. What Joe had done was worse than a beast. He practically murdered the ex-head and first heir of the Quintus family with his own hands.

At the same time, he forced Jerome to kill

Jemma. In the end, he even went after Lewis Quintus, who paid no attention to the family affairs.

What's more, Joe admitted that he wasn't a Quintus. Even if Jakoda wasn't his biological father, he shouldn't have done that to him. After all, Jakoda was the one who raised him.

The Quintus family, the top family of Astral Province, a southern gentry, could never fall into the hands of a heartless man with a foreign surname.

The long silence was followed by endless outbursts from the frenzied crowd.

“B*stard! What a beast, how could someone commit such a deranged crime?”

“How is it possible for such a vicious person to exist in the world? The older generation

of the Quintus family was almost exterminated by him.”

“This is so sick. Joe is worse than a beast, how could he do such a thing?”

“He admitted himself that he’s not a Quintus at all. He is an outsider. How can he inherit the Quintus family?”

“Right, Joe is not qualified to be the head of the Quintus family.”

All kinds of voices were crusading against Joe. Under the circumstances, no matter how calm Joe was, it was impossible for him to sit still.

“Who was it? Who was the one that played these videos? Turn it off, turn it off now!” yelled Joe, becoming even more savage. “All of you, shut the f*ck up. If you dare to say

another word, I will end you.”

From within the crowd, some people began to shout out frantically.

“Joe, do you dare to admit your doings?”

“Now that these videos have been released, what more can you say? You’re an animal, an emotionless beast. You are worse than a beast.”

“You have no right to be the head of the Quintus family. On the contrary, you will be sanctioned, in front of all the departed members of the Quintus family. You will be severely punished.”

These people weren’t worried about Joe’s retaliation, because they were arranged by Tyr and Carson.

Along with those who stood up against Joe,

what happened next could only be described as chaotic. More and more people cursed at Joe. Soon, the hall was filled with crusading voices against him.

Joe was panicking, he had lost his nerve completely.

“Faron, you deliberately did all this to plot against me, didn't you? You don't want to mess with me. Now that everything has been settled, I am the head of the Quintus family. I am the one who is in charge of the Quintus family.”

Chapter 445 Joe Quintus' Doomsday

Joe yelled at all the Quintus family fighters, “What the hell are you all standing around for, morons?”

“Get them, I command you as the head of the Quintus family. Take Faron Quintus, Tyr Summers, and the rest of them down immediately. No, don't take them down. Kill them, all of them.

“Hahaha, I am the head of the Quintus family. None of you can do sh*t to stop me from claiming the throne. I am the king, the king of Astral Province.”

However, the Quintus family fighters who had Faron and Tyr surrounded were now

hesitating. None of them dared to rush forward.

Joe was furious by their reaction. "Are you all deaf? I told you to get them, do it."

Still, no one obeyed his command.

"F*ck," Joe cursed maniacally. He turned to Serpent and Bull. "You, both of you. Kill Faron Quintus and end Tyr Summers."

Yet, even the five zodiac fighters remained still.

Slap!

In a rush, Joe threw a slap towards Serpent and then kicked Bull.

Glaring viciously at each of the five zodiac fighters, he snapped, "What are you all

waiting for? Yes, I did all those things. So what?

“Now that the Quintus family is mine, who dares to challenge me? Serpent, Bull, Kong, don't you forget why you follow me.

“Because behind me is the Summers family from the north. If you dare to defy my orders now, you will meet your end later.”

Serpent rubbed his face and burst into laughter. “Joe, are you seeing the situation clearly? Do you really think that the family in the north will continue to vouch for you?”

“What?”

As if the situation finally struck Joe, his expression turned pale.

Serpent continued, “If Raiden Black still

supported you, those videos wouldn't have been projected.”

“Those videos were released by Tyr and Faron, not by Raiden Black,” said Joe, shaking his head.

“Hahaha.”

Even Bull burst into laughter. Not just him, but all of the five zodiac fighters chuckled.

Jerome Quintus' expression indicated his disappointment. He knew that he was finished. He had killed Jemma Quintus and jumped onto Joe's sinking ship. His fate was sealed as he was destined to sink with Joe.

Now, Joe was done, and so was he.

“Joe, it's true that those videos were released by Faron and Tyr, but have you ever

thought about who filmed them?”

Buzz...

Joe's brain seemed to explode. A terrifying fact finally occurred to him.

Each of these videos were the hard evidence that pushed him into the abyss, and there were only three people who had the opportunity to film them. One of them was Joe himself, and the other two were Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

Joe didn't film them, nor could he have. So, it could only be done by Kamaitachi and Phoenix.

Now that these videos had fallen into the hands of Tyr and Faron, it meant that the Summers family had given up on him and switched their support to Faron and Tyr.

“Hold on a sec. Tyr, the Summers family?”

Joe suddenly realized something. A trace of fear and disbelief appeared on his face.

It suddenly came to him. He had been nothing but a mere pawn that had been played by others all along.

Raiden Black had used him as a pawn to eliminate all the obstacles within the Quintus family. Now that it was time to reap the benefits, the puppet was naturally useless.

“Impossible, it can't be.”

As he continued to mumble “it's impossible” to himself, Joe felt like his whole body had turned into jelly. He had lost everything.

Suddenly, one of the juniors of the Quintus family rushed straight up and threw a punch at Joe's face.

“Joe, you are worse than a b*stard. For daring to commit such an inhumane act, I'm going to kill you today!”

Given the fact that he was a weak scholar who didn't know much martial arts, Joe was smashed to the ground with a single punch from the sturdy man.

“You have a death wish?” asked Joe, staring at the man fiercely. His glare made the man's heart shiver with fear.

The next second, many more Quintus family members rushed up towards Joe, punching and kicking him.

The five zodiac fighters and the other

Quintus family fighters saw the whole thing. But they all turned a blind eye to it, none of them went up to help.

Amid the chaos, somebody pulled out a knife from his bag and ruthlessly stabbed it into Joe's heart.

"Joe's dead," someone shouted.

The rest of the attackers then retreated. The man who killed Joe had disappeared into the crowd. No one knew who murdered Joe. It was as if the whole thing had been premeditated, leaving no trace of evidence behind.

Joe was lying on the ground with a knife in his chest, his white clothes stained red with blood. His eyes were wide open, and blood was flowing out of his mouth.

There were no appropriate words to describe Joe. Perhaps people like him were doomed to tragedy from day one. It was no wonder that Joe was such a cruel person, for his experiences had shaped his behavior. He needed to be heartless to come this far.

Therefore, Joe wasn't evil, but someone to be pitied.

Now that he had died in front of the spirits of the Quintus family, it was a relief for Joe.

As for whether Joe was the biological son of Jakoda Quintus, and whether the Quintus bloodline flowed through his veins, only he knew the truth. It was a mystery which would continue to linger in the Quintus family, but the truth didn't matter.

Joe's body was removed right away.

Numbers of people from the crowd began to look towards Faron.

“Young Master Faron is virtuous and competent. I'm sure that he can lead the Quintus family to greater heights.

Therefore, I would like to propose that Young Master Faron inherit the role of the Quintus family's head.”

Chapter 446 The Winner Takes It All

It was unknown who had shouted those words. But those words sowed a seed, which soon blossomed as a succession of people agreed with him. Soon after, the Quintus family hall was filled with voices which urged Faron Quintus to sit on the throne.

Faron remained calm in the face of the situation. He had already expected this.

Tyr Summers, on the other hand, gave him a gentle pat on the shoulder and said, “Now that your father has been avenged, the throne is yours to claim.”

Faron took a deep breath and nodded heavily. “Yes, Palace Master.”

Puffing up his chest, Faron walked towards the Quintus family hall, exuding a kingly aura.

Along the way, the cheers for him sounded from the crowd, “Master... Master...”

The representatives of other families and groups in Astral Province approached Faron at once, stating their support for him as the Quintus family’s patriarch. These people must have been secretly arranged from the very beginning.

It wasn’t Tyr and Carson who orchestrated all this, but Raiden Black.

Raiden had plotted all this in the name of the Summers family for a long time. Not only that, he had schemed with all the other families from the Astral Province before the

ceremony too.

It was the ambition of the Summers family to control the Quintus family, and thus control the various families of the Astral Province.

Now that the critical moment had finally arrived, Raiden suddenly delivered the fruits of his hard labour to Tyr. Only he and Tyr knew his real intention behind the action.

Of course, all of this was a covert operation. In fact, now that Raiden was not present at the event and had covered all traces of his involvement, no one knew that he was the culprit behind the destruction of Joe Quintus.

Faron walked all the way to the family hall. Halfway there, he stopped in front of Serpent and the others who were slow to

take a stand.

“What the heck? The Twelve Zodiacs have always served the master of the family.

What does this mean now? Do the remaining five of you not support me in taking the throne?” Faron teased coldly.

Serpent and the others were all startled.

Only now did they come to the realization that it was time for them to make a second choice. In fact, they were all fence sitters. But what choice was left for this group of people?

“Greetings, Master.”

Serpent was the first to bow, followed by Bull and Kong. All of them made their attitudes known. Then, all of them, along with the other elders of the family, followed

Faron into the family hall.

As soon as he stepped into the hall, Faron turned around and stared at Serpent and the others. “You guys don’t bear the Quintus surname. You are not allowed to enter the Quintus family hall, stand aside.”

A shout of rebuke, with a dense domineering undertone, Faron really meant what he said.

Deep down, Faron's character was overbearing. Otherwise, he wouldn't have joined Regal Palace overseas and risen within its ranks. If it wasn't for the incidents of the Quintus family, he would have been promoted to become one of the chiefs.

The position of chief was just a rank lower than the Eighteen Generals of Regal Palace, which made each one of them the cream of

the crop.

Serpent and the others' hearts thumped. They hurriedly retreated to the side, not daring to say more.

The way Faron handled things was a huge contrast compared to Joe. This incident led more Quintus family elders to take a liking towards Faron.

“Faron, here are your candles. After the ceremony, you will be the new head of the Quintus family. I believe that with your ability, you will be able to lead our family to the next level.”

The one who spoke was Jerome Quintus, who was fast at reading the situation and adjusting his position accordingly. When he saw that Joe was a goner, he wanted to

snatch this opportunity to regain Faron's favor.

Taking all three candles from Jerome's hand, Faron respectfully placed them into the candelabrum, offering them to the spirits of the departed.

Unlike what happened to Joe earlier, the candles didn't go out during the ceremony, but they did burn out rather quickly. Sometimes, it was hard to say whether or not ghosts and spirits exist in the world.

“Spirits of the Quintus family, today I, Faron Quintus, have inherited the position as head of the Quintus family. Now, I would like to inform all the departed of this. I hope the spirits will bless the Quintus family with prosperity and support us to the next level.”

Jerome, who was on the side, hurriedly

interjected, “All the departed, please rest assured that I, Jerome, will do my best to support Faron.”

“Haha,” Faron laughed coldly.

It caused Jerome’s heart to tremble; a terrible feeling swept over his body.

Faron turned to Jerome. His gaze was as sharp a blade. “Second Uncle, you better give an explanation in front of the departed, inform them all about Fourth Aunt Jemma.”

Boom!

Jerome’s brain exploded into jelly with a loud bang. Before this, he intended to make this matter go away. But, Faron unexpectedly brought this matter up at this critical occasion. It implied that Faron never intended to let him get away with it from the

beginning.

Jerome was sweating like rain, and his face was as pale as a ghost.

“Jerome, you murdered your own sister. How should we judge this crime?”

With a roar, Faron exuded a domineering aura. Jerome, on the other hand, shivered and kneeled before the spirits of the Quintus family with a thud.

“I... it was Joe who made me do it. He said that only one can live, I couldn't do anything about it.” Jerome collapsed on the spot, grovelling before the departed members of the Quintus family. “Please forgive me, spirits of the Quintus family.”

Faron, who was on the side, took a deep breath. Honestly, Jerome shouldn't be

blamed for his ruthlessness. Still, what was wrong was wrong. It was not possible for Faron to keep a person like Jerome within the Quintus family. Yet, he couldn't kill his own uncle.

“Second Uncle, I want to banish you from the Quintus family. You have to leave the Astral Province right away. Do you agree with this?”

“Yes, I do.”

With how things were now, Jerome didn't have any choice. This was probably the best way to save his life.

“Get lost!”

Following Faron's rebuke, Jerome ran away from the hall like a pathetic dog. Whether he managed to get out of the Astral Province

alive remained unknown...

The competition for the family head had ended here. At the beginning, no one would have thought that it would be Faron, son of Lewis Quintus, the third master of the Quintus family, who would win the title.

Chapter 447 It Tastes Different Now

Having been abroad for years, Faron Quintus hadn't visited home for a while. Probably none of the members of the Quintus family would have expected that it would be him who seized the throne.

In fact, Faron wasn't the only winner from the incident. The biggest beneficiary of the fight was Tyr Summers.

After all, Faron was a member of Regal Palace. In other words, he was Tyr's man. From the bottom of his heart, he worshipped Tyr like a god. Now that Faron had gained full control of the Quintus family in Astral Province, it indirectly meant that

the Quintus family had fallen into the grasp of Regal Palace.

Therefore, this made Tyr the biggest beneficiary of this fight.

Tyr knew that things shouldn't have gone as smoothly as this. According to Tyr's initial plan, he would have ended up joining Carson Yorke in a vicious battle against Joe Quintus.

However, the final decisive battle was averted thanks to Raiden Black, one of the Five Valiant Generals of the Summers family. Raiden practically handed the Quintus family to Tyr on a silver platter.

By all accounts, the Summers family had ordered Raiden to deal with Tyr. It was a mystery as to why he ended up doing Tyr a

big favor instead.

His actions had puzzled Tyr, which is why he decided to look for Raiden right after the Quintus family's Worship Ceremony. Tyr was merely tagging along to attend the Worship Ceremony. He actually came looking for Raiden. After all, Raiden was supposed to deal with him.

Meanwhile, instead of showing up at the Quintus family event, Raiden went to a mountain villa located within Stellar City.

The villa was a tea house. Raiden didn't have any particular interests, but he was fond of drinking tea.

So, the first thing he did whenever he ventured to a new place was to locate the whereabouts of the best tea. Once he found

it, he couldn't wait to go there and taste it. If the tea suited his taste and pleased him, then Raiden would be there most of the time. He might even pay an exorbitant price to buy that place directly.

Tyr went there alone. He didn't bring neither Carson nor the others from Wolf's Den along.

The grudge was between him and the Summers family. He didn't want anyone else to get too involved.

At least for now, Raiden hadn't shown any malice towards Tyr, which meant the meeting didn't involve a life or death situation.

Raiden was sitting at one of the tables in the tea house, skillfully cleaning the tea set

before him.

When Tyr arrived at the door, Kamaitachi and Phoenix, who were guarding the entrance, didn't greet him, nor did they reach out their hands to stop him. Tyr didn't even spare a glance for the both of them. He directly pushed the door open and walked in.

“Come on in,” said Raiden.

He had washed the tea set clean and began to make tea. He then pushed a teacup towards Tyr. Walking over, Tyr sat across from Raiden and placed his hand on top of the teacup.

“When you were a child, you loved to drink the tea I made for you. Taste it, is it still the same taste you had when you were a child?” asked Raiden.

Tyr didn't hesitate, nor did he worry about whether Raiden had poisoned the tea. He lifted the cup and put it to his mouth to take a sip.

“The taste has changed.”

“Oh?” Raiden's expression changed slightly.

“What's the difference?”

Tyr replied, “Back then, when you made me tea, you thought of me as your nephew.

When I drank the tea, I thought of you as my uncle.

“But now, you think of me as your rival, and I think of you as my enemy. Naturally, the taste is different.”

“Oh!” Raiden replied, his tone revealing a slight disappointment.

Tyr was right. Time doesn't stop, and many things change over time. Even the same cup of tea would taste different if left aside long enough.

Tyr put down the cup of tea in his hand. He looked directly at Raiden and got straight to the point, "Why did you give me the Quintus family? Didn't the old hag send you to take my bone marrow to save Kirin Summers?"

"No matter what, Kirin is your half brother. Tyr, are you really going to sit back and watch him die?"

Tyr pulled a corner of his mouth without much emotion and replied, "Raiden, I'm sure you know better than I do, why Joe became the way he was.

"Speaking of which, my fate and Joe's are

strikingly similar. It's just that my luck is slightly better than his.

“You should have known that my hatred towards the Summers family is no less than Joe's hatred towards the Quintus family. The humiliation and torment I suffered in the Summers family are no less than what Joe suffered in the Quintus family.

“For the sake that I used to call you Uncle Raiden, I'll spare you. But I don't want to hear another word about this, or I'll leave right now.”

Raiden smiled faintly. “Haha.” He brought the teacup to his mouth and took a sip. “I won't probe any further. I don't have much interest in this anyway.”

“In that case, please answer my question.

Why did you hand me the fruit that originally belonged to the Summers family?” asked Tyr.

“Because I’m afraid of dying. Does that answer satisfy you?” Raiden narrowed his eyes at Tyr and took another sip of tea from the cup in his hand. “Didn’t you warn the Old Mistress from the beginning? If she wanted to deal with you, just go ahead and send someone over.”

“But I will kill the men she sends, every single one of them,” replied Tyr.

Raiden said, “I’m an old man now. I have a family too. When the Old Mistress tasked me to deal with you, isn't it akin to her practically putting me on a highway to hell?”

“I don’t really understand what kind of

existence Regal Palace is overseas. But I know myself well enough to know that I am no match for you.

“Rather than let you toy with me till my last breath, I’d rather admit defeat from the start. I don’t think you are heartless enough to do anything to me.”

Tyr took a deep breath of cold air. He only believed half of Raiden’s words.

Tyr knew Raiden well. Among the Five Valiant Generals of the Summers family, he wasn’t the most powerful, merely ranking at the bottom of the list. Still, he was definitely the boldest among them.

Tyr was a smart man. He knew the reason behind Raiden’s action.

When he was young, Tyr addressed Raiden

as uncle, and Raiden had treated him like his own son.

“Whether it’s the Three Kings of the Summers family, or the Five Valiant Generals, each has their own faction, and you belong to his faction. So, tell me, does what you’re doing today have anything to do with him?”

“Did he, or did he not, authorize you to do this?”

The man whom Tyr was talking about was none other than his father, the head of the Summers family—Draco Summers!

“You call him... he?” Raiden laughed bitterly, “So Tyr, you still hate him to this day, right?”

Chapter 448 Going North

Tyr Summers seemed to have fallen into some kind of rumination. The air in the room seemed to have solidified.

Tyr was silent for a long time. After a while, he finally drank all the tea in his cup.

“My hatred is directed towards the entire Summers family.”

“Oh.” Raiden Black’s heart trembled slightly as he said, “Tyr, although you are now the Master of Regal Palace, your power is located overseas, whereas the Summers family is a supreme noble family from the north.

“You mustn't underestimate them. I have to

remind you. I'm afraid it'll be an uphill battle against the Summers family.”

Narrowing his eyes, Tyr slowly replied, “You're not the first person who has said such words to me. Yet none of you know what I am capable of.”

Tyr paused and made himself some tea before continuing, “Settling my score with the Summers family is my own business. You don't have to worry about it.

“Perhaps what you should be worrying about is how to explain yourself to that old hag when you get back.

“She sent you to get me. But, not only have you failed to do so, you even lost the entire Quintus family to me. I'm sure that old hag will throw a tantrum when she finds out

these things, right?”

Raiden, however, laughed loudly, “Hahaha. Tyr, I am not as skilled as the others. I can’t beat you, and it makes sense for me to lose to you. I don’t think the Old Mistress will give me too hard of a time.”

As soon as he spoke those words, a finger-long sharp knife suddenly appeared in Raiden’s hand. He stabbed it towards his own belly.

Squelch...

The stab was so vicious that the entire blade sunk into Raiden’s abdomen and almost penetrated all the way through his body.

Moreover, Raiden did it without much thought. He didn’t choose where the knife would land when he stabbed it.

Whether or not the blade would injure his internal organs now all depended on his luck.

Blood gushed out from Raiden's mouth. His bald head was covered with dense sweat.

"Uncle Raiden."

Tyr's heart trembled with fear. Out of reflex, he automatically addressed Raiden as uncle. The word 'uncle' put a long-lost smile back on Raiden's face.

"Why are you doing this?" asked Tyr.

Raiden laughed. "You're the one who stabbed me. I had to fight to the death to manage an escape."

Smiling bitterly, Tyr said, "That old hag won

't believe it.”

“Haha, it’s her business whether she believes it or not,” replied Raiden.

Trying his best to pretend like he wasn’t in excruciating pain, he waved his hand toward Tyr and said, “You should go now, don’t dawdle. Call Kamaitachi and Phoenix in for me on your way out.

Tyr sucked in a deep breath. This moment incurred some changes within his state of mind. At the very least, his attitude towards Raiden had changed. Back then, Raiden had treated him as a nephew, and now, it was still the same.

Although they were now on opposite sides of the fence, some feelings would never change.

“Back then, you took a stab for my mother to protect her and almost got yourself killed. Now you’ve stabbed yourself for me, and might actually die for this.” Standing up, Tyr bowed to Raiden. “Uncle Raiden, for this and all the kindness you’ve shown towards my mother, I, Tyr, owe you a life.”

Then, Tyr turned around decisively and left the room without further delay. When he arrived at the door, both Kamaitachi and Phoenix were still standing motionless at the door, like protective statues.

“Raiden is about to die. For the sake that he took a knife for my mother back then, I let him live. Whether he will make it or not depends on his fate,” said Tyr, as a sort of confession that he was the one who stabbed Raiden.

Both Kamaitachi and Phoenix knew precisely what was going on. But the confession was essential to explain Raiden's wound. Kamaitachi and Phoenix turned around immediately and ran towards the room.

“I hope you can survive, Tyr muttered to himself. “I won't let the old hag find a reason to deal with you.”

That thought induced murderous feelings within Tyr. “So, Summers family, since you keep looking for trouble, wouldn't it be unfair for me to not give you something in return?”

The next day, everything was settled in the Quintus family in Astral Province.

Tyr and Carson Yorke were ready to take a

flight back to Riverdale. Yet, upon arriving at the airport, Tyr didn't board the plane to Riverdale. Instead, he bought a ticket to the northern capital of Draford Province.

"Tyr, why do you suddenly want to go to the north?" asked Carson, a worrisome expression on his face. He had his suspicions as to Tyr's motives.

"Oh, there are some things that I have to do. If I don't give that old hag a shocking deterrent, I'm worried that I'll never have peace of mind in the future."

Carson protested, "But, it's not the right timing yet. I told you before that the Summers family is a northern supreme nobility. It's not as simple as you think. If you rashly go over there now, you might attract more trouble."

“No.” Tyr shook his head repeatedly. “Uncle Carson, you don’t know the Summers family as well as I do, nor do you understand that old hag.”

Carson nodded his head slightly. Tyr was right, he didn’t understand the Summers family in the north well, but Tyr did. He was part of them after all. When it came to getting a grasp of the background of the Summers family, certainly Carson wasn’t as good as Tyr.

Carson was still a little worried, so he asked further, “Going all by yourself?”

“Or what?” Tyr chuckled. “You said it yourself that it's the Summers family of the north. It doesn’t make a difference whether I go alone or bring an army with me.

Because in the end, I will make it back, safe and sound. The others though, they won't make it."

Tyr was done with the conversation. He said, "Don't worry about me, Uncle Carson. I've never made any rash moves. I don't do anything I'm unsure of."

Carson stopped persuading him further and simply said a final, "Be careful."

They parted ways at the airport—Carson went back to Riverdale Province, while Tyr was on his way to Draford Province in the north.

Finally, the plane took off. As Tyr sat on the plane, he looked out at the sky and the white clouds. Memories flashed through his mind, one after another.

Ten years ago, Tyr was kicked out of the Summers family. He had to move through several provinces and finally ended up in Khanh City as a beggar. It took him nearly two years to travel from the north to arrive at Khanh City.

For two years, he was always on the run. When the Summers family drove Tyr away, their initial plan was to let him perish on his own.

However, there was someone who had been secretly sending people to assassinate him. There were several times when the assassins almost succeeded.

Then, a clear image of someone's face surfaced in Tyr's mind.

Chapter 449 Victor Kirkman

Tyr Summers remembered that face deep in his mind; this face was his worst nightmares for a few years last time.

He used to dream about that cunning face coming toward him with a knife, stabbing his heart.

Tyr would wake up, shocked, from the nightmare for many nights. After he had followed an old beggar overseas and got into Wolf's Den, he stopped having these nightmares.

“Victor Kirkman, you probably never thought that the small little boy that you wanted to kill would come back to kill you instead.”

Victor Kirkman was one of the three heads of the Summers family. He was one of the Summers family who had a high level of authority. His power was just below the elder of the Summers family and the current head of the family.

A super first-class wealthy family like the Summers family had many factions. There were different leaders for each faction.

They had the elder of the Summers family faction, the head of the family that was Drago Summers faction, and another independent faction that was not on either side.

Victor was the elder's confidant. He was on the same level on the hierarchy as the Summers family's elder.

When Tyr was chased out of the Summers family by the elder, there was no order to kill him.

However, Victor was not willing to let Tyr go just like that. He sent assassins to chase and kill Tyr. It was only when Tyr arrived at Khanh City did he give up.

As to why Victor wanted Tyr dead so badly, Tyr could only think of two reasons.

The first possible reason was that the elder might have ordered Victor to do so. The elder might have seemed unwilling to kill Tyr on the surface, so he had chased Tyr out of the house. However, deep down, she wanted him dead, so she ordered Victor to find people and assassinate Tyr.

Another possible reason was that Victor had

a grudge against Tyr's mother. Tyr was not sure what the details of the grudge were.

He only knew that Victor had a son who was very brutal and dominating in the north.

The son had angered Tyr's mother, so she decided to punish him by taking his life.

From that day onward, Victor had a deep grudge against Tyr's mother. However, since his son was at fault, and Tyr's mother was in a high position, he could not do anything but hold it in.

However, a few years later, Tyr's mother died, causing Tyr's status in the family to plummet.

In the end, Tyr was chased out of the Summers family. Victor was still holding a grudge against Tyr's mother, so he decided

to vent it on Tyr.

Tyr's mother killed his son, so Victor obviously tried to do the same and plotted to kill Tyr.

No matter which of the two reasons were, Tyr would not allow Victor to be alive on this earth anymore.

That was why Tyr targetted Victor when he came back to the Summers family.

As the airplane landed, it was already dusk.

Tyr walked out of the airport and went to the nearest restaurant to fill his stomach. He then found a hotel to stay the night. Around ten, he rented a car and drove toward Victor's manor.

In Draford Province, Prime City, finding

Victor's manor location was easy.

This was because Victor was the king in Draford Province. Hence, he was very famous.

So, it was easy for Tyr to find out where he lived.

There was only one villa in the center of Draford Province, Prime City.

There are no other villas because of a special reason, the land here was as expensive as gold. As such, even building a typical house here would cost over thirty thousand dollars.

Draford Province was not a top-class city, so the living cost here was not high. However, the fact that the land here could be sold for over thirty thousand was terrifying.

So, it was impossible for others to build a

villa here.

It was because Victor wanted to live near the bustling street, so he had used a huge sum of money to buy the land. He then used his connections to build a villa; he was generous with his money.

When Tyr arrived at Victor's villa, it was already close to eleven o'clock at night.

At this time, the bustling and crowded street was empty and quiet.

On the villa's outskirts, there were many guards patrolling the area. They were not average guards. Tyr could tell that each of them was past soldiers or mercenaries level, and they all carried a gun at their waist.

This was the Summers family's power and authority. They could give their guards any

power guns.

Tyr got out of the car, stood in front of the manor's door. He looked at it and squinted.

This was not the first time he came here. He remembered coming here with his parents. Back then, they came to attend Victor's son's burial.

Tyr could remember clearly, during the burial, Victor had almost fought with Tyr's mum.

Thinking back, that incident was almost over twenty years ago. Tyr could not believe he was standing in front of this villa once more.

The villa had been renovated a few times since then. It had expanded even more.

The entire villa looked grand and majestic.

The Quintus family's villa could not compare with this villa.

Even Carson Yorke's villa was nothing compared to Victor's villa.

The entire villa was surrounded by barbed wires. If Tyr wanted, he could find a blind spot where the guards would not spot him to climb over the courtyard wall and get into the manor.

However, Tyr would not do so. As Regal Palace's Palace Master, even if he wanted to kill someone, he would upright walk in and do so.

Sneaking in to kill someone was not Tyr's style.

He lit a cigarette up and took a puff. He then walked toward the villa's gate.

“Who are you? This is a private area; no one is allowed to enter. Leave.”

It was almost midnight, but the guards were still on high alert. This was the difference between an average guard and mercenaries or soldiers.

Tyr looked at the two guards. He then took another puff, his face held a cunning smile.

“I am looking for Victor Kirkman. I am here to kill him tonight. Please pass my message.”

Chapter 450

The guards were too stunned to react to what Tyr Summers said at that moment.

‘Is this a joke?’

‘You say you’re here to kill Victor Kirkman and want us to inform him about this. Is this mother f*cker mental?’

Anyone would think Tyr was mental if they did not know him. One of the guards took out an electric batton.

He was obviously implying that if Tyr did not leave, he would attack.

“Are you guys thinking that I’m joking?”

Tyr sighed. The next second, he disappeared

from the two guard's eyes.

The two guards could not react in time. They fell unconscious on the ground.

Tyr then casually strolled into Victor Kirkman's villa.

The villa was quiet. Tyr walked toward the building beside the swimming pool.

He walked very quickly as if he was a poltergeist.

Even though Tyr was a hundred percent confident in killing Victor, he did not want to take too much time and waste the night.

Since this was Victor's territory, a strong fighter like Tyr could walk into Victor's villa and kill him easily, but if it were another person, they would not be able to achieve

this feat.

If he made a big mess, Tyr would have problems leaving Draford Province.

He was not worried about not being able to leave Draford Province, but he did not want his wife and daughter to wait too long for him.

Bang!

In the dark night, a gunshot sound rang. It sounded like a firecracker.

A bullet came flying toward Tyr. He ducked instinctively and bullet flew past his head.

The bullet did not injure Tyr at all. He did not even flinch.

Tyr could guess that this would happen.

After all, this was a villa of one of the three kings in the Summers family, Victor Kirkman's living quarters. Having a few trained assassins in the area to protect himself was normal.

Tyr dodged all the bullets coming at him. He then flicked his fingers.

A ray of bright light shot out of his fingers like a lightning bolt.

From about two meters away from Tyr in a tower, Tyr's beam shot through the sniper's heart and came out from his head. The sniper died immediately.

This was Tyr's second time using this method to kill since coming back to Celestial Empire.

The last time he used this method to kill

someone was in Riverdale Province, when he killed Pluto's underling, Falcon.

Over ten shadows suddenly appeared in front of Tyr, blocking his path.

All of them were high tier fighters in the villa. Compared to the fighters in the Quintus and Yorke families, each of Victor's guards was way stronger.

Each of them had high combat power; they had a lethal weapon on them.

Victor Kirkman was one of the kings in the Summers family. It was his living quarters, so the security was very tight.

Even if over ten mercenaries were trying to raid the villa, they would be completely wiped out.

However... Tyr had single-handedly

restrained a lot of mercenaries, even the top world class ones.

“Who are you?”

One of the guards ordered, “Raise your hands and kneel on the ground. Otherwise, we will kill you immediately.”

“You guys do not have what it takes to do that.”

Tyr snorted. The cigarette in his mouth was already half-finished.

He did not want to say much to these people and attacked them immediately.

Tyr immediately disappeared in their line of sight and appeared in the center of all the guards.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Tyr's fists were as fast and loud as thunder. He continuously punched all the guards.

Each swing of his fists sent a bodyguard flying. No one could fight back.

At this moment, the composure of the guards broke. They were confused as to who this strong person was. He was stronger than an average human.

Each guard here was able to fight over ten people on their own. They were very skillful.

Especially since they had a lethal weapon in hand, no one could beat them in the entire Draford Province. They were practically invincible.

However, all these professionals were defeated easily by a young man who did not

even think of them as opponents.

Not only could they not reach for their guns, but they also couldn't even move their hands in time.

Tyr was too strong, too terrifying.

Not even a minute had passed when over ten guards were lying on the ground, half-dead.

There were still a few standing, but Tyr's god-like skills had destroyed their mental strength.

At this moment, the lights in the building in front lit up. After a while, a person walked out of the building.

It was an over sixty-year-old, white-haired guy who was in his pajamas.

He was Victor Kirkman, one of the kings in

the Summers family.

As soon as he walked out of the building, three people popped out from the darkness.

The three of them looked like they were over fifty years old.

Their age, appearance, body figures, and even the aura they gave off were completely the same. It was obvious that they were identical triplets.

Their names were Qaiser Harker, Tyrone Harker, and Luke Harker. They were also known as the three Harker Brothers, Victor's strongest fighters.

When Victor helped the Summers family conquer areas, the Harker Brothers had helped the Summers family a lot when they were younger.

Even though a few years have passed and they are past their prime, their strength was still exceptionally strong. They were still considered one of the top fighters in the Celestial Empire.

“Who is it? Who is so daring to enter Brother Kirkman’s villa?”

Qaiser, the eldest brother, frowned and ordered as they looked at Tyr, who had just defeated all the guards. His voice was shocked.

“This person sure is strong. His strength cannot be described as simply awesome. This was way beyond awesome. Other than the fighter by the elder’s side, I’ve never seen someone this powerful.”

“Who is he?”

At this moment, Victor could not help but stare at Tyr.

His expression was getting gloomier.

Finally, Victor realized who it was, and he felt as if a rock crushed his heart.

“It’s him, I can’t believe he’s back!”

Chapter 451 You guys are too weak

Even as one of the Summers family's kings, Victor Kirkman's face was still full of fear.

Especially since Tyr was so strong and had spared almost no effort to attack his villa. He felt a sense of uneasiness creeping up to him.

“Tyr Summers, the one the Summers family abandoned. Are you that Tyr Summers?”

At this moment, the Harker brothers finally recognized Tyr.

A few years back, their youngest brother, Luke Harker, was sent to assassinate Tyr.

However, there was a group of strong fighters that secretly helped Tyr escape Luke. It was obvious that the person was under Tyr's father, Drago Summers. The person who led the group was none other than Raiden Black.

This was why Tyr said he owed his life to Raiden. It was not because Raiden had shielded his mother and got injured in her place.

If it was not because of Raiden's help, Tyr would have died on the streets back then.

At this moment, over ten guards were lying on the floor, defeated by Tyr.

Even though they did not know if Tyr had killed all of them, they knew that even if the guards were alive, they would be crippled for life.

Tyr loosened his fists and looked in the direction of Victor and the rest. His face was smiling brightly.

“It’s been a while, Bearman Victor.”

Bearman Victor was a nickname that Tyr came up with. It was not created on the spot, but Tyr had given Victor this nickname since long ago. It was already a habit to call him Bearman.

“Tyr, I did not expect you to come here.”

“I’ve heard that you went overseas and have achieved a lot. Seeing you today, it seems to be true,” Victor said as he stared at Tyr.

Tyr had easily defeated so many strong fighters bare-handedly, but Victor was still not panicking nor feeling afraid or

worried.

This was because he could easily just buy new strong fighters. With money, he could get as many as he wanted.

The Harker Brothers were his real aces.

From Victor's perspective, as long as he has the three Harker Brothers, no one could kill him.

Tyr scanned the three Harker Brothers and then laughed.

“This is great. I thought I would only be able to kill you today. I did not expect to be able to kill the Harker Brothers as well.”

“This is really great. You have a few people accompanying you to death. This way, you won't be lonely in hell.”

Tyr's words provoked Victor. He scolded

Tyr, “Tyr Summers, you were lucky ten years ago that you survived. Today is my lucky day. You came to me just for me to kill you.”

“I couldn’t kill you ten years ago. I have been brooding about it for ten years. Since you came, you can leave your life here.”

“You want to kill me? You do not have the power to.”

Tyr walked forward as he finished speaking.

Since things had escalated until this point, there was nothing more to say.

Tyr’s goal today was clear. He was to kill one of the kings in the Summers family to shock the family elders and the rest of the people.

He wanted them to know, Tyr Summers

was not a pushover.

‘This old b*tch had kept sending the Valiant Generals to kill me, fine, I will destroy one of your kings. Let’s see if you still dare provoke me.’

Luke immediately rushed toward Tyr. He was fast. In a blink of an eye, he was already standing before Tyr.

S Qaiser and Tyrone did not even consider to join in. Even though Tyr managed to single-handedly defeat these many strong fighters, in the Harker Brothers’ eyes, he was nothing but an insect.

The Harker Brothers were strong and crazy. They were qualified to be strong fighters.

No matter if it were Qaiser or Tyrone, or even Victor, their ignorant attitude would

be stomped out by Tyr.

When Luke was rushing toward Tyr, Tyr did not even make three moves before he defeated him. All Tyr did was swing a punch.

What was terrifying was that even though the punch did not look like much, the strength was surprisingly strong.

Luke flew over seven meters away from Tyr's punch. While Luke was in the air, he already started spitting blood. He then fell into the swimming pool nearby.

Suddenly, there was a gigantic splash in the swimming pool. When the water settled, the water was dyed with blood.

Luke did not get out of the swimming pool because he was dead.

The atmosphere instantly became dark

and gloomy. A chilly wind blew by.

“Brother.”

Qaiser and Tyrone immediately rushed toward the swimming pool. They saw their brother’s body floating on the water, not breathing.

Both of them turned around, eyes red and full of bloodlust.

“Tyr Summers, we will break your bones today.”

Both of them ran toward Tyr at the same time. They were almost as fast as Raiden.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Loud sounds of fists clashing exploded in the area.

The Harker Brothers were born and raised

together; their combat and cooperation skills were superb.

Even though Luke was dead, Qaiser and Tyrone still could cooperate and do combos perfectly.

With both of them fighting together, their combat power had increased more than three folds. This was the special power they had as identical triplets. They had an unbreakable bond.

If they were to participate in any duo sports tournaments, they would definitely win the tournament with a gold medal.

Even though the Harker Brothers were strong, before Tyr, they were nothing but weaklings.

From the moment Tyr came back to Celestial Empire, he did not fight much.

However, each time he fought a strong tier fighter, he did not need to make more than three moves to defeat them.

It was as if three moves were all it took for Tyr to finish someone.

Boom!

A loud sound pierced the night sky. Tyr's enormous strength broke Qaiser's and Tyrone's combo. He grabbed their wrists and flung them onto the ground, hard.

The ground cracked from Tyr's fling. Tyrone was on the ground, spitting blood continuously.

“You guys are too weak.”

Chapter 452 Draco Summers

N Summers stepped on Tyrone Harker's back. There was a loud crack, and Tyrone's spine broke into pieces.

L Tyrone did not even have the chance to scream. His body simply failed from the pain.

“Second Brother.”

Qasier roared, his body shaking.

Tyr laughed and said, “Don't be so agitated. You would follow both your brothers as well.

“When I got kicked out of the Summers family and was being chased down by you guys, you guys did a lot to try and kill me.

“Since I survived and am still alive, I need to repay you guys for not killing me properly,” Tyr said as he moved toward Qasier.

Qasier already had broken bones from Tyr’s attacks. In the midst of panic, he threw a punch at Tyr. Tyr had already anticipated the punch and had already thrown a punch before he did.

Tyr’s punch was as fast as a bullet. In an instant, he punched Qasier in the chest over ten times. A loud sound of bone cracking was heard from each punch.

Once Tyr had stopped punching, Qasier stood on the spot with his bloodied body. His chest had a big red patch of blood. Tyr had punched Qasier’s chest until it exploded.

This all happened too quickly. Victor Kirkman could not react in time.

Did all three of his aces just die?

Tyr kept his still bloodied fists. He then took out a handkerchief and wiped the blood off his fists.

He then walked toward Victor calmly.

“I bet you never expected this, Bearman. You failed to kill me, but now I have suddenly become this strong and came back for revenge.

“My mother punished your son because what he did was sick and disgusting. He raped a girl and killed her family in front of her.

“Your son deserved to die; my mother was just an executioner. You should thank my

mother for giving him a clean death, but instead, you hated her.

“You not only hated her; you tried to take revenge and kill me. I had nothing to do with your hatred for her.

“If you didn’t send people to assassinate me ten years ago, I would not have come for you today.”

After Tyr was done speaking, he instantly got in front of Victor and grabbed his neck.

Victor was a strong fighter as well, but he was not as strong as the Harker Brothers.

The Harker Brothers were defeated by Tyr within seconds, Victor had no way of fighting back.

“Bearman, do you regret now?” Tyr asked as he squeezed his neck, applying more

strength slowly. Tyr did not want him to die fast. He wanted him to die in pain and agony slowly.

“Tyr Summers, even if you killed me, it would not affect the position of the Summers family.

“Even though I am one of the kings in the Summers family, the real three kings of the Summers family are the three people who support the Summers family in the south. Even if I died today, there would be a new king.”

“I know.”

Tyr continued applying strength and said, “Today, I came to kill you because of a personal grudge.

“Bearman Victor, you did not manage to kill me back then, so today I shall kill you.

This is only fair.”

Crack! One of the three kings of the Summers family died in Tyr’s hands.

The next morning, in the Summers family.

A tall, strong-looking man stood in the yard.

He had thick eyebrows, and his eyes were glowing. Even though he was old, he still looked very young. He emitted a strong and heroic aura.

This person was none other than the Summers family’s current head, Tyr’s dad — Draco Summers.

Behind Draco was a pale looking Raiden Black, sitting on a wheelchair. He looked super weak and frail. He even seemed not to have enough strength to speak.

The stab that Raiden did to himself was super deep. If it were any ordinary person, they would have died.

Raiden had survived.

With his current condition, he should not even get down from the bed. However, he still made Kamaitachi push him on the wheelchair to look for Draco.

“You did not need to come. I could have gone to visit you instead,”

Draco looked at Raiden; his heart ached. He had been with Raiden for many years. They shared a bond beyond an employment relationship; they were like brothers.

Raiden said weakly, “I am fine. Sorry Master, I could not bring Tyr over.”

Draco smiled faintly, he did not need Raiden to explain, and he could already guess what happened.

“That kid, did he grow up well?”

Draco did not ask about the details of Raiden’s and Tyr’s fight. He changed the topic.

Raiden nodded slowly and said, “Yeah, he grew up fine. Not only that, he is super strong. I am no match for him.”

“Really?”

Draco looked at Raiden, “Within ten years, he has managed to defeat you?”

“We, the Summers family, have backed up the Quintus family, especially with you helping them. Yet, he could defeat the Quintus family that fast?”

Raiden replied, “Master, the third young master is a dragon.

“To be honest, if it was not because I had taken a stab in place of the mistress, Tyr would not have spared me.”

“Really?”

Draco squinted. “Raiden, you do not need to hide anything from me.

“Just tell me the truth. Did you intentionally let Tyr take over the Quintus family?”

“And the stab wound you have, it was not by Tyr, but you stabbed yourself. Am I right?”

Raiden frowned. For a second, he wanted to admit it.

In the end, Raiden just shook his head and

said, “Master, I am not that dumb. This was a task that you have assigned me to. I would not take it half-heartedly. If I did so, I would lose my life.

“I had done my best, but I underestimated the third young master. That's why I lost to him.

“The third young master refuses to come back, so it does not make a difference no matter how many people we send. The Summers family has underestimated the third young master.”

Chapter 453 Gladys Dawson

“Really?”

Draco Summers' eyes held a hint of excitement.

However, this excitement quickly faded, and his face seemed to look sad.

He and Tyr Summers were parent and child, but it seemed as if they were enemies that wanted each other dead.

After hearing Raiden's report, Draco took a deep breath and walked out of the yard.

An old lady, wearing a green blouse with a jade necklace on her neck paired with a jade bracelet holding a walking stick, had been standing there for a long time.

This old lady was none other than Gladys Dawson, Tyr's grandmother, and the Summers Family elder. The person with the most authority in the Summers family.

Draco had intentionally asked Raiden those questions earlier, while Raiden had intentionally answered that way.

Their goal was to make Gladys, who was standing outside, believe that Raiden did not intentionally let Tyr win.

However, the elder of the Summers family was not easily tricked. She was not dumb.

A lot of things could be investigated. It was just a matter of if one was willing to.

“Raiden, I do not believe a single thing you said earlier.”

Gladys walked into the yard with many

followers. She emitted a strong aura like a dominating Empress Dowager.

Draco immediately bowed. “Greetings, Mother.”

Raiden tried to get up from the wheelchair to bow at her, but he was too weak to do so. He could not get up, no matter how hard he tried.

“No need to get up,” Gladys said faintly. She then continued, “Raiden, you are one of the Valiant Generals of the Summers family. You are no ordinary fighter. We have already planned and organized in preparation for Tyr’s attack toward the Quintus family beforehand.

“I do not believe that Tyr could become so strong that he could defeat you in such a short amount of time. You had even let

him take all of our investments.”

Gladys said Tyr's name like she was saying the name of an enemy she wanted dead and not as her grandson.

Raiden quickly said, “Elder, I was useless. Please punish me.”

“You are, indeed, useless.”

Gladys suddenly raged. She raised the walking stick in her hand and brought it down upon Raiden's body.

Raiden was weak, he felt cold sweat coming down from his body.

Draco, who was standing nearby, quickly rushed up to Raiden and protected him. “Mother, I believe Raiden did not let Tyr off intentionally. Don't blame him for this.”

“B*stard!” Gladys shouted loudly. She

then swung her walking stick at Draco.

“Draco Summers, your son, Kirin Summers, is sick. He needs Tyr’s bone marrow. I just want him to donate his bone marrow, not his life. Why won’t he help?”

“Kirin is his blood-related younger brother.”

If Tyr heard what Gladys said, he would have laughed until his stomach burst.

What was Gladys saying? Was she suddenly thinking of Tyr as a family member?

Family?

Few years ago, she had believed in some rumors and chased Tyr out of the house. Why did she not say anything about ‘family’ back then?

This old lady sure was shameless.

“Mother, as a martial artist, bone marrow is more important than one's life.”

“You b*stard.”

Gladys shook in anger. “Even if Tyr were to become crippled, if he could give his bone marrow to save Kirin, it would be his glory. This is his duty that he has to fulfill for me.

“Tyr becoming a cripple for Kirin's life is worth it!”

At this moment, Draco could not listen to it anymore and said, “Mother, Tyr is your grandson as well.”

“I do not have a grandson like him. Compared to Kirin, he is nothing,” Gladys said as she looked at Raiden, “Raiden, you

have lost all our precious assets to Tyr, I do not blame you.

“However, I do not believe Tyr could defeat you. That trash could not be this powerful.

“So, Raiden, you have disappointed me. I will not let you live.”

Draco panicked and said, “Mother, Raiden does not need to die. Please forgive him.”

“Shut up.”

Gladys looked at Draco angrily and said, “Don’t you think that I didn’t know. Raiden did this with your support, so, for this incident, you will be punished as well.

“Draco Summers, don’t think that just because you are the current head of the Summers family that you can get away

with anything.”

Draco got angry, he wanted to continue arguing against Gladys, but Raiden quickly said, “Elder, I accept death as my punishment. However, this has nothing to do with Master; please do not blame him.”

“Raiden... you...”

Draco felt utterly hopeless for a moment.

Nineteen years ago, he could not protect the woman he loved the most.

Eighteen years ago, he did not have a choice in his second marriage.

Ten years ago, he could not protect his precious son.

Today, he could not protect his most loyal subordinate.

He was only the head of the Summers

Family in name. In reality, he was powerless and hopeless.

“Someone,” Galdys ordered, an expert fighter of the Summers family came in.

“Kill Raiden.”

“Yes.” This expert fighter walked toward Raiden. Kamaitachi behind Raiden wanted to stop him, but Raiden stopped him.

Raiden then closed his eyes as the fighter wrapped his hands around his neck.

Just before the fighter snapped Raiden’s neck, a servant rushed into the yard.

The servant held a big metal box in his hand, and on top of the box was a letter.

“Elder, someone came to deliver this box and letter saying it's for you.

“The person who sent it said his name is

Tyr Summers!”

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Chapter 454 I killed one of your kings as a warning

Everyone was shocked. They could not help but turn toward the metal box that was in the servant's hand.

“B*stard, why did you bring it here. What if it was a bomb?” A female servant that was standing beside Gladys went up and slapped the other servant's face and scolded.

As the Summers family felt like it was still an ancient royal family, Gladys had the family's highest authority and power.

So, even if one of her servants was to act independently, as long as it was not someone who is related to the Summers family, she could do anything she wanted.

Other servants would not dare do anything to Gladys' servants.

The servant holding the box was upset about the slap, but he dared not refute. He quickly replied, "I have already scanned the box. There were no metal objects inside. It is not a bomb."

"Bring it over." Gladys' servant ordered. The other servant dared not disobey. She immediately passed the box over.

"Open it," Gladys said monotonously. She then said, mockingly, "I am curious, what present would he send to me."

Draco and Raiden could not take their eyes off the box. Their heads full of questions, did Tyr finally want to target the Summers family?

At this moment, Draco felt an ache in his

heart. He would be lying if he said he was missing his son.

However, he knew clearly, he was too hopeless at that time. So Tyr must hate him to death and not think of him as his father anymore.

“Ah...”

At this moment, the servant who opened the box screamed.

Maybe she was too shocked. She dropped the metal box on the floor. Then, a head rolled out of the box.

“Victor Kirkman.”

At this moment, everyone was shocked.

This was one of the kings from the Summer Family, Victor Kirkman. How was it possible, how did he get killed?

It must be Tyr. Tyr Summers must've killed him.

Almost everyone had that thought in their head, but they did not want to believe it.

That was a king in the Summers family, he was very powerful in Draford Province. It was impossible that Tyr could kill him off.

This was terrifying, too terrifying.

“Bring me the letter,” Gladys said as she grabbed the letter from the servant's hand. She then tore the seal open.

The handwriting was messy. She could tell, it was Tyr's handwriting.

That was because Gladys had taught Tyr how to write when he was young. Back then, she was still his respectful grandmother.

Even after almost twenty years, Tyr's handwriting did not change much.

“Old lady, do you still want me to donate my bone marrow to that cunning b*tch's son? Dream on.

“I did not kill Raiden because he had gotten stabbed by a knife in my mother's place. I let him live because of that. However, there won't be a second time.

“You keep on sending people to disturb me. Today, I have killed one of your kings as a warning.

“I have only killed one of your kings today. You can reinstate a new one easily. However, if you provoke me again, I will destroy every one of your people. If you do not believe me, you can try me.

“From: Tyr Summers”

After reading the letter, Gladys felt her blood boil in anger. Her entire body was shaking.

“How dare he try to threaten me? I am his grandmother.”

“I am so angry, this is so frustrating.”

The entire yard was filled with Gladys’ voice, shouting angrily. Draco and the rest stood there, shocked.

Tyr had actually killed Victor Kirkman. How did he do it?

Victor had a lot of guards; they even had weapons. There were even the Harker Brothers protecting him. Logically speaking, it was totally impossible to even get into his villa.

In the entire Summers family, only the

person guarding the elder could probably pull it off.

Tyr was not even thirty years old yet, yet he was already on the same level as the elder's guard?

That was impossible.

Raiden, who was in the wheelchair, inhaled sharply. He knew that Tyr sent the letter and Victor's head to save him. Today, he had escaped death.

Draco immediately said, "Mother, even Victor died in Tyr's hands. Do you still think Tyr is useless?"

"If Victor Kirkman could not even defeat Tyr, then how would Raiden be his opponent?"

"Hmph!" Gladys snorted, she then looked

at the person who brought the letter in and said, “Are you sure the sender was Tyr Summers?”

That person immediately replied, “It was a delivery boy. He said that someone gave him a thousand dollars to deliver this to the Summers family and pass the message that Tyr Summers was giving the elder a present.”

“He must still be in the north.” Gladys roared, “Let everyone know, use all the resources that the Summers family has and stop all other projects. Bring that bastard back.”

Gladys left angrily as she finished speaking. She did not question Raiden anymore.

At this moment, Draco exhaled deeply. He

then turned to Raiden and said, “This incident has passed. That kid sure is smart, using this method to help you out.

“However, did he really kill Victor?”

One of the kings in the Summers family was killed, but Draco did not feel any sadness or anger. In fact, he felt happy.

There were too many people in the Summers family; everyone was fighting for a higher position.

Victor Kirkman was not under Draco. Plus, because of the incident between Victor and Tyr’s mother, Draco was happy that he finally died.

However, the happiness was short-lived. Even though Victor died, there were still many vassals from Draford Province that were still alive. The elder could simply pick

a new king to take over Victor's place anytime.

Raiden then said, "Master, I've said this before. The third young master is a dragon.

"Forget about him killing Victor. It was as he said, if he wanted to destroy all our vassals, he could do it. He is not bluffing. He has the power to do so."

Chapter 455 Set Sail

Suddenly, Draco Summers felt perplexed. He suddenly started thinking about a lot of stuff.

Tyr was such a cruel person. Was it really his son?

What had he experienced in the past ten years to become this way?

The father and son would eventually meet up one day. When they meet, what would it be like?

Draco had always hoped to reunite with Tyr. He had waited for ten years.

However, he had a fear of meeting Tyr since he owed Tyr too much.

“Raider, do you believe that Tyr killed Victor on his own?”

Raider pondered about this question for a while. He could not come up with an answer.

“Unless Tyr reached a level where it's on par with the elder's guard... but he isn't even thirty years old.”

“So, you do not believe it as well?”

Raider shook his head and said, “I cannot tell.”

“Haha!” Draco laughed. It seemed as if he had accepted everything. “That kid, no matter what, he is still the grandson of Keane Summers.”

“Alright, let's do this.”

Draco walked toward Raider and pushed

his wheelchair, leaving the yard. “No matter what, Tyr saved your life. Gladys wanted to use this as an excuse to kill you, but because Tyr has explained, she did not have a reason to kill you any longer.

“However, you should be careful from now on.”

“I know, Master.”

Raiden took a deep breath. Maybe it was because of the injuries he coughed twice.

The coughing opened his wounds again. There was blood coming out of his mouth.

“Careful.”

Draco was worried about Raiden’s injuries. From the looks of it, Raiden definitely could not help out. There were not many people in the Summers family now that

would follow Draco so loyally.

“I am fine, Master. This wound is nothing.”

Draco immediately let Kamaitachi push Raiden’s wheelchair to patch his wounds while he walked back into the yard.

In the yard was a willow tree. This tree was planted by him and his loving wife, along with his precious son.

Now, the tree put his hands on the trees—his majestic aura flowing out of him.

“Hahaha!” Draco laughed like a crazy person. The more he laughed, the redder his eyes became.

At the same time, because of Gladys’ order. The entire city was searching for Tyr. At the same time, in the north, the other

families wanted to flatter the Summers family. They sent multiple strong fighters to locate Tyr.

However, how could these people catch Tyr if he already returned to Khanh City.

Tyr checked the time when he got off the plane. It was around three in the afternoon.

He rented a car and immediately drove to Blair's kindergarten.

At this moment, Blair had just gotten off school. Helen was waiting for Blair outside the school. She was shocked when she saw Tyr.

“Tyr, why are you here. I thought you had something to do?”

Tyr smiled and said, “Mom, I have finished what I had to do. Coincidentally,

Blair is done with school, so I came to pick her up.”

“Okay.”

Helen nodded and said, “Tyr, please do not think I’m nagging. I know you and Winifred are busy, but please find some time to spend with Blair.

“She is almost six this year. She is quite aware of things happening around her now. If you guys do not spend time with her, she would feel distanced from her parents.

“Kids who did not get brought up properly by parents easily become rebels. You and Winifred should spend more time with Blair.”

This was not the first time someone had said this to Tyr and Winifred. Tyr felt

guilty and said, “Mom, I will take note of that from now on. I will try my best to spend as much time as I can with Blair.”

“I’m glad you took it well..”

At this moment, the school gates opened. Blair walked out of the gates.

“Grandmother.”

Blair walked toward Helen. She then noticed Tyr.

“Oh, Daddy, you’re here?”

Blair stared at Tyr, shocked.

Tyr smiled and replied, “I came to pick you up.”

Tyr took Blair’s school bag, “Blair, were you good in class. Did you understand what the teachers were teaching?”

Blair shook her head and said, “Teacher did not teach us anything today, but she taught us a song. Blair likes the song.”

Tyr smiled and said, “Can Blair sing the song for Daddy?”

“Okay!”

Blair pretended to be an adult, cleared her throat, and then said, “Daddy, this song is called, ‘Set Sail’.

“My father took me soaring in the sky.

“Always by my side.

“My mother planted a dream in my heart.

“And happy flowers bloom.

“Setting sail, setting sail.

“The sun watched me grow up.

“My father’s shoulder held my dreams.

“Setting sail, setting sail.

“The light shone brightly, leading the way.

“My mother’s smile gave me wings to fly.

“Setting sail, setting sail...”

Blair sang happily; her voice was beautiful and pleasing to the ears.

Children just sing according to the melody, but Tyr felt a sharp pain in his heart listening to the song.

He hugged Blair tightly and kissed her cheeks. “Blair, your singing is beautiful.”

“Thank you for your compliment, Daddy.”

Blair was happy. She was cheering in his arms. She could not understand Tyr’s

current mood.

However, as time passed, Blair would slowly grow up. Maybe once she grew older, she would understand the things happening now.

Suddenly, Tyr was scared and worried. He did not want Blair to grow up.

Would she still be the same daughter when she grew up, or would their relationship turn sour?

Just like the relationship he and his father, Draco, had.

Chapter 456 The Canonteign Mansion in West Suez

Meanwhile, in Canonteign Mansion from West Suez.

The antique-looking manor's architecture style was grandeur, where its design bore a considerable resemblance with the ancient aristocrats' residence.

The gate of the manor was even more majestic.

A colossal gold plaque was hung in the center of the gate. Few words were written on it—Canonteign Mansion. The letters were written with bold and vigorous strokes.

Next to the letters was a seal. It was

engraved with the emblem of the emperor. The seal practically represented the plaque was an award bestowed by the emperor.

Canonteign Mansion of West Suez had a long and opulent history. It used to belong to Baxter Watt, who was a celebrated scholar of the Victorian era.

In fact, the mansion had been passed down for hundreds of years in West Suez. It was owned by the largest noble family in West Suez and the first-tier noble family in the south.

The Quintus family from Astral Province were aspiring to become the first-tier gentry in the south. However, they were incomparable with Canonteign Mansion, both in terms of strength, heritage, and status in the south.

There was a large training square within

the mansion.

A battle was taking place in the square as of now.

Four muscular-build men had stripped off their tops. They stood in all four corners of the square, just like the four gods of the Heavenly Gate.

A middle-aged man in his early fifties occupied the central spot. The man was none other than Lewis Quintus.

Earlier on, Lewis was beaten to 'death' by Raiden Black. The Quintus family then buried his 'body' in the middle of nowhere. It was Dickson Watt who had dug him out of his grave.

Why was Lewis in Canonteign Mansion now?

The answer was simple, for Dickson was

the young master of Canonteign Mansion. He was known as the Little Scholar of West Suez.

No wonder when Carson Yorke arranged for Connie Yorke to go on a blind date with Dickson previously, he was worried that his daughter might be out of Dickson league.

Carson was simply implying that Dickson was very influential in West Suez.

Now, it seemed that there was some truth to Carson's words, as Canonteign Manor was the first-tier gentry and prestigious family of the south.

The Yorke family of Riverdale Province was not worth mentioning compared to the Watt family.

Dickson's methods and treatments to heal

Lewis were unknown, but it was clear that Lewis had been nursed back to health. A few days ago, his life was hanging by a thread after his fight with Raiden, yet Lewis seemed fine now.

Canonteign Manor was established by Baxter Watt, and it had been handed down for hundreds of years. Therefore, the Watt family was considered a pretty old family.

It was common for such a family to share a strong tie with the imperial court. It was common for the family to know some long-lost healing methods.

The eyes of the four men were all on Lewis, who stood in the middle. They began to build up their strength; their muscles began to bulge; every inch of their body was filled with explosive power.

“It has started,” someone shouted from

the side.

Those four big men simultaneously jumped toward Lewis.

“Eight Extremities.”

Lewis roared. He danced and moved his palms in the shape of a dragon.

Zap...

He slapped the chest of one of the men; his moves were then combined with a hard push. The man screamed while flying backward like a kite.

Boom...

The rest of the big man swung both of their fists at Lewis. The attack was as fierce as the rainstorm.

Lewis stepped forward ferociously, giving

his best to dodge those fists as quickly as possible.

“Nestling Mountain.”

Boom!

Huge force surged out from Lewis' body. His power was as vast as the ocean.

Lewis leaned on one of the men; he then blasted the guy out.

As the man flew backward, he smashed into the other man behind him. Both of them then flew back.

“Eight Extremities, avalanche!”

With his last move, Lewis grabbed the previous man's wrist. Unseen energy then flowed into the man's body, ran from the man's wrist all the way up to his shoulder.

Crack...

Every joint in this man's arms was dislocated. He was then propelled by a powerful force, flying backward.

Within a minute or so, all four men were knocked to the ground by Lewis.

Claps...

A sound of applause came from the side. Dickson, who had a three-section staff hanging around his neck, walked toward them with a smile.

“Fantastic, splendid.”

“I never thought that the Eight Extremities Fist would be so powerful. What an eye-opener!”

Lewis put his fists away. He turned to look at Dickson and hurriedly extended his hands. “Greetings, Little Scholar.”

Dickson smiled and replied, “Mr. Quintus, you are too kind. Just call me by my name, or call me Dickies.”

“I assume those injuries shouldn’t be much trouble now.”

“No biggie, I am fine.” Lewis continued, “I didn’t manage to thank Little Scholar for saving my life earlier on. Please accept my sincere gratitude.”

“You’re most welcome.”

Dickson stopped Lewis’s salute. He said, “I only save you because your name is listed in my journal. You haven’t fought with me yet, so you can’t die.”

“Your journal?”

“Oh, here it is.”

Dickson smiled and pulled out a small

black journal. “When I was ten years old, I accidentally stumbled across a method to increase one’s military strength, which was left by the forefather of my family’s.”

“Forefather of your family’s?”

“That’s right; his name was Baxter Watt. He was the last martial scholar of Celestial Empire.”

Speaking of Baxter, a faint trace of pride appeared on Dickson’s face. “Back then, Baxter had challenged a hundred martial arts schools from the mainland since the tender age of thirteen. He defeated a hundred representatives of the major martial arts schools at the age of nineteen, learned as he fought those battles, and eventually became the significant Martial Scholar.”

Then, Dickson pointed at the three-

section stick hanging around his neck and said, “See? This is the same stick used by Baxter in combat. It was named the Scholar’s Rod.

“He won the title of the Martial Scholar with this rod.”

“Hmm...” Lewis responded.

Dickson's words invoked something within his heart. “No wonder you are called the Little Scholar. So, are you following Baxter’s path?”

“Yup.”

Dickson grinned, revealing his white teeth. Strong confidence filled his expression.

“Back then, my forefather spent ten years to challenge all the masters from the mainland. He then combined the best

technique of the hundred martial arts styles and became a Grandmaster.

“Now I, Dickson, will do the same. I will follow his path. I believe that the student will surpass the master.”

Dickson's expression turned solemn. He said, “You are the most powerful master of the Eight Extremities Fist whom I know of. Therefore, my purpose in saving you is to fight you.

“You can die, but you must die at my hands.”

Chapter 457 Demi Watt

Lewis Quintus was saved by Dickson Watt, which meant everything he used to own now belonged to Dickson. As such, he would do whatever Dickson asked him to do.

Hence, Lewis turned serious. Dickson might look young on the outside, but Lewis could feel the powerful momentum emanating from his body.

Lewis had to do his best to deal with Dickson. That was the tremendous respect he had for Dickson, his savior.

“Let’s begin.”

Dickson placed the journal in his hand aside. He then started his attack with the

Scholar's Rod. It was apparent that he was also very fond of Lewis as an opponent.

“Good,” Lewis replied. He, too, launched his attack with full strength.

In a flash, the two silhouettes were competing against each other on the training square.

Lewis was amazed by Dickson. He was equipped with such great strength at this young age.

His moves were so varied that they were a collection of the best martial art styles.

Not only that, those moves integrated well with him. Dickson had nipped the crafts and hoist it in his way to combat.

From the very beginning, Lewis was easily crushed by Dickson. Frankly, Lewis was no

match for Dickson at all.

“What are you thinking? If you don’t pay enough attention, I can beat you at any time.

“It’s possible for me to beat you to death.”

Dickson looked like a sunny boy-next-door when not in combat mode, even seeming a bit goofy.

However, once he entered the battle mode, Dickson was sharp as a knife, transformed into a completely different person.

Boom!

The three-section rod in his hand smashed heavily upon Lewis’s head. The force knocked Lewis back several steps.

The feeling was as if being knocked on the head with a massive iron rod. The hit

caused Lewis's head to buzz and go dizzy.

Lewis shook his head a few times. In the meantime, Dickson had jumped at him again.

“Nestling Mountain.”

Lewis reacted by instinct and leaned toward his opponent violently. In an instant, the force sent Dickson flying backward.

However, he didn't fly out and fall to the ground like the others. His whole body was tossed twice in the air. The three-section staff in his hand was slammed toward the ground, he then pushed toward the ground to help his body to make a flip and bounced back.

Dickson swung the stick with ease, throwing it heavily toward Lewis's face.

Lewis was then flung to the ground.

The moment when Lewis touched the ground, he was somewhat dazed. He had been practicing Eight Extremes Fist for years, and he had never lost a fight when he used Nestling Mountain in combat.

However, the young man in his twenties could actually defeat his Nestling Mountain style with a three-section staff. The scene would have shocked anyone who witnessed it.

This... how was this possible?

“Stand up and fight.”

Dickson was geared up for the fight. He would never stop until a winner was announced.

Lewis was equally stirred. He spouted out a

mouthful of blood, half of his face was severely swollen. Still, he got up from the ground.

Just as the two were about to continue the battle, a white figure suddenly moved over from the training ground swiftly and blocked the two.

“Young Master, the old master has asked for you.”

The middle-aged man was dressed in white and in his early forties. Yet, he gave people a sense of graceful and elegant.

The collar of his white clothes was a group of white clouds embroidered with gold thread. The pattern was a metaphor for his name, ‘Neil, The Savant’!

Neil’s presence instantly halted the fight between Lewis and Dickson.

However, Dickson was in the mood, so he didn't listen to Neil at all. He continued to swing his staff at Lewis. "Uncle Neil, you need to move to the side. It can wait until I finish the fight."

Yet, Neil blocked them again by grabbing the end of Dickson's rod. His tone was calm but full of authority "Young Master, how dare you make Old Master wait for you?"

"This..."

Dickson might look like the bold type, but when it came to the old man, he seemed sort of frightened.

So much so that he put away the Scholar's Rod and said, "I shouldn't make Grandpa wait for too long. Uncle Neil, I'll go with you."

Dickson looked back at Lewis and said, “You wait here for me. We will continue later.”

There was a serene man-made pond within Canonteign Mansion. The area was complete with rockery, mountain spring, and fishes that swam in the spring.

There was a white-bearded, white-haired old man, in his eighties, sitting by the pond. The man was Demi Watt, Dickson’s grandfather, grandson of Baxter Watt, and the head of Canonteign Mansion.

Demi was sitting by the pond, indulged in fishing and relaxation.

Beside him, two young maids were fanning him with futon fans.

Dickson followed Neil into the area, then

both of them walked toward Demi.

“Grandpa.”

Once Dickson arrived, the first thing he did was to examine the fish bucket next to Demi. He asked with a smile, “How was the harvest today, Grandpa?”

He took a peek at the fish bucket, skimmed his lips and said, “Grandpa, you’ve only got three fish here. You aren’t doing well today. Here, why don’t I swing a few rods for you?”

“You better not. Give your mistake a few thoughts before you talk to me.”

Demi sat firmly by the pond. His voice was filled with energy. It was so powerful that he was worthy of being the offspring of a martial scholar.

When Dickson saw that his grandfather

was furious. He didn't dare to say anything more and had to obediently stand by the side.

Demi waved his hand. The two maids behind him immediately put down the fans and retreated.

“You can go on and get busy with your work too.” Demi glanced at Neil and commanded.

“Yes, my lord.”

Neil bowed to Demi before he retreated.

Every detail in the mansion was filled with ancient royal court etiquette. It wasn't a sort of pretense. After all, this was Canonteign Mansion of Western Suez.

Demi continued to stare at the fish in the pool. Dickson stood quietly by his side as if

he was contemplating his own faults. The truth was, he too was staring at the fish bait unblinkingly, as if he had a keen interest in fishing.

Seven or eight minutes had passed. Out of the blue, the bait started bobbing up and down.

Dickson pointed excitedly at the bait and shouted, “Grandpa, it’s moving. The bait is moving.”

“It’s hooked!”

Chapter 458 What's Went Wrong

N Demi Watt glared sharply at Dickson Watt. The glance was enough to make Dickson shudder. He immediately moved a little and stood by the side quietly.

S Demi waited patiently for the fish to take the bait. When the bait had sunk nearly halfway into the water, he shook his hand slightly and brought up a red Koi.

“Good fellow, this one is at least 300g.”

Having caught the fish, Demi was in a significantly better mood.

As he took the Koi off the hook, he directed a question at Dickson, who was beside him, “Have you not thought through your mistake yet?”

Dickson rolled his eyes and answered, “Grandpa, I came home in such a hurry. You knew that I brought home a man with me and have been busy treating him. That’s why I didn’t manage to come over to pay my respects to you on time. Please punish me accordingly.”

“Hmph.” Demi snorted. He was rather emotional. “Dickson, do you know why my grandpa named me Demi back then?”

“Because it means a bow that is too full breaks easily,” replied Dickson.

“Back then, your forefather managed to gather all the merits of the hundred martial art styles. That is, the bow was drawn too full, so he retired before thirty years old, and that concluded his life.

“It’s apparent that his way of doing things

doesn't work.”

“It will work,” Dickson answered firmly. “Back then, though forefather was world-renowned, his mind wasn't strong enough. That was why it went wrong. But I believe that I, Dickson, will be able to surpass his achievement.”

“It's good to be confident, but you will never be content,” said Demi, while putting the Koi into the fish bucket. The fish makes a splash when entering the water.

“You should have known by now that I didn't ask you here because you did not pay me a visit.”

Dickson smiled and said, “Grandpa, I can't think of any other reason of how I have upset you other than this.”

Demi's stare suddenly became stern. He swung the fishing rod in his hand. The fishing thread made a cracking sound when Demi swung it. The thread was like a whip, and then Demi swung it at Dickson's body. Dickson couldn't bear the pain and screamed out loud.

"I'm serious with you, don't f*ck with me.

"Otherwise, I'll whip you to death today."

"Grandpa!"

"Kneel."

Dickson knelt on the ground with a thud.

"Why did I send you to Prime City of Riverdale?"

"Grandpa, this..."

Dickson's heart pounded violently. The

thing that he feared the most, as it turned out, couldn't be avoided after all.

“Say it!”

Demi was furious. He meant it. Given his grandfather's state, Dickson wouldn't dare to do anything else.

“You asked me to visit the Yorke family and seal the marriage contract with Miss Connie Yorke.”

Demi nodded slightly. “Then, what did you do?”

“I... I went to Connie to break off the marriage contract.” At this point, Dickson was terrified of Demi's anger. So, he explained hurriedly, “Grandpa, it wasn't my idea alone.

“Miss Connie and I shared the same idea.

We are young people in the new era. Therefore, both of us oppose arranged marriage.

“Plus, both you and the head of that Yorke family had made a pact from the beginning. Though there is a contract, whether or not we agree to the arrangement is up to our own will. Since neither of us agreed to this, it's considered invalid.”

“So, Grandpa, you really can't blame me on this matter.”

“Rascal.”

Demi ignored Dickson's explanation. He smacked him again. “You bastard, let's not discuss whether this contract is valid or not. Tell me, have you visited the Yorke family?”

“Visit?”

“You’re the grandson of Demi Watt. A true descendant of an authentic scholar, how can you be so rude?”

“And the actual reason behind it was because you can’t wait to challenge that Wing Chun master in a duel, wasn’t it? Why do you behave the same as your forefather?”

Dickson retorted, “Isn’t it good to own the same virtue. He became a scholar afterward, and isn’t it because of him that our family developed into the famous family in the south?”

“Grandpa, don’t worry. Give me another ten years at most. I will be able to surpass him and make our family famous in Celestial Empire, just like what my

forefather did back then.”

Crack...

Dickson's ambition didn't meet Demi's approval. Instead, he whipped Dickson again.

When fishing thread lashed on one's body, it was as painful as the knife cut. It was the kind of pain that hurt the flesh. By now, few blood marks had been left on the Dickson body by Demi.

“Carson Yorke of Riverdale and I were friends beyond age barriers. That was why we filed the marriage contract.

“Dickson, let me tell you this. I won't approve of canceling that marriage contract between you and Connie.”

“Grandpa.” Dickson was anxious.

“You still wish for another whip, don't you?”

Dickson's pupils shrank slightly. He was terrified of the whip. He had run out of choices and was forced to agree with this. “I will obey what you tell me to do. Anyway, I've already had the girl signed the contract. The contract is no longer valid.”

“It doesn't matter if the contract is invalid. You need to go to your room now and reflect on your mistake. When you leave, you must go to the Yorke family in Riverdale and propose to that girl.”

Dickson was thunderstruck. He looked at Demi with an incredulous face. “Grandpa, you said that you won't force me into an arranged marriage.”

“I did say that, but I'm backing out now.

What can you do about it?”

“But Grandpa, even if I proposed to her, Connie might not be willing to agree to it.”

Demi snorted and said, “It’s your business to propose. Whether she agrees to it or not, it’s her business. There will always be a response to an action. If you don’t do it, how do you know whether or not she is willing to agree to it?”

Demi took away the fishing rod. He put another bait onto the hook and threw it into the water again.

“What’s more, you’re my grandson, the Little Scholar of West Suez. I believe you have all the means to handle the little girl from the Yorke family.”

“But Grandpa, there are so many things that await me. Can’t you just give me a

break?”

Dickson wanted to negotiate his terms, but Demi didn't give him a chance. Demi rebuked, “You can stop the wishful thinking of challenging all the martial arts masters from all over the world. If you don't marry the girl from the Yorke family, I will cripple you myself.”

S

Chapter 459 Hail the Riverdale King

Demi Watt had mentioned something about the abolition of martial arts in the earlier conversation. Though how it was being executed wasn't as mysterious as portrayed in the TV series. What he meant was to break both Dickson Watt's hands and feet.

Dickson's pupils contracted sharply. He said, "Grandpa, are you serious?"

"Do you think I'm joking with you?"

Demi Watt glared at Dickson and said, "You are punished for solitary confinement for a week. When you get out, move your ass to the Yorke family in Riverdale at once and ask Connie Yorke hand's in marriage."

Dickson left with a sorrowful look on his face. He still didn't dare to disobey his grandfather's wishes.

Not long after Dickson left, Neil, the Savant, came by, and he greeted Demi, "Old Master."

"Hmm."

Demi gave a slight nod. "The man that was brought back by the boy. Do you like him?"

"Yes."

Neil nodded and explained, "The man is proficient with the Eight Extremities Fist. He can be considered as a master within the area. Though he isn't powerful enough, if we cultivated him well, he has the potential to rise to be one of the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion."

Demi laughed and said, “That boy is usually out of tune, but this time he has done a good thing by mistake.”

“But Old Master, we only lack the Sage among the Aces now. Lewis Quintus’ physical appearance doesn’t seem to be suitable for that position.”

Demi continued to laugh and said, “The so-called Six Aces was just a name passed down by tradition. Not to mention that the first scholar had been removed from the Six Aces list. That position has nothing to do with one’s looks.

“You shall test him for me. If he is as good as you say he is, we shall grant him the title of Eight Extremities Sage.”

“Yes, Old Master.”

After Neil left, Demi continued to sit by the

pond and fish. Then, the fish bait was taken again. Demi narrowed his eyes. With a swing of his arm, he caught himself another red Koi.

A few days later, in the open-air restaurant on the top floor of Dome Restaurant in Coast City of Riverdale.

Half a month ago, Joe Quintus held a round table meeting here. He tried to unite the twenty-two leaders of Riverdale to deal with Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke.

Ironically, he ended up going for wool and came home shorn, which resulted in him being killed.

In the meantime, Carson didn't make things difficult for those family heads. However, he told them that he would be

crowned as Riverdale King within two weeks. He would send out the invitations by then; those who agree to support him were welcome to attend the meeting.

If they didn't agree to do so, it was alright not to attend, but the consequences were clear to everyone.

Today was the day that Carson had set for the crowning.

In addition to the twenty-two leaders from Riverdale, Carson also sent out a dozen invitations. Overall, there were more than thirty families and groups invited. All of these representatives were very influential within Riverdale Province.

With their support, Carson could rightfully claim the crown as the Riverdale King.

Half a month ago, the same group of

people was invited by Joe to the round table meeting. More than half of the twenty-two leaders who came to the meeting were not exactly vouching for Carson.

They even sneered in their hearts, waiting to see how Carson and Tyr of Khanh City would have ended.

After all, they had offended the Quintus family, a powerful family in the south. In their opinion, Carson and Tyr didn't stand a chance against the Quintus family.

However, now the news that the Quintus family had undergone great turmoil had traveled far and wide throughout the south.

These prominent families from Riverdale had been paying attention to the Quintus

family's movements and the Yorke family and Tyr's outcome.

However, half a month had passed, and the Yorke family remained unharmed. The city center of Khanh City and the Autumn Field Group were operating as usual. All signs indicated that the Quintus family, a powerful family in the south, had not been able to do anything to Carson and Tyr.

At the same time, these people also received news that the Quintus family, the southern gentry, was now controlled by Carson and Tyr.

So, when Carson was determined to be crowned as the Riverdale King, who would dare to say no?

Forget about the incident with the Quintus family in Astral Province. Given the Yorke

family's position and strength in Riverdale nowadays, it was enough to put Carson on the throne.

Carson wasn't crowned as the Riverdale King for years due to Yannick Lloyd—the Northriver King. Now that Yannick had been exterminated by Carson, it was rightful for him to claim the throne.

Therefore, almost all the representatives from thirty over Riversdale families or groups had attended the ceremony when the day came.

On the same day half a month ago, there were two massive round tables placed in the restaurant's center. It was enough to accommodate forty people.

Today, Carson had invited a total of thirty-five people. About six o'clock in the

afternoon, a total of thirty-four people had shown up.

The atmosphere was as silent as ever. No one dared to speak until the matter was settled.

In front of the glass window, Carson and Tyr stood side by side.

Tyr checked the time on his watch and said, "It's six o'clock now. Out of the thirty-five people you have invited, thirty-four of them have shown up. Who's missing?"

"That would be Sawyer Xavier of Salem City. They are the biggest family in Salem City and had always been very close to a certain first-tier gentry in the south. As such, I'm afraid that he doesn't quite agree with me taking this crown."

"The Xavier family!" Tyr whispered the

name softly while a hint of coldness flashed in his eyes. “I guess Sawyer Xavier would definitely come, just that he would deliberately arrive late. He’s just trying to give you a hard time, isn’t he?”

Then, Tyr turned and squinted at Carson “What are your plans for later?”

Carson sighed heavily and said, “Everyone has the right to choose. If the Xavier family doesn’t support me to be the Riverdale King, I can’t exactly go begging him for support.

“Don’t wait for him. Do you want to go over and join the rest?” Carson asked as he walked toward one of the large round tables.

Tyr didn’t follow him. He remained standing in front of the glass window,

watching the scenery outside.

As Carson approached the tables, all thirty-four heads of Riverdale families stood up one after another.

“There’s no need for such formality. We can relax a bit.

“Come, sit down. Let’s have a drink.”

All of them took their seats. A designated waiter filled their goblets with before all of them raised their goblets.

“Hail the Riverdale King.”

Everyone’s face was filled with respect for Carson. Although no one could see exactly what was on their minds, at least no one present dared to object to Carson being crowned as the Riverdale King.

Chapter 460 The Arrogant Sawyer Xavier

Carson Yorke raised his glass and said, "Let's all work together. And I, Carson, am here to assure all of you that in the future, I will lead Riverdale to greater heights.

"Come on, let's toast."

"Thank you, King of Riverdale."

All of them raised their glasses and downed the wine in a single gulp.

Then, a voice sounded abruptly from the doorway.

"Oh my, I'm so sorry. It's the traffic jam that I'm late."

The man was a middle-aged man with a

big belly. He held a cigar in his hand. His entrance was dramatic as he smoked while walking in from the door.

All eyes turned toward that man. The man was none other than Sawyer Xavier—the head of the Xavier family from Salem City.

Sawyer was so big-headed that his arrogance was apparent all over his body. Behind him were a large group of bodyguards.

Since Carson Yorke held the roundtable meeting to be crowned as the Riverdale King, all of the family's leaders decided to leave their guards on the lower floors. No one brought their bodyguards together with them to the top floor.

It was the same for Carson; he kept Jay Blade, Yoshua Murray, and the others on

stand by on the lower levels. In a way, he was candid with everyone.

However, Sawyer acted differently by bringing in a large group of bodyguards with him. He was acting arrogant, and it seemed that he didn't respect Carson—the newly crowned Riverdale King, at all.

Not only that, he didn't pay his respect to Carson. Perhaps in his eyes, all those that present were trashed.

Many people were dissatisfied with Sawyer's behavior, but none of them dared to show their annoyance.

Everyone knew clearly, who was behind Sawyer's back. A giant had his back. A first-tier southern gentry supported him.

Even Carson was now crowned as the Riverdale King and was in charge of

Riverdale Province. If he combined forces with the Quintus family from Astral Province, his strength was still incomparable with the true southern tier-giants.

Therefore, Sawyer's pride was not without reason. All of this was an act, done intentionally to step on Carson's head.

Sawyer walked toward the round tables. He scanned those in front of him only to find that there was no room on both the tables for him.

"You get up."

It didn't matter if there was no seat left. All he needed to do was to create one.

Sawyer patted one of the nearest men on the shoulder and commanded him.

This man hesitated. After all, it was

humiliating if he followed his commands.

He was waiting for Carson to speak, but Carson remained silent. Instead, Sawyer started to scold angrily, "Didn't you hear any of my words? Get up and give me your seat."

Carson still didn't say anything. The man ran out of choice and was forced to stand up obediently.

He didn't dare to offend Sawyer rashly, but he was distraught and even more disappointed with Carson.

Wasn't Carson here to crown as King of Riverdale? Given that these leaders gathered willingly to come under his banner, Carson must protect them. Now that Sawyer was bullying his people, Carson didn't even dare to make a peep.

The disappointment wasn't only felt by the man who was forced to give up his seat, but everyone who attended the meeting.

Sawyer then proceeded to sit down. He took a bottle of red wine and drank half a bottle in a single gulp as if he was consuming water instead of alcohol.

"Sorry, I walked too fast just now. I'm kind of thirsty. I definitely don't look pretty drinking this, but I'm sure no one will mind, right?"

No one answered him, but Sawyer's looked faintly smug.

Then, Sawyer looked directly at Carson. "King Yorke if you want to take the position as the King of Riverdale. I, Sawyer, from the Xavier family in Salem City, have

absolutely nothing to say.

"Come, King Yorke. I'll make a toast to you."
"

N Sawyer raised the half bottle of red wine. Carson then smiled faintly and raised his glass.

"I appreciate Brother Xavier's support. Thank you very much," said Carson, who downed the wine in his glass with in a single gulp.

However, Sawyer narrowed his eyes and smiled. He said, "It's so kind of you, King Yorke. But in all seriousness, I can't really support you much.

"I'm sure you are well aware that the Xavier family business seldom operates in Riverdale nowadays. We prefer to do business with the first-tier giants in the

south. As such, the Xavier family doesn't get involved much in this side of the Riverdale anymore.

"In that case, whoever is crowned as Riverdale King doesn't have much to do with the Xavier family.

"King Yorke, you have seized the throne of Riverdale, and the Xavier family is not opposed to it. But, if they're a similar meeting again in the future, the Xavier family would like to be excluded from it. You get what I meant right, King Yorke?"

When those words left Sawyer's mouth, the facial expression of those who were present darkened.

What did Sawyer mean by this? Was he blatantly saying that he wanted to steer clear of his relationship with Riverdale?

Now that the Xavier family was affiliated with one of the most powerful families in the south, he couldn't wait to secede from Riverdale. As such, he was no longer under the control of the Riverdale King in the future, right?

As long as the family was willing to move out of Riverdale Province and its root in other cities in the south, it was fine if he wanted to do that.

The Xavier family still wanted to live in Riverdale, yet, he was bullying Carson.

Everyone was waiting for Carson's reaction. Anyone with a bit of blood in his veins would have been furious by now.

Carson, however, remained as steady as a mountain. He still managed to put on his smiling face while looking at Sawyer.

"So, this is your attitude, Brother Xavier?"

"Yeah, haven't I make that clear? I'm sure you don't need me to explain it the second time, right?"

"Alright, then." Carson drew in a gentle breath. Then, he asked the waiter to pour him another glass of wine.

"Brother Xavier refuses to be our allies. You don't want to join us because Riverdale is too small a place to accommodate a biggie like you, right?"

"Hahaha! That's not what I said."

Sawyer laughed as he stood up, "However, it's such an honor for King Yorke to recognize me as a biggie."

Then, Xavier deliberately took a look at the watch on his wrist. "It's getting late. Let's

leave it at that, King Yorke. I still have a lot of things to do, so I'll leave first.

"If there's nothing special in the future, let's not contact each other."

After saying that, Sawyer didn't care whether Carson had agreed to his request or not. He swaggered out toward the door with his large group of bodyguards.

The atmosphere in the restaurant on the top floor instantly became very awkward. Many of the guests were clearly disappointed with the outcome. Was this what Riverdale King was made of?

Chapter 461 Deterrence

Sawyer Xavier's action showed that he had no respect for Carson Yorke at all. Carson was indifferent to Xavier's insolence, letting him leave without saying anything.

It was a disappointing sight.

"Are you letting him off the hook just like that, King Yorke?" Someone called out among the crowd. "Such a preposterous fool! If you stay silent, you know it is not going to convince us of your capabilities, right?"

At that moment, there were murmurs and whispers among the crowd as they started discussing among themselves. All the while, Carson sat steadfastly in his seat.

Over at the windows, Tyr Summers saw

the entire altercation unfolded and had a faint smile on his face.

“Argh!”

A shriek of pain was heard from beneath Skylight Restaurant.

Everyone’s heart shuddered violently.

Instinctively, they stood up from the round table and rushed to the windows.

Sawyer’s bodyguards were, at this moment, laying on the ground, being stepped on.

He was covered in blood, and his face was badly swollen. Yoshua Murray forcefully stepped on Sawyer’s face as if trying to crack his skull.

Squealing like a pig in the slaughterhouse, Sawyer’s cry evoked an eerie feeling in

everyone's heart.

Jay Blade pulled out a knife from his pocket and looked, grinning, at Sawyer.

“What is he trying to do?”

Someone called out among the crowd upstairs. They recognized Jay, who was Carson's foster son.

“Wait a minute...”

They looked at each other in fear and astonishment.

Jay stooped down and waved his knife at Sawyer. “You are just mind-boggling, aren't you? King Yorke has cordially invited you to the banquet, and you dare to arrive late?”

“That is fine. But what is not is the fact that you have embarrassed him publicly.

“Say, would you like to take the title of the Riverdale King instead?”

Sawyer’s face was a hideous mess. “Do not threaten me, you brat! I know Carson Yorke sent you here to make a fool out of me. If you have the balls, why don’t you kill me now?”

“Are you threatening me?” replied Jay.

“Haha, I was not. Instead, I bet you lack the balls to do it. We, the Xavier family, have a close relationship with the prominent families in the south. The Yorke family will be destroyed, I promise!”

Jay chuckled. “I thought I heard the same words from Yulian Quintus just a half month ago.

“So you think that the Xavier family is

instead much more capable than the Quintus family?”

A murderous intent flashed across Jay's face.

It was then that Sawyer understood the severity of the situation. His eyes widened as he said, “Are you for real?”

“Do you think I was joking?” Jay replied.

He pointed at the top floor of Skylight Restaurant and said, “Everyone is watching. I promise you will die a grisly death. We do not want them to do the same thing you did, right?”

“I call this the deterrence method, you know.”

“How dare you... I have the people in the south behind me...”

Before Sawyer could finish his sentence, Jay jammed his knife into Sawyer's head. The blade entered his skull from the mouth and came out clean through the back of his head.

The crowd of people looking at the scene from above Skylight Restaurant was stunned, speechless.

It was utter madness, a scene straight from the very depths of hell.

Their disdain for Carson was immediately replaced by immense fear.

Even though he was already over fifty years old, many seemed to forget just how ruthless he was in his twenties.

He did not become timid because of his old age. No, he now had people to execute his

wishes.

Carson sat at the table, drinking wine. He said, “I think you have seen enough. Let us drink!”

None refused as they all sat down and raised their glasses in a toast to the Riverdale King.

It was night, and the moon shone brightly.

After the banquet, Carson returned to his Prime City residence. Along with him was Tyr, who had to stay the night due to some unusual circumstances.

The first thing Tyr did when he arrived was to give Zeppelin Wade some pointers on his sword-fighting techniques. After ensuring that the new Reversal Blade technique did not have any harmful effects, he left for the verandah.

Carson and Tyr were drinking tea together under the moonlight.

“I thought you chickened out just now at the banquet.” Tyr drank his tea and smiled.

Carson grinned and said, “You think I am old, don’t you, Tyr?”

“Not at all. I was just contemplating the fact that we have many concerns as we grow old, and when that happens, we are not as ruthless as we used to be.”

Carson nodded. “You are right. That is why we have to get stronger to protect the things and the people we love.”

They clinked their glasses.

“Back to the point, Mr. Yorke, I thought you did a fantastic job setting an example to the patriarchs present at the banquet.

“Did you see their reactions? I thought a few were paralyzed with fear seeing what happened.

“Jay’s approach was great too. I suppose nobody will have a good sleep tonight after seeing what he did.”

“Hahaha!” Carson laughed. “Of course, this is what we want to see. Yet, there are still a lot of things we need to do for them to submit completely.”

“Oh, is it?” Tyr set down his glass on the table and asked, “More drama?”

Carson replied, “You knew it all along, didn’t you? Tyr, you caused quite the chaos during your trip to the north.”

Chapter 462 The End of the Xavier Family

Tyr Summers shook his head. “It was nothing, to be honest. I merely ended Victor Kirkman’s life. That does not affect the Summers family, though, the old woman can raise a new successor in no time.”

“Mm.” Carson Yorke nodded and said, “The situation is getting precarious. I can see a violent storm brewing on the horizon.

“If I estimate correctly, the old woman will strike soon.”

Tyr nodded too. “We need to hasten our paces. Otherwise, we will all perish under the Summer family’s immense might.”

“As the superfamily in the north, that is

possible. We must begin our attack in the south. As far as I know, the prominent families here in the south have been fighting each other for years. This is the perfect time for us to swoop in and grab the spoils of war,” replied Carson.

“Yes.” Tyr continued, “The southern fighters were never a match for the northern fighters. With that imbalance, the north has dominated the south for a long time.

“Moreover, the power struggle between the prominent families of the south gave the north an opportunity to put them under a stranglehold. It is time to change reality.”

Tyr stood up and looked at the full moon hanging in the sky.

“I am getting tired. Good night.”

“You too,” replied Carson.

It was a beautiful night, calm and quiet, yet who knew what violence and brutality hid under the facade of peace?

Early the next morning, Tyr and Carson sat opposite each other in the same verandah.

They both had tea.

Tyr looked at the rising sun in the east and remarked, “I caught wind of news today that the Xavier family disappeared last night.”

The Xavier family of Salem City was utterly destroyed; disappeared off the face of the earth without a single trace.

Tyr was startled at the speed and the way it happened.

The various patriarchs in Riverdale City were scared shitless after learning of the news.

It was only yesterday when Sawyer Xavier, the head of the Xavier family, challenged Carson Yorke, all because he had the support of the south's prominent family. Nobody expected him to die immediately in Carson's hand.

Everyone thought the matter was over; for the time being. Perhaps the Yorke family would decide on a plan of action to face the Xavier family and the south's prominent family's wrath.

One night was all it took for the Xavier family to vanish completely.

It was frightening. Who else in their right mind would oppose Carson now?

Tyr downed his cup of tea and looked at Carson with squinted eyes. He asked, “Not even any of the south’s prominent families could make the Xavier family vanish just like that. How did you do it?”

“Hahaha.” Carson laughed. “Easy. I couldn’t have removed them in one night, but it isn’t impossible if I had prepared in advance. Everything was set up and in place, waiting for me to pull the trigger.”

Tyr had expected it, but he could not help but be startled when he heard it personally from Carson.

Carson knew the Xavier family’s intentions early on. That was why he started arrangements to get rid of them. He only needed Sawyer to enter the trap he so carefully set up.

Everything that happened yesterday was in Carson's expectation. Perhaps, the Xavier family was doomed right from the beginning.

The Xavier family's demise in such a short time was sure to terrorize the other families in Riverdale City. No one would dare to fight Carson for many years to come.

His position as the Riverdale King was finally secured.

Tyr shook his head and exclaimed, "Fortunately, we were not enemies. Even if I could get rid of you, what would it cost?"

Carson smiled. Receiving Tyr's praise was his honor.

"If you are the Riverdale King, I am sure

your method would have been better.

“As I said before, a lot is coming up for us, do get prepared.

“Spend some time with your family before everything comes onto us.”

“Will do.” Tyr nodded and was just about to return to Khanh City when a fight broke outside of the Yorke family’s residence.

Tyr and Carson exchanged glances and rushed toward the scene.

Jay Blade and Dickson Watt were embroiled in a huge fight.

Jay had a knife in his hand while Dickson fought barehanded with the black rucksack on his back.

Fighting barehanded, Dickson could defeat Jay easily without even using his

nunchucks.

“Why is he here?” Tyr was surprised to see Dickson.

“Stop it.” Carson frowned.

The duo stopped the fight immediately upon hearing Carson’s reprimand. Jay was badly bruised from the fight and looked dejected.

“I am Dickson Watt from West Suez. It is my pleasure to meet you, Mr. Yorke.”

Dickson was surprisingly polite. Slightly startled, Carson quickly said, “It is you, Dickson, do not worry about the formalities!”

The last time he was here, Dickson did not visit Carson. This was their first meeting.

Carson then turned his attention toward

Jay. With a solemn expression, he asked, “Jay, why were you fighting with him?”

“Father, he...” Some words were difficult to say.

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Chapter 463 Obtuse

Dickson Watt said, “Mr. Yorke, I came here on my grandfather’s wishes to ask for Connie’s hand in marriage.”

“What?”

Tyr was confused. What was going on?

It was just a few days ago when they annulled their marriage. What a turn of events!

“Watch it, you punk. Connie will not agree to it; she does not like you at all.

“You better give up; otherwise, I won’t go easy on you.”

Jay Blade was infuriated. He raised his fists and charged toward Dickson.

This was the reason why they were fighting earlier on.

“What do you think you are doing, Jay!”

Connie Yorke walked out of the Yorke residence and immediately stopped Jay.

He was surprised. “Connie, I thought you hated arranged marriages. You canceled the marriage previously, but he dared to come and harass you again. Do not worry. I will send him running with my fists.”

Connie’s subsequent reply stunned everyone present.

She shook her head and shifted her gaze to Dickson. “I did not expect you to come looking for me. However, I will give you a chance and spend some time with you.”

“What on earth?”

Jay was dumbfounded. Connie was getting further and further away from his grasp.

Even though he did not hold much hope for her to reciprocate his feelings, she was still his little sister, and he would always care for and protect her.

Yet, it was at this moment Jay thought she was getting incomprehensible.

Tyr slapped his head. He had a hunch back at the cafe that Connie liked Dickson. It seemed like his intuition was right.

How could Connie change her feelings so quickly, it was Tyr previously, and now it was Dickson.

“Hahaha!” Carson laughed. He was surprised yet pleased with his daughter’s decision.

Inviting Dickson indoors, he looked at Tyr and said, “We have a guest today, Tyr. Why don’t you stay for another night?”

“I am fine.” Tyr waved his hand. “I am not the one looking for a son-in-law here. I rather spend time with Winifred and Blair.”

He then said his goodbyes and left.

His gaze met Dickson’s as he walked out. Smiling at Dickson, Tyr gave him a little nod. Dickson looked on, but he looked at the leaving man with a weird gaze.

The Yorke family welcomed Dickson with much fanfare. Both Carson and Heather were very pleased to know that he came all the way to propose.

As the afternoon came, Dickson and

Connie went out on a date in a bid to deepen their relationship.

It was a little too quick, but wasn't that how the youngsters do it these days?

However, it did not turn out to be the date they expected.

Dickson was a martial arts fanatic. Aside from thinking about defeating the other martial arts masters, he had pretty low emotional intelligence. Especially when it came to the opposite sex, he was a complete idiot and was as obtuse as one could imagine.

They sat on the bench at the plaza for some time, figuring out what to say to start a conversation.

Connie wanted to talk about the hottest movie stars, but Dickson took out his little

notebook and started explaining how he had challenged more than sixty people listed in the notebook. He only needed to win thirty more challenges to become a true expert.

Connie looked at Dickson in bewilderment; if she did not know better, she thought a nitwit sat next to her.

“I am thirsty. Can you buy me a drink?” asked Connie.

“Of course.” Dickson trotted off to a nearby store and came back with two bottles of water in his hand. He handed one to Connie.

Connie took it and gave the cap a little twist. “I cannot open it. Can you help me?”

Suddenly Dickson laughed. “Your hands work fine. Why can’t you open it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Basically, your tendons and ligaments in your hands are not severed. So, you will be able to twist open the cap. My grandfather always said he is going to do that to me. I heard you used to be a mischievous little girl, right? If you had a grandfather like mine, you would have died a long time ago.”

Connie looked on in astonishment.

After that, she suggested they watch a movie, to which Dickson agreed. After all, he was on a date with her. Whatever she wanted to do, he would follow suit.

“What do you want to watch? Why don't you pick a movie?” Connie pointed at a few posters of romantic movies currently showing in the cinema and asked.

Dickson shook his head. “Are there any action films instead?”

Connie was once again speechless.

They spent the afternoon and the rest of the night together, but Connie thought Dickson was a little off somewhere, yet she could not put her finger down at what it was.

It was quite late when they came out of the movie theater. Connie looked at her watch and said, “It is quite late now. Let us spend the night somewhere but home. Did you bring your identification card?”

“Of course, I did. You need to have it with you whenever you go out. How about you?” Dickson replied.

“I did not.” Connie shook her head. “I

suppose we can get only one room in the hotel.”

“You did not?” Dickson was startled. “That is not going to work. Without your identification card, you cannot stay in the hotel. Let me send you home.”

No words could describe Connie’s current feelings.

She took out her keys, and nonchalantly threw them into the pond nearby. “Oops, I dropped my keys in the pond. I will only trouble my family if I knock on the doors this late in the night. I suppose I will have to spend the night somewhere else.”

Splash!

Dickson dove straight into the water and emerged a few seconds later with a bright smile on his face.

He shook the keys thrown away by Connie and shouted, "See, I got them for you!"

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Chapter 464 Autumn Field Media

The next day. In the courtyard of Yorke Residence.

“How was the date yesterday, Dickson?”

“I know it was an arranged marriage, but I am very open - minded. It still comes down to your decisions.”

Dickson Watt smiled confidently. “I thought we had a good time yesterday.”

“That is great!” Carson Yorke laughed. He was in a great mood. He genuinely wanted his daughter to be with Dickson. At the very least, he was very fond of the young chap.

Right at the moment, Connie Yorke

approached them angrily, “Father, I will not go through with the marriage.”

“What are you getting at?” Carson asked furiously. “Didn’t you have a good time?”

“Not at all! He is the dumbest person I have ever met!”

In the blink of an eye, summer’s sweltering heat gave way to the cool autumn weather, as the month of October arrived.

In the villa’s open-air garden on Lunar Mountain, Tyr Summers stood by the edge looking down at Khanh City.

"What are you thinking about?" Winifred Zea embraced Tyr from behind and asked.

“Nothing much.” Tyr turned around and hugged Winifred. He looked at her lovingly

and asked, “Did you come up with the plan for Autumn Field to enter the market in the south?”

“It is in progress.” Winifred nodded. “The Autumn Field Group now has a very stable presence in the Riverdale Province. Our next step is to expand outward into the south. However, there is a business coalition over there, controlling the biggest industries and trades. Anyone that wants to establish themselves in the south has to get the approval of the business coalition. We are currently in talks with them. Once everything is settled, we are set to enter the market in full force.”

“Great.” Tyr nodded. “It is time. We have to leave now. We might miss our flight otherwise.”

“Sure.”

Both Tyr and Winifred went downstairs, got into the car, and drove to the airport.

They were headed for Stellar City.

As Tyr said before, the Autumn Field Group needed a more significant business portfolio to achieve its goal of becoming a well-known international brand. Having only the fashion business was insufficient. They had to diversify. That was why they started with a venture into the entertainment industry.

Tyr had acquired Star Entertainment, which bought Brilliant Media previously. These two companies were now under Tyr's control.

A few days ago, he merged the companies into a new company called Autumn Field Media, one of Autumn Field Group's

subsidiary companies.

Henry Walker went to Stellar City some time ago and got all preparations underway. The reason why Tyr and Winifred went to Stellar City was to attend the opening ceremony of Autumn Field Media.

It was already late evening when their flight arrived at Stellar City.

Both Snow Fenner and Lily Zimmerman had been waiting for some time.

With the formation of Autumn Field Media, both Snow and Lily were now its employees as well. Plus, Henry had started arrangements to produce a blockbuster movie personalized to Snow. She was set up to become Autumn Field Media's prima donna eventually.

“Sister Winifred, Brother Tyr.”

Snow and Lily immediately greeted them as they entered the car.

“Snow, you are an A-list celebrity now. You should not pick us up at the airport anymore,” Winifred reminded Snow. She knew the entertainment industry was a messy and complicated place, coupled with the incessant paparazzi, it was not the best for Snow.

She smiled. “Do not worry, Sister Winifred. I can handle it. Moreover, you came here personally, of course, I have got to pick you up from the airport.”

“You cheeky girl.” Winifred smiled. “Where are we going next?”

Snow replied, “Mr. Walker organized a

gala dinner inviting the entertainment companies' executives here and some prominent artists. Since Autumn Field Media is a new company, formed from the mergers of Star Entertainment and Brilliant Media, we must make some connections with the other players in the field.

“Speaking of which, these prominent people are poised to attend our opening ceremony tomorrow. I have to admit, Mr. Walker was competent. I do not know what he did. As a newcomer to the industry here, I thought the companies would leave him in the dark.

“It was just now when I heard that almost everyone invited by him would attend the gala dinner.”

Tyr grinned. He had complete faith in

Henry's capabilities. After all, he was the king of new media in Khanh City.

Moments later, they arrived at the location of the gala dinner.

The gala dinner was specially held onboard a yacht. After all, the attendees were well-known figures in the southern entertainment industry. Setting the yacht in the center of the river not only created a classy atmosphere, but it was also effective in averting the paparazzi.

A speedboat was waiting by the river docks when Tyr and the group arrived. They got onto the speedboat and were swiftly ferried away, headed toward the yacht.

The gala dinner had already started when they entered the main hall.

“Brother Tyr, Sister Winifred, welcome.”

Together with a group of Autumn Field Media executives, Henry went to the entrance immediately to welcome the visitors.

Tyr and Winifred nodded and said, “Sorry, we are late. There was only one direct flight from Khanh City to Stellar City at this time of the day.”

Henry quickly replied, “That is fine. Oh, Brother Tyr, we have a lot of prominent figures in our ranks here today. As the owner of the Autumn Field Media, would you like to know them?”

Tyr shook his head with a smile and said, “I think it is unnecessary. You are now the CEO of Autumn Field Media. It is your job to network and build connections. Both Winifred and I do not need to be involved.”

“I understand.” Henry nodded.

Since Tyr had given Henry full control over Autumn Field Media, both Winifred and he did not have to involve themselves in the company’s operation. After attending tomorrow’s opening ceremony as the principal owner, Winifred would not concern herself with the company’s business anymore.

“Go ahead with your night,” Tyr spoke to Henry. “We will be fine on our own.”

“Understood, Brother Tyr.”

Chapter 465 A Black Shadow

Henry Walker and his people reentered the crowd and continued their networking with the various prominent figures. Snow Fenner and Lily Zimmerman also had to seize the opportunity to make more connections.

This was how the entertainment industry worked. Having a vast network of friends was crucial to survival.

However, both Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea were not in the industry themselves. They did not need to suck up to anyone else. After eating some snacks from the buffet, they went out to the deck because Winifred complained of the hall's stuffiness.

The sun had just set in the west, but rays of sunlight shone onto the river, glimmering in the waves. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

They stood on the bow of the yacht, looking out into the mass of water in front of them. In the distance, lights began to light up in Stellar City.

The yacht was decorated with many colorful neon lights, making it very pretty.

“How are you feeling?” Tyr wrapped his arms around Winifred’s waist from behind.

“Much better.” Winifred smiled. “The breeze out here is wonderful.”

“Really? If you like it so much, I will buy you a yacht one day. We can bring Blair, Father, and Mother aboard whenever we

have time, and perhaps cook some barbecue and just relax.”

“I think it is fine. We do not need to spend our money so lavishly.” She glared at Tyr. Even though she was very rich now, she was still very much a thrifty person.

Snow walked toward the deck. “Brother Tyr, Sister Winifred, you are both here.” She greeted them after seeing them.

“Snow, what brings you out here?” asked Winifred.

With a smile, Snow replied, “I don't really like socializing with the big figures of the industry. I felt like they do everything with hidden intentions, and it feels very fake.”

A worried look flashed across Snow's face. “Sister Winifred, do you think I am not cut out for the industry?”

Winifred smiled. “You are a very pure person. No one can change that. We want people like you.

“Do not worry. Not only are you the Autumn Field Media’s artist, but you are also the Autumn Field Group’s brand ambassador. You do not have to concern yourself with socializing and networking.

“Just focus on improving your acting skills and take good care of your voice. We have all the resources to support you.”

Winifred’s faith touched Snow. “Thank you so much, Sister Winifred.”

“If you want to, you should thank Brother Tyr. He spoke with Mr. Walker previously; soon, we will be producing a movie just for you. The budget is around five thousand million dollars, and we are the investors

ourselves. Snow, I hope you will make us proud.”

“Mm.” Snow nodded her head solemnly. She knew of the production a long time ago.

It was “White Snake - A Devastating Romance”, the film agreed upon with Brilliant Media. However, they were instructed by Star Entertainment to sabotage Snow, changing the movie to a pornographic production.

Frankly speaking, it had a fantastic script. Autumn Field Media would be using it as the foundation to produce a blockbuster film.

They had high hopes for the movie. If it were released as planned, it would definitely cause a huge sensation.

While Snow and Winifred were busy chatting, Tyr stood aside silently.

His gaze was locked upon the second level of the yacht. A few janitors were seen cleaning the corridor.

“What are you looking at, hubby?” Winifred asked after sensing something off with Tyr.

However, he did not reply. His eyes were still fixated on the same spot as a deep frown appeared on his face.

“Hubby.” Tyr finally returned to his senses after Winifred raised her voice. He hurriedly turned toward her and asked, “What is the matter, love?”

“What are you looking at?”

“Nothing.” Tyr shook his head but looked

back instinctively.

Right at that moment, he saw a flash of a human shadow across the upper deck. Yet, he could not decide if he was seeing things.

It was a dark human figure, only a set of eyes penetrated from the black cape. It vanished just as suddenly as it appeared.

“Dark Shura?”

Tyr’s heart shuddered violently. Without even informing Winifred and Snow, he rushed toward the upper deck of the yacht.

He did not take the stairs. Instead, he leaped to a height of three meters and landed onto the upper deck. What he did was way beyond any human could ever achieve.

Yet, aside from the janitors cleaning the

deck, he saw no one else.

“Something is wrong.”

The image of Dark Shura standing on the upper deck kept appearing in Tyr’s mind, yet he still could not be sure if it were just a hallucination.

Suddenly, he looked toward the corridor.

A dark shadow flashed across the end of the corridor.

Tyr immediately ran toward it.

He was swift, but the shadow disappeared, yet again.

He checked every corner on the upper deck, not missing even the smallest spots but still could not find the dark shadow.

A minute later, he was back on the deck.

He walked up to the janitors and asked, “
Did you see anyone wearing a black cape
here?”

As he spoke, he flashed a golden ID tag.

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Chapter 466 Hallucination

It was given to him by Henry Walker earlier. The ultimate VIP pass, they could do whatever they wanted on the yacht with that ID tag.

The janitors immediately stopped what they were doing. They were also very courteous speaking to Tyr Summers.

“No. We have been here for some time, but we did not see anyone that fits your description.”

“Are you sure?” Tyr frowned. “What about the corridor?”

“Nope.”

They shook their heads, adamant that

they saw no one else wearing a black cape on the deck.

“Where is the security room?” Tyr asked.

“On the third floor.”

Nodding in acknowledgment, Tyr headed for the third floor of the yacht.

With the golden tag in his hand, he encountered no difficulty entering the security room.

He had the staff on duty playback all security footage of the second floor’s previous five minutes.

However, other than the janitors and himself, he saw no one else in the footage.

Which meant that Dark Shura did not appear at all.

“Am I hallucinating?” Tyr felt that

dodge the assaults and take a detour to Celestial Empire just to fight me?’

It was not a good sign.

Even if Dark Shura was not present tonight, with Tyr’s strong intuitive feeling, it was only a matter of time before he would appear.

Winifred Zea and Snow Fenner stood on the deck, trying to make sense of what got to Tyr’s head.

Right at that moment, a middle-aged man in a suit approached them.

“I had been looking for you, Miss Fenner. I did not think you would be out here.”

The man approached her; never once did his gaze leave her body.

“Dion Hoffman.”

something was wrong, but he could not quite put his finger on it yet.

“This is not a good sign.” He slapped his head. All he could think of was his intuition.

Tyr had always possessed a strong intuition. Previously when he was still at the Regal Palace abroad, he could sense whenever danger was close.

It was something that could not be explained, but he believed it existed.

“Dark Shura is currently wanted by bounty hunters, assassins, and mercenaries worldwide. He will not come to Celestial Empire.

“But wait a minute.” Tyr felt dread in his heart. “My intuition has never gone wrong. Could it be that he was able to

Snow frowned instantly. It was apparent that she did not like the man.

Dion was quite the character in the southern entertainment industry. He owned a television company that currently aired a few popular reality shows.

“Running Brothers” was a show produced by his company.

Many artists and celebrities in the south wanted badly to get into that show because that would bring fame and popularity to them.

To say that Dion was an extremely influential figure in the industry was not an overstatement; he could easily make or break an artist’s career.

No matter how famous a celebrity was,

getting on Dion's wrong side would instantly spell the end of their career.

"Miss Fenner, I do not expect to see you here." Dion stood in front of Snow, squinting as he looked at her with a nasty glint in his gaze.

"I thought it was too stuffy inside, Mr. Hoffman, that was why I came out to get some fresh air." Snow was obviously afraid of Dion as she replied in a very courteous manner.

Even though she despised him, she carried herself well and was very polite.

"Are you feeling better now? Was it chest pain? Come, let me help you out." Dion extended his hand, wanting to rub Snow's chest. His action greatly startled the lady.

Winifred frowned and instinctively

slapped the hand of Dion away. She took a step forward and placed herself in front of Snow.

“How rude can you be?”

Only then did Dion notice Winifred; he was immediately attracted to her beauty.

Snow was no match for her.

“Miss, are you in the entertainment industry too?”

His eyes shone. “Let me introduce myself. My name is Dion Hoffman, and I am the owner of Stellar Channel. I do not remember seeing you anywhere before. Are you new to the industry?”

“I have an opportunity for you to become an A-list star. We plan to produce a new reality show. How would you like to have a

recurring role in that show? I guarantee you will be very popular nationwide after that.”

He then looked at Winifred with a nasty grin on his face and continued, “However, I have a little request. On the third floor of this yacht is my personal room. Do you mind coming with me to discuss the details of this offer?”

He then shifted his gaze toward Snow and added, “Are you interested in that role too, Miss Fenner? If you are, you should join us.”

Winifred felt anger boiling in her heart. It was outrageous.

Half a year ago, she would not have known what to do.

However, now, she was not who she used

to be. She was now Tyr's woman.

"Jerk." Winifred cursed and gave Dion a good hard slap across his face.

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Chapter 467 Those Who Serve Under Tyr Summers Can Afford to Bend the Rules of the World

For a moment, the air on the deck seemed to have frozen. Dion Hoffman was stunned. He never expected that anyone in the southern region's entertainment industry would dare to hit him.

“You... How dare you slap me?” Dion instantly flared up in anger. “Tell me which company you are from? You're dead meat. Your celebrity career will be ruined!”

After saying that, Dion was still annoyed, so he turned to Snow Fenner and threatened, “And you, Snow Fenner. This is your friend so you have to give me an explanation. Otherwise, that so-called

Autumn Field Media that's backing you will be dragged down as well."

Snow tugged Winifred Zea's arm anxiously and whispered, "Sister Winifred, what should we do now? If we offend Dion, our Autumn Field Media might be in trouble afterward."

However, Winifred didn't seem bothered as she replied to Dion, "I'm not a celebrity. My name is Winifred Zea, Autumn Field Media's boss."

"So you're Winifred Zea." Dion gritted his teeth. "No wonder you're so arrogant. Would you believe that I can force your Autumn Field Media into bankruptcy tomorrow by its opening time? If you can afford that, try me."

Winifred was completely unfazed by Dion's

s threat. She said icily, “A person like you makes me nauseous whenever I look at you. Get off this yacht, right now.”

“Hahaha, what did you say? Are you asking me to get off this yacht? I’m Henry Walker’s honored guest. Try asking him if he’d dare to kick me off this yacht.”

Dion was confident. He wasn’t boasting either. He was indeed an honored guest invited by Henry himself. In the current entertainment industry, Dion was equivalent to a tycoon figure; hence, Henry had put in quite an effort to invite him over.

In a sense, Autumn Field Media would require Dion’s approval to officially launch and secure its foundation in the southern region’s entertainment industry.

However, Winifred scoffed. “Don’t you

understand human language? I'm Autumn Field Media's owner. Henry is only my staff. If I want you to get off this yacht right now, I don't need Henry's approval."

"Hehe, b*tch. Don't speak so conceitedly. The time I've spent in the entertainment industry is longer than how long you've been alive. So what if you're the owner? You can't be without Henry. Even if Henry were here, he wouldn't dare to make me leave. So what would you amount to?"

"Let me tell you, today's incident won't end easily. If you and Snow don't apologize to me and keep me company, you're both dead meat... Not only will you be ruined, but your Autumn Field Media will also be ruined."

However, right after Dion finished talking, an angry voice snapped nearby them.

“Dion Hoffman, who do you think you are to dare threaten our President Zea?”

Henry was speaking. He was making his way over with two personal bodyguards in tow. “Dion, get off this yacht right now. Otherwise, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.”

Dion stared at Henry, baffled, never expecting the other man to say such a thing. “Henry, are you f*cking wasted? How dare you speak to me that way?”

“Can’t I?” Henry smirked. He couldn’t be bothered to say more to Dion and simply instructed the two bodyguards behind him, “Toss him into the river.”

“What?” Dion’s mind exploded with a buzzing sound, feeling incredulous. “Henry Walker, are you being serious?”

“Do I look like I’m kidding?” Henry looked menacing as veins popped on his forehead. “Dion, you must have gotten tired of living for daring to offend President Zea. You don’t know your place.”

The two bodyguards lifted Dion and went over to the edge of the deck.

Dion was finally afraid. He kept on struggling. “Henry, don’t be so f*cking rash. I can’t swim. Don’t... don’t throw me off. I’m the managing director of Stellar Channel. If you dare to offend me, I guarantee that Autumn Field Media will be over...”

Splash!!!

There was a loud noise of water splashing as bubbles surfaced. Dion was shouting and struggling madly in the water while

Henry tossed him a lifebuoy. Dion grabbed onto the lifebuoy and yelled at them to pull him in.

However, Henry had instead spoken into the walkie-talkie, instructing the boat driver to turn the yacht around and return to the harbor. As for Dion, if he was capable enough, he could swim back with the lifebuoy. If not, he can remain in this Astral River to feed the fishes.

Just then, Tyr came down from the third floor. He had actually seen everything that happened earlier. He never announced his presence because he wanted to see to what extent Winifred has transformed and to see Henry's resolution and attitude in dealing with such a situation.

“Brother Tyr,” Henry immediately greeted when Tyr came over. “That earlier

...”

“I have seen everything. You’ve done well,” Tyr said calmly. “Always remember, you guys are my people. And the people of Tyr Summers can afford to bend the rules of this world.”

Henry immediately nodded. “But Brother Tyr, our opening ceremony for Autumn Field Media definitely won’t be peaceful tomorrow.”

“If he dares to come and cause trouble, I’ll make his company disappear from the face of this earth,” Tyr announced.

That night, Tyr and Winifred stayed in the yacht’s VIP suite. Watching the river’s view from here was more aesthetically pleasing than from a hotel’s presidential

suite. At that moment, Tyr was standing at the window, watching the gentle waves outside with a grave expression.

“What’s wrong, honey? You’ve been a little weird.” Winifred hugged Tyr from behind and buried her face into his back. “Are you worried about that incident earlier? Henry tossed Dion overboard, so I’m afraid tomorrow’s opening ceremony...”

Before Winifred could finish, Tyr snorted as he laughed. He turned around and hugged Winifred back, saying, “What? You were so tough earlier but now you’re worried?”

Winifred pouted. “I was tough because you have my back. But now that you’re looking so solemn, is it possible that even you can’t do anything about the entertainment industry?”

“Haha!” Tyr couldn’t resist kissing Winifred on the cheek. “Sweetheart, why do I get the feeling that you’ve become more adorable? Your husband, I, am not even afraid of the Quintus family. Do you think I’d care about some TV station’s director?”

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Chapter 468 Ban Autumn Field Media

Tyr Summers paused for half a second before continuing, “What I’ve said at the deck earlier, you have to keep it at heart. The people of Tyr Summers can bend the rules of this world. What’s more, you’re my wife. Even if a king is before you, he has to address you as Madam Summers with respect.”

Winifred felt a surge of warmth in her heart. She nodded. “Then darling, what were you worrying about?”

Tyr turned to look at the river and pointed at an island far away. “Sweetheart, what do you think that island looks like?”

Winifred looked in the direction Tyr was

pointing to and answered, “Isn’t it just a dark island? What can you tell from it?”

However, Tyr shook his head. “It’s dark, and it looks like someone is standing there.”

“Someone? Who?”

“A person wearing a black hood, revealing only one eye.” Tyr did not say more, fearing he might cause Winifred to worry.

“Darling, has your enemy appeared?”

Being an intelligent woman, Winifred had guessed Tyr’s thoughts.

Tyr quickly shook his head and said, “No. I was just simply saying.”

As he spoke, Tyr carried Winifred up and then walked over to the large bed. “My dear, the view of this river is wonderful,

and it's a beautiful night. Blair has been nagging about wanting a little brother. Let's quickly make one for her tonight, shall we?"

With reddened cheeks, Winifred pretended to hit Tyr heavily on his chest, mumbling coyly, "You're a big bad meanie."

The next morning, Autumn Field Media's opening ceremony officially began. The event took place at the former Star Entertainment's headquarters. Eventually, this place would become Autumn Field Media's main office, and they would develop into an even bigger entertainment company.

Thanks to Henry Walker's arrangements, many big-shots and celebrities from the southern region's entertainment industry

came to support this occasion. Many media bodies were here as well.

The place was packed in the early morning, making the event very lively.

At nine o'clock, the ribbon-cutting ceremony began. Winifred and Henry each held a pair of scissors in their hands. As the scissors snipped the red ribbon, the establishment of Autumn Field Media was official.

Warm applause reverberated around them while the media team's video recorders and cameras were aiming at them as the shutters went off.

However, a voice suddenly called out at this time, "Winifred Zea, Henry Walker, you want to set up an entertainment company here in Stellar City but have you

gotten my permission?”

In an instant, many people turned to the source of this voice to see Dion Hoffman walking aggressively over with a team behind him.

Last night had fortunately been a peaceful night on Astral River. There were no rough waves, so Dion didn't drown. However, by the time Dion got back to shore from the heart of the river with his lifebuoy, it was already near midnight.

For the whole of last night, Dion had been in the hospital on an IV drip. This morning, he was supposed to continue the drip but unable to contain himself, he left the hospital and came to the venue of Autumn Field Media's opening ceremony.

Yesterday, Henry dared to treat him that

way so Dion was here today for revenge.

“Dion Hoffman, I don’t think our Autumn Field Media’s establishment requires your approval.” Henry narrowed his eyes at Dion, showing no signs of flinching.

By now, Dion had come over to Henry and Winifred, to retaliate against them. “Hmph! Indeed, your Autumn Field Media’s establishment does not require my approval, but I’ll be brutally blunt here, from here on, my Stellar Channel will ban every celebrity from Autumn Field.”

Once these words were spoken, the crowd gasped. Be it the media teams, representatives of large entertainment companies, or celebrities, everyone went into an uproar.

Stellar Channel’s influence in the southern

region's entertainment industry was undeniable. Even popular A-listed celebrities within the country dared not provoke Stellar Channel as they feared having to suffer heavy consequences.

One example incident was of a previously famous local young hunk. Back then, this celebrity was considered phenomenal within the country. When he came to Stellar Channel for a program, the young celebrity fell out with the TV station and was banned by Stellar Channel due to a series of differences in opinions. After that, in less than six months, this young hunk fell from a popular A-listed celebrity to a nobody with a tragic ending.

Now, Dion had publicly announced that he would ban every Autumn Field celebrity in front of the entertainment industry. This was equivalent to issuing a death sentence

to Autumn Field Media.

Watching the crowd's reaction, Dion's face was filled with glee. Then, he turned to look challengingly at Henry and Winifred, waiting for them to kneel and beg for forgiveness.

“Henry Walker, Winifred Zea, not only will I ban every celebrity from Autumn Field Media, but from now on in the southern region's entertainment industry, whichever entertainment company collaborates with you, Stella Channel will ban them as well.”

At this, the commotion became bigger. Dion's action was not only similar to punishing a corpse, but he was also sealing off Autumn Field's future.

Out of reflex, many southern

entertainment industry's big-shots maintained a distance from Henry and Winifred. Immediately, Winifred and Henry were isolated.

Traces of panic surfaced on Henry's expression. Last night, he had come up with various possibilities of what Dion would do. Only, he never expected the man to go this far and not give Autumn Field Media any room to catch its breath.

"President Zea." Henry turned to Winifred and whispered, "What do we do now? If we don't have a stronger force to suppress this Dion, our Autumn Field Media can't possibly build a foundation in the entertainment industry."

"Don't worry," Winifred replied.

Winifred's composure startled Henry.

Compared to the first time Henry had met Winifred during the Southern Sophistication incident, Winifred now seemed like a different person.

Winifred turned to look at Tyr who was among the crowd. Tyr was wearing a faint smile, and this smile gave Winifred boundless confidence and encouragement.

Tyr did not step forward. Winifred could tell that he wanted her to deal with this situation on her own. What Tyr had said to her last night resurfaced in Winifred's mind, 'You are my wife. Even if a king is before you, he has to address you as Madam Summers with respect.'

Hence, the person whom Winifred now was grew more courageous.

Chapter 469 In This World, Your Words Are The Law

Even though she had no idea how Tyr Summers would resolve this, Winifred Zea knew that no matter how badly she messed up or what troubles she faced, her husband would solve them for her. Since she had such a powerful husband supporting her, what should Winifred be afraid of?

Winifred took a deep breath and faced the conceited Dion Hoffman head-on. At that moment, a fierce aura exploded from Winifred's being.

“What a joke! A mere director of Stellar Channel like you is thinking of conquering the entertainment industry? Are you even

thinking of banning the celebrities from my Autumn Field Media? Who gave you the nerve?” Winifred spoke with a dignified air, vaguely exuding a heroic temperament of a strong woman.

For a moment, many people present were stunned. They couldn't believe how forceful the owner of Autumn Field Media was. Not only did she not submit to Dion Hoffman, but she was counterattacking instead.

Dion was dumbstruck as well, but soon, he doubled in laughter. “Winifred Zea, what do you mean? Are you saying that I, Dion Hoffman, wouldn't dare to do anything to you?”

“It's not that you wouldn't dare, but you're just not capable of doing that. If you lay even a finger on my Autumn Field Media, I

can guarantee you that your Hoffman family will be ruined,” Winifred declared.

“Preposterous!” Dion flared up in anger. “Who do you think you are to dare say such a thing? Who gave you the nerve?”

At that moment, Tyr finally went over to Winifred with a faint smile. He shot Winifred a delighted grin and said, “Sweetheart, you’ve done well. Whenever you meet with such situations in the future, you have to keep this attitude. Remember, the heavens are stronger than you, the earth is stronger than you, but in this world, your words are the law.”

Then, Tyr turned to look at Dion and said, “I gave my wife this courage.”

“And who the f*ck are you?” Dion could not resist cursing.

Yet, Tyr smiled casually and pointed behind Dion. “Let him tell you who the f*ck am I.”

Subconsciously, Dion turned around. Once he did, it was as if he saw the most horrifying thing, Dion froze. The crowd around them gasped as well because many people were frightened by the person behind Dion.

“Lord Faron Quintus,” someone exclaimed.

No one expected the current king of Astral Province, the Quintus family’s new patriarch, to actually appear at Autumn Field Media’s opening ceremony.

Compared to an elite tribe like the Quintus family, every entertainment company in Astral Province was like an ant. Even

Stellar Channel that was controlled by the Hoffman family were insignificant before the Quintus family.

From Stellar City to Astral Province, the Quintus family was equivalent to royalty. Hence, for the head of the Quintus family household, Faron Quintus, to appear at this minor Autumn Field Media company's opening ceremony was a huge deal.

"Lo-... Lord Quintus, why are you here?" A long while after, Dion finally regained his senses as a bad feeling surfaced in his heart.

Slap!

Without another word, Faron slapped Dion across the face. "Who do you think you are to proclaim the banishment of Sister-in-law Summer's celebrities? Let me tell you

now; your Hoffman family is finished.”

Buzz!

Dion’s mind exploded with a buzzing sound. For a moment, he was in a daze, thinking he had misheard. “Lord Quintus, you... what did you just say?”

“Don’t you understand human language?” Faron landed a kick on Dion. “I said, your Hoffman family is finished. I will have your Hoffman family’s authority in Stellar Channel revoked. As for your family’s other businesses, they will receive a full-on attack from my Quintus family. Before the skies turn dark today, I want your entire Hoffman family destroyed.”

“This...” Dion’s mind instantly went blank, and he fell limp to the ground. “But ... Lord... Lord Quintus, why?”

“Because you’ve provoked someone you could never afford to offend.”

Faron spared Dion no more attention and turned to hurry over to Tyr and Winifred.

Then, right before everyone’s eyes, Faron bowed respectfully in salutations for Tyr and Winifred. “Faron Quintus, here to pay respects for Palace... Brother Tyr, Sister-in-law Summers. Also, to wish Sister-in-law Summers’ Autumn Field Media prosperity and success.”

The venue simply exploded into an uproar.

What was going on? The Quintus family’s patriarch was personally here to support Autumn Field Media. Moreover, from Faron’s attitude, he clearly had great respect for Winifred and the young man beside her.

It was no wonder Winifred Zea could be so stubborn earlier. So Autumn Field Media had the Quintus family as their backing.

No. It didn't seem like the Quintus family was Autumn Field Media's support.

Rather, the family looked more like an affiliation of the company.

Oh god!

Just how terrifying were Winifred Zea's background and strength for her to attain such success?

Everyone present was astonished. They realized that even if they offended a king from now on, they could never offend Autumn Field Media.

Meanwhile, Dion was sitting on the ground, white as a sheet, as if the energy

in his body was sucked dry. Since Faron was able to announce such a thing in public, his Hoffman family was undoubtedly beyond redemption. As Astral Province's largest family, it took almost no effort for the Quintus family to destroy them.

“Have mercy, please have mercy!” Once he understood the situation, Dion, who had been pompous earlier, simply kneeled before Winifred. “Miss Zea, I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I was too blind to recognize such a prominent figure as yourself and offended you. Please have mercy and forgive me, okay?”

“I guarantee... Guarantee that Stellar Channel will give all of its resources to Autumn Field’s celebrities. Please have mercy.”

However, Winifred glared contemptuously

at Dion. “Mr. Hoffman, if Lord Quintus didn’t show up, would you have shown mercy to Autumn Field like how you’re asking for it now?”

“Uhm...” For a moment, Dion had no idea how to answer that. He wanted to say that he was joking but did have this nerve to?

“Since you don’t know how to answer, let me answer on your behalf,” Winifred said icily. “You’d definitely be unwilling to. Since that’s the case, why should I forgive you then?”

At this, Winifred turned to Faron and said, “Lord Quintus, I’d like for you to utilize your family’s strength and completely eradicate the Hoffman family. Make them disappear, right now. This instant!”

Chapter 470 Dark Shura's Trace

Winifred Zea's tenacity startled many people. She was a seemingly feeble and beautiful woman, but who knew she would be this aggressive and overbearing in her conduct.

Winifred had undeniably issued Dion a death sentence. Her actions were not only influenced by Tyr, but Winifred also understood that this was a good opportunity to set an example. People like Dion Hoffman were a tumor in the southern region's entertainment industry. Winifred resented people like this, so she was using this opportunity to wipe out the Hoffman family completely.

That way, not only can she reclaim justice

for herself and many people here, but she could also secure Autumn Field Media's status in the region's entertainment industry.

Once Faron Quintus heard Winifred's instructions, he immediately took out his phone to make the arrangements. With direct orders from the Quintus family's head, the Hoffman family's destruction and disappearance were settled within the day.

Dion was dragged out of the venue. As he went, his eyes were rolled back, and he was foaming at the mouth. What a tragic ending for him.

However, no one present felt any pity for him. Instead, they clapped and cheered because Dion had relied on his status as director of Stellar Channel to commit

many evil deeds, but no one dared to speak up.

Now that Winifred got rid of this pest, everyone was naturally delighted.

After Dion was dragged away, the opening ceremony continued. Henry Walker took this opportunity to announce that Autumn Field Media would be investing in a huge movie production, *White Snake - A Devastating Romance*. On top of that, Autumn Field Media's prima donna, Snow Fenner, would be playing the leading female role, Agnes White.

In addition, the other characters would be played by the other celebrities under Autumn Field Group. With many media bodies present, Henry's announcement of this production immediately garnered a lot of attention.

Although there was a minor accident like Dion during Autumn Field Media's opening ceremony, all in all, the occasion was a success.

Tyr retreated to where he was standing before. As he watched his wife take the stage alone, Tyr put on a satisfied grin.

However, the smile on his face immediately froze.

Tyr saw a figure wearing a black hood revealing only one eye, standing there, unmoving among the crowd. As if he was a phantom, the man was clearly dressed in a peculiar way but no one took notice of him.

"F*ck," Tyr inadvertently cursed and then slapped himself on the head a few times.

"Brother Tyr, what's wrong?" Lily

Zimmerman, who was standing beside him, asked out of concern after noticing his odd behavior.

“It’s nothing.” Tyr shook his head hard before looking at the crowd again.

However, the figure had then disappeared.

Tyr took a deep breath and decided to leave the ceremony’s venue. He turned to head toward Autumn Field Media building’s rooftop.

The cool breeze on the rooftop cleared Tyr’s mind quite a bit. His intuition of wondering if this was a hallucination or reality grew stronger, causing Tyr to feel uneasy. This feeling was similar to two years ago when Regal Palace and Shadow Totem had broken out into a war. It kept Tyr on edge the entire time.

Tyr took out his phone and called a number. Soon, the call was answered by a low and hoarse voice. The voice sounded hazy as well, like the man was a ghost hiding in the dark. “Boss!!!”

“Chiroptera, after Dark Shura went missing in Thailand, did he reappear? Did your Shadow Department manage to track his whereabouts?” Tyr asked.

On the other end of this call was Chiroptera, leader of Regal Palace's Shadow Department, and also one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals.

“Boss, you've issued a 180 billion bounty on the dark web and now, countless assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters are tracking Dark Shura's whereabouts. According to the latest

information our Shadow Department has gathered, half a month ago, there have been suspected traces of Dark Shura in Myanmar,” Chiroptera reported.

“Suspected?” Tyr frowned. “Chiroptera, what I want is exact information. Don’t give me these ambiguous terms. Tell me, just how long will it take you to develop the Shadow Department up to GPE’s level?”

Chiroptera felt helpless and even more so speechless. The Shadow Department had only been developed not too long ago so why did Tyr always compare it to GPE? They were both of different levels.

However, Chiroptera began feeling relieved after pondering for a bit. Tyr was previously heavily extorted by GPE, so his impatience to see improvement in the

Shadow Department was only normal.

“What happened in Myanmar?” Tyr continued to ask.

“Three super assassins ranked within the top fifteen of the international assassin’s list, a world-class elite mercenary organization, and one golden level bounty hunter was found dead at the same place in Myanmar. The autopsies revealed that they died at the same killer’s hands, each of them killed with one shot. A total of almost twenty people were massacred in a mere few minutes.

“Based on our current information and together with the 180 billion dollars bounty you’ve offered on the dark web, we’ve speculated that only the originally strongest man of the former Shadow Totem, Dark Shura, could do such a

thing,” Chiroptera answered.

Tyr was silent for a moment before saying, “You’re right. The only person assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters would team up to take down right now is Dark Shura. Also, to be able to kill off so many world-class elites is only Dark Shura as well.

“Are there any other information?”

“No,” Chiroptera answered. “Boss, I’m not afraid of being scolded by you so I’ll be frank, with our current information system, we can’t track Dark Shura at all. Right now in the world, besides the official intelligence agencies in large countries, only GPE can provide the specifics of Dark Shura’s whereabouts.”

“Forget GPE. Dark Shura’s got himself

covered by them. If I can just invest a freaking thousand billion dollars, I can develop the Shadow Department as well. Who needs GPE?

“Chiroptera, I’ve been feeling uneasy these two days. I think Dark Shura has come to Celestial Empire,” said Tyr.

“What?” Chiroptera was startled. “Boss, that’s impossible. Celestial Empire is the grave of many underground prominent figures. Dark Shura shouldn’t be that brave to barge into the restricted grounds of this country, right?”

Chapter 471 Trash

Chiroptera contemplated once more before continuing, “Moreover, now that he has a bounty on the dark web, his information must be recorded in Celestial Empire’s official intelligence department. If he sneaks into the country rashly, he might not make it out alive.”

“Hehe!” Tyr Summers chuckled. “There’s nothing in this world Dark Shura won’t do. Continue to increase your efforts in searching for Dark Shura. If there are any hints, let me know at once.”

“Yes, boss.” Chiroptera added out of concern, “Boss, if Dark Shura is really in Celestial Empire, what are you going to do? Do you need headquarters to send some

men over?”

“Hehe, wherever I, Tyr Summers, am, that place will be Regal Palace’s headquarters. I’d be worried if he didn’t come instead.”

After that, reluctant to say more, Tyr simply hung up. He stood on the rooftop a little longer.

As he looked down, Tyr’s eyes swept over the crowd below. Each person was clearly reflected in his eyes. His brain worked like a supercomputer and was far superior to any average person by several folds.

Tyr smacked the back of his head a few more times before turning to leave the rooftop.

On the way back to Khanh City from Stellar City, Winifred Zea could sense the smallest change in Tyr’s behavior. This made her

worry.

“Honey, what’s going on with you? Why do I get the feeling you’ve been spacing out since our journey to Stellar City?”

Winifred asked.

“Did I?” Tyr was baffled. He wasn’t intentionally thinking about matters concerning Dark Shura, so how could Winifred still see something wrong?

“I’m fine.” Tyr grinned at Winifred. It was a relaxed smile. “Perhaps there has been many issues lately that I’m a little exhausted. I’m fine, sweetheart. Don’t worry about me.

“But you instead have been busy with the company this whole time. You have to rest up.”

Winifred was quiet for two seconds before

she began, “Now that you’ve mentioned it, it has been quite hectic lately. Honey, I have a thought, but I’m not sure if you’d agree.”

“What is it?” Tyr asked.

Winifred answered, “Mr. Walker has liaised with the locally famous director Graham Cabot for his crew to film ‘White Snake - A Devastating Romance’. The official filming will soon begin. They will first shoot a few scenes at Goddess Mountain, and that time happens to be around National Day. So I thought we could bring Blair along and follow the production crew to Goddess Mountain for a getaway.”

“Sure thing,” Tyr agreed without hesitation.

Goddess Mountain was a famous scenic

spot in the south. The mountaintop was covered with a white fog all year round like it was a fantasyland on earth. Many movies of the fantasy genre were filmed here. The movie 'White Snake - A Devastating Romance' is mainly a story about the character, Agnes White.

Hence, the movie shall begin with how Agnes transformed into a human within the mountains. Filming this in Goddess Mountain was most suitable.

"We'll get Mom and Dad to come along as well. We've never actually gone on a trip as a family before, so we should use this opportunity to have fun," Tyr added.

"Yeah." Winifred thought the same.

For the subsequent few days, Winifred planned to take care of things at Autumn

Field in advance before going on the holiday while Tyr lazed around. Aside from picking Blair to and back from school, he spent most of his time at the Wolf's Den.

Tyr's behavior was considered unusual because, under normal circumstances, he would be at Autumn Field, taking up his position as Security Manager and keeping Winifred company safe. He rarely frequented Wolf's Den because everything was now in place, so Tyr didn't have much to worry about.

However, Tyr had been traveling to Wolf's Den quite often lately. Today, Tyr had even been here since morning until late night, never taking a step out of the premises.

As night fell, the full moon hung in the sky. In front of Wolf's Den, two black wolves half as tall as an adult man were

howling up at the moon.

Owoo!!!

The night sky was filled with cries of these black wolves, enhancing the Wolf's Den's mysteriousness.

At that moment, waves after waves of punching sound continuously reverberated from the shed.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam, bam, bang!

Inside, Tyr could be seen baring his torso. The toned muscles on his body carved out a perfect figure. Even the scars on his skin conveyed power and beauty. His body was now drenched in sweat as his fists kept smashing into the burly man with a large

build across him. This burly man was Matthew Collins.

Under Tyr's tempestuous attacks, Matthew, who was currently ranked number two in the Wolf's Den had no means of retaliating. Yet, Tyr hadn't even drawn out ten percent of his strength.

"Slow. Too slow," Tyr reprimanded as he struck Matthew. "How the f*ck have you been training all this while? Why are you so slow? Let me see your punches. Hit me."

Matthew felt a huge provocation to his self-esteem. Even if the person punching him was his most respected master, Matthew was desperate to turn Tyr into mush right now.

"Master, you're too much. Don't look down on me!" Matthew roared out loud,

and the muscles on his body instantly bulged as savage energy coursed through his veins.

N
Boom!

Two fists collided. Tyr didn't move an inch, but Matthew's humongous figure was sent flying back, crashing heavily onto the ground.

S
“Trash!” Tyr admonished, showing Matthew no respect. The latter lay on the ground, unable to move.

Matthew was dejected. He wanted to scramble up right now and pummel Tyr to death, but he didn't have that energy. The other Wolf's Den members surrounded Tyr in a circle, each wearing a stunned and confused expression.

Tyr was the Wolf's Den's number zero,

their most respected Brother Tyr, and he was also a god-like existence to them.

Before this, Tyr never behaved this way, but lately, he seemed like he had become an entirely different person.

Prior to this, every time Tyr came to Wolf's Den, he rarely took action and was always composed. However, these few days, they could clearly sense the hostile aura coming from Tyr's being.

Chapter 472 The Dreaming Arhat?

Especially tonight, Tyr Summers was like an enraged wild beast, holding great dissatisfaction for everyone here.

However, this displeasure stemmed from not having his expectations met. Hence, every Wolf's Den member could understand Tyr, realizing that he was just doing this for their own good.

Nevertheless, they had always been hardworking. So very hardworking that they were breaking through their limits every day to the point of forgoing food and sleep. They had squeezed out every bit of their potential and reached their limits. What more did Tyr want from them?

At that instant, each Wolf's Den member

held some frustrations in their hearts. Tyr swept a glance at every person, wearing that same savage expression.

“You’re all very annoyed, aren’t you? That’s great. Vent out all your frustrations. I didn’t particularly mean Matthew but all of you. You’re all f*cking trash!”

As he spoke, Tyr charged at one of the Wolf’s Den members and threw a punch at him, followed by a kick, defeating that person.

“All of you, come at me!”

Roar!!!

Immediately, everyone let out a beast-like battle cry. And then, someone pounced at Tyr.

Bam, bam, bam!

A chain of combat noises rang within the

Wolf's Den as if a wild tiger had charged into a circle of wolves.

“Wolf's Den's number four, Stephen Cole, out!”

“Number five, Ashblood, out!”

“Number seven, Vanessa Harris, out!”

“Fiona Jennings, out!”

“Jamie Sunder, out!”

“Martin Jakeman, out!”

Tyr was brandishing his fist as he called out each Wolf's Den member's name. With each name he called, it signified that this person was beaten by him to the point of being unable to fight back.

In just a few minutes, the twenty-three

Wolf's Den members so far were all taken down by Tyr. Also, Tyr didn't even use his full strength yet. If he gave everything he had, even if all the Wolf's Den members came at him together, they might not even last a minute.

As he looked at the bodies sprawled on the ground, Tyr flicked his hand. There was still blood on his fist. He didn't call the Wolf's Den members trash anymore, but he stopped looking at them as well. Instead, he shifted his gaze to the top of a pile of scrap tires.

Currently sleeping on top of the pile was Torbert Octavius. Since it got dark outside, the Wolf's Den had such a huge commotion going on but Torbert had been sleeping soundly as if he hadn't heard a thing.

As the Wolf's Den's number one, other

than the first day he came here to secure his ranking, Torbert never fought anyone again. That was incorrect. He had fought Zeppelin Wayne after that, but the Southriver's Blade Maniac ended up being beaten up by him one-sidedly.

After that, for the longest time, Torbert would sleep his days away on the scrap tires inside this Wolf's Den. Unless Tyr had a special assignment for him, Torbert would simply sleep.

When the shed regained its silence, Torbert's snores could be clearly heard. His snoring was unique and very rhythmic. There was even a tempo to it.

Tyr was glaring fixedly at Torbert. Then, he walked up to the sleeping man, step by step.

“Back then, Master had wanted to go to

Rayne but you were reluctant to come with. There must have been a reason. It wasn't that you were unwilling, but Master forbade you from going, didn't he? Torbert Octavius, I'll see for myself today just what Master taught you back then," Tyr mumbled to himself as he went over to Torbert.

However, Torbert was still sleeping soundly as if he hadn't noticed Tyr's arrival.

Boom!

Tyr didn't wake Torbert. He simply threw an unreserved punch at the man.

It was a heavy punch where Tyr didn't intentionally restrain himself. As his fist went down, the scrap tires Torbert was laying on burst open, but Tyr's fist did not

reach Torbert.

This was a rather strange scene because Torbert, who was still sleeping, had mysteriously avoided Tyr's attack.

“The dreaming arhat?”

At that moment, even Tyr felt it was unusual. After that, he unleashed his strength and began attacking Torbert continuously.

Bam bam bam!

His consecutive punches were all dodged by a sleeping Torbert. The latter was seemingly slow, but his dodging movements were extremely refined.

“F*ck,” Tyr growled. Throwing down one last punch, Tyr blew away the pile of scrap tires below Torbert.

The huge exploding sound was like a bolt of thunder, jolting Torbert awake. With his agile speed, Torbert shifted aside before stretching himself. He rubbed his groggy eyes and looked at Tyr. “Tyr, what are you doing?”

Seeing the menacing and bloodthirsty look on Tyr’s face, intense shock surfaced on Torbert’s expression. When he saw all the other members of the Wolf’s Den sprawled on the floor, Torbert jumped in fright.

“Tyr, you did this?” Torbert questioned.

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded, admitting it.

Torbert frowned immediately. “What’s gotten into you these days?”

However, Tyr shook his head, indicating his reluctance to answer Torbert’s

question. Then, his hands balled into fists and he lunged at Torbert.

“Fight me with your full strength. I know you’re so powerful that you won’t even lose to a world-class fighter.”

By then, Tyr had appeared before Torbert. The latter had a feeling that he was being forced into a situation. Torbert was a tad lazy. If he could lie down, he would never sit. If he could afford to not fight, he wouldn’t fight.

Hence, he didn’t want to fight Tyr at all but he didn’t seem to have an option right now.

And so, Torbert and Tyr began their duel inside the Wolf’s Den. They moved as fast as lightning and the explosive energy from their fists sent tingling sensations to a

person's scalp.

The Wolf's Den members who could maintain their consciousness by lying on the ground were shocked by this battle. This fight had once again renewed their knowledge of how strong a person can be.

These two figures' battle was even more frightening than the combat videos Matthew and the others had filmed in Thailand.

Chapter 473 What Happened in the Past

With all the Wolf's Den members combined, they only lasted about three minutes where Tyr Summers had barely even put in any strength. However, now Tyr was clearly more serious when dealing with Torbert Octavius, and being only one person, Torbert managed to last almost five minutes in this battle.

Boom!

Finally, nearing the sixth minute, Tyr's fist smashed into Torbert's chest, and the latter flew back like a cannonball.

Torbert crashed heavily into the wall behind him, putting a hole in the concrete wall. Then, his body rolled out of Wolf's

Den.

This punch was literally earth-shattering!

The large commotion once again startled the wolf pack outside. Immediately, Wolf's Den was covered in shrilling howls once more.

Tyr exerted almost sixty percent of his strength into this punch. Even Matthew Collins, who had a freakishly sturdy body, would instantly die after this one strike.

Yet, Torbert's seemingly feeble body could be seen getting up right afterward. He didn't even suffer massive internal injuries. Only a bit of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

Tyr went outside through the hole in the wall, lifting his arm in an attempt to continue. However, Torbert was looking at

him helplessly as he begged for mercy.

“Tyr, just let me go.”

“No!” Tyr shook his head. “Torbert, this isn’t your real strength. I have to find out today just what Master taught you back then.”

“The Dreaming Arhat’s Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms. Something like from the movie ‘King of Beggars’ by Stephen Chow,” Torbert was honest with him because he didn’t want to continue fighting Tyr.

However, Tyr shook his head. “You must be toying with me.”

“I’m not lying. This was what Beggar King taught me. Although he didn’t tell me the name, I like calling it the ‘Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms’ Also, this is

something I can only use when I'm sleeping," Torbert explained.

"Then, go and sleep, right now." Having said that, Tyr charged at Torbert again.

Still, Torbert was reluctant to fight Tyr. Instead, he turned to run. "Tyr, you prick, I just woke up. How am I supposed to sleep again?"

Both men ended up in a chase game that lasted several miles, finally stopping at a tiny slope. Torbert was indeed no match for Tyr. He was even considered weaker than Tyr, but Torbert's speed could match up to Tyr's. When he was a beggar back in the day, this was a skill trained from being chased by wild dogs.

"Alright, stop running. I won't chase you anymore."

After this race, Tyr's initially agitated emotions seemed to have abruptly calmed down. Then, he said on the hillside, enjoying the night breeze as he lit a cigarette.

Torbert turned and went back to Tyr, sitting down beside him.

"Give me one." He beckoned at Tyr.

Tyr handed him a cigarette and lit it for him.

Both men took a long drag of their cigarettes, then Torbert stubbed his out before turning to Tyr and taking the latter's cigarette. He took one draw from it and handed it back to Tyr. Then, Tyr took two draws before giving it to Torbert.

Sharing the cigarette, both men chuckled.

“Time went by so quickly. In the blink of an eye, eight years have passed,” Torbert lamented, staring at the distant night sky.

“Yeah,” Tyr sighed as well. “Back then, we wandered the streets together. We’ve shared the bread we begged for and also took turns smoking the cigarettes we found in the trash bins.”

“Haha, you didn’t even know how to smoke at first.” Torbert seemed to have recalled an amusing memory. “I remember you almost choked to death the first time you learned to smoke.”

“Actually, I still don’t quite know how to right now. Only, there are some things that I don’t want to forget, so I keep a pack with me,” Tyr said.

“Hmm.” Rarely this serious, Torbert

replied, “Tyr, sometimes I feel that you have this need for nicotine to numb yourself. What happened to you lately? It looks like you’ve become a different person.

“Your behavior these days has made me recall something from the past. Do you remember the day when a group of fierce dogs chased us?”

“I remember a little,” Tyr answered. “Back then, we were on the streets, fighting with those dogs for food. Then, we got chased through several streets, and I remembered falling and passing out. When I woke up again, you were beside me, and those dogs were all dead.

“I’ve actually always been curious. How did you do it back then? How did you kill all those dogs on your own?”

However, what Torbert said next made Tyr dumbstruck. “Tyr, I’ve always kept this from you because I didn’t know how to tell you the truth. But now, I have to tell you.”

“What truth?” Tyr asked in confusion.

“Back then, I wasn’t the one who killed those dogs. It was you.”

“Me?” Tyr was stunned. “What kind of joke is this? I clearly passed out, and when I fell to the ground, those dogs must have bitten me. I was covered in bite marks when I woke up, so how could I have killed those dogs?”

“But it was you,” Torbert answered firmly. “Those bite marks on your body happened when you were fighting those dogs. And you’ve probably forgotten, but your mouth was bloody back then because you chew

open the necks of two dogs.”

Tyr suddenly became solemn. “Torbert Octavius, you’re not kidding me, are you”?

“No.” Torbert raised his right hand with only three fingers on it and said, “I can swear to the gods that you truly looked like you were possessed back then. Your eyes were red all over like a demon’s.

“I was frightened by you, and whenever I slept afterward, I would always dream of your appearance during that time.

“Tyr, were you truly unaware of what happened that night? I thought you knew, but you just didn’t want to bring it up, so I never asked you about it.”

Tyr simply shook his head. “I really had no idea.”

Torbert frowned. “I think you’re quite

different from other people. Tyr, has anything similar happened these past few years while you were in Rayne? For example, memory loss, and during this process, you've become another person?"

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Chapter 474 Makeover

Tyr Summers pondered before answering, “No. Or... I don’t know either. But I’ve never heard anyone say such a thing, so whether or not something like this happened, I can’t be sure as well.

“But there were a few times in moments of desperation, I did suddenly feel myself becoming stronger, and then I could massacre my enemies. Those feelings were a little odd; even I can’t tell what they actually are.”

Torbet Octavius was quiet for a moment before he continued, “Your behavior these days is very similar to how you behaved back then. It’s your gaze and the hostility you’re emitting that’s exactly like the one

you had when you bit the dogs to death.

“So Tyr, what happened to you recently?”

“It might be because of Dark Shura,” Tyr answered.

“Dark Shura?”

“He can be considered my foe, a very powerful guy,” said Tyr. “But recently, he’s in a terrible state because of me. I thought it was impossible for him to appear in my life for a long time.

“However, ever since the day I went to Stellar City for Autumn Field Media’s opening ceremony, I’d constantly see Dark Shura’s shadow. He was like a ghost, continuously appearing within my field of vision.”

Torbert asked, “Are you sure you’ve seen

him?”

“I’m not sure. Or should I say that it was just my hallucination? An indescribable sixth sense. I’m probably feeling unsettled because Dark Shura still lives.”

After saying that, Tyr stood up and stretched. “Back when I was in Rayne, I had a strong sixth sense. It was very accurate, but I would never fear an opponent of an enemy. However, now, I have to admit that I’m unnerved by Dark Shura.”

Torbert stood up as well. “That’s because you have too many commitments now. Your wife, daughter, friends... Just now, you only lashed out and beat up every Wolf’s Den member because you were just worried about them, weren’t you?”

“You think that if Dark Shura found Wolf’s

Den, with their fancy but impractical skills, they'd end up as human mush under Dark Shura's hands. That's why you're so anxious. After all, since your return to the country, these people you've encountered aren't as whacked as your people in Regal Palace.

“All in all, they still don't have the power to protect themselves right now.”

Tyr was silent for quite some time. “Perhaps you're right!”

The two continued to remain silent for the longest time. When Tyr finally looked at the time on his watch, it was one in the morning.

“My sixth sense has always been accurate, so Dark Shura would most probably appear. Torbert, help me with something.”

“Spill,” said Torbert.

“From tomorrow onward, protect my wife and family until I defeat Dark Shura.”

“What about you?” Torbert asked.

After a brief silence, Tyr answered, “I’m worried that I won’t be enough.”

While Torbert didn’t usually seem reliable, in truly dire situations, he would come through.

“Sure!” He nodded in agreement, showing no hesitation. So, as Tyr planned to go on a trip with his family to Goddess Mountain, Torbert was to come along.

Since they were going on a holiday, Torbert couldn’t remain in his filthy state as he’d always been.

The next morning, Tyr brought Torbert

into one of Autumn Field Group's stores and got him some clothes. Then, Tyr brought him to a hair salon to snip off the man's disheveled hair, giving him an energetic hairstyle.

Torbert was of similar age with Tyr, but he looked like a ragged old man because of his usual get-up. Now that he had a makeover, Torbert looked quite vigorous and handsome.

"I never knew!" Tyr was cradling his chin as he scrutinized Torbert with crinkled eyes. "Who would have thought that after a makeover, you're actually a handsome man."

"Get lost!" Torbert was uncomfortable with his new look. His hand would even inadvertently scratch his armpits. There was a saying that 'it's hard to change a

person's nature', and this probably meant Torbert.

Tyr draped his arm over Torbert's shoulder. "Keep dressing up this way. You really do look a little like the celebrity, Daniel Wu. After this holiday to Goddess Mountain, I'll buy you a car so you can act cool and chase skirts in front of the nursing college. How does that sound?"

Torbert yawned. "Scram!"

Then, the man found a corner and was about to sit down.

"What are you doing?" Tyr instantly frowned, glaring at Torbert as he asked.

"Sleeping?"

"We're on the streets." Tyr felt speechless. Bad habits were hard to change.

Early next morning, Tyr's family of five, together with Torbert, got onto the bus heading for Goddess Mountain. As the White Snake production crew departed from Stellar City, Tyr's group did not head over to Stellar City to meet up with them. Instead, they took this trip but headed directly for Goddess Mountain to meet up with the crew.

The National Day holiday was a peak time for travels. Famous scenic spots like Goddess Mountain were buzzing with tourists. Hence, the bus Tyr's group rode on was practically full.

The happiest among the group was definitely Blair Zea. She had woken up early this morning and packed up her little backpack. The young lady was charming and adorable.

Inside the bus, Blair and Winifred Zea were sitting in the row behind Tyr. Once the vehicle departed, the young lady's mouth never stopped chattering.

“Mommy, are we going to Goddess Mountain?” Blair asked.

“That's right,” Winifred answered with a smile.

“Where is Goddess Mountain? How long will it take us to get there by bus?” Blair asked some more.

Winifred continued to answer, “Goddess Mountain is not too far, but also not too close from Khanh City. It's about five hundred kilometers so we'll reach about three in the afternoon.”

“Okay.” Blair nodded. “Mommy, are there

really goddesses on Goddess Mountain?”

“There are,” Winifred answered, smiling. Then, she began telling Blair the story of how Goddess Mountain got its name.

After listening to her, a deep, yearning look appeared on Blair’s face. “Mommy, once autumn is here, will the goddesses fly south in a straight line, then an arrow shape?”

Winifred was dumbfounded.

Blair explained, “Our teacher taught us so. She said that once autumn is here, goddesses will fly south in a straight line, then they’ll form an arrow shape.”

By then, Winifred and Tyr, Helen Cole, and the others couldn’t resist chuckling out loud.

“Blair, what you’ve said are about geese.

Not goddesses.”

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Chapter 475 Conscience Tour

The large bus continued moving toward Goddess Mountain, and the atmosphere in the vehicle was harmonious. Tyr Summers and his group were joining a tour group by the company, Grassy Travels. Their tour guide was a seemingly dynamic and ardent young man named Levi.

Levi had long familiarized himself with the path to their destination. He introduced many myths and legends about Goddess Mountain during the journey, describing them so vividly that his stories entranced Blair Zea.

“This Grassy Travels seems like a nice company. Aren’t they one of Mr. Tucker’s businesses?” Winifred Zea asked.

Tyr nodded. “Other than hotel businesses, Drake is also involved in the travel industry in Khanh City, so this travel company should be one of his. However, the travel industry in Khanh City isn’t very developed, so this isn’t one of his core businesses.”

At this, Tyr asked Winifred with a smile, “What? Are you thinking of entering the travel industry as well, sweetheart?”

Winifred pondered before nodding. “I’m really considering it. Honey, don’t look down on the travel industry. Once it develops, it can have a limitless future.”

“Hehe, sweetheart, I think you’re starting to become more and more business-minded. No problem. If you have such thoughts, I’ll get Drake to expand into the

travel industry once we return. Autumn Field will take over.

“Previously, I’ve mentioned that we have to develop into many different industries for Autumn Field to grow into international markets. This travel industry seems like quite a nice project,” Tyr commented.

Soon, it was near the afternoon. The bus drove into a service station along the way. This service station was in collaboration with the travel company, so whenever Grassy Travels had a travel group heading up Goddess Mountain, they would have the bus enter this stop to allow the tourists to dine.

Such collaborations between travel companies and restaurants were a standard in the travel industry. The

traveling agency would bring these restaurants guests and get a rebate from them. This was also the primary source of income for the tour guides.

In such situations, as long as the stores didn't price their items at insanely high prices or try to use hard-sell methods on them, tourists were lenient toward these standards.

After getting out of the bus, Levi led the group to the restaurant in the service area.

Lunch was already served in the dining hall, with the main dishes being stew, barbecue, and lobsters. The various dishes looked so appealing and delicious.

Initially, the tourists had assumed that meals provided in tour group schedules would be expensive. However, the prices of

the meals here were far lower than in many other places.

“I’ve been on so many tour groups, but this is the first time I’ve joined such a reliable one.”

“I agree! Not only do they not overcharge us, but they’re offering us a better deal instead.”

“Yeah! This lobster smells good. I feel my appetite increasing. Two, please!”

The tourists offered great compliments for the food here. It was also near lunchtime, and since they had an early start this morning, everyone was starving by now. When they saw such a delicious feast, everyone’s appetite increased.

Levi smiled at the group and said, “The motto of our Grassy Travels is ‘to treat our

customers like gods'. Since everyone has spent money on our tour group, we have to offer our customers the best deals and services. Everyone can enjoy your meals now. Just buy whatever you like. The prices are transparent, so there won't be any overcharging."

Waves of compliments resonated around the hall, and then, the tourists began choosing their desired dishes.

"What would you guys like to eat? I'll order." Tyr was satisfied as well. He didn't care about the money; it was the service that made him feel comfortable.

"Daddy, Blair wanted steamed chicken," said Blair.

"Hehe, alright. Daddy will order that for you." Tyr caressed Blair's head.

Winifred, Helen Cole, and the others didn't have any specific requests. Since it was only to fill their stomachs, they didn't care what they ate.

Tyr and Torbert Octavius went to order. The meals in this dining hall were indeed delicious. They looked good and smelled great. The only downside was most of these dishes were spicy, with very few light foods served.

After they began eating, Tyr and the group realized how heavy these dishes were. Not only were they spicy, but they were also salty. Although the taste was good, one would gradually feel thirsty.

Halfway through the meal, some of these tourists wanted to purchase bottled water or beverages. Tyr and his group were the

same. After having too much spicy and salted food, they wanted to get some drinks. However, they were hit by an incredulous answer.

Due to the beverage supplier's truck meeting with an accident on the way here, this dining hall and service station had no drinking water or beverages to sell today. Forget these beverages, even boiled water wasn't provided.

This confused the crowd. How could such a huge service station not even have any drinking water?

Many tourists in the hall began complaining. Some of them also requested the dining hall staff to boil them some water. When they saw how cheap and delicious the food was earlier, many of them ate quite a bit. And now, due to the

spiciness and saltiness, they were parched.

Yet, the dining hall didn't seem to respond to this matter.

Levi had noticed the disturbance in the group's emotions. He quickly stood up.

After glancing at the watch on his hand, he said, "Everyone, this service station has indeed faced a unique situation. I'd like to apologize to everyone for the inconvenience caused.

"It's getting late, and our bus will be departing soon. It'll be a waste of time to stay here and wait for the water to boil. We have bottled water prepared in our bus's luggage compartment. Everyone, please nurse your stomachs first and endure a little longer. I'll distribute the bottled water once we get back to the bus, okay?"

Due to Levi's outstanding services during

the journey, everyone had a good impression of him. Since Levi had said so, the tourists stopped complaining. Everyone endured their thirst and finished their meals before returning to the bus.

Levi wasn't lying either. By the time they all got onto the bus, someone had moved a few boxes of bottled water from the luggage compartment into the vehicle.

Chapter 476 Four Hundred A Bottle

Upon seeing the bottled water, many tourists began swallowing hard. They had even begun to imagine the blissful moment when they finished the water, quenching their thirst.

“Levi, give me a bottle. I’m dying of thirst.” One of the tourists immediately went over, extending an arm for the bottled water.

However, Levi immediately stopped them. He replied with a smile, “Don’t be hasty. Once we get on the bus, there’s enough for everyone. If you took one now, it might disrupt the order. Wait a few minutes longer. Once everyone is inside, I’ll give

you guys the water, okay?”

This tourist could only give up and enter the bus sulkily.

Soon, every passenger had returned to their seats. The bus started and began moving toward Goddess Mountain again.

“Levi, distribute the water quickly. Lunch was just so spicy and salty that I’m dying of thirst.”

“Yeah, give us the water. We’ve already finished the water we brought, but we’re still thirsty.”

A little while after the bus moved, the passengers began urging again.

Standing up ahead, Levi could be seen smiling as he scanned the passengers on board before nodding. He bent down and

held up a bottle of mineral water. “Today’s lunch was indeed too salty and spicy. Plus, there was no beverage supply, so I can understand how parched everyone is right now.

“So next up, I’ll be selling these bottles of water to everyone.” Levi had said it calmly with a smile intact. Therefore, many people had neglected that Levi had mentioned selling the bottled water rather than giving.

One of the passengers sitting near the front couldn’t help herself. This middle-aged woman, seemingly in her forties, subconsciously reached for the bottle beside Levi.

Yet, at that instant, the smile on Levi’s face disappeared, and he slapped the back of the woman’s hand. His tone changed

into that of another person's.

“What are you doing?”

Levi's sudden taunt stunned this woman. She stared at Levi, confused. “What am I doing? I'm getting a bottle of water.”

However, to her surprise, Levi smirked. “You want a drink of water? Sure. But you first need to pay up.”

“Pay?” The middle-aged woman was stunned. As if she sensed nothing wrong from Levi's words, she took out a one-dollar note and handed it to Levi.

“A dollar? What kind of joke is this?” said Levi as he grabbed the QR code from the dashboard. “It's four hundred bucks for a bottle of water. Those who don't have enough cash, we accept bank transfers.”

“What?”

In an instant, the bus fell silent for several seconds. After that, voices of protest exploded all around.

“The cost of bottled water is a few cents, but you’re selling it at four hundred dollars? Isn’t this a robbery?”

“Yeah. Levi, you’re joking with us, aren’t you? Isn’t your joke a little too much?”

“You must be too crazy about money.”

Not only were the tourists baffled, but even Winifred Zea, Helen Cole, and their group were perplexed. For tour groups to cheat customers were common, but this method was a first to them.

At that moment, the tourists seemed to have come to a realization. No wonder the food at the service station’s dining hall

was so cheap. No wonder they had been so salty and spicy, and they didn't even sell beverages. These people were trying to use this method to cheat customers.

Now that everyone was thirsty and needed water, Levi deliberately raised the bottled water price, costing a few cents, up to four hundred dollars. There were over sixty passengers on this bus. If each person bought one bottle, that would be at least about twenty thousand dollars in profit.

“How hateful. These tour groups nowadays would use all kinds of methods to cheat money.”

Even Torbert Octavius was disgusted by this. He massaged his temples and shook his head.

Tyr's mother-in-law, Helen, who had a

straightforward personality and short temper, flared up in anger. “Sh*t. I had thought we found a reliable tour group, but who knew they were so evil.”

Helen immediately turned to Winifred and said, “Winifred, although we have money now, they don’t grow on trees. We definitely won’t buy this bottled water.”

As for Tyr, he had been staring at the scenery outside the window as if he didn’t care what was happening on the bus. He was acting strangely these days. Perhaps it was because he now had family and friends, so Dark Shura was giving him a lot of pressure.

Moreover, ever since Torbert told him about that incident with the dogs back then, some of Tyr’s memories had gradually become more vivid in his mind.

For the past six years in Rayne, this state of mind seemed to have appeared quite a few times. This uncontrollable state.

By now, negative emotions had spread throughout the bus, and things seemed to be getting out of hand. Levi was now showing his true colors. This initially warm and ardent man was now looking like a savage tyrant.

“Shut up!”

The voice from the microphone sounded harsh, but no one cared. Everyone continued to ramble on.

Then, Levi simply cussed, “Shut the f*ck up. Are you all deaf?”

As he spoke, Levi intentionally knocked the microphone into the seat beside him.

An ear-piercing electric static sound filled the enclosed space.

Tssss...

Immediately, the bustling crowd fell silent. Even Blair Zea was frightened that she subconsciously covered her ears, staring fearfully at Winifred. Winifred quickly held Blair in her arms to comfort her.

Once the bus quieted down, Levi scoffed before holding the microphone up again. He waved the bottled water in his hand and said, “Allow me to introduce this product. This is our specially produced clear water. It is collected from a spring on Goddess Mountain, heavily filtered and packaged.

“Once you drink it, it can elevate your

senses and prolong your life, so this is definitely not the ordinary mineral water that costs a few cents, as you've said. Our cost for this bottled water is around three hundred and we're only earning a few bucks from it. Don't be so f*cking stubborn.

“Moreover, you're all parched right now. I can guarantee you that after you take one sip, you won't be thirsty any more.”

Chapter 477 Something's Wrong

This was too shameless. Although the labels have been torn off these water bottles, the bottle's design belonged to a cheap brand's water. Did he think they were fools?

“If you're selling it at four hundred dollars, we just won't drink then. The thirst will pass after we endure it for a bit.”

“That's right. How could you do such a thing? For four hundred bucks a bottle, even valuable nectar doesn't cost that much. Springwater? Who are you kidding?”

The passengers began protesting again. They just won't buy it. But was it possible?

Levi's voice rang once more, “Each one of

you has to buy at least one bottle. If you don't want to, you can try refusing.”

At the front row ahead, several large men stood up. Their bulky bodies were covered in tattoos, and they wore ferocious expressions. One of the men held up a box of water and began distributing them to every passenger while the other three collected money behind him.

These passengers were ordinary people who had never seen such situations, so they were frightened. No wonder Levi dared to be so forceful. His men were already on the bus, and they didn't seem like friendly people.

The tourists who had been whining about refusing to purchase water earlier were immediately frightened because they saw daggers hanging around these large men's

waists.

Without a choice, these passengers could only pay up to avoid misfortunes.

Everyone took out four hundred dollars unwillingly to buy this mineral water which costs only a few cents.

However, not everyone on the bus was cowardly. There were still brave souls.

When the large men reached a young man wearing glasses, he rejected them.

Seeming to be in his early thirties, the guy wore a white shirt and had a gentle temperament. He must be a teacher or an office worker.

“How dare you blackmail people in broad daylight? Are the laws dead in this country? Whoever wants to pay for this can do it. But I won't.

“If you have the guts, try me. I refuse to believe that scums like you would try anything illegal in this lawful society.”

The guy rambled on with an annoyed tone as if he had transformed into a warrior of justice. As he spoke, he took out his phone, ready to take a video to collect any criminal evidence.

The large men were unfazed, but instead, amused. The front-most person snatched the guy's phone and smashed it onto the latter's head.

The guy let out a shriek, a bulge immediately swelling on his head.

“F*ck, you have the nerve to talk to me about the law? I am the law. Beat him up!”

Two large men came up from behind and

started punching and kicking the guy. The guy shielded his head with his arms and kept yelling out. His glasses were even sent flying during the attacks.

“Will you buy it or not?” the large man asked.

“Yes... I’ll buy it...” The guy was crying.

The large man tossed three bottles of water at him. “A thousand and five hundred dollars.”

The glasses guy dared not say more while the other passengers were shocked into silence. Some of the tourists who had spent four hundred to buy a bottle even wore cheeky expressions as if they had gotten lucky by spending only four hundred dollars.

After the guy obediently transferred the

thousand five hundred dollars, Levi scoffed, raising his voice, “Open your f*cking eyes wide. Just pay up and buy the water. Those who don’t will end up like this!”

Since there was an example set, no one else made a sound. The people behind could only choose to pay for the bottled water. Being in an inferior situation, they could only submit to avoid misfortune. Otherwise, not only would they get a beating, but they’d also be forced to buy a few more bottles, and that was really pointless.

Just then, the leading large man reached Tyr’s group. Helen Cole and Jacob Zea were nervous while Blair buried her head in Winifred’s arms, looking frightened. However, other than being nervous, everyone else besides Blair wasn’t afraid

because they knew that no one in the world could bully them with Tyr here.

“Blair, don't be afraid. Daddy's here,” Winifred comforted Blair. However, she found it a little odd.

Logically speaking, Tyr who was sitting one row before them, should have taken action by now. However, up until now, Tyr did not make a move. He kept looking out the window as if something was bothering him.

The large man tossed two bottles at Torbert and Tyr, commanding, “That's eight hundred dollars in total.”

Tyr who kept looking outside finally turned over and said, “Beat it!”

Eh?

The large man thought he had heard Tyr

wrong. After being shocked for a moment, he asked, "What did you just say, brat?"

"Beat it!" Tyr repeated.

"F*ck! Were you sleeping when that dude with the glasses was pummeled just now? Cut the crap and pay up."

Tyr said no more while Torbert took out his wallet with a big grin. Taking out a stack of cash, Torbert said indifferently, "We have the cash... but do you have the guts to take it?"

"Ha... Hahaha..."

The large men burst out in laughter while the passengers around shot piteous looks at Tyr and Torbert.

A kind-hearted woman beside them urged, "Young man, try not to provoke

others. If money can help you avoid disasters, don't act rashly.”

Levi held up his microphone out of impatience and said to the large men, “Stop talking nonsense and give him the rest of the box. Make him pay.”

The large man put on a menacing expression and reached out for the stack in Torbert's hand, preparing to follow Levi's instructions to sell the remaining box of water to Torbert and Tyr.

Torbert narrowed his eyes, ready to take action.

However, before he could move, Tyr abruptly stood up beside him. He gripped the wrist of this large man in a flash, and with a powerful squeeze, a hysterical scream resonated in the vehicle.

At this, the expressions of the other large men darkened as they cussed, surrounding Tyr.

Tyr looked incredibly menacing right now. With a clenched fist, a terrifying murderous aura exploded from his being.

In an instant, the temperature in the bus seemed to have dropped tremendously, turning this place into frigid hell.

“Something’s wrong!”

Chapter 478 Tyr On A Rampage

Torbert Octavius's expression instantly darkened as he turned to Tyr Summers. This aura was the same as what Tyr unleashed during the night he killed those dogs. Until now, this air still sent shivers down his spine. It was as if the Tyr Summers at this moment wasn't the Tyr Summers he once knew.

"Tyr, don't be rash!" Torbert immediately stood up because he knew what was coming next. These men would no doubt be killed like those wild dogs back then. He hurried over to stop Tyr.

Bang!

One punch and the large man before Tyr was sent flying back. The powerful force

made the man crash into his comrade behind him, and both men fell back. Meanwhile, this punch was unleashed with Torbert holding Tyr back, so it wasn't lethal.

“Dark Shura.” Tyr's eyes suddenly became crimson. His vision also became blood-red. Tyr could only see the silhouette up ahead.

That silhouette was really just Levi.

By now, Levi was frightened out of his wits. Holding the microphone in his hand, he stared at Tyr, dumbstruck. Tyr was staring back at him with bloodshot eyes, giving Levi a feeling like a ferocious beast was targeting him.

“Is... is this man a human or a beast?” Levi was disoriented, standing rooted to the spot.

However, in Tyr's eyes, Levi wasn't Levi. Instead, he was a man in a black hood, revealing only one eye—Dark Shura. The microphone Levi was holding inadvertently became a stick of dynamite in Tyr's vision.

“Dark Shura, you want to harm my most beloved people? Dream on!”

Tyr appeared before Levi in a flash and gripped the latter's throat, lifting him in midair.

Ugh!!!

Levi's face turned a maroon shade.

Lacking oxygen, his mind started going blank, and he could feel his soul leaving his body.

“Tyr, stop!” Torbert shouted. He tried to

pull Tyr's hand away, but the latter's fingers were like a vise. Even if Torbert exerted all his energy, he couldn't move Tyr's hand.

Levi was on the verge of his last breaths, but in Tyr's eyes, he was choking Dark Shura's throat. He had no plans of showing mercy, wanting to break Levi's neck simply.

“Tyr... Tyr Summers!”

That moment, Winifred, Helen, and the others were frightened because they never expected Tyr to change into a different person suddenly. Yet, even as they shouted, Tyr didn't regain his senses.

Not until...

“Ahhhh!!!”

Blair Zea started wailing out loud. She was

shaken. Not only was she frightened by Levi's group earlier, but she was also startled by Tyr because she had no idea why her beloved father suddenly became this way.

Blair's cries flowed into Tyr's ears. At once, as if he was touched deeply in his heart, that piercing sound made Tyr abruptly regain his senses.

His hand let go, and Levi fell to the ground. Levi coughed violently before staring at Tyr, pale and terrified, as fresh air flowed back into his lungs. That feeling was like making a trip to and back from hell.

"Blair, Blair, don't cry. Daddy's here. Don't cry!" Seemingly ferocious as a demon earlier, Tyr now wore a panicked expression as he carried Blair into his arms. "Don't cry, Blair. Daddy will protect

you.”

Blair was still wailing hysterically, and Tyr was at a loss of what to do. Winifred hurried over to help coax their daughter, then she looked at her husband, worried.

“Honey, what happened to you just now?” she asked.

“I’m fine,” Tyr answered. He was shaking his head vigorously, trying to make himself seem less frightening.

“Are you really okay?”

“Yeah.” Tyr nodded. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’m okay. I was just a little rash earlier because I couldn’t get used to seeing immoral bullies like these people. I’ll call Drake later and get him to punish this corrupted travel agency. After our trip, we’ll let Autumn Field develop Khanh City’

s travel industry.”

“Yeah!”

Around three in the afternoon, the bus arrived at the foot of Goddess Mountain.

During the journey, Tyr had given Drake Tucker a call to tell him about the situation here. After he heard, Drake instantly flared up in anger while feeling a wave of fear. He never expected that one of his tour companies would end up trying to cheat Tyr’s family.

Subsequently, Drake made a few calls. When the bus arrived at Goddess Mountain, the district police were standing ready according to Drake’s instructions. Once the bus entered its stop, the police officers led Levi and the large men away. Their Grassy Travels company

was also heavily penalized by Drake, and rumors had it that the company's owner simply disappeared from Khanh City.

By now, the White Snake production crew had long reached Goddess Mountain. They had also chosen the spot they wanted to film.

Winifred called up Lily Zimmerman to confirm the latter's location. Then, she led the group uphill in a touring car on the mountain. As Torbert was worried the Tyr's emotions might suddenly go rampant again, he suggested reserving the entire vehicle to themselves.

On the way up, Torbert sat beside Tyr the whole time, watching him carefully, fearing that he might go insane again.

“You don't have to be so nervous. I'm

fine,” Tyr said to Torbert while massaging his temples.

Torbert remained solemn as he said, “Tyr, I keep feeling that something’s wrong with you. Are you really okay?”

“I should be... I guess.” Tyr was hesitant when he answered. “But I’ve indeed felt it. It’s like you’ve said. There’s something in my body that seems a little different compared to other people.”

Chapter 479 You Deserve To Be Popular Your Whole Life

Torbert Octavius took a deep breath, staying silent for a few seconds before saying, “Have you confirmed which part of you is different from other people?”

“No,” Tyr Summers answered. “Maybe it’s like the movies, I have a unique bone structure. Or maybe I’m an alien. Or maybe ... it’s the blood that’s flowing in me. Or even the tissue that forms this blood, my bone marrow!”

Tyr’s first few guesses were clearly a joke he was telling Torbert, but he was evidently serious about his last two guesses.

“Blood or the blood-producing tissue,

your bone marrow!” repeated Torbert.

At that moment, even Torbert fell silent. He could vaguely sense that Tyr’s situation was beyond his prediction. In fact, not only had it exceeded Torbert’s assumptions, but even Tyr was perplexed.

“You better get yourself checked at the hospital once we get back. I worry that you might cause trouble in the future,” Torbert said gravely.

Tyr smiled. “Actually, I get a full checkup every year, but they couldn’t find any problems with me.”

At this, Tyr massaged his temples again. “Perhaps it’s still because of Dark Shura. Torbert, I’ll be relying on you. You have to protect my family, because only you are more powerful when you’re asleep than

awake.

“I have a feeling that Dark Shura will soon appear. Maybe after I’ve completely destroyed him, my pressure will go away and this occurrence won’t happen again.”

“I hope so,” replied Torbert.

With that, Torbert didn’t say anymore. He turned to look outside the window, enjoying Goddess Mountain’s scenery.

About half an hour later, the touring car finally reached the peak of Goddess Mountain. The mountain top was huge. Being a tourist spot, there were many hotels and rural tourism sites here. There were also quite a few monasteries.

The most famous location here was Peach Forest. It was said that long ago, when seven fairies descended to earth, they

planted a peach garden here. Besides this, there was Fairy Gorge, where spring water fell from a waterfall, forming the Spring Pond. And in legends, this Spring Pond was said to be where the goddesses bathed.

The filming location chosen by White Snake's production crew was this Spring Pond. When Tyr's group arrived, the crew was shooting the scene of Agnes White transforming into a human. Agnes would fly out of the cave, through the waterfall, and land in Spring Pond to cleanse herself.

Snow Fenner was certainly a professional actress. Although she was now considered an A-list celebrity, whether it was wire-flying or some dangerous stunts, Snow did it herself without using her stunt double. She was also serious during the filming, adamant about making each frame the best and fully cooperating with the

director.

Graham Cabot was a locally famous first-rate director, so his professionalism was not to be questioned. He required perfection for every frame and would constantly require several takes before approving the shot. However, Snow never made any complaints, fully complying with his requests.

Many years later, Snow would become an internationally huge celebrity, famous around the globe, while Graham also became an internationally renowned director.

Whenever Graham recalled his first time collaborating with Snow on 'White Snake - A Devastating Romance', his lips would curl into a faint smile as he said, "With such talents, a hardworking and serious

actress like her deserves to be known around the world and be famous for her whole life!”

Upon seeing Tyr and his family arrive at the filming location, Lily Zimmerman instantly hurried over to them. “President Zea, Brother Tyr, you’re here.”

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded. “How’s the filming? Is everything going smoothly?”

“Yeah. Everything’s going well,” Lily answered with a smile. “Director Cabot is famous in his field, and his team’s filming methods are extremely advanced. Snow can take the pressure too, so I believe that once this movie production is complete, it’ll receive great attention.”

“Yeah. We believe that too.”

At that instant, after seven or eight

retakes, Snow finally completed the wire-flying scene where she pierced through the waterfall and dove into Spring Pond.

Even if everyone present knew she was just acting, Snow seemed to have brought the character of Agnes White to life, to the point that everyone at the location was absorbed in her acting skills. It was as if Agnes White had truly appeared through the waterfall and fell into Spring Pond to bathe herself.

This scene was absolutely divine!

The man with a beard, Director Cabot, shouted for a cut in great excitement after shooting this long scene, “Cut!”

Standing up, he hurried over to Snow, complimenting her endlessly, “Miss Fenner, your performance was flawless!”

With this scene as the movie's beginning, it'll be perfection. Miss Fenner, you're no doubt one of the best and most professional actresses that I, Bearded Cabot, have ever met.”

As a locally famous director, Graham was known to be exceptionally hard-faced. He was harsh on actors and rarely complimented them. The last performer he complimented ended up becoming a locally famous movie star. For a newbie like Snow, being able to get praise from Graham was definitely a valuable thing to her career.

“Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Director.”

Snow was drenched after coming out of the pond. When she saw that Winifred's group had arrived, she hastened over to

them without first changing her clothes. “Sister Winifred, Brother Tyr, you’re here!”

Graham also hurried over to them and greeted Winifred’s group. After all, Winifred was Autumn Media’s real owner, and her company was investing in this production, so Graham was technically working for her.

“Yeah. Here we are. Have you guys completed your shots for today? Snow, look at you, you’re completely drenched. Hurry up and get changed before you catch a cold,” Winifred said.

Snow answered with a chuckle, “Sister Winifred, I’m not that weak. Back when I was playing small roles, soaking in water all day wasn’t a problem for me.”

However, Graham immediately chimed in,

“Miss Fenner, you’re not playing a small role anymore. You’re the female lead. And I can guarantee that you’ll be a huge star in the future. A celebrity famous around the country, and the world even.”

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Chapter 480 Monk On The Hilltop

Obtaining such high praises from a renowned director like Graham Cabot made not only Snow Fenner feel joy, but also her manager, Lily Zimmerman, and Winifred Zea as well.

Snow replied with a huge smile, “I’m counting on your words, Director Cabot.”

“Haha, I’m just being honest.”

For a strict director like him, meeting an actress as excellent as Snow was something worth being happy about.

“Alright then. The filming for this afternoon is done. Our crew has reserved a hotel on top of the hill. Let’s head over for dinner, and after that, we have a night

scene, so let's work hard," said Graham.

"Yes!"

And so, the crew packed up and moved to the hotel.

It was now around evening. The hotel reserved by the White Snake production crew was situated on a hillside. In front of the hotel was a recreational area from where the sunset could be seen.

Many people were instantly attracted by the sight of the sun setting over the horizon. "What a beautiful sunset."

"Let's go over there and watch," said Tyr, carrying Blair and holding Winifred's hand as they made their way to the large rock in a corner.

Arriving at the rock, the family of three sat

down to watch the far-away sunset with faint smiles on their faces.

‘How wonderful it would be if this moment could last forever,’ Tyr lamented in his heart as he caressed Blair’s tiny head and glanced at Winifred.

He had always been on the path to becoming stronger, but not because he wanted to show-off or obtain power. It was because only with strength could he protect his beloved ones.

Just as Tyr and Winifred were entranced, enjoying the scenery, Blair pointed to a small mountaintop not too far away and exclaimed, “Daddy, look at what that elderly man is doing.”

Turning to the direction Blair was pointing at, Tyr and Winifred saw an old monk with

white hair and beard, standing on one leg on the tip of the tiny hill.

The old monk's face was covered with fine lines and wrinkles, but he had an ethereal aura. There was a gourd around his waist and a long sword on his back. Behind him was a steep cliff.

He was balancing on one leg on the tip of a ten-thousand-foot hilltop, with no fear of the evening breeze or the steep fall below. The old man exuded an aura of composure. It was like he was saluting the heavens with this training method!

“That is a monk who lives on this Goddess Mountain,” Director Cabot's voice suddenly sounded beside them. “It's said that genuine monks train here on Goddess Mountain and they're very powerful.

“Previously, a friend of mine said they met

one here, and the monk could read their fortunes or resolve their worries. The monk's guidance was very accurate, and after having their troubles resolved, my friend felt refreshed and energetic.”

A hint of excitement appeared on Graham's face. “Looks like we're in luck today. To think we'd see a master who's training up there while we're enjoying the sunset. I've always wanted to get a master to perform a divination on me. I wanted to ask him when I'd meet an actor I'd be satisfied with. But after meeting Miss Fenner, it looks like there's no need for his services.”

Graham turned to Snow and the others. “Miss Fenner, do you guys want your fortunes told? Ask him when you'll be famous around the globe.”

Snow snorted in laughter. “Director Cabot,

I think it's better to just go with the flow. What's more, that monk is very far away from us. By the time we get there, he might already be gone.”

“That's true.”

Such was the structure of Goddess Mountain's hilltop. A straight line distance was only about a dozen meters, but to get there would take quite some time.

Tyr was currently staring fixedly at the monk, deep in thought.

At that moment, the old monk suddenly took the gourd from his waist. Having liquor in this unique vessel, the monk opened the gourd and threw his head back, letting the alcohol flow into his throat.

There was a sense of liberation in this scene. Even such poses shown in movies

couldn't compare to how naturally the old monk did it.

Due to occupational habits, Graham and his crew couldn't resist taking out their gear and aiming them at the old monk.

There was an exclamation of relief that could distinctly be heard even from a distance of a dozen meters away. The old monk could be seen tossing his gourd up in the air. With the gourd in midair, the old monk unsheathed the sword around his waist. Immediately, he began swinging his blade on the mountain's peak, with only several square feet of space below.

His blade movements alternated between quick and slow, like a turbulent ocean at times, then reduced to a calm lull. His moves were not flamboyant, but whenever the gourd fell back down, it would be

pushed back up into the air by the old monk's sword.

In such a narrow space with such elegant swordsmanship, it was as if the gourd had become a sprite, flying around the old monk as he performed his mysterious skills.

On the other side, Graham, Snow, and the others were entranced by this performance. Even if they used a computer to create this through special effects, it was impossible to reach the levels of what they witnessed.

It was too graceful and ethereal, as if an aged deity had descended unto the earth. Everyone marveled at the old monk's abilities.

Tyr stood up. "Winifred, don't wait for me

to start dinner. I'm going to ask that monk some questions.”

Without waiting for Winifred to answer, Tyr turned to leave. When he passed Torbert, they exchanged glances without saying anything. But that was the best type of communication—Tyr was asking Torbert to protect his loved ones, while Torbert was conveying his understanding!

After that, in the blink of an eye, Tyr's silhouette disappeared into the faraway distance, immediately vanishing from the group's area of vision.

With a distance of at least a dozen meters between these two peaks, a regular person wasn't capable of reaching the opposite peak from the hotel in under two hours. But Tyr wasn't a regular person. His speed was far quicker than the average human's.

On the way, Tyr's mind was filled with the scene of this old monk performing a sword-dance on the summit. For onlookers, the old monk's swordsmanship was probably nothing more than acrobatics, but it was different for Tyr. From that distance, he could distinctly feel how extraordinary the monk's swordsmanship was.

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Chapter 481 Destiny Brought A Guest

This old monk was definitely not a normal person. His swordsmanship was of the highest quality, resonating with heaven and earth. There was diligence in every swing of his blade. In fact, as the gourd fell, it never came in contact with his sword, It was simply the aura of his blade that pushed the vessel back.

Things like sword energy and blade energy were indeed a mysterious phenomenon. They couldn't be seen, nor touched, but that didn't mean they didn't exist. For example, the sword belonging to the Northriver's Sword Freak had indeed been equipped with sword energy, but compared to what the old monk had on his

weapon, the difference was akin to heaven and earth.

By the time Tyr reached the summit, the old monk had just finished practicing his swordsmanship. The blade returned to its scabbard, while the liquor gourd dancing in midair fell accurately back onto the hook around the old monk's waist.

“Wonderful...”

Not only Graham Cabot's group, but the tourists around the old monk's vicinity who were there to watch the sunset had witnessed this scene as well. Everyone was currently applauding in great excitement.

The old monk smiled faintly, smoothening his white beard before saluting his audience.

Someone asked out of curiosity, “Mr.

Monk, how old are you this year?”

The old monk chuckled. “I’m a centenarian!”

Once he said this, many people gaped, looking incredulous. A centenarian was a term for an elderly person who had reached the age of over a hundred years old. While the old monk did seem aged, his heavenly bearing made him look like he was only about eighty years old. None could have guessed that the man had lived for more than a hundred years.

“Mr. Monk, you’re truly an extraordinary person. Being able to meet such a remarkable figure like you during my trip to Goddess Mountain is really an honor.”

“May I know what your name is? Do you have a monastic name? Which monastery

on this mountain are you from?”

Many tourists were fascinated by him. They were also curious as to who this old monk who performed a sword-dance on the mountain's peak was.

The old monk continued to smoothen his beard, smiling faintly but giving no answer. Then, he leaped down from the peak in an agile movement, as if he knew kungfu. In the blink of an eye, the old monk disappeared into the forest nearby.

“That old monk was so mysterious. He must be a saint.”

When Tyr arrived at this peak, there were still many tourists lingering around in discussion. Meanwhile, the old man had disappeared like a gentle breeze.

Tyr went to the spot where the old monk

had performed his sword-dance and scanned the surroundings. There were cliffs everywhere. The sun had now set beyond the horizon and the skies gradually turned dark.

Standing here, Tyr suddenly felt a rush, as if he could embrace the world. It was like his soul had been enlightened.

“Did he just disappear like that?”

Tyr stared at the vast mountains. The old monk was long gone, and Tyr could only feel an emptiness in his heart. He had rushed here to seek the old monk’s guidance, but when he arrived, the man disappeared.

A sense of loss engulfed his body. Tyr chuckled in a self-deprecating manner and shook his head. “I was still too late.

Looks like I'm not destined to meet a saint.”

Tyr was ready to return to his hotel. But as he jumped down from the peak, he suddenly noticed a patch of sword marks on the stone slab below his feet. Stunned, Tyr immediately took a few steps back.

Then, he saw how these messy sword marks formed a sentence: ‘A clear breeze sweeps the world, crowning the earth!’

Two words instantly appeared in Tyr’s mind. ‘Clear Crown?’

There was also a peculiar feeling rising within his heart. “That old monk knew that I would be coming, so he deliberately left this for me?”

For a moment, even Tyr found it mysterious. However, soon, he vaguely

sensed that something was amiss. But what exactly awaited him, he couldn't put into words right now.

“Do I go, or not?”

For reasons unknown, Tyr suddenly felt conflicted. The last time he fell into such a dilemma was when he met his master, the Beggar King.

“What am I feeling conflicted for? Didn't I come here just to look for that old monk? Now that he has left his traces, why am I still hesitating?”

At this, Tyr couldn't help laughing at himself. He jumped down and began questioning the tourists nearby, “Excuse me, do you know a place called Clear Crown?”

The tourists there said no. After all, just

like Tyr, it was their first time here, so how could they know anything about Clear Crown?

And so, Tyr could only ask the residents of Goddess Mountain. After a series of queries, he finally found the whereabouts of this place. It was in an extremely secluded and quiet place on top of Goddess Mountain.

Now that Goddess Mountain had been developed into a tourist attraction, many monasteries on the hill had changed their natures to commercial use. Only Clear Crown remained untainted by the world, maintaining its original nature.

Its appearance wasn't brilliant, and being located in a secluded area, tourists rarely visited the place. Tyr spent quite some effort before managing to reach this place.

The building was old and run-down, being of considerable age. Although it was ancient, there were no weeds growing around the building's gates. The entrance had been cleaned up like it was an inner sanctum.

Guarding the gates was a young monk, looking to be almost ten years old. He was sitting there, staring absentmindedly into a distance.

When he saw Tyr approaching, the little monk immediately got up and asked his guest cautiously, "Who are you?"

Tyr quickly saluted him. "Young Monk, I'm a tourist on this mountain. I feel troubled and just happened to chance upon this monastery deep in the hills. I hope to seek a master who can give me

guidance. Is your master available?”

A glint flashed in this little monk's eyes as he muttered, “So, you're the guest Master has been asking me to receive at the door.”

Tyr was startled. As expected, those words on the mountain peak were indeed left for him by the old monk.

“Master said that destiny would bring a guest. Please follow me,” said the little monk.

Under the young monk's lead, Tyr entered the monastery. The interior was quite similar to its exterior. The building was small and ancient, but it was well kept. Moreover, after entering this place, it gave its patrons an ethereal feeling, a sense of not belonging on earth.

Tyr took in everything with awe in his

heart.

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Chapter 482 Live In The Moment, The Present Is Reality

In front of a statue, the old monk was sitting on a futon, meditating with his eyes closed.

“You’re here,” he said.

The old monk had been waiting here for a long time. Tyr was no longer startled by situations like these. Instead, he went over to the old monk and saluted him, then sat cross-legged on the futon across the elder man.

“Can you first turn off your electrical devices?” asked the old monk politely with a smile.

Tyr nodded and quickly took out his phone

to turn it off. This was considered holy ground, so the other party's request was reasonable.

After seeing Tyr turn his phone off, the old monk asked, "Young man, how should I address you?"

"My surname is Summers. Tyr Summers. May I enquire as to your monastic name?" Tyr asked.

The old monk stroked his white beard but gave no answer.

Aware that the monk was reluctant to reveal his name, Tyr did not press his question. After sitting so close to him, Tyr could distinctly sense the harmonious aura of this religious man. It resembled nature itself, as if this figure was integrated with the universe. This was

surely the saint Graham Cabot had mentioned!

“Young man, you bear a hostile countenance with evil in your heart, but you also have the air of a hero. Something troubles your mind, and if you allow it to grow, it will consume you.

“A serpent may grow as huge as a dragon, but no one knows whether it’s a deity or a demon! Before a three-way forked road, look into your heart on how to choose. One wrong step will lead you into an abyss, the endless mistakes will doom you for an eternity. If you choose to believe in ‘the way’, you will receive liberation.”

The old monk rambled on, saying things that sounded mysterious and profound. But Tyr could somewhat relate to his words. This monk might have understood

some of Tyr's past just from his countenance.

Six years of experiences on the battlefield in Rayne had filled Tyr's being with hostile energy. Previously, Tyr had been deliberately concealing this aura because he was with Winifred and Blair. But since arriving at the monastery, Tyr had been unleashing this hidden aura without reserve because this place relaxed him.

From the looks of it, the old monk was advising Tyr to leave his mortal life behind and immerse himself in religion.

Of course, Tyr would not and could not do any such thing. He saluted the old monk and said, "Sir, you're absolutely right, but it's a shame that I carry an obsession, so I cannot devote myself to religion. Thank you for your kind offering."

The old monk sighed. “Then, it’s really a pity!

“But ‘the way’ courses through everything. No matter which path you take, it could lead you to the same destination. Its practice is not limited to location, shape, or framework. No matter what you do, it will be within its teachings.”

Tyr nodded slightly before letting out a soft sigh. “Sir, recently, due to some unique issues, I am constantly uneasy. Also, these matters have seemed to awaken a very uncommon thing within my body.

“I feel like I’ve suddenly walked into a cage, unable to free myself from it. Sir, may I ask how I can escape this cage?”

The issue Tyr mentioned was naturally about Dark Shura. However, Tyr's recent unusual behavior wasn't mainly because of Dark Shura, but because the latter had induced a certain chain reaction within Tyr, causing him to behave abnormally these few days.

Together with what Torbert Octavius had told him and the rampage that happened on the bus today, this further affirmed to Tyr that something was wrong with his body.

This had induced fear deep within Tyr's heart. And the source of this fear was because he now had too many concerns.

The old monk was briefly silent. He studied Tyr once more and then stroked his beard, saying slowly, "A vicious cycle

has caused you to become who you are now. Or perhaps, there is another you in this world, but you haven't found him yet?"

"Another me?"

Tyr was stunned, thinking that the old monk's words were just too strange. However, he could faintly sense that the old monk seemed to be making sense.

The old monk ignored Tyr's surprise. He continued to say, "Yourself, is where you come from and where you're about to go. Let nature run its course.

"But, you also cannot go against your purpose in this world, your true goal. Here is where you have to follow your heart. Do what it tells you to. What you intend, and what you want. Only your heart knows

best.”

Tyr nodded briefly, not sure if he understood. “Sir, I don’t really understand what you’ve just said, but it feels like I can somewhat relate. It’s like I can only understand, but not describe it.

“Say, Sir, will I suddenly become an entirely different person in the future?”

At this, Tyr pondered a bit before continuing, “To explain it in a scientific way, am I schizophrenic?”

“Are you sure that is reality?” questioned the old monk.

“It’s not real?” asked a startled Tyr.

He took a deep breath as many memories began playing like a movie in his mind. Even the scene of how Tyr had killed those

dogs on the streets back then played clearly in his head. Everything seemed to have appeared in his dreams before, but they were so realistic in his memories.

Tyr gently massaged his temples. “This should be reality. But as reality and nightmares keep interchanging, after a long while, it’s hard to tell if it’s real or just a hallucination.”

A small smile appeared on the old monk’s face. “Hallucinations are seemingly real, but also apparently fake. Time and all beings on earth are just forms of energy. They gather to take shape and become air once dispersed. They would never leave the great flow.

“If you hold on to it stubbornly, it will consume you. When a saint meets another saint, they pass each other by. Just come

and go. I wouldn't be shocked, nor miss his presence, because this is the natural law of the great flow.

“Live in the moment. Only the present is reality. Everything else is an illusion.”

That instant, Tyr seemed to have understood something.

He repeated the monk's words, “Live in the moment. The present is a reality. Everything else is an illusion.”

Tyr closed his eyes, feeling as if his body was suddenly entering a different realm.

At that instant, the rampant feelings in his heart suddenly fell silent. He could even hear the old monk's breathing inside his heart, the little monk mumbling to himself outside the gates, and sounds of the night breeze sweeping through the dark sky.

Chapter 483 Surrounded By Dangers

This was a very peculiar feeling. It was like he had embraced the world, just like how he felt when he was standing on the mountaintop.

Tyr Summers had no idea how long he stayed in this noiseless state. When he opened his eyes again, he could hear the cries of insects from outside. The skies were now dark, but Tyr's eyes looked so much clearer after reopening them.

“Thank you, Sir, for resolving my troubles.” Tyr saluted the old monk before asking, “Sir, do you believe that some people in this world have unique blood or bone marrow?”

The old monk smiled and answered, “
Every being in the universe is unique.”

“Yeah.” Standing up, Tyr saluted the old monk once more. “I understand now. It’s getting late, so I shall take my leave. I won’t ever come to disturb you again, Sir.”

The old monk was still wearing a smile. He nodded and waved. “Go on.”

Thus, Tyr turned to leave. When he reached the monastery’s gates, the little monk was still standing guard there. Tyr greeted the little monk and was ready to leave.

However, just as he took one step outside, the little monk suddenly called out, “Sir, please wait.”

“Hmm?” Tyr turned around, staring at the

little monk in confusion. “Young monk, what is it?”

The little monk ran up to him and put a talisman in Tyr’s hand. “Master asked me to give you this. Also, he asked me to pass on a message to you.”

“Huh?” Tyr nodded and said, “Young monk, please tell me.”

Seeming to have abruptly become someone else, while mimicking the old monk’s steadfast appearance, the little monk stood before the gates. With his hands behind him, he looked at the massive mountain far away. The little monk’s posture had surprisingly given him an imposing aura.

“Goddess Mountain has always been a quiet place, but now, it is surrounded by

dangers. Sir, Master says that the peace on Goddess Mountain was hard to obtain. If sir holds gratitude in his heart, we hope that you won't allow Goddess Mountain to see too much bloodshed tonight.”

After saying that, the little monk simply turned and closed the gates with a thud.

“Surrounded by dangers!”

In an instant, Tyr's supposedly relaxed mind became agitated again. He subconsciously opened the talisman the old monk had tasked the little monk to give him.

A complete incantation was written on it: ‘A clear heart fears no disasters, change will not disturb the mind!

‘A calming spell!’ thought Tyr to himself. He read it silently, and at once, the rage in

his heart seemed to have subsided.

However, in the next second, when he lifted his head, at a distance of about ten meters away, Tyr saw a human silhouette standing there, unmoving, like a phantom under the moonlight. When he saw this figure, Tyr's rage was once again induced. Even the calming spell couldn't completely suppress these rampant feelings immediately.

Wearing a black trench coat, the other party was a beautiful young woman with long hair and exquisite features.

Tyr immediately recognized her. She was...

Ding, ding, ding!

Tyr had just turned on his phone when urgent notification sounds reverberated from the device. Countless messages were

surging into his inbox. Tyr was looking at the woman as he took his phone out.

These messages came from Winifred Zea and Torbert Octavius. But most of them came from the Shadow Department's Chiroptera.

Looks like Tyr had spent quite some time attaining awareness inside the monastery, because it was now almost nine o'clock. Meaning to say, while Tyr was closing his eyes inside the building, though he felt that only a short time had passed, he had actually been sitting there for almost two hours.

Meanwhile, the world outside seemed to have changed in these two hours.

His phone abruptly rang with a call from Chiroptera. Tyr answered it without

hesitation.

Once the call got through, Chiroptera's anxious voice flowed from the other end, "Boss, what have you been doing? Why was your phone turned off?"

Chiroptera clearly sounded like he was complaining. Under regular circumstances, he would never dare to use this interrogating tone with Tyr.

"Just spill," said Tyr.

Chiroptera replied, "The Shadow Department received news that Dark Shura has indeed entered the Celestial Empire. Also, a large group of international assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters have followed him here as well.

"He intentionally leaked his whereabouts, luring elites to go after him. This is

extremely unusual. He must be coming after you, Boss. You have to be careful.

“As for why he deliberately exposed his tracks, we still haven’t found out yet, but it’s definitely nothing good.”

Chiroptera rambled on, sounding nervous, but Tyr only chuckled in response. Because the information Chiroptera was giving him no longer had any value. Tyr was feeling calm on the inside.

“That will do, Chiroptera. Dark Shura has appeared before me,” Tyr replied.

“What?” Chiroptera was startled. “Then, Boss, now...”

“I’ve been waiting for him. Just as I got tired of waiting, he showed up.”

At this, Tyr took his phone down from his

ear and hung up. After placing the phone into his bag, Tyr walked over to the woman.

“Moon General, are you here alone? Where is your master?” he asked.

Moon General remained where she stood. A peculiar grin appeared on her beautiful face. While Tyr was still about eight meters away, Moon General abruptly turned and ran. Tyr immediately chased after her without hesitation.

This woman evidently came prepared. She had already planned an escape route, so sprinting through this rugged mountain path posed no difficulty for her. She sped away like an unbridled hare.

Tyr was definitely quicker than Moon General. Had it been somewhere else, he could have easily caught up to her. But in

this case, there was still a distance between them.

After running for about two kilometers, Tyr finally caught up to Moon General. At that moment, unsure whether it was because she couldn't escape Tyr's capture or something else, Moon General surprisingly stopped and then turned to look at him with a strange expression.

Chapter 484 Decoy Tactics

When facing an enemy like Moon General, Tyr Summers wouldn't care if his foe was a man or woman. There was no such thing as pity for the fairer sex. Once he caught up to her, Tyr immediately threw out a fist.

Moon General wasn't capable of dodging Tyr's swift punch. The attack landed on her chest and she was sent flying back. She crashed heavily onto the ground, spewing a mouthful of blood.

Before the Palace Master of Regal Palace, Tyr Summers, Moon General had no means of retaliation. Since the beginning, she had never planned on fighting him. Even if Tyr wanted to kill her, she didn't plan to resist. However, she knew full well

that Tyr wouldn't kill her.

Walking over to Moon General, Tyr gripped her throat and lifted her up. "Has Dark Shura become so cowardly? He let his subordinate, a woman, go on a suicide mission while he hides like a dog in a dark corner, struggling at death's door."

"Hehehe," Moon General giggled. Although her throat was being gripped by Tyr, she still managed to mock, "Tyr Summers, you're the dog. My master is a wolf!"

"Cut the crap!" Tyr didn't have much patience. He tossed Moon General down and stepped on her chest. "Since Dark Shura is here for me, there's no need to hide. Get him out here. I'll settle all the grudges with him once and for all."

"Hahaha!" Moon General roared out in

laughter. As she cracked up, blood kept spilling from her mouth.

“Tyr Summers, you’re really ruthless. You’ve offered a bounty of hundred and eighty billion dollars on the dark web to make the world’s elites go after my master’s life.

“I have to say, you’ve indeed achieved your goals. During this time, Master and I have been running around, pursued by the elites of the world. It’s like there’s no longer a place for us in this vast world.

“Master also says he’s tired. Recently, he has really been badly toyed with by you, so he wants you to get a taste of being pursued by world-class assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters.”

Tyr was startled on the inside, frowning slightly. “Dark Shura exposed his

whereabouts just so he could lure the assassins and bounty hunters into the Celestial Empire and gather them on Goddess Mountain to attack me?”

At this thought, Tyr initially felt a shiver run down his spine, but soon, he laughed. “Is Dark Shura an idiot? Even if the elites came up to Goddess Mountain, their target is still Dark Shura.

“My bounty on the dark web is only twenty-four billion, but Dark Shura’s is a hundred and eighty billion. I think those assassins and bounty hunters can tell the obvious difference between these numbers.

“Also, I don’t believe that they would have the guts to go against me for a mere twenty-four billion.”

If Dark Shura’s purpose of coming to the

Celestial Empire was just as Tyr had said, Tyr would be very, very disappointed, because something was wrong with Dark Shura's brain. With such low tactics, he wasn't worthy of being Tyr's opponent.

Tyr was also right. Ever since Regal Palace defeated Shadow Totem two years ago, the organization's status had reached the summit abroad. Now, in overseas countries, who would have the nerve to simply go against Regal Palace?

With this, no fool would dare to make a move on those belonging to Regal Palace, even more so when the person standing before them was the Palace Master himself.

Tyr and his comrades' bounty on the dark web no longer posed a threat to them. Instead, it became a status symbol.

However, Moon General only laughed

chillingly at Tyr's answer. "Tyr Summers, assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters are all rushing up this Goddess Mountain as we speak.

"You're right, they wouldn't dare to touch you. Even the world's strongest assassin or mercenary wouldn't dare offend Regal Palace's Palace Master.

"But, did I say that Master has lured these killers over to deal with you?"

"What?" gasped Tyr.

Moon General's words struck him like a bolt of lightning, making his head explode in a buzzing sound.

"Winifred, Blair..." Tyr muttered. His worst fears had come true after all.

Tyr was a world-class elite well deserving

of his reputation. He would never be afraid of a challenge, so whoever wanted to have a piece of him could just bring it. But if his enemies wanted to take down his beloved ones, that was a different story. In that case, Tyr would be afraid and anxious as well.

‘No, Torbert is there so it won’t be a huge problem.’

At the thought of having Torbert, whose capabilities were profound beyond his comprehension, guarding Winifred, Tyr’s nervousness seemed to have calmed down.

Tyr had no idea how strong Torbert was, but they were both disciples of the Beggar King. As two people who were taught by the same master, since Tyr had become a world-class elite, so Torbert should be just as powerful.

Hence, even if Torbert was no match for Dark Shura, he could definitely hold out until Tyr returned to rescue them.

Moreover, from what Moon General was saying, it wasn't Dark Shura taking action, but the hired guns instead. Tyr was confused. These killers had come in pursuit of Dark Shura, so how could Dark Shura direct them to go after his family instead?

This was unusual!

Moon General's purpose here seemed to be to answer Tyr's questions.

She had now guessed Tyr's thoughts, so she said, "Tyr, have you forgotten what I said about Master and I being chased around the world by these killers, so he wants you to have a taste of being

surrounded by them?

“Master knows that your wife and daughter have an expert protecting them, so he’s not that foolish. Let me tell you a secret. Master has recently been infatuated with a movie star. Especially when he unintentionally saw the concert your Khanh City’s city center hosted during its opening, he was instantly captivated by that lass named Snow Fenner.

“Master really likes this Snow Fenner, and you should know that the women Master likes, he would never allow anyone to taint them mentally. But this Snow girl is too popular recently, and Master can’t stop people from liking her. Since that’s the case, he’s thinking of destroying her altogether.”

Chapter 485 A Taste Of His Own Medicine

Tyr Summers's heart thumped violently. He squatted down to grip Moon General's neck again. "What is Dark Shura planning?"

"Hehe, haven't you already guessed? Master has offered an eighteen billion dollar bounty on the dark web for Snow Fenner's head.

"This Snow Fenner must be on Goddess Mountain right now, isn't she? Tyr Summers, those mercenaries and assassins indeed can't kill you, nor kill Master.

"But what do you think they would do if they found out there was an easy prey here

on this mountain who was worth eighteen billion dollars?”

At that instant, Tyr felt a chill run down his spine. This was the real Dark Shura. This guy was getting more terrifying, more despicable, and more shameless.

This was the man's true goal. He had placed a bounty for Snow on the dark web, and then lured his pursuers here to Goddess Mountain. After that, he would reveal Snow's location. With this, those hired guns would definitely go after Snow for that eighteen-billion-dollar bounty.

Dark Shura had grasped Tyr's weakness. He knew Tyr would never leave Snow to die, so if those pursuers went for her, Tyr would no doubt rescue her. Then, Tyr would definitely encounter these hired guns. And once he does, the scene wouldn't

t be something Tyr could control.

A tragic battle would surely transpire, and this is what Dark Shura meant by wanting Tyr to get a taste of being surrounded by assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters.

“Tyr Summers, there’s a saying called ‘giving one a taste of his own medicine’. Are you nervous now?” Moon General sneered.

“Despicable!” yelled Tyr.

Flaring up in anger, he began exerting force into his grip on Moon General’s neck, ready to end her life.

Moon General chuckled. “Tyr Summers, have you forgotten what that old monk said to you? This Goddess Mountain’s peace was difficult to obtain, so he wished

for you not to stain the mountain with blood.”

Tyr smirked, replying, “Moon General, is that what you’re relying on to live after coming to pursue me? Do you think that I, Tyr Summers, would let such a dangerous enemy go just because of the old monk’s words?”

“You’re a really sad existence. You serve Dark Shura so sincerely, but in the end, you’re only a pawn he can abandon at any time.

“The so-called Orpheus Six Generals... Dark Shura can reform this group over and over again.”

A trace of ferociousness flashed across Moon General’s expression. Perhaps it was hard for her to accept this reality. “Tyr

Summers, you!”

“Save it. It’s impossible to let you live. You’re a threat to my friends and family. So what if I stain this Goddess Mountain with blood?”

Having said that, Tyr exerted strength into his grip and a cracking sound reverberated from Moon General’s neck. Blood kept spilling from her mouth. She was gaping with her eyes bloodshot and filled with disbelief. She never thought she would die today, and could only blame herself for underestimating Tyr.

Tyr had snapped Moon General’s neck in two. Without any hesitation, he gave a forceful swing and simply tossed her corpse down the abysmal cliff.

After that, Tyr turned to hurry back to the

hotel.

‘Surrounded by dangers.’

On the way back, what the little monk said to him inadvertently resonated in Tyr’s mind. The monk was right. The initially peaceful Goddess Mountain was now surrounded by dangers. Even if Tyr hadn’t seen these mercenaries and assassins ascend the hill, he could already sense the foul smell of blood.

As Tyr rushed back to the hotel, he took out his phone to call Torbert.

When the call got through, Torbert could be heard clicking his tongue as he asked, “Tyr, what were you up to? Our calls didn’t even reach you. When are you coming back?”

“What’s going on on your end?” Tyr asked.

“Nothing,” Torbert answered, mildly confused. “We’re done with dinner and the White Snake crew went to Cherry Blossom Forest to film a night scene. Your family is still in the hotel and they’re thinking of heading over to watch later.”

“Don’t go,” said Tyr in a grave tone. “Torbert, I’ll make it short. My sworn enemy, Dark Shura, is on Goddess Mountain right now.

“He has lured a large group of assassins, mercenaries, and also bounty hunters here. Now, he has turned their aim to Snow Fenner, so I’m going over to save her right now. But just in case, you have to keep my family in the hotel and protect them.”

Torbert’s voice immediately sounded

serious as well, “Tyr, what’s going on?”

“I can’t explain so much right now. You just have to remember to protect my family. I’m hanging up!”

After that, Tyr ended the call and dashed in Cherry Blossom Forest’s direction.

By then, the White Snake crew was done with their preparations inside Cherry Blossom Forest. The plot required a night scene because Agnes White was to duel a centipede monster in this Cherry Blossom Forest, and then she would enlighten the creature.

Since the scene involved a monster’s appearance, the atmosphere at night was most suitable.

Snow was done changing and was being suspended on wires. The stunt instructor

was currently guiding her through the movements of the scene later. The actor playing the centipede monster had also completed his makeup and was ready to start the filming.

All the lights were directed at a larger cherry tree. With the effects of dry ice, the whole area looked like a fantasy land.

A few minutes later, the filming began.

Donning white robes and being suspended by wires, Snow was like a fairy descending unto the earth as she leaped down from the cherry tree. The scene was too divine, too ethereal.

Immediately the staff around were entranced. “How beautiful.”

Director Graham Cabot called out, “Cue centipede monster.”

In an instant, a huge cloud of green smoke wafted over below the cherry tree. The realistic feeling of this scene made it look as if a monster was truly about to appear.

About three seconds later, a human silhouette walked out of the cloud of smoke. However, when the people around saw this figure, they were stunned. Everyone's expressions were covered with shock and confusion!

Because the person who came out of the green smoke was not the centipede monster's actor!

Instead, it was a tall and slender exotic man with green hair.

Chapter 486 Killer

The atmosphere froze for several seconds. Everyone looked confused, unable to understand what was happening. The green-haired man came out of the smoke wearing a malicious grin. When he fixed his eyes on Snow Fenner, she felt as if she was being targeted by a demon.

By the time everyone regained their senses, the director, Graham Cabot, immediately lashed out, “Ground officials, what’s going on? Who is this man?”

“Stylists, what were you guys doing? Why did you turn the centipede monster into a modern man? We’re filming a mythical legend. What’s the use of a modern man here?”

The staff team were dumbstruck.

The stylist rushed over to Graham and said, “Director, something’s not right. That isn’t the actor I styled.”

Graham frowned. “What?”

Just then, an ear-piercing scream rang out from nearby, “Centipede monster... is dead!”

Everyone looked to the source of the scream and immediately, the group went into an uproar. Sure enough, they saw a dead body lying below a cherry blossom tree with a bloody hole in his chest. The actor playing the centipede monster was no longer moving.

“Who are you?”

Graham and the crew turned back around,

staring at the green-haired man with frightened eyes.

The man chuckled and flipped his palm over to reveal a jade-green dagger, a tool that looked like it came out of a game.

Blood was still dripping from the blade.

He spoke in a peculiar accent, “Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Emerald Devil, placed number fourteen in the world’s assassin’s ranking.”

After that, Emerald Devil directed an infatuated gaze to Snow, speaking in a tone laced with excitement and longing, “Who knew that the little bunny with a bounty of eighteen billion dollars on the dark web was so pretty. I’m finding it such a pity to kill her.

“But compared to eighteen billion dollars,

no matter how beautiful, her destiny ends today.”

Having said that, Emerald Devil flipped the dagger in his hand over and charged at Snow, aiming for a lethal hit.

“Ahh!!!” Snow screamed in fright.

However, just as Emerald Devil’s dagger was about to pierce into Snow’s chest, she abruptly flew up into the air. Graham had reflexively pulled the wire tied around Snow, suspending her in midair, helping her avoid this tragedy.

“What?” Emerald Devil exclaimed.

Frowning, he turned to Graham, a menacing and furious look appearing on his face. He flipped the dagger in his hand once more and shot it out.

Snow was dangling about seven meters up

in the air. Emerald Devil couldn't reach her, but that was okay because he used his dagger as a dart instead. At such close proximity, it was impossible for Snow, who was hanging there, to dodge this shot.

Snow had predicted how this dagger would pierce through her heart. With no way out, she could only close her eyes in fear.

However, just as the dagger left Emerald Devil's hand, a flying knife suddenly shot over.

Clang!

Right before Snow's eyes, the flying knife and dagger accurately collided, creating a dazzling spark. Then, both weapons fell to the ground.

Emerald Devil caught his dagger and glared dangerously at the direction where

this flying knife came from.

In that direction, a man seemingly in his forties appeared. He had a buff figure and a crimson red scar on his forehead. There was a row of flying knives tied around his waist.

“Goldman,” Emerald Devil called out the other person’s name with a malicious expression on his face.

This person addressed as ‘Goldman’ chuckled. “Emerald Devil, the Celestial Empire is my territory. Isn’t it rude of you to not send me any regards before hunting here?”

This Goldman was a citizen of the Celestial Empire and also a gold-ranked bounty hunter. Moreover, among the other hunters of the same rank, Goldman was

considered a powerful killer.

In the underground world where assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters existed, to outsiders, the nature of these people's jobs were similar. They mainly worked for money.

However, in reality, the essence of these three professions was different.

Assassins specialized in silent murders or hidden kills. Their main task was to kill people, so no matter if the target was a good or bad person, as long as money was involved, they would kill.

Mercenaries worked in groups. Their services not only included killing, but they could also serve as bodyguards, smugglers, murderers, or soldiers. Similarly, if their paymaster could afford it, they would do

anything.

The last were bounty hunters. This community was much smaller. Through the international dark web, they mainly pursued or hunted down targets posted on the bounty list. These people could be said to especially serve only bounties on major dark webs. Rumor had it that many bounty hunters worked closely with various countries' officials, so they were considered to be an existence of both justice and evil.

Emerald Devil smirked at Goldman with clear disdain on his face. "Goldman, cut the crap. Hunting has no borders."

"That's true." Goldman nodded as if he very much agreed with Emerald Devil. He continued to say, "We're all here because of Dark Shura, but who knew that we

would come across such an easy target after ascending this mountain?

“Emerald Devil, we’re not the only pursuers who have arrived at this mountaintop. We’re only lucky that we got here earlier.”

Emerald Devil nodded. “You’re right. So Goldman, what do you want? Do you still plan on fighting me?”

“No. We can collaborate.”

Having said that, Goldman drew out a knife from his waist, grinning at Snow who was still suspended in midair.

In the dark night, the scar on Goldman’s forehead was terrifying, making his entire face look appalling.

Emerald Devil’s lips cracked into a grin as

well. He and Goldman had reached a consensus after this brief conversation. Out of reflex, he flipped his palm over again and the dagger appeared in his hand. His eyes were staring fixedly at Snow.

“We’ll attack together and kill the prey quickly. Then, we’ll each take half of the bounty. How does that sound? Otherwise, once the others are here, this won’t be easy money anymore.”

“I was just thinking the same.”

Chapter 487 One After Another

The two men reached a consensus in the shortest possible time, shared an indistinguishable smile, and immediately prepared to strike.

It was as if the allure of the eighteen billion dollars was beckoning them.

That was when a voice rang out a distance away. “About that eighteen billion dollar reward... Everyone only found out when they pursued Dark Shura. Goldman, Emerald Devil, isn't it rather uncharitable of you to do such a thing?”

It was a woman's voice, speaking in heavily accented English.

Goldman and Emerald Devil's hearts

shuddered as they turned toward the source of the voice.

There, a woman in a skin-tight leather jacket with long, fiery red hair and sanguine piercers in her hand stepped forward.

“Bloody Rose.”

Goldman remained calm, but Emerald Devil failed to keep his composure.

It was because the person who had just arrived was also an assassin. Emerald Devil was ranked 14th on the world’s assassin ranking, while Bloody Rose ranked ninth.

This was no mere list of killers, but the most authentic and trustworthy assassin ranking in the world! All those on the list are the strongest and most renowned killers on the planet.

Although there were only a few differences between nine and fourteen, the gap was actually quite considerable in reality.

“How about counting me in?”

Bloody Rose was a very sexy and voluptuous beauty, but as her name suggested, she was incredibly cruel and domineering at heart. “I want thirteen billion.”

“You’re overstepping your boundaries, Bloody Rose.”

Emerald Devil did not dare to call the shots with Bloody Rose, but Goldman was clearly unconvinced. “Why should you get thirteen billion?”

“Hehe, because I’m more powerful than the likes of both of you.”

Bloody Rose stared down at Goldman with her lips curled upward. “You don’t believe me? Why don’t we go ahead and do a demonstration?”

Goldman subconsciously reached for the row of flying knives hanging at his waist. Emerald Devil, on the other hand, anxiously tried to placate the man. “We don’t have much time. Don’t do anything stupid.”

Then, he turned to look at Bloody Rose. “Miss Rose, you’re going too far by asking for that much. Shouldn’t you leave us something as well?”

“How about this? You can have half the profits, and the other half will be split between Goldman and me.”

A pensive look fell upon Bloody Rose’s face.

However, within a few seconds of her contemplation, another group of people came their way.

It was a line of more than a dozen tough, ruggedly built men that carried an air of ferocity. They were all dressed in leopard-like combat gear.

“The States’ Leopard Mercenary Corps.”

It was then when Emerald Devil fell into despair. He initially thought that he would gain the upper hand as he had the advantage of time. The bounty had been so close at hand.

Now it seemed his brilliant plan had fallen flat on its face.

Leopard Mercenary Corps was a very powerful mercenary group in the west.

The members of the group are all composed of retired military officers from America. This mercenary group was ranked one of the top five mercenary groups in the world.

Besides Leopard Mercenary Corps, several other figures seemed to have simultaneously emerged from various directions.

A man wearing a black trench coat and a cap, nicknamed Adam, was ranked seventh on the world's assassin ranking.

There was also a hulking man with a physique comparable to Matthew Collins—Grizzly Bear, a gold-ranked bounty hunter.

Several other assassins and bounty hunters also turned up in succession.

Within minutes, nearly two dozen

individuals made an appearance.

All of them were the world's top assassins, mercenaries, or bounty hunters.

“F*ck!”

Emerald Devil's plan had failed completely. He harshly smacked himself on his forehead as he regarded the mass of people around him in complete dismay.

Graham Cabot and White Snake's crew stood dumbfounded.

“What... What kind of crew is this?”

The way these men were dressed made them seem like characters out of a hot-blooded action film. The props and costumes were simply incredible.

“They're mercenaries and assassins.”

One of the staff members inhaled sharply.

It was as if they had been plunged into a cold pond. “These aren’t actors. They’re the real thing.”

For a time, everyone’s hearts, including Graham Cabot’s, was filled with intense fear. They all stood like wooden stumps as if every cell in their bodies had solidified.

“They’re here for Miss Snow Fenner.”

Graham Cabot was befuddled. He could not understand why Snow Fenner, who was in the entertainment industry, would have so many assassins and mercenaries pursuing her.

Even though Graham wanted to say something and ask if they had the wrong person, he didn’t dare to.

It was because they had already noticed that many of these people had guns

strapped to their waists.

“Get down.”

Someone whispered next to him, and the crew of White Snake obediently dropped to their knees with their hands up, trembling.

Emerald Devil was obviously not interested in the White Snake crew. While it was true that they killed with no remorse, the ones they take out are all individuals of value.

In other words, they had to kill to generate income. They would not arbitrarily murder if there were no profits to be made. Doing so would be a waste.

Thus, the crew members of White Snake were safe for the time being.

Snow Fenner was still suspended in the

air. Fear had consumed her entire being. She found herself incapable of understanding why so many people suddenly showed up to lay claim to her life.

And, what was this eighteen billion-dollar bounty they were talking about, anyway?

“Panthera, your Leopard Mercenary Corps is the world’s top mercenary regiment. There are many heavy firearms in the corps.

“And every time you guys go on a mission, you have to bring all your machine guns, rocket launchers, and Gatling guns. What’s going on today?

“Why does everyone in your regiment only have a small pistol on them? Where’s your beloved Gatling gun? Why didn’t you bring it with you?”

Adam, who was ranked seventh on the world's assassin ranking, spoke with a hint of banter in his tone. It was clear that he was on good terms with the commander of Leopard Mercenary Corps.

The commander, Panthera, hemmed and hawed, then shrugged. "This country is rather different. It's too damn strict. Those things can't even be shipped in. It was a lot of work just to get this peashooter in."

Chapter 488 Tyr... Tyr Summers

Having said that, Panthera brandished a finger-length army knife from his waist. “But, we Leopard Mercenary Corps, are not only good at screwing around with firearms. We’re also pretty good at non-explosive weapons.”

After that, Panthera swung the army knife in his hand, instantly severing the wire from which Snow Fenner was suspended. Snow, who was midair, fell to the ground.

Fortunately, other cables were hanging from her frame. Thus, the momentum of her fall had been largely diminished.

Snow Fenner had landed relatively safely.

She peered around, dazed and terrified,

trembling like a sheep in a wolf's den.

“Almost everyone is here.”

Adam's gaze swept through the audience. “This woman from Celestial Empire is worth eighteen billion dollars, which is equivalent to chum change. However, there are so many people here. We don't have to argue. I propose we kill her first, and the bounty will be distributed in proportion to the international rankings. What do you all say?”

No one in the room seemed to have much to say about the proposal.

The ones at the top are strong. Therefore, they rightfully deserved a larger share. Naturally, they wouldn't have a problem with the arrangement.

The ones at the bottom of the rankings are

relatively weak. Even if they had an opinion, they wouldn't dare to voice it.

“Alright, then let's give her a thrashing.”

Panthera raised his head in agreement and looked to one of his men, who instantly reached for his gun, aiming for Snow Fenner's head.

Leopard Mercenary Corps was the largest mercenary group globally and is also the most formidable in the area. When it came time to split the money, they would definitely receive a larger share.

“No.”

Finally, Lily Zimmerman, who had recovered from her fear, rushed over in a panic. She stared at the people present, her gaze pleading as she spluttered, “What are you doing? Have you mistaken her for

someone else?

“She’s just an actress who’s reserved and has never offended anyone. Why do you want to kill her?”

Lily was stricken by fear. When an ordinary person was suddenly confronted with such a large group of monsters with weapons in their hands, anyone would be petrified.

However, at this point, Lily couldn’t care less. Even though she knew that rushing up to protect Snow Fenner might cost her life, she still did so with no hesitation.

Lily shielded Snow and declared loudly, “You can’t kill her. You must have mistaken her for someone else. This is Celestial Empire so, you can't be negligent with your actions. If you dare to harm

innocents here, you won't be able to get out of this country alive.”

Seeing that a woman like Lily had stepped forward, Director Graham Cabot finally could not help but step in as he cautiously stammered, “That’s right. You must have got the wrong person.

“We’re just a film crew, and Miss Snow Fenner is just an actress. It would be impossible for her to have anything to do with any of you.

“Furthermore, Celestial Empire has always been known as the forbidden land of the underworld overseas. You better not indiscriminately harm innocents.”

“Are you trying to threaten us?” Leopard Mercenary Corps member was obviously more than a little impatient. He turned

around and pointed the muzzle of his gun at Graham Cabot. “What forbidden land? Have you bullsh*tted so much in movies that you think you can bluff your way through?”

At this point, the mercenary member had to pull the trigger at Graham. It was true that they didn't just kill whoever they wanted; after all, killing someone without getting paid was a waste.

However, if someone were to continue to pester them, they would not mind just finishing the person off.

In that instant, a looming presence of death enshrouded over Graham. He had even foreseen the moment when the bullet pierced through his skull.

However, at the moment the Leopard

Mercenary member pulled the trigger, a golden glimmer flashed across the night sky.

The mercenary member instantly froze in place and fell straight to the ground with a dull thud.

“What’s going on?”

Everyone present was taken aback as they subconsciously reached for the guns at their waists.

In the dead of night, a figure flickered with speed even faster than lightning.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The incessant clash of fists resounded around the site, followed by a series of blood-curdling screams.

None of them could properly gauge the

situation. The group of over two dozen men was all world-class powerhouses. To think so many would be killed among them, yet they had not seen what this unknown attacker looked like or even where he came from.

It was so terrifying that it left everyone in the room on edge.

Finally, the shadow figure began to slow down. He was like a demon from hell, standing proudly amid the congregation of powerhouses. He had an aura of austerity.

“T... Tyr... Tyr Summers.”

The first person who made out Tyr's visage was Emerald Devil. For the first time, his heart convulsed so violently that he felt shivers even as he spoke. He thought his eyes had been playing tricks

on him, but it turned out that he had not been mistaken after all.

“Tyr Summers, what are you doing here?”

When Adam and Bloody Rose recognized Tyr Summers, their reactions were not much different from that of Emerald Devil. Their hearts were almost pounding out of their chests as they instinctively felt a wave of fear crash over them.

Who was he?

He was the most influential and formidable master of Regal Palace, the most powerful organization overseas, and the one with the highest bounty on the dark net's bounty list.

Tyr Summer's reputation overseas, to a large extent, was almost god-like.

Therefore, these world-class powerhouses

were undoubtedly beholding a god, a deity of murder. How could they not fear him?

Tyr Summers strode up to Snow Fenner in front of everyone with a casual smile and helped the stricken Snow from the ground. “Scared?”

Snow was indeed frightened out of her wits. She was still as pale as a sheet.

“Brother... Brother Tyr.”

“This matter was my fault,” Tyr revealed. “But you’re safe now.”

With that, Tyr Summers turned toward Lily. “Get Little Snow out of here. Then all of you with the film crew, get out of Cherry Blossom Forest.”

Lily sprung into action and did as she was told. The White Snake crew, though

fearful, did not hesitate to retreat from the area.

The remaining dozen of the world's powerhouses watched the scene unfold. No one dared to make the slightest move.

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Chapter 489 Fear Across The Board

It was like watching eighteen billion dollars dissipate like smoke as Snow Fenner made a quick exit. The hearts of those present were frankly filled with misery.

Of course, Tyr Summers understood what these men were thinking. He scanned everyone present. Even though these people were internationally renowned and powerful, they were still mere insects to him.

“Disappointed? You should be glad you haven't had a chance to do anything to her yet because she's a good friend of mine.”

Tyr's voice was filled with a sense of

superiority as if he was an emperor giving a sermon to his subjects.

“Haha, Palace Master of Regal Palace, this was all a misunderstanding.”

Adam was the first to speak up with an extremely stiff smile on his face. “Now that you’ve seen that everyone is safe and sound; let’s leave it at that.”

The first to persuade him was Adam, who backed away cautiously as he spoke.

Seeing that Adam, ranked seventh on the list of killers, was backing off, fellow assassins Bloody Rose and Emerald Devil also cautiously retreated.

At the same time, Panthera paid obeisance to Tyr. “Palace Master of Regal Palace, we’re not here for you this time. You must understand. This was all just a

misunderstanding.”

“Yes, yes, you’ve got the wrong idea. We wouldn’t dare to hurt a friend of the Palace Master.” The other bounty hunter, Grizzly Bear, also hastily spoke up.

Despite so many formidable people being present, they were still overwhelmed by Tyr Summers' presence. One look from Tyr's eyes was enough to make their flesh creep.

Thus, the powerhouses carefully retreated backward as if they were avoiding a plague.

However, Tyr's voice suddenly boomed. “Do you think this is a wet market where you can come and go as you please?”

One sentence instantly caused the temperature in the area to drop several degrees.

Everyone present felt their scalp prickle. They had been worried about Tyr uttering those words, and now their fears had finally been realized.

“Regal Palace Master, you... you’ve really got the wrong idea.”

Tyr huffed as he laughed as he stared up at the mountain a distance away.

A full moon hung high in the night sky. On the peak of that mountain beneath the moonlight stood a silhouette of a man.

It was a dark shape. Even though Tyr couldn’t discern what the figure looked like from a distance, he had already imprinted that image in his mind.

A man in a black cloak that revealed only one eye, staring straight at Cherry

Blossom Forest. The corner of his lips were slightly curled up underneath the shroud.

“This was what you wanted to see, Dark Shura? To lure all these assassins here just to watch me besieged by these people, so I get a taste of what it’s like for you to be chased all over the world by them all the time?”

“Hehe, I really can’t see through you. Why do you seem so naive, like a brat?”

“In that case, it is as you wish.

“After all, this is your final wish.”

When he spotted Dark Shura at the peak, under the full moon, a sense of relief flooded over Tyr. How relaxing.

It was like the ease and satisfaction of finally getting the answer to a question

one had been searching for.

Every one of them felt their scalp go numb. No one dared to take a single step away when he forbade them from fleeing. After all, they were facing an existence as powerful as that of a god.

“What do you intend to do, Regal Palace Master?” Panthera took a deep breath, bowing to his fate as he asked Tyr Summers.

Tyr chided, “This is Celestial Empire, my homeland. You people have violated a rule by trespassing here.”

“And then, you tried to kill a friend of mine. If I, Tyr Summers, do nothing and let you go scot-free, then tell me, how am I supposed to establish myself abroad? How can Regal Palace still play the tyrant

overseas?”

There was a significant weight behind Tyr's words. They were far from preposterous as they represented the strength and honor of Regal Palace.

“So what?” Emerald Devil bit the bullet as he stammered. “What do you want?”

Tyr gently kneaded his temples, and once again scanned his audience and remarked, “You would have been dead where you stood if this exchange had happened in the past.”

Everyone's hearts were in their throats as those words left his mouth.

Tyr, on the other hand, smiled faintly. “Don't be so nervous. As I said, that was in the past. I have met a worldly expert in a remote, thickly-forested mountain. He

was kind to me.

“He mentioned the purity of Goddess Mountain is hard-won and does not wish for blood to defile the site. Therefore, I propose for all of you to break your arm and you’ll be free to leave.”

“What?”

As soon as his declaration was made, everyone began to complain, with vehemence, as they stared at Tyr with a look of alarm and fury in their eyes.

Adam was the first to speak up. “Regal Palace Master, aren’t you going too far? This was a misunderstanding. On top of that, we weren’t intentionally targeting you.”

“Why are you so aggressive just because everyone is in one piece?”

“Trying to make us break our own arms. That’s absolutely impossible. We’re never going to do that.”

“We know you are a formidable man, Regal Palace Master. But we are definitely not as weak as you think. If you really want a fight to the death, you may not be able to fight us all off if we were to team up.”

Tyr guffawed as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

“So, between an arm and a life, you want the arm but not the life. Do I understand it right?”

“Regal Palace Master, that was not what we meant. It’s just...”

“I’ve given you a way out. It’s fine if you don’t value my generosity.”

An extremely powerful aura burst out from Tyr's being as the entire Cherry Blossom Forest was suddenly shrouded in this terrifying aura. The woodland had transformed into an infernal hell with a blink of an eye.

“Since you don't know what's good for you, you may as well die here.”

As soon as the words left him, Tyr rushed toward a Leopard Mercenary Corps member and delivered a punch to the man's face.

Click!

The sound of the mercenary's skull fracturing could be heard with great clarity in the gloom of night.

Chapter 490 Butchering Livestock

The Leopard Mercenary Corps member was sent flying seven or eight meters and was dead before he hit the ground.

“Tyr Summers, you’re going too far.”

Panthera was left frozen to the spot. They had even resorted to groveling and even begging Tyr Summers.

However, the other man had been overtaken by his wrath as Tyr had killed his subordinate in cold blood with no warning. Such a thing would be too much for anyone to bear.

“Son of a b*tch, go after him! I don’t believe that all these people here can’t f*ck you over, Tyr Summers.

“Stop hesitating. That’s forty-eight billion dollars. We’ll have a total of sixty-six billion if we include that other woman’s bounty. That’s enough for everyone to spend for the rest of our lives. If we continue to wimp out, everyone will have to answer for our transgressions today.”

Panthera’s words instantly aroused everyone’s interest. ‘He’s right. We’re going to die anyway, so why not fight to the death?’

If they died, well, that was that. However, if they won, they would be guaranteed a lifetime of prosperity.

“Charge!”

Adam, Grizzly Bear, Bloody Rose, Emerald Devil, and Goldman were all in high spirits. Their hostile and bloodthirsty aura surged

forth instantly.

Suddenly, Cherry Blossom Forest was filled with murderous intent, and a battle commenced.

Tyr was no different. His speed was so beyond comprehension that afterimages were left in his wake. With every step he took, an opponent would fall.

Once he attacked, the men were either crippled or directly killed.

In less than a minute, twenty of the world-renowned powerhouses had their numbers reduced by half.

Panthera, Adam, and the others felt a chill down their spines at the sight.

Regal Palace's Palace Master was indeed worthy of his name. His true strength was

more terrifying than they had imagined.

Slash! Swish! Rip! Slash!

A flurry of flying daggers flew toward Tyr, but all of them effortlessly were dodged.

The last dagger was in Tyr's grasp. He grinned from ear to ear as he stared at Goldman.

“Your flying dagger can't hurt me in the slightest. But, mine has no problem doing just that.”

With a twitch of Tyr's hand, the flying dagger in his grasp shot out like lightning in a straight line.

Whoosh!

Goldman expected himself to have dodged the blade, yet he could not comprehend how it had pierced his neck and left him

for dead.

His vision went black as blood spurted out of his mouth, and he slumped over to the ground.

That was a gold-ranked bounty hunter. He was such a powerful being, and yet he couldn't hold up to the Tyr's casual flick of a wrist.

An army knife was thrown Tyr's way alongside a dagger.

With a sideways glance, Tyr outmaneuvered the army knife that was coming down upon him and then disarmed the person with the dagger by snatching it away.

Splat!

The dagger in Tyr's hand pierced through

Emerald Devil's chest. The blade and its hilt penetrated Emerald Devil's body in a single strike.

In through the chest, out through the back, leaving a pair of bloody puncture holes.

The top assassins on the world's assassin rankings were nothing before Tyr Summers.

Be it Panthera, Adam, or Bloody Rose, not one of them wasn't horror-struck.

That was the Regal Palace's Palace Master's true strength. Was this f*cker even human? How could they continue to fight?

Looking at the ground littered with corpses, Panthera and the others could not help but feel regret.

If they had known this would be the case,

they would have just broken one of their arms and left. However, there was no use crying over spilled milk.

At that moment, at the summit of the mountain.

The night breeze blew, ruffling Dark Shura's black cloak.

He stood at the peak of the mountain, his hands clasped in front of his chest. His eyes were as dark and penetrating as black holes in the depths of the universe, capable of devouring all that was in their paths.

“You’ve gotten so much stronger over the past two years.

“It seems like these people are nothing more than ants before you.”

Dark Shura released a pent up, shallow

breath, not quite knowing the reason for his sigh.

There was shock but also a smidgen of exhilaration.

“Tyr Summers, if there were such a thing as a parallel world in this universe, do you think we might have been friends in an alternate reality?”

Dark Shura suddenly broke into chuckles. For a while, the entire mountain top echoed with his bizarre and frightening laugh, as if he were truly Shura from the hell realm.

Meanwhile, at Cherry Blossom Forest, the so-called world-renowned experts had all nearly been eradicated by Tyr Summers in under a few minutes.

Grizzly Bear was known for his strength

and trod a path similar to Matthew Collins' s own. He was also many times stronger than Matthew.

However, he was just as vulnerable as the next person in front of Tyr. Tyr blew him away with a single punch, breaking all his ribs and rupturing his internal organs, leaving him for dead.

Adam, Panthera, and Bloody Rose were no different. By the end of the fight, they were so defeated by Tyr that they no longer had a desire to fight and simply turned around to flee.

But, how could they possibly escape?

Naturally, the answer was that there was no escape. In the end, Tyr reaped the lives of all present like a bolt of thunder.

The outcome was the same whether they

were a top assassin, a professional mercenary, or an unstoppable bounty hunter.

Tyr slaughtered them in such a brutal manner that it looked as if he was butchering livestock.

There was a strong scent of blood in Cherry Blossom Forest. Many of the trees had their trunks snapped off and their branches stained with blood.

Corpses were everywhere under Tyr's feet. Each one of them had died in terror. Despite their reluctance, River Styx was their only way out.

From the outbreak of the battle to the present, everyone had been wiped out within minutes. Tyr, on the other hand, was unscathed.

This fight was far more brutal than the previous battle between Dark Shura and other world-renowned powerhouses in Myanmar. The consequences were likewise far more devastating.

In other words, Tyr was, without a doubt, stronger than Dark Shura.

Tyr wiped the few droplets of sweat off his forehead with his hand and looked over to the mountains again.

Concurrently, Dark Shura remained standing there, as if he was deliberately waiting for Tyr.

“Dark Shura, tonight, we end this once and for all.”

Tyr left Cherry Blossom Forest and then marched toward the mountain peak.

He ambled along with no urgency and was not the slightest bit anxious.

It was because there was no need to worry at all.

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Chapter 491 The Battle Of Destiny

He knew very well that if Dark Shura were determined to wait for him there, no matter how slowly he walked, Dark Shura would remain in his position.

If Dark Shura chickened out like he did last time, it wouldn't matter even if Tyr Summers rushed over. Dark Shura would, no doubt, be gone by the time Tyr showed up.

However, Tyr had an inkling in his heart that Dark Shura would wait for him with no intention of fleeing this time.

Just as expected, when Tyr reached the summit, Dark Shura had not left. He remained on his feet, waiting for Tyr.

The full moon hung high in the sky. To

either side, the two top powerhouses stood across from one another, their gazes meeting.

“You’ve finally arrived.”

“You’ve finally come.”

Tyr Summers and Dark Shura uttered nearly the exact words at the same time.

It was as if they had all been waiting for this moment for a long, long time.

“I’ve been having countless hallucinations. I see you on almost every occasion. My sixth sense kept telling me that you were going to show up soon. It looks like my intuition was right.”

Dark Shura chuckled. “Is that so? It truly is a great honor to be kept in your thoughts, Regal Palace Master.

“I am no different. Every time I fall asleep, I dream of you.”

“Oh?”

Tyr smiled faintly. “But I will not be flattered by that, Dark Shura. You slew so many of my brethren in that battle more than two years ago. Today is the time for me to avenge the deaths of those Nemesis members.”

Dark Shura sighed. “Tyr Summers, how many members did Nemesis even have? Shadow Totem had over ten thousand people slaughtered by Regal Palace, so who am I going to cry to?”

“That’s true.”

Tyr extended his arms and stretched out. He even cracked his knuckles.

“Since that’s the case, I guess we have nothing more to say to each other. Dark Shura, the battle between you and I has yet to be resolved. So, let’s be done with it today.”

As soon as he finished, Tyr rushed toward Dark Shura like a cannonball.

“Sure.”

Dark Shura did not shy away from him and instead threw out a punch. When the two fists collided, it was like the air reverberated around them.

The two top powerhouses finally clashed against one another under the gaze of the full moon. An extremely overbearing atmosphere encompassed the entire peak.

Dark Shura was definitely the most

powerful of all the pros Tyr had encountered so far.

The guy was considered top-notch no matter what aspect he was judged for. A man worthy of being Shadow Totem's strongest.

Likewise, Tyr was also the strongest opponent Dark Shura had ever come across.

Thus, Tyr and Dark Shura fought with no reservations throughout the battle.

It was about taking responsibility for oneself and giving one's opponent the utmost respect.

Tyr and Dark Shura had exchanged more than a hundred blows within a few breaths. The speed of their punches exceeded the maximum speed of an

average human being could ever achieve. It was way beyond human limits.

Neither Tyr nor Dark Shura felt the slightest bit fatigued after the altercation. On the contrary, the more they fought, the more energetic they became. This battle was destined to go down in history.

In the end, after more than a hundred bouts of bare-knuckle combat, each suffered heavy blows from the other.

However, it was clear that Dark Shura currently had the upper hand.

Tyr was still the strongest Palace Master of Regal Palace. Even if his opponent was Shadow Totem's number one grim reaper, he was still no match for Tyr.

Whoosh!

The sound of a sharp weapon pierced

through the air. A black Shura Blade materialized in Dark Shura's hand. The weapon sliced transversely as if it has slashed an opening through space.

Tyr quickly backed up, but a slash was left on his shirt. Thankfully, he was not bodily harmed.

However, that was already quite a scare. Dark Shura's slash was able to slice through Tyr's shirt, which meant his next blow would, without a doubt, cut through Tyr's chest.

Dark Shura stroked his palm over his Shura Blade.

The weapon was made specifically for him. It matched his name; the blade was pitch black and had numerous images of Shura engraved on it.

With the Shura Blade in hand, Dark Shura was like a tiger with wings. His fighting strength seemed to have been enhanced by a significant amount.

Clang!

However, when Dark Shura's blade struck Tyr, Tyr singlehandedly blocked the Shura Blade with a sharp metal knife.

He even knocked Dark Shura back two steps.

A silver knife about a finger long appeared in Tyr's hand. The knife came from the set of seventy-two Bian Que Needles passed to him by Beggar King. It was used to perform surgery on others.

However, in Tyr's hands, it could be used as a weapon and exert tremendous power.

Tyr had yet to be able to figure out what material the needles and knives were made of.

Take the silver scalpel in Tyr's hands, for example. He could hardly feel its weight in his hand, but it was so sharp that it could cut clean through iron as though it were mud.

Moreover, it was so sturdy that Tyr had once shot a gun at it to verify its sturdiness.

The bullet had ricocheted off as a result of the experiment, but there was no sign left on the surface of the blade to suggest where it had been shot.

This set of tools were as scary as hell!

Tyr had mentioned a long time ago that he was a decathlete, and he was definitely not

bragging. He was indeed an athlete who participated in decathlons.

The silver knife, which was only a finger long, could be used as a flying dagger and as a melee weapon, and of course, most importantly, it could be used to perform surgery.

The blade could be used not only to save lives but also to kill.

In a blink of an eye, the duo went back at it again. The continuous clanging of their respective weapons that could be heard atop the peak was very pleasing to the ears. It was as if the two men were performing a beautiful piece of music with the weapons in their hands.

Clang!

After the fiery encounter, Tyr and Dark

Shura both stumbled a few steps back as if they were two magnets repelling one another.

They both steadied themselves.

Several holes had appeared on Dark Shura's black cloak, and there was even blood streaming from those lacerations.

The only person who could force Dark Shura into a tight corner was Tyr Summers.

Chapter 492 The Cobra Mercenaries

Of course, Tyr Summers was not completely unscathed either. Not only was the shirt on his chest area cut by Dark Shura just now, but he also had a cut on his shoulder, but none of it was a big deal.

However, these injuries also show how powerful Dark Shura was.

After all, Dark shura was the only person who was skilled enough to hurt Tyr.

Dark Shura straightened the blade in his hand. Then, he let out a cackling laugh. “Just as I expected of Tyr, the man who snuffed Dark Totem.

“It’s been a long time for someone to be

able to hurt me. Don't get cocky. The battle has just begun!"

As soon as he said that, Dark Shura danced with a strange pace and relaunched an attack at Tyr.

Swish!

A flock of bats flew past the full moon. The scene was mysterious and spooky!

On the other hand, Winifred Zea and Helen Cole, who were at the hotel, noticed that something must have gone wrong.

Tyr had been gone for several hours but still had not returned. Winifred guessed that something must have happened.

"Mommy, where did Daddy go? Why hasn't he come back yet? The buns that Little Blair left for Daddy has turned cold."

Blair Zea might be a rich girl now, but she was still fond of steamed buns.

Every time she dined, steamed buns remain the most delicious and precious food she ever had.

Tonight, the steamed buns prepared by the hotel were delicious. Therefore, after the meal, Blair had purposely saved up a few for her father.

However, several hours had passed, yet Tyr hadn't come back. Blair was longing to see her father.

Winifred's heart was equally unsettled. She called Tyr several times. At first, his phone was switched off, and then there was no answer, which was somewhat abnormal.

“Tyr, what the hell are you doing?”

Winifred looked out the window, but it was pitch black outside. The trees' shadows in the distance were dancing like a herd of demons, making Winifred's grow increasingly uneasy.

“Mommy, I want to go out and look for Daddy.”

Blair raised her head up and looked at Winifred with her big and watery eyes expectantly and said, “Find... Daddy!”

Winifred was a bit confused by her daughter's action. Somehow, she agreed with her request.

“Okay.”

Winifred held Blair's hand, and together, they walked out of the hotel.

In the meantime, Jacob Zea and Helen

were sitting on a bench outside, watching the night scene. When they saw Blair and Winifred, Helen asked them at once, “Winifred, where has Tyr gone? Why hasn’t he come home yet?”

“I have no idea.”

Winifred shook her head and said, “Little Blair and I want to go out and look for him.”

“Are you kidding me?”

Helen was furious, “Where are you going to find him in this thickly-forested mountain? What if something happens to you?”

Jacob, who was on the side, tried to coax her, too. “That’s right, Winifred. You mustn’t roam around. Even if you are safe from any danger, it’s still perilous to get

lost in this mountain.”

“Don’t worry. Tyr is such a powerful man, surely nothing will go wrong. He should be back soon.”

Winifred was quite worried about Tyr. She did intend to go out to look for Tyr just now, but her parents were right. If she brought Blair with her now, it would definitely be unwise.

In the end, she changed her mind. She planned to stay at the hotel and wait for Tyr to return.

She called Tyr now and then, but still, no one answered.

Meanwhile, a group of five silhouettes headed toward the hotel entrance and finally stopped at the hotel’s front door.

The one in the lead was a long-haired

woman; she was wearing a pair of black sunglasses. The woman had a tall, slender figure and a cobra tattoo on her neck.

The rest of the group behind her were also similarly styled. They wore unique black combat uniforms with different types of venomous snakes tattooed on the top of their heads, shoulders, or waists.

The group of people emitted a cold aura. When they stood in front of the hotel, it gave off the feeling as if five poisonous snakes had occupied the spot.

“Boas, are you sure that Tyr’s family is inside this hotel?”

The woman in the lead glared at the hotel in front of her and slowly spoke in English. Her voice emitted the same iciness. “This is, after all, Celestial Empire. International

underground forces like us need to be careful about this place. If it isn't essential, we cannot simply kill people as we like here.

“If your information is wrong, and we willfully slaughter the innocent here. None of us would be able to leave this country alive.”

A man next to her hurriedly replied, “My Queen, the intel is absolutely accurate. Tyr's family is accompanied by some filming crews to shoot a movie here. The entire hotel is chartered by them. The crew members are out now, but Tyr's family is still in the hotel.

“And I've found out that Dark Shura deliberately releases the 300 million dollars bounty for that celebrity on the dark web. Though everyone who came

after us has gone to look for the movie crews, I have a feeling that Dark Shura is definitely up to something.”

The woman sneered and answered, “I have nothing to do with Dark Shura’s plot. I certainly have no desire to go after any bounty right now. I just want Tyr to be overwhelmed with grief and suffer a fate worse than death!

Then, the woman looked up into the night sky, where the full moon was particularly scarlet.

She took off her sunglasses. The pair of eyes beneath the sunglasses looked somewhat bloodshot.

“Tyr killed the love of my life and has murdered so many of our brothers in Cobra Mercenaries. Today, my chance to

get revenge has finally arrived,
muahahaha”

In front of the entrance, the woman let out a peal of loud laughter. The few men behind her also giggled like psychopaths.

Almost three years ago, there was a strong mercenary group overseas. The group used a snake totem as their battle flag and called themselves Cobra Mercenaries.

The mercenary group leader was a man and a woman, a married couple called ‘King Viper’ and ‘Queen Viper’.

The couple was strong in their own right, but also competent as leaders. Within a few years, the group had risen into one of the top mercenary groups in the world.

The group could be ranked among the top five or even in the world’s top three during

their peak.

Three years ago, the conflict between Regal Palace and Dark Totem became increasingly severe. They would even engage in large-scale battles from time to time.

Dark Totem had always been in a disadvantageous position. In the end, it was even beaten by Regal Palace to the point where the organization was severely short of combat masters and elite fighters.

Chapter 493 Queen Viper Is Here

Back then, Dark Totem was a celebrated international organization consisting of older generations of leaders and generals. While Regal Palace was a newly established organization, the leaders and generals were passionate young people.

All in all, Regal Palace was fearless, while Dark Totem had been often over-cautious. In the end, Dark Totem realized that they were no match for Regal Palace. Then, the organization resorted to spending a great deal of money to recruit combat masters worldwide to deal with Regal Palace.

Dark Totem hired Cobra Mercenaries to fight against Regal Palace.

Back in the days, Cobra Mercenaries had

nearly two hundred members. The group had enlisted a large number of skilled fighters, and they were equipped with top-notch weapons.

Together with King and Queen Viper's efficient leadership, the group was a force to be reckoned with during their golden era.

Then, Cobra Mercenaries began to deal with Regal Palace. In the beginning, they had severely injured their opponents in several battles. They even succeeded in killing one of the Regal Palace's generals.

Tyr was furious with the incident.

Eventually, he personally led the team and fought a battle against Cobra Mercenaries.

Tyr fully demonstrated the outstanding ability of the Palace Master of Regal Palace

in that battle. Not only did he defeat Cobra Mercenaries, but he also killed nearly 200 members of the group, which was somewhat equivalent to annihilating Cobra Mercenaries.

Also, Tyr had even ended King Viper brutally. Hence, Cobra Mercenaries was almost exterminated by him.

Queen Viper barely made it out alive under the protection of King Viper.

Since then, Cobra Mercenaries had ceased to exist internationally. But, it was clear to many people that the group never completely vanished.

It was because Queen Viper was still around. She had been leading the remnants of the mercenary group all these years. Hoping that she would kill Tyr and

destroy Regal Palace and avenge King Viper one day.

This time, Cobra Mercenaries were on the mission after Dark Shura. The intel led them to Celestial Empire, but they found out Tyr's relatives' whereabouts in the middle of the task.

Cobra Mercenaries then decided to give up on the 300 billion dollars bounty and came directly to the hotel.

King and Queen Viper had always had deep feelings for each other. When Tyr killed King Viper, Queen Viper was heartbroken for many years.

Naturally, Queen Viper wanted to kill Tyr's wife and daughter so that he could also taste the pain of losing his family.

'Tyr, there is a saying in Celestial Empire,

one should bide one's time and wait for the right opportunity to seek vengeance. Three years had passed since you killed my husband. Today, I will kill your wife and daughter to avenge my husband.

'Do you have any idea how I've survived all these years? Oh, Tyr, all the pain I've suffered, now you have to taste it too!'

After thinking that, Queen Viper put the pair of black sunglasses back on. Her group of mercenaries then accompanied her as she walked into the hotel.

"Stop, who are you?"

"This hotel has been booked. No one else is allowed to enter."

As soon as Queen Viper and others stepped into the hotel, two security guards approached and stopped them. The hotel

management had done a fine job with their security measures.

Both of the security guards looked very tough and sturdy. They were retired military officers.

Queen Viper scanned the security guards. She didn't reply but continued forward.

One of the mercenaries behind her pulled out a curved machete.

“Hey, stop there!”

One of the security guards chased after Queen Viper. He tried to grab her shoulder with his hand.

Suddenly, one of the mercenaries attacked the security guard. He chopped off the security guard's arm with the machete.

Agh...

A scream broke at the hotel entrance. The slash had cut off the security guard's wrist. His blood was spurting out of the stump, while his palm fell to the ground.

“What?”

The other security guard was dumbfounded. He didn't even have time to react when the man turned around and slashed his throat. A long wound appeared in the guard's throat, followed by a spurt of blood, and he fell straight to the ground.

Soon, the group of five managed to step into the hotel. Two dead bodies were left unattended at the hotel entrance.

Winifred, Blair, and the others were still waiting for Tyr to return. They waited for him in the recreation area in front of the hotel.

Next to them was an old tree, and Torbert Octavius was sleeping in it.

Torbert didn't have any particular hobby other than sleeping.

Suddenly, Torbert opened his eyes wide and jumped down from the tree as if he had sensed something.

“Winifred, take your parents and Blair and go into the house, quickly.”

Torbert put on a serious face. This was the first time Winifred had seen him this serious after knowing each other for a long time.

“Brother Torbert, what's wrong?”

Winifred was confused.

“Stop wasting time. Get inside now.”

Torbert didn't have much time to explain

to Winifred and the others. Luckily, the group followed his instruction obediently and entered the hotel with Blair immediately.

“Winifred, once you enter the room. Lock the door, close the curtains, and don’t look outside. Keep an eye on Blair. Make sure to cover her eyes.

“Otherwise, I’m afraid she’ll have nightmares for a lifetime.”

Torbert was deadly serious with his words. Winifred nodded and hurriedly entered the hotel.

She entered the same room with her parents and Blair. Then, she locked the door and drew the curtains behind her.

It was pitch black inside. Yet, the family dared not switch on the lights. The entire

room was filled with an atmosphere of tension and panic.

“Winifred, what’s going on... what kind of evil spirits did Tyr mess with?”

Helen was nervous and sweaty all over. She couldn’t hold back her curiosity. She wanted to go over to the window to find out what was going on.

“Stop it, Mom.” Winifred grabbed Helen firmly and told her firmly, “Torbert must have his reasons. Let’s not cause him more trouble.”

“But...” Helen wanted to say something else, but then she thought about it and dropped the conversation.

Then, she put her ear close to the curtain and quietly listened to the movements outside. Someone was approaching them;

the sounds of the footsteps were clear to Helen's ears.

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Chapter 494 Kill Them All

The footsteps make sounds similar to the sound of rustling leaves when one was walking barefoot.

Queen Viper and the four mercenaries walked straight toward the hotel and finally stopped at the bottom of the tree.

Torbert Octavius stood there lazily, but his gaze was sharp as a razor blade.

He looked up and down, scanning the group of five. Then, he spoke with an authoritative tone, as overbearing as Tyr Summer. "I don't care who you are. This is not the place for you. Get out of here now."

Queen Viper and her group all frowned as they stared at Torbert.

Tobert wasn't dressed like a beggar. He was wearing formal clothes. He appeared to be clean and neat. Combined with his good looks, he looked young and handsome.

'Where's the pretty face from?'

Queen Viper muttered as she continued to walk. She didn't take Tobert seriously at all.

Tobert moved in front of Queen Viper. He then looked at them with a provocative look. "Are you guys deaf?"

"Oh, right. I forgot that you guys aren't local."

Tobert used his hands to smoothen his hair twice. Then, he pointed at Queen Viper and said in broken Russian, "You, get -out, now!"

He was under the impression that he spoke Russian well. However, as soon as he said that, a mercenary who was behind Queen Viper, made a sudden lunge at him.

The same mercenary slayed the two security guards in front of the hotel with the curved machete.

Swish!

The blade's cold light flashed as fast as a bolt of lightning and struck Torbert's head.

Torbert narrowed his eyes and dodged the slash instantly by moving backward.

At the same time, Torbert made his move. He danced with eccentric steps and attacked with tricky moves. Next, he managed to grab the mercenary's armpit and squeezed it hard.

Argh...

The mercenary let out a painful scream. Torbert's grip was even more gut-wrenching than breaking off his arm.

Then, Torbert swung the mercenary over his head with the same grip and smashed him hard to the ground.

Boom!

Following the loud boom, the tiles under their feet cracked outward, spreading like a spider web. The mercenary was crushed on the spot. He was vomiting blood, and his armpits were a bloody mess.

All of this happened in a flash of lightning.

Torbert brushed his palms. Then, he continued to stare at Queen Viper and the rest of the group with that fierce look in

his eyes. He said coldly, in broken Russian again, "OUT! now, or else, DIE!"

"Combat master."

Queen Viper and the mercenaries behind her were startled. Their expression turned solemn.

They didn't expect that Tyr Summers would actually assign such a powerful combat master to guard the hotel. It wasn't the first time this group of people dealt with Regal Palace. They knew some of those combat masters of Regal Palace.

Yet, they had never encountered the man who stood in front of them.

Instantly, Queen Viper and the others became much cautious with their moves.

All of them drew out their weapons, and

Queen Viper commanded, "Kill him."

All three mercenaries sprang out from behind Queen Viper like cheetahs. Then, they moved as speedily as a beam of light and pounced at Tobert.

Each of them held a sharp knife in their hand. The mercenaries' movements were swift and ruthless. All of their attacks were directed at the weak spots of Torbert's body.

However, Torbert was not an easy man to kill. He was a super fierce fighter who was capable of fighting with Tyr for many rounds.

Even under the coordinated strikes from all three mercenaries, Torbert's wasn't flustered at all. He remained fierce and potent. It wasn't a big deal for him to fight

three against one.

However, these three mercenaries were powerful too. Their skills were worthy of being the top five or even top three mercenary members of the International Mercenary Organization.

Each of them possesses awfully forceful single-armed combat abilities.

Also, the cooperation between them was pretty synchronized. These men could attack and defend against their opponent's smoothly. In no time, they adjusted themselves and formed into an airtight attack mode.

Under the night, several silhouettes were speeding through the night. The sounds of cold knives rang through the night sky. It resonated with all kinds of roars from a

wild beast.

Through the window's curtains, Helen Cole could hear the sounds coming from outside relatively clear back at the hotel room. She was also aware that a fight must have taken place outside.

She couldn't help but lift a corner of the curtain and peeked.

Then, she saw the battle scene between Torbert and Cobra Mercenaries outside.

Every move was shocking for Helen. They were like scenes from a martial arts movie.

"Who the hell are these people, and what do they want?"

Helen didn't dare to take another look after one glance. Even from such a distance, she could feel the terrifying aura

emanating from those people.

It was the kind of vibes that made Helen frightened and terrified.

She turned around, looked at Winifred Zea in horror, and said, "Winifred, this..."

Winifred had mixed feelings about what was happening. The only thing she could think of was to hug her daughter tightly and to keep telling her that they were playing a game of hiding and seek.

Although, she knew that this statement was too weak to fool a smarty pants like Blair Zea, she felt more at ease when she said so.

Then, Winifred's phone rang. Her nerves shook, and she muted the phone spontaneously.

It was a call from Snow Fenner. Winifred

didn't put too much thought into it. She slid the answer button at once.

"Little Snow." Winifred's voice was hushed and a little nervous.

"Sister Winifred, is everything alright on your side? Our crew was under attack just now.

"A bunch of foreign mercenaries and killers barged into Cherry Blossom Forest. It's where we were filming. They came to kill me."

Those words made Winifred's heart feel like it was suspended in midair. She hurriedly asked, "Little Snow, how are you guys doing now? Are you alright?"

"We're fine, Sister Winifred."

Snow, on the other end of the phone, still

looked like she was about to have a heart attack. "Big Brother Tyr appeared at the critical moment, and then..."

Snow was cautious with her words at this point, some words were right at the tip of her tongue, yet she wasn't sure how to form those words into a sentence.

"What next, Little Snow. Say it.

"Where is Tyr? How is he?"

Snow took a deep breath and said, "Big Brother Tyr seems to be fine now, he... he had all those people killed!"

Chapter 495 The Waddle Sleeping Fist

Snow Fenner's words were shocking. The room became strangely quiet after those words.

Both Helen Cole and Jacob Zea felt numb with the revelation. They turned their gaze toward Winifred Zea, eyeing her with a strange look. Even Blair Zea couldn't help herself and stare at her mother with her big beautiful eyes.

Winifred also felt the numbness on the back of her head. She said, "Little Snow, are you... Are you joking with me?"

"Sister Winifred, I wouldn't dare to joke with you on this matter. Every one of the crews saw it on our way to escape Cherry

Blossom Forest. All of us saw it from the outside.

“Those people were way too scary. We didn’t even manage to carry our equipment with us. We didn’t dare to film them, either. But, I’m pretty sure that those men were international assassins and mercenaries. There were more than twenty of them.

“Sister Winifred, I’m calling you to check the situation on your side. Where did all these people come from? Is everything okay on your side?”

Winifred took a deep breath and said, “It’s fine for now. Little Snow, make sure you inform the crew that none of you should come back until you hear from me again.

“Also, is Brother Tyr with you now?”

“Nope.”

Little Snow replied, “There is a ghostly figure on top of the mountain. Brother Tyr was chasing after him.

“Sister Winifred, what should we do now?”

“I don’t know,” Winifred said. “Take care of yourselves. Since Tyr has dared to leave you all behind to chase after that person, that means you are safe now.

“But remember, don’t come back to the hotel now.”

Snow, on the other end of the phone, became worried. “Sister Winifred, is there trouble at the hotel?”

“Don’t worry about me. I’m fine here.”

Winifred didn’t want to talk much on the

phone. She directly hung up.

Then, once again, the room plunged into a frightening silence.

What happened today was definitely not a coincidence but a premeditated plan. It was a plot directed at Tyr. His enemies had already started to threaten the safety of those around him.

Outside, under the tree, Torbert Octavius and Cobra Mercenaries were still fighting.

There was no doubt that Torbert was a tough man. He was able to overpower those mercenaries, even when it was one-against-three combat. At this point, Torbert had already seriously injured two of the mercenaries.

At this critical moment, Queen Viper, who had been standing on the sidelines

watching Torbert's moves, suddenly launched her attack.

Queen Viper might be a woman, but her strength was definitely comparable with the strongest men in the world.

One of the merits of Queen Viper was that she had an adaptive learning ability. After reading any moves once, she would figure out her opponent's moves and even use those moves to her advantage.

Queen Viper hadn't made a move but was standing aside to learn Torbert's moves earlier on. It was apparent that now she had seen almost everything.

Boom!

With a muffled sound, Queen Viper's fist unexpectedly smashed into Torbert's back. The force sent him flying out of the room.

Torbert's spat out a mouthful of blood. Then, he turned to Queen Viper. "Woman, you are fucking mean."

Although she couldn't understand what Torbert was saying, she could roughly guess that Torbert must be scolding her by his expression.

However, none of this matters. After all, might makes right; winning was all that mattered.

Hula!

Queen Viper pulled something out from her waist. The item looked like a belt.

However, a closer look would reveal that it wasn't a belt but a Serpentine Sword. The sword seemed to look alive in the dark. It was as if the snake was moving half of its

body in the air. The snake scales were closely arranged; the sword had quite a terrifying appearance.

Queen Viper waved the sword in her hand and moved so swiftly that she turned into a shadow and rushed toward Torbert.

In just a few breaths of time, Torbert was injured by Queen Viper. She left behind several cuts with her attack.

There was blood flowing out of these cuts. Torbert's felt a burning sensation from the wound.

“What’s going on?”

Torbert was shocked. He was clueless as to why all his moves were seen through by the opponent. It allowed Queen Viper to dodge every move made by Torbert.

Every time she waived her sword, a bloody

wound would open on Torbert's body.

Torbert sensed that the situation was not quite right. He dodged Queen Viper as fast as he could. He had already foreseen the terror that Queen Viper was capable of casting. He was terrified that Queen Viper might have figured out all his moves.

“This woman is goddamn scary.”

Torbert inhaled sharply. He had to see the lady from new perspectives.

Those moves were inherited from the Beggar King, and it was awfully messy. It was Torbert who had comprehended the motions as he learned them. He infused some understanding of his own, from when he was begging on the street, such as those mad dog attacks moves. It was safe to say that Torbert's moves were utterly

untraceable.

However, the woman in front of him was able to master all his moves in such a short time. She had even used it to counterattack Torbert's moves.

There were all kinds of talents in the world.

Whether it was Torbert or Tyr, both of them were considered first-class fighters, but they were definitely not the only fighters in the world.

“Are you scared?”

Queen Viper suddenly spoke in English.

Torbert narrowed his eyes and replied, “I'm not afraid, just a little curious.”

“Curious of what? As in why I can read your moves?”

“No.”

Torbert stretched his back, then yawned again and mumbled, “I’m curious if you can read through my Waddle Sleeping Fist too.”

“Waddle Sleeping Fist?”

It was evident that Queen Viper understood English, but she was too lazy to speak it.

Then, Torbert yawned again and lay down on the ground.

Queen Viper and the others were confused. They didn’t understand what Torbert was up to. Why was he suddenly lying down to sleep during an ongoing battle?

“Madman.”

Without saying another word, Queen Viper brought the Serpentine Sword with her

and approached Torbert.

If Torbert really wanted to fall asleep. She didn't mind splitting him into two with her sword.

However, just when Queen Viper's sword was about to strike Torbert, he moved sideways, dodging the attack with great precision.

The moves seemed like a coincidence, but it was no coincidence at all.

It was because Queen Viper couldn't have missed the target.

“How is this possible?”

Chapter 496 Utter Defeat

Startled, Queen Viper immediately unleashed a fury of sword slashes onto Torbert Octavious.

Just like before, Torbert dodged Queen Viper's attacks effortlessly while he was heard snoring deeply.

Queen Viper was getting anxious; she unleashed another assault on Torbert.

At the moment, Torbert was fast asleep. Yet, his body was even more agile than ever as he managed to do impossible feats in his sleep.

Take Michael Jackson's classic tilt move, where he leaned forward forty-five degrees, with backs straight and feet flat

upon the floor. He could do it because there was a contraption under his shoes, allowing him to perform such gravity-defying moves.

However, Torbert was able to do the same actions effortlessly even though he had none of the gizmo attached to his feet.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

In his sleep, Torbert did not stop fighting Queen Viper, as the situation was completely reversed.

Previously, Queen Viper was dominant in the duel, subduing every one of Torbert's moves because she could decipher his attacks.

Now, she could not see through his attacks, completely random and without a pattern, and could not hurt him any

further.

On the other hand, Torbert threw a few heavy blows at Queen Viper, and blood seeped out of her mouth.

“Why are you just standing there?” yelled Queen Viper.

The remaining mercenaries, completely startled, finally returned to their senses.

They were badly injured, but these mercenaries would never back down from a fight as long as they were alive.

In the blink of an eye, three mercenaries charged toward Torbert.

Queen Viper, however, removed herself from the battle and stood by the sidelines observing Torbert’s moves.

Quickly, she felt something wrong. There

were no patterns at all in Torbert's attacks; it was completely random and irregular.

It looked like a sloppy combination of strikes and blows, but underneath that cover was extraordinarily deadly and effective attacks.

Torbert was a completely different beast now.

Bam!

He threw his fist out and sent a mercenary flying at least a good fifty meters away.

Just a little further from where they were fighting was the cliff. The man did not get to land on the ground as he tumbled straight off the cliff.

Torbert had each of the remaining two in his grasps as he hurled them, in one big

circular motion, off the cliff.

Queen Viper's blood drained from her face when she saw the fight unfolding before her.

Torbert, on the other hand, landed gracefully on his foot and stood fast asleep. It was an eerie sight to behold.

Whoosh!

The Serpentine Sword made its way across the air, headed for Torbert.

He dodged the attacks with his eyes closed, and finally, he caught the sword between his fingers and flicked his hand.

Snap!

The Serpentine Sword was snapped in two by Torbert. In one quick motion, he appeared behind Queen Viper and shoved

the broken blade into her chest.

Whoosh!

The blade entered her body and made a clean exit from her back, shooting off like a dart into a nearby fig tree. The blade was later found to be embedded deep inside the tree trunk.

Queen Viper's eyes widened. Even when death was greeting her, she could not figure out why Torbert's moves were able to kill her.

He jerked his arm and threw Queen Viper off the cliff.

There was no one left in the plaza. Other than the cracked marks on the stone pavements, it was as if no one was ever here.

Torbert gave himself a good stretch and

continued his sleep under the fig tree.

Helen Cole, unable to resist her curiosity, lifted a corner of the curtains.

She saw Torbert throwing Queen Viper off the cliff.

To say she was shocked was an understatement.

Who exactly was Torbert Octavious?

Why did the people around Tyr Summers possess such extraordinary powers?

“Yes, Tyr needs to explain what on earth was going on when he returns.” Even though she might not be able to accept Tyr’s real identity, she had made up her mind.

Next to her, Winifred Zea was holding onto Blair tightly; her heart was torn.

She knew a long time ago that Tyr was far

from ordinary and that he started Regal Palace abroad years ago.

However, she was not ready to discover who Tyr actually was.

Now, the sudden appearances of these mercenaries and assassins left her with no choice. Even though she was not prepared, it was time for Tyr to come clean with his true identity.

Whoever he turned out to be, Winifred knew that she would never leave his side.

On the summit of Goddess Mountain, Tyr and Dark Shura's battle was drawing to a close.

Dark Shura was injured heavily, with wounds all over his body and blood oozing out of them.

With the blade in his hand, Tyr produced

not less than twenty slash wounds on Dark Shura's body. Toward the end, Dark Shura was completely defeated by Tyr, unable to fight back anymore.

There were two bloodied wounds on Tyr's body, with one on his chest and the other on his back.

It had been a long time since someone could inflict such damage on Tyr.

At that moment, they tacitly took a break from their fight. Tyr stood toward the center of the peak while Dark Shura stood close to the cliff's edge.

A mere five meters separated them as they prepared to end things once and for all.

“Tyr Summers, after all these years, I am still not your match.” Dark Shura's eyes shone brightly under the black cape. Even

though he was bleeding almost to death,
his voice was as firm as ever.

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Chapter 497 Dark Shura's True Face

“Tyr Summers, you are here to kill me, aren't you?”

“Isn't it obvious? Let me be frank with you.” Tyr chuckled. He then took a deep breath and continued, “Dark Shura, the day you die is the day I finally start living.”

Not wanting to waste further time, Tyr straightened the blade in his hand, intending to charge toward Dark Shura and take his life.

Dark Shura could not escape.

“Hold on, Tyr Summers,” Dark Shura suddenly called out.

Tyr frowned and stopped in his tracks. “

Are you begging for mercy now?

“This is not how you usually do things.”

Dark Shura chuckled. “You have got it wrong. I do not intend to. Plus, you cannot kill me tonight.”

“Oh, is that so? We are on top of a mountain peak with nothing but deep ravines and cliffs around us. There is no way a helicopter can rescue you.” Tyr snickered.

“I know you will not believe me, but I am not going to convince you otherwise.

“You know, Tyr, we can be considered old friends after all these years. Aren't you curious about how I look?” asked Dark Shura.

“Not at all,” Tyr retorted. “You are not a

woman anyway. Why would I be interested in your appearance?”

“I suppose you are right.” Dark Shura nodded. He thought Tyr made a good point.

Nevertheless, he placed his hands on his head and slowly removed the black cloak covering his face.

At that moment, Tyr was, in fact, very curious.

After all, he had been dealing with Dark Shura for many years now. For a long time, everyone was trying to figure out what he looked like.

Yet, no one had ever seen Dark Shura's real face.

Not until now, that was. Tyr's curiosity could finally be satisfied after today.

He had a good look at Dark Shura's face when the cloak was removed.

It was an extremely attractive face, just like the male leads' in a romantic comic.

He was from the east, or more accurately, Thailand. Tyr and the rest were aware of this fact some time ago. After all, Dark Shura created Orpheus in Thailand after the demise of Shadow Totem.

Tyr could be considered an attractive man, but he paled in comparison to Dark Shura.

How could there be such a handsome face on earth?

He felt jealousy brewing in his heart, pressing him to kill the man standing in front of him immediately.

“Are you trying to seduce me, Dark Shura?”

Unfortunately, I am straight.

“You cannot escape your death.”

“No, I told you, didn't I. You cannot kill me,” replied Dark Shura.

His lips curled upward into a faint smile. “I want you to remember how I look.

“After all, I, Dark Shura, will return.”

“There is no way a dead man can be reincarnated,” Tyr snickered; he was running out of patience.

“Heh.” Dark Shura chuckled, exposing his pearly whites in the process. “Not long ago, I discovered a huge secret. I found out that the strongest people in the world are not like you and me.

“Do you think you are the most powerful man on earth?”

“Frankly, you are nothing but a speck of dust in front of the truly powerful.”

Dark Shura laughed maniacally. It was an eerie sight to behold, a handsome person laughing in an extremely distressing way.

“I am going to a place, Tyr, a place that will make me stronger. Remember how I look for I will definitely be back.”

As he spoke, he backed off toward the cliff, smiling evilly.

Feeling that something was off, Tyr charged toward Dark Shura as fast as he could.

Yet, he was a moment too slow. When he arrived at the cliff's edge, Dark Shura jumped and immediately fell as gravity did its work.

Was he trying to kill himself?

Of course not. Tyr stopped right in his tracks; jumping off the cliff would mean certain death.

However, he saw Dark Shura activating a contraption as he fell and disappeared into the night in a wingsuit.

“Damn!”

Tyr was extremely upset; he did not expect Dark Shura to escape again.

It was a helicopter previously, and now, a wingsuit. Just how many tricks did Dark Shura have up his sleeves?

Nothing could describe how Tyr felt. After all, he was once again outsmarted by Dark Shura.

“The third time’s the charm.” He looked

out into the night sky and shook his head in resignation.

As he was leaving, he immediately called Torbert Octavious, wanting to know the situation at the hotel.

The call was not picked up. Tyr's heart shuddered violently as he hurriedly called Winifred Zea.

“Hubby, you finally called. Where did you go? Are you okay?” The call connected and was picked up immediately by Winifred.

Tyr breathed a sigh of relief after hearing her voice. “I am fine. How are things over there? Why didn't Torbert pick up my call?”

“We are okay. As for Torbert, he...he...”

“What about him?”

Tyr's heart dropped as a sense of despair washed all over him.

Did something terrible happen to Torbert?

Impossible. Tyr refused to believe it. After all, Torbert was exceptionally powerful. None of the assassins and mercenaries were his match.

Yet, life was unpredictable. What if that was the case?

“What happened, darling? Is he okay? Did he die?”

Tyr panicked. It was the news he never wanted to hear. Suddenly, Winifred's chuckle was heard over the phone. “What were you thinking, hubby? Torbert is okay. He is just fast asleep, and we do not know how to wake him up.”

Chapter 498 Total Confession

Tyr Summers was alarmed at first before he said to Winifred Zea resignedly, “Darling, couldn’t you have spoken faster? I was so afraid.”

“Are you blaming me?” On the other end of the phone came Winifred’s irritated voice.

“Of course not!” Tyr hurriedly explained.

After hanging up the phone, Tyr hurried back to the hotel. The production team of White Snake had returned by now.

The hotel had contacted the police since two of their security guards were murdered.

It was impossible for the police not to be

alerted. After all, many people died on Goddess Mountain tonight.

Yet, Tyr was not worried at all. He knew the police would take care of everything.

Torbert Octavius was found fast asleep under a fig tree, unperturbed no matter how much Winifred and Snow Fenner tried to wake him up.

If it weren't for his snores, they would have thought he had died.

“You are back, hubby.” Winifred walked toward Tyr after seeing him.

He pulled her into an embrace and nodded.

“I am okay. What about you?”

“Same here.”

Winifred then saw the wounds on Tyr's body and said anxiously, “Hubby, you are

injured! Look, you are still bleeding. Let me take care of that.”

“Don’t worry!” Tyr smiled at Winifred and walked toward the sleeping Torbert.

“What is up with him, hubby? He sleeps on and on. Nothing we did could wake him up.”

Immediately, Tyr asked for a bucket of cold water and splashed it on Torbert.

Torbert stood up with a cry and looked around angrily.

Tyr threw the bucket to the side and pointed at him. “You are still sleeping even though you are bleeding profusely?”

“Aren’t you afraid of bleeding to death?”

He had people bring Torbert into the hotel to receive first aid while he went into the

hotel room with Winifred.

Helen Cole, Jacob Zea, and Blair Zea were all in the room.

The atmosphere in the room was stifling as both Helen and Jacob looked on sourly.

Tyr understood full well what his parents-in-law were thinking about. It was time for him to come clean.

“Blair, can you please go next door and play with Aunt Snow?”

Blair went off obediently. The four adults were now the only ones left in the room.

Tyr looked at everyone else and attempted to maintain a relaxed composure before saying, “Go ahead and ask me anything you want to know. I will not hide anything because we are a family.”

However, they did not immediately ask him questions. Helen, on the other hand, had the first aid kit in her hands. She said, “Look at you and your wounds! Come over here and let us do something about them.”

Tyr felt a sense of warmth spreading in his heart.

Without saying a single word, he sat down and removed his shirt.

His upper body was now fully exposed to Winifred and her parents.

It was not the first time Winifred had seen his scars, but no matter how many times she saw them, it would always give her an emotional shock.

As for Jacob and Helen, they were utterly stunned.

His body was full of scars and bruises and scabs. What did Tyr go through to deserve this?

“I know you have a lot of questions for me, Mom. I will answer every one of them later.”

Jacob came out of the bathroom with a pail of water as he started cleaning Tyr’s wounds. Helen looked at the nasty gash on his back and said, “Tyr, I think you should go to the hospital. Or maybe get a doctor here. I cannot stitch a wound!”

Tyr smiled. “Calm down, Mom. Just pretend you are sewing.”

“Sewing?”

“That is right.” His smile did not once falter as he continued, “Look at all the

scars I have. I will be fine.”

Helen eventually stitched up Tyr’s wound, just like how she would sew on a piece of fabric. There were not many medical supplies available in the hotel, and they did not have anesthetics. The needle made a ruffling noise every time it penetrated Tyr’s skin.

Winifred could not watch the gruesome process, while Jacob felt unsettled by the scene unraveling before his very own eyes.

The entire process, including the primitive operation and the subsequent bandages, took around an hour to complete. By the time they were done, Helen and Winifred were sweating and very much out of breath.

The most relaxed person in the room was

Tyr!

“Thank you so much, Mom, darling.” Tyr thanked Helen and Winifred with a bright smile on his face. He then got dressed, went to the window, and looked out at the full moon.

“Did today’s event frighten you?”

The room fell into a dead silence for a while before Helen spoke, “Tyr, who were those people? Why did they come?”

Without any hesitation, Tyr admitted, “These people were assassins, mercenaries, and bounty hunters. You may not have met these lot before, but you would have seen them on television or in the movies. I suppose what you saw today was way more intense than the dramas you watch on the television.

“They were here for me. Since you are my family, your safety was threatened as well.”

At this point, Tyr suddenly stopped talking as guilt surfaced in his heart.

“Dad, Mom, Winifred, I am very sorry. Your lives were endangered because of me.”

However, Helen and the rest did not mean to blame Tyr. She said, “This is not the time for apologies. At this point, it is time for us to know your identity, your background, and everything about you.”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded and continued, “My name is Tyr Summers, the third son of a super-prominent family in the north...”

“A super-prominent family in the north.”

Just these words were sufficient to give Helen and Jacob a good shock. What even was a super-prominent family?

Ordinary people like them could never comprehend the existence of such a group of people.

Chapter 449 The six doors

Winifred took a deep breath. Autumn Field Group was considered one of the top clothing companies in the country.

As the company's CEO, she had to know the top influential families in the country.

In the entire South Province, the highest in the hierarchy were the top first-class wealthy families, while the super-elite wealthy families were on top of them.

In simple terms, these families had an income of over hundreds of billions. Their businesses were on an international level; each family had control over a province. They were considered the most powerful families in the country.

Tyr Summers, her husband, was the third

young master of the Summers family, one of those super-elite families. This...

“Don’t need to be so shocked. This was more than ten years ago. I have already cut my ties with them. In fact, we are on bad terms. We have a death grudge against each other.”

Tyr then used about half an hour to talk about his past experiences and told everything to them, not missing a single detail.

Tyr explained how he got chased out of his family home, to being wanted dead, becoming a beggar in Khanh City, how he met Torbert Octavius, and finally how someone plotted against him and him meeting Winifred Zea...

Tyr told every single detail of every event

thoroughly.

After all those, he met the Beggar King and went overseas. He joined Wolf's Den, created the Regal Palace, and made it grow. After that, he defeated the Shadow Totems and brought the Regal Palace to the top of the world.

Tyr told them everything, not hiding a single thing.

After all that, Tyr returned to Celestial Empire to find Winifred and his daughter. The Summers family then tracked him down to ask him to donate his bone marrow and the countless battles with Orpheus. Tyr told the entire process to them.

After half an hour, Tyr finally finished telling all his experiences in the past ten

years to Winifred and her parents.

It felt as if they just watched a very touching movie, Helen Cole and Jacob Zea were completely speechless.

While Winifred had tears in her eyes since Tyr had helped her family become successful and rich, she could not imagine how much her husband had suffered all these years just for him to achieve what he had right now.

Tyr took a deep breath once more. He opened the window and lit a cigarette. “Dad, Mum, and Winifred. Since you guys are the closest to me, you guys would be exposed to many dangers. However, I, Tyr Summers, guarantee that no matter what, I will let anyone hurt you guys even an inch.”

“However, if you guys think that I am a

burden, Winifred and I can...”

Tyr could not continue his sentence.

Divorce?

This seemed like an easy word to say, but to a couple who truly loved each other, how hard was it to say it?

Also, since they had a cute and beautiful daughter.

“Tyr, what nonsense are you saying.”

Winifred panicked, “Do you want to divorce me and keep a distance from me? Who do you think I am?” Winifred roared. Her tears could not stop flowing.

At this moment, Helen was clearly upset. She took a deep breath and looked at Tyr. “Tyr, if you thought that you would be a burden, that really hurt our feelings.”

“Mom...”

“Stop talking about it.” Helen cut Tyr off. She had a blazing ironwoman aura.

“Your grandmother sure is a brute. You are her cute blood-related grandson. Just because of a few rumors, she had chased you out of the house and even sent people to kill you.

“I can’t believe there is such an ugly witch on earth. If that witch was in front of me right now, I would slap that b*tch hard. Such a brute.”

After venting her anger for a while, Helen walked toward Tyr and looked at him with pity in her eyes.

“I don’t know how you have endured all those years of suffering. You are a part of

our family now. We would not want to lose you.

“Tyr, don’t ever mention that anymore. The Summers family may not treat you like family, but I do. No matter how tough and dangerous the road ahead is, we are a family, and we will stand by your side.

“Because we are a family.”

Helen was bad at encouraging people, so she could not say many encouraging words.

However, just a few words from her had managed to make Tyr feel grateful.

At this moment, all Tyr’s doubts and worries disappeared. Winifred then jumped into Tyr’s embrace.

Tyr hugged Winifred tightly and said, “

Thank you, everyone. I won't say this kind of stuff anymore. We shall be together through thick and thin.”

At midnight, an officer rushed toward Goddess Mountain. He was not a cop but simply someone dressed in black.

The hotel manager called Tyr, notifying him about the officer's visit. He wanted Tyr to follow the officer.

Tyr accepted the invite. He immediately left with the owner of the hotel and came to Cherry Blossom Forest.

At this time, the corpses were still scattered all over on the ground. Over ten strong men dressed in black were carrying the bodies toward a van.

Each of these men were not ordinary people. They carried menacing auras. Even

though their auras were similar to soldiers, Tyr could tell they were not soldiers.

“The Six Doors!” Tyr mumbled.

As the owner of Regal Palace, Tyr knew that each country had established an official department. Each official of the department was super strong. They were to maintain and establish the order of various dark forces in the world. The more chaotic a country was, the more active the official departments were.

Celestial Empire was the safest country, so the official department’s presence was very minimal.

However, this did not mean the official department did not exist in the country. Tyr had heard of Celestial Empire’s official department, the Six Doors. He had only

heard of them but had never actually seen them.

At this moment, Tyr had only one name in mind as he looked at the countless strong men dressed in black—The Six Doors.

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Chapter 500 Green Dragon

A man was standing under a cherry blossom tree, his back toward Tyr.

Even though it was a distance, Tyr could feel the strong aura coming from that person. It felt like a giant wave rushing toward him.

The guy's aura was almost on par with Tyr's aura.

This guy was a king, undoubtedly a king.

“He's the one looking for me, I assume.”

Tyr pointed at that guy while he said to the hotel manager.

“Yes... yes. You guys have a nice chat. I shall take my leave now.”

The hotel manager could not help but stutter in front of two domineering people. Any average human would feel suffocated.

Tyr nodded lightly. He then walked toward the guy standing under the cherry blossom tree.

“I’ve been waiting. You finally came.”

The person spoke as soon as Tyr got near. His voice was low and sounded majestic.

The guy slowly turned over. He looked at Tyr and smiled slowly.

He was over forty years old. He had a shallow beard and sharp eyes.

“Who are you?” Tyr asked.

“You are the owner of Regal Palace. It’s impossible for you not to know my

identity.” The guy smiled. He held a token in front of Tyr. “Six Doors - Green Dragon.”

“Nice to meet you!”

Tyr did not know what position this Green Dragon from the Six Doors held, but he could tell from his aura that he was someone of high standing.

Green Dragon kept his token away. He then looked at the bodies that were being transported and said, “These people, did you kill them?”

“Yeah,” Tyr said without hesitation.

“Oh!” Green Dragon answered. He then took a deep breath and said, “As expected from the owner of Regal Palace, you sure are strong. You have easily defeated so many top assassins and mercenaries.

“It has been years since a strong fighter had joined the Celestial Empire’s Official Department. Owner of Regal Palace, they should have been dealt with by us of the Six Doors, but you have helped us with it.

“However, these people came after you first, so should we thank you or question you?”

Tyr was silent for a few seconds then said with a relaxed tone, “I will deal with the grudges I caused against people. The Six Doors can continue their job without being affected.”

“Hahaha!”

Green Dragon laughed and replied, “Of course, I don’t want my job to get affected by this. However, Tyr, from the moment you came to Celestial Empire, fate has

already set the Six Door's peaceful days would be over.”

Tyr shrugged. “This was not intentional. You should know I did not cause today's incident.”

“But Orpheus did,” Green Dragon replied.

Tyr put his hands under his chin and thought, then said, “That's true. So Green Dragon, what are you saying? Are you here to capture me?”

“Nope.”

Green Dragon shook his head. He spoke as he walked away from the cherry blossom tree he was leaning against. “I came personally just because I was curious about you. Now that I met you, my curiosity has been satisfied.

“Another reason is that I was just giving

you a greeting in advance since the Six Doors will cross paths with you more often in the future.”

Green Dragon said that as he walked out of the cherry blossom forest, all the corpses that were here were removed.

“Tyr, if you want Regal Palace to return to Celestial Empire, be sure to speak with the Six Doors first. This is the rules.”

Tyr laughed and said, “There are still a few bodies at the bottom of the cliff. Won’t you send someone to clear them?”

“Nah.” Green Dragon waved his hands. “Troublesome.”

The transport vans started moving. They disappeared from Tyr’s sight quickly.

Tyr looked at the vans’ lights until they

disappeared. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, “The Six Doors finally appeared. This is getting interesting.”

After two days, the White Snake filming group finished filming their scenes. Their next destination was to film in another scenic area.

Initially, the group was supposed to stay here to film a bit longer, but because of the murders, no one wanted to stay here any longer. So, they quickly finished off the scenes and went to their next destination.

Because of this incident, Tyr and his family decided to ditch their original plan and go on to the next scenic spot, like the White Snake film group, for vacation.

Since they came out to have fun, they had to enjoy it to the fullest. Nothing could

stop Tyr and his family from having their fun.

N
The South, Strego City.

L
There were many cars on the highway.

S
Countless cars were waiting for the traffic light to turn green. At this moment, there was a sudden burst of horn sounds coming from behind.

Then, a bunch of luxury cars were seen speeding past other vehicles on the road.

There was a Ferrari, Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Porsche, Bentley, and many other cars coming from behind. It was overwhelming.

It was obvious that they were drag racing. This was because there were no traffic regulations on this highway.

These people were a bit crazy.

In the front was a red Bentley. It was as fast as a horse.

The cars went past everyone very quickly, leaving the others shocked on the spot.

After about ten minutes, a car modification factory could be seen on the outskirts of Strego City.

The red Bentley was already parked in front of this factory, while other cars arrived after a few seconds.

The door of the red Bentley opened, an elegant and tall looking young girl came out.

She seemed to be around twenty years old, had long crimson hair, and carried a cool aura.

She was obviously some noble lady from a wealthy family. Her name was Juliet Jones, and she was the eldest daughter from a prominent Jones family in Strego City.

In the entire Strego City, there were only two prominent wealthy families.

No, more accurately, it was one prominent family, and another, a group.

Half City of the West and Great Sky of the East respectively.

Great Sky of the East referred to Great Sky Group from Strego City. They controlled most of Strego City's income and imports. The group covered most of the industries in the city. They were a powerful group.