

Chapter 501 Violent Juliet Jones

Great Sky Group was not a family business, but their influence in the south was more than a first-class wealthy family. They even surpassed the top-notch wealthy families and ranked above them.

The 'Half City of the West' referred to the Jones family.

The Jones family was a super first-class wealthy family in Strego City since many generations ago. When they were at their peak, they had managed to buy half the city hence the name 'Half City of the West'.

The Jones family was top-notched in Strego City, but their businesses were affected since they were an old-school family business as the world was evolving

rapidly.

Great Sky Group had rapidly expanded, which reduced the Jones family's influence and power, especially in the past ten years. However, even though they were not as glorious as in the past, they were still powerful nobles of the south.

At this moment, the other cars' doors opened. Each person that got off the cars were second-generation rich kids from Strego City's noble families.

Juliet Jones swept her shoulder with her hand. She and the rest of the second-generation rich kids walked into the factory.

“Sister Juliet!”

“Sister Juliet!”

Everyone that Juliet passed by greeted her

with respect. It was obvious that she was the lady in charge.

This was not only because of her identity as the Jones family's elder daughter but also because she was a terrifying woman.

In the factory, the workers were busy modifying countless sports cars.

“Sister Juliet, sit!”

Someone beside Juliet took a chair for her. She sat down and said to the rest of the people behind her, “I was faster than all of you by over ten seconds in today's drag race. You guys could not even see the lights on my car.”

One of the second-generation rich kid spoke, “We couldn't help it. Sister Juliet's skills keep improving. As your juniors, we could not catch up to you.”

Juliet did not like the person flattering her like this.

She stood up, looked at that person who tried to flatter her with a gloomy expression!

Slap!

Juliet slapped the person's cheek hard, leaving a red fingerprint on his cheeks.

He was shocked; he put his hands on his cheeks and looked at Juliet. He did not get angry but instead kneeled in front of Juliet. "I've said something wrong. Please forgive me, Sister Juliet."

Juliet sat back down on the chair. She then took a cigarette and put it in her mouth.

The people beside her immediately lit her cigarette for her; she took a puff.

“I was way ahead of you guys, not because of my drag racing skills, but because my car has been greatly modified,” Juliet said as she squinted and looked at the factory workers.

“Who modified this car?”

Immediately a thirty-year-old guy with long blonde hair walked over and answered respectfully, “Sister Juliet, I was the one who modified your car. Are you satisfied with it?”

“Yes.”

Juliet nodded.

The worker smiled brightly. Since he had helped Juliet modify her car to the point it was so powerful, Juliet should definitely be happy and greatly reward him.

At this moment, Juliet's eyes were cold. She waved her hands at the person beside her. The person beside her immediately passed her a spanner.

Juliet looked at the spanner in her hand. She looked at the worker and said, “I started drag racing because I was bored, it caught my interest.

“But now that you modified my car until it's too powerful, I am unrivaled. So, do you understand this lonely feeling?”

The worker flinched. Even though he did not understand what Juliet was trying to say, he had an uneasy feeling.

“Since you have modified my car to the point where it is too powerful, I have lost interest in drag racing. Who the f*ck told you to modify my car like this?”

Juliet was angry. She stood up, angrily and whacked the worker's head with the spanner.

Blood trickled down his head, he shouted in pain and fell onto the floor.

He was dumbfounded and in despair. In so many years of modifying cars, he got hit for doing an excellent job in modifying a car. This Juliet Jones was a crazy, mentally ill b*tch!

“You have made me unhappy, so you cannot modify cars anymore.”

Juliet looked at the worker coldly. She then passed the spanner to the people beside her. “Break both of his hands,” Juliet said as she puffed another cigarette. The rest of the people followed her out of the factory. As they walked out, they could hear the

begging and painful cries of that worker.

As she got out of the factory, she threw the cigarette to the ground and stretched her hands. “So boring.”

A young guy walked up to Juliet, smiling. “Sister Juliet, I have a few good products. You will definitely like them. Want to check it out?”

“What products?”

Juliet turned her head and looked at the young man and said, “It’s not another toy is it. Brother Xelo, if you bring me trash, I will give you no mercy.”

What Juliet meant by toy was a handgun.

This woman’s personality did not fit her elegant slender body. She was a cunning and cruel lady. In Strego City, Juliet was

famous for being so. Even the biggest and worst people are scared of her.

Of course, at the same time she was every mafia leaders' idol. However, the entire Strego City dared not romanticize Juliet.

Juliet loved playing with knives since she was a kid. She started playing with guns when she reached adulthood. Even if there were strict policies on lethal weapons like these, Juliet could still get any weapons as long as it was not too lethal.

At this moment, Juliet had already tried most of the lethal weapons and was bored with them. She thought of these weapons as nothing but useless toys.

Chapter 502 Invisible Crossbow

This guy, whom she called Brother Xelo, laughed. “Rest assured, Sister Juliet. This item will definitely satisfy you,” he said confidently.

With a snap of his fingers, a van’s boot opened up. In it, there was a long camo-style box with a padlock on it. It looked very mysterious.

Juliet Jones’ followers then came over, staring at the box curiously. “What is this?”

Smiling, Brother Xelo put his hands on the box. He keyed in the password on the padlock and opened it. “Everybody, come see this miracle.”

Everyone held their breaths, as if waiting

for the birth of a new treasure. However, when the box opened, everyone was disappointed.

“A crossbow?”

“Xelo, what the f*ck are you trying to do? Sister Juliet has already gotten bored of playing with guns, and now you bring a crossbow? You are screwed.”

Everyone was disappointed, and Juliet’s expression was clearly unhappy.

She kicked Brother Xelo’s lower abdomen. “Brother Xelo, did I not warn you that I would not forgive you if you give me a trash item?”

Brother Xelo held his abdomen in pain and said, “Sister Juliet, this is a misunderstanding. Look carefully, this is not a normal crossbow.”

Taking the crossbow out of the box, he continued, “Sister Juliet, this is the world’s most overpowered crossbow—the invisible XLT crossbow. It was made by a famous American crossbow company called the Family Spiritual Lords Company. It’s definitely a good crossbow.”

Juliet got excited after she heard Brother Xelo’s explanation. She then took the crossbow from his hands.

The crossbow only weighed about two kilograms. For someone who uses guns often like Juliet, this was not something heavy. It felt comfortable in her hands, and she was instantly happy after receiving this crossbow.

“Oh, I misunderstood you,” Juliet said faintly.

Brother Xelo smiled and said, “Do you like it, Sister Juliet? Let me tell you, this thing has a dangerous amount of power. It shoots arrows at a speed of over three thousand horsepower.

“It can easily break the skull of a giant elephant within one hundred meters. It is absolutely way too powerful. There are many guns that can’t even surpass the power of this crossbow.”

Nodding faintly, Juliet loaded an arrow into the crossbow and aimed it at Brother Xelo. “I feel like trying this guy’s power. Let’s see if it’s as powerful as you say it is.”

Brother Xelo went pale and immediately said, “Sister Juliet, don’t point it at me, I’m scared.” He then pointed towards an arrow target about over twenty meters

away. “Sister Juliet, shoot the arrow at that target, then you can witness its power.”

“That is a dead target, it’s meaningless,” replied Juliet, pointing the crossbow at every one of her followers in turn.

This was not a joke. Juliet liked using live targets when practicing her shooting. Even though her shooting skills were trash, she still managed to crippled people.

Of course, Juliet still had a sane mind. She would not use these princes from other wealthy families as targets. Her usual targets were normal gangsters in society or illegitimate children of small noble families.

At this moment, Juliet looked at a panicked-looking twenty-year-old guy. “You, come here.”

Shivering, the guy walked towards Juliet and greeted her.

“What is your name? You don’t seem like you’re from Strego City,” asked Juliet.

The guy immediately replied, “Sister Juliet, my name is Lester Xavier. I come from Riverdale Province.”

“Oh, right, you are Lester Xavier.” With a sudden look of realization on her face, Juliet asked, “Right, why are you looking for me?”

Her forgetful attitude left Lester speechless. He had already made plans to meet her, and she had even agreed to it. It had not been long since then and Juliet had already forgotten about it.

Even though Lester felt unhappy, he could

not complain. After all, he was just a dog serving Juliet Jones.

He was quite famous in Riverdale Province, he even had a group of followers. However, he was now just a nobody in a tough situation. He sure was pitiful.

“Sister Juliet, I am from Salem City’s Xavier family. My father is Sawyer Xavier. Our family has close relations with the Jones family.”

“Oh, right!” Juliet slapped her forehead, finally remembering everything. “You are Lester Xavier from the Xavier Family. A while ago, your family was totally obliterated from Riverdale Province.”

“Please help our family, Sister Juliet,” said Lester, immediately kneeling in front of her.

“Sister Juliet, our family was defeated by Carson Yorke of Riverdale. At that time, Carson wanted to gain control of Riverdale Province. My dad said that he would always serve the Jones family, and would never bow to the Yorke family.

“Carson then destroyed our entire family. Not only that, he even said that the Jones family from Strego City is nothing, they can come to Riverdale if they dared to. It was obvious he did not think of the Jones family as something.

“Sister Juliet, seeing as our families have been long-term business partners, please help us take revenge.”

Juliet did not say anything and kicked Lester, flipping him on the ground and leaving him in pain.

She looked at him coldly and said, “Stop bringing in your negativity. Do not think that I am an idiot. No matter how crazy Carson Yorke is, he would not openly say that he looked down on the Jones family.”

Lester flinched, his face full of terror.

He had indeed lied, thinking that he could trigger Juliet by saying that Carson looked down on the Jones family. He thought that she would be so triggered that she would agree to help avenge his family.

However, he did not know that Juliet would expose his tricks.

“Sister Juliet, I...” Lester could not come up with what to say, he was panicking.

Snickering, Juliet dragged him up from the floor and snickered. “Speaking of which,

your family is indeed one of the Jones family's dogs.

“Carson Yorke dared to beat the dog without checking who the owner is. By destroying your family, he was looking down on the Jones family.”

Chapter 503 Be My Target

“I do not mind avenging the Xavier family,” said Juliet.

Obviously pleased, Lester Xavier hurriedly added, “Thank you so much! I do not know how to ever repay your kindness!”

“Hold on, there are of course conditions attached.”

“What conditions?”

Lester’s heart dropped as a suffocating feeling of dread slowly crept unto him.

Juliet Jones pointed to a target yards away with a smile on her face and said, “Stand over there with a water bottle on top of your head. I am going to use you for target

practice.

“If you manage to not pee your pants when the arrow is fired, I will help you. Deal?”

Lester shuddered. He looked at Juliet with fear in his eyes and said, “Sister Juliet, this ... this... is...”

“Are you afraid? You need to pay a price if you want my help with your matters. You don’t deserve my help if you cannot show even the slightest hint of courage in the face of challenges,” replied Juliet.

Lester inhaled deeply and made his decision. “You are right. Please go ahead.”

He walked toward the target in a somewhat discombobulated manner. Cheers and applause instantly erupted behind him.

Brother Xelo ran toward Lester with a water bottle in his hand. Following behind were two men who were holding a pair of handcuffs.

“What are you doing?” asked Lester, panicking as they restrained him.

“Fear not, we are just making sure you will not run when Sister Juliet shoots the arrow,” answered Brother Xelo.

No matter how terrified Lester was, he did not resist, as he would do anything to avenge the demise of his family.

In just a short while, he was securely tied up. The water bottle stood on top of his head, and Juliet aimed the crossbow at him from yards away.

Shutting his eyes in immense fear, Lester’

s face was as pale as a sheet of paper.

As Juliet prepared to pull the trigger, the crowd instantly ceased their conversations. At that moment, only silence hung in the air, so much so that the sound of a needle dropping onto the floor would draw everyone's attention.

Whoosh!

The arrow pierced through the air and headed straight for Lester at a high speed.

Everyone stayed quiet, even when the blood splattered everywhere.

“This is one powerful weapon,” said Juliet.

Her eyes lit up as she looked at Lester, who was now motionless and had a big bloody hole in his chest.

She then placed the crossbow back into the

box and held it in her hand. “Brother Xelo, I am very impressed with this new toy you gave me. I like it!”

Brother Xelo was pleased. He replied with a smile on his face, “That is all that matters!”

The crowd cheered again; nobody seemed to notice Lester’s bloodied corpse laying on the ground.

Juliet hurled the box into her Bentley before entering the car. “Somebody clean this place up. I may be gone from Strego City for a while, don’t miss me too much.”

Someone beside her hurriedly asked, “Sister Juliet, are you planning to go to Riverdale Province and seek revenge for the Xavier family?”

Juliet smiled. “It’s getting boring here in

Strego City, I need to go out and explore the world.”

She then stepped on the throttle and sped away in her Bentley.

The rest were left to look at each other in perplexion. But soon, smiles appeared on their faces. This devil of a woman who killed people as she pleased was finally gone.

It was even better if she died in Riverdale Province, never to return again.

Juliet drove her Bentley straight to a luxurious villa located in West Borough. Before she could get out of her car, a young man, bald and wearing a white shirt, approached her. There were nine little burn marks on top of his head, after all, he was a monk.

“You are back, my lady,” said the monk, opening the door for Juliet.

His movements were elegant, and he spoke in a deep and pleasant voice, giving the impression of a very composed person.

Juliet nodded. She retrieved the box containing the crossbow from her car and said, “Jaren, I found a very interesting and fun gadget today, you should try it out too!”

From their exchanges, one could get the idea that Juliet and Jaren, the monk, shared a close relationship. Only in front of Jaren would Juliet behave in a manner very much unlike the unpredictable and violent lady she was known as.

“The master is here, my lady. He is waiting in the study.”

“What?”

Juliet’s expression darkened. She shoved the box to the monk and strode into the villa.

A man in his fifties, with greyish sideburns and an imposing aura, was found waiting in the study. He was Del Jones, father to Juliet and the current head of the Jones family.

Juliet entered the room and greeted her father with a frosty expression on her face. They did not seem to share a good relationship.

Juliet broke the ice and coldly asked, “Why are you here?”

Bam!

Del suddenly slapped his palm on top of

the desk in front of him, leaving Juliet's heart shuddering after having witnessed his sudden outburst.

“Juliet Jones, how many times do I have to tell you not to cause trouble?! Do you know how often the various heads of families in Strego City come complaining to me, telling me that their people were bullied by you?”

“Why do I have to clean up after your mess every damn time? You are a lady. Why can't you behave and give me some peace and quiet?”

Juliet snickered. “This is your fault. Why don't you declare me as the heir to the Jones family? Don't you think I can do better than Kendall Jones?”

Kendall Jones was Juliet's fraternal twin

brother.

Even though they were twins, they did not have a good relationship growing up. They were the perfect example of a lack of family ties among the members of prominent and powerful families.

Juliet and Kendall had been fighting, both overtly and covertly, for years. If it weren't for their father, the two siblings would have declared war against each other a long time ago.

Yet, Del was the cause of the sibling's disintegrating relationship. It all started with a kidnapping case ten years ago.

Chapter 504 You Will Never Be The Head of The Jones Family

Ten years ago, business rivals of the Jones family hired mercenaries to kidnap Del Jones' children, giving him an option to save only one child.

He chose, almost without hesitation, to save his son, causing his daughter, Juliet Jones, to feel infuriated and disillusioned.

Growing up, Juliet was, in every way, better than Kendall Jones. Frankly, Kendall was only an incapable, good-for-nothing rich kid. When faced with that life-or-death situation, Juliet did not expect her father to choose his worthless son and give up his daughter of immense potential.

Even though he managed to rescue both of

his children from the kidnappers, a deep grudge was buried in Juliet's heart ever since.

As they grew up, the partiality of Del for his son grew increasingly visible as he racked his brain trying to prepare Kendall for his eventual role as the head of the family. While Juliet, despite her outstanding abilities and competence, failed to secure her father's attention, which led to her deterioration and trouble-making activities.

The situation in the study was very tense. Juliet used to be afraid of her father when she was younger, but that was not the case now.

After a long silence, Del said, "You will never be the head of the Jones family."

Juliet snickered. "Because I am a woman,

right?”

“Yes,” Del replied without hesitation. “You are a woman and will get married sooner or later, how can you be the head of the family?”

“I can stay unmarried for the rest of my life! Kendall is nothing but a weak and incompetent brat. You know I am so much better than him in every way. The Jones family is done for if he takes over in the future.”

“B*tch!” Enraged, Del smacked his palm across Juliet’s face. “He is your brother!”

“Hmph! He is your son.” Juliet covered her cheek with her hand but continued defiantly, “More than ten years ago, we, the Jones family, were the most dominant family here in Strego City. Not even the

Great Sky Group was our match.

“But, look at our rapid decline since then. We are on the verge of falling out of the ranks among the southern prominent families. I think you know why.”

“You...” muttered Del.

Seemingly stung by Juliet’s words, he raised his hand as he prepared to slap his daughter again.

However, Juliet was not afraid at all and merely sneered. “Oh, did I hurt you with the truth? Your blood flows in Kendall’s body, while I have my mother’s instead.”

Juliet’s words dealt a heavy blow to Del.

Years ago, a capable person emerged from the Jones family, and his name was Kace Jones. He was Del’s half-brother, born

from a relationship between their father and his mistress.

Under Kace's leadership, the Jones family progressed rapidly and reached never-before-seen heights. At the time, their father, the head of the Jones family back then, was seriously ill and was counting down the days to his death. Almost everyone in Strego City thought Kace would be the new head of the Jones family.

Yet, subsequent events said otherwise, with the mediocre Del taking over the top spot instead.

The truth was very simple: Del was the legitimate offspring of his father. It was obvious that the Jones family placed importance on blood purity and family hierarchy.

Back then, Del was just like Kendall—a

good-for-nothing brat. When he took over, the Jones family's fortune quickly declined.

During that period of time, Kace tried multiple times to take over the top spot from Del. However, Del was incredibly lucky. He had an extremely capable wife.

His wife, who was mother to both Juliet and Kendall, helped Del fend off multiple assaults from Kace, and managed to stabilize his position and power in the Jones family.

Unfortunately, she passed away a few years ago.

Meanwhile, Kace had his sights set abroad. Using the Jones family's influence, he managed to earn a massive fortune running his business overseas. Eventually,

the top position of the Jones family became less enticing to him and he ceased fighting.

Thus, Del's position had been relatively stable for the past few years. Yet, his incompetence brought the Jones family downhill, gradually losing their influence and power. A decade ago, the Great Sky Group was nothing but a minion in their eyes.

Yet, five years ago, they were able to compete directly with the Jones family in Strego City.

And they were now far ahead of the Jones family, ranking among the top of the southern prominent families. On the other hand, the Jones family had lost their influence and become an insignificant force in the region.

“Without my mother, you would not be where you are today. Even though Kace is not here anymore, you know very well that he can and will one day take over what is rightfully his.

“However, if you trust me and allow me to do things my way, I can guarantee you that Kace will never be able to hurt us.

“If you continue putting your trust in that idiot Kendall, he will, and I am not exaggerating here, gift the position of the head of the Jones family to Kace not long after his ascension.”

Looking at Del with a cryptic smile, Juliet added, “Trust me, I have inherited all of my mother’s good genes, and perhaps I will achieve greater things than she did.”

Del’s frown never left his face. He could

not comprehend the vast difference in capabilities in a pair of twins coming from the same mother.

A long silence later, Del finally spoke, “So, what are you trying to do now?”

Juliet chuckled. “Not too long ago, the Xavier family of Salem City was exterminated by the Riverdale King, Carson Yorke.

“Their survivor, Lester Xavier, came to me and asked for my help. He wanted to take advantage of the Jones family and get us to avenge his family by defeating Carson.

“Plus, I am getting bored staying in Strego City, so I have decided to take a little road trip.”

Del, however, got very angry after hearing what Juliet had to say. “The Xavier family

is nothing to us, why are you trying to help them? Let them be! Juliet Jones, you are not going anywhere!”

“Hmph!” Juliet sneered. “I do not need your permission to go wherever I want.”

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Chapter 505 I'm Interested in Summers

Del Jones' temples were throbbing hard. He felt that this daughter of his was becoming more and more lawless.

"It is due to your cowardice that the Jones family has been going downhill for all these years," said Juliet.

She didn't show Del any respect. Every word that came from her was cutting her father's heart into pieces.

"Now, the Jones family is about to fall out of the ranks of the southern first-tier gentry. If you don't do something, sooner or later, our family will be annexed by the Great Sky Group.

"I'll go to Riverdale and bring Carson

Yorke down. Once we acquire Riverdale Province and add it to our family's territory, no one will dare to underestimate the Jones family.”

Having said that, Juliet had nothing else left to add. She just turned around and left the study.

“Juliet! Do you still think of me as your father?” yelled Del.

The veins on his forehead were about to explode from his fury. He had reached his limit.

Juliet snorted coldly and asked rhetorically, “And do you consider me as your daughter?”

“You want to stop me from going to Riverdale, right? Because you're afraid that I'll manage to take it down, and then

Kendall's position in the Jones family will be seriously threatened, isn't that so?

“You are worried about your son. Afraid that I, as a daughter, will rise above your son in the Jones family.

“Since you are determined to make your son the head of the family, fine. Let's treat Riverdale as our battlefield. You make him come over and have a good fight with me. Winner takes all!”

Del was trembling with anger. He couldn't understand why his daughter had to behave like this. Did she really want to reach the point of fratricide?

He still wanted to say something, but Juliet had left the room unceremoniously.

Del stood there in silence for a long time. Finally, he took a deep breath and

muttered, “King Carson of Riverdale is not that easy to deal with.”

The next morning, a direct flight from Strego City landed at the airport of Khanh City.

Juliet was wearing a power suit, showing off her sexy figure as she walked out of the airport. Her hot figure, combined with her lovely face, attracted much attention along the way. The lady was much prettier than a celebrity.

In the meantime, Jaren, who followed behind Juliet also happened to be a beautiful sight to behold.

The monk was garbed in white clothes. He had a fair and pretty face, and there were nine little burn marks on top of his head. He gave off a vibe of being free of worldly

cares.

The two of them walked all the way out of the airport. Then, they got into a car with an official license plate and sat in the back row of the car.

After the vehicle had driven for a long time, Jaren finally couldn't hold back his curiosity and asked, "My lady, why did we come all the way to Khanh City instead of going to Riverdale's Prime City?"

"You mentioned that you wanted to avenge the Xavier family. But, weren't they destroyed by King Yorke of Riverdale?"

Juliet took out a large pile of documents from her briefcase. All of it was information about King Carson of Riverdale. The documents listed all the

details regarding Carson, including the illness developed by his wife, the incident when he faked his death, and even the war between the North and South.

“Jaren, you’re only fit for meditating and chanting. Brainy stuff isn’t your cup of tea,” scoffed Juliet, continuing to flip through the information in her hands.

“The Xavier family was worthless. They don’t deserve having me help to avenge them. I didn’t come to Riverdale for them, I came for the Riverdale King.

“But I, Juliet, like to plan ahead. I found out through this information that Carson didn’t rely on his own power to get to this point.”

The monk beside her was startled as if he suddenly came to his senses. “My lady,

what you mean is that Carson has others by his side to help him?”

“Yes, he has this guy,” replied Juliet, her gaze fixed on a photo from the file.

The man in the picture was Tyr Summers.

“I have to admit that Carson is indeed a competent and resourceful man. Yet, for so many years, he only managed to secure his position as Southriver King. He couldn't even handle Yannick Lloyd. It seems that his ability was limited.

“Plus, he's an old man in his fifties. I've lost all interest in him.”

Juliet's tone was full of contempt towards Carson when she said, “But Tyr is fascinating to me.

“It says here that he returned from

overseas about half a year ago. He found his wife and daughter here. Then, he bought a city centre, which is an international trade center, and helped his wife to establish Autumn Field Group.”

Juliet propped her chin with her hand, making a pondering face. “Not only is that Tyr rich, he also has a group of combat masters underneath him. It was with his help that Carson managed to overcome several things. Without Tyr, Carson would have remained just the Southriver King.”

Turning towards Jaren, Juliet put on a stern face. “Guess what this Tyr guy was doing overseas previously. He claimed that he only returned to the Celestial Empire to look for his wife and daughter.

“But, in fact, look at all the things he has done. I can sense that he wants to achieve

greatness here.”

Jaren was puzzled. He was, as Juliet said, not a brainy person. But, the monk was loyal to Juliet and would never betray her.

“My lady, where are we going next?” he asked.

“Let’s look for the great leader of Khanh City. I’m far more interested in Tyr than I am in Carson. I am certain that once we take this Tyr, it will be easy to deal with Carson.”

Jaren went on to ask, “What does taking this Tyr down have to do with us going to meet the great leader of Khanh City?”

“Haha, of course. We want to present a gift to Tyr. We need to figure out his true character and thoughts. Yet, we need to shield ourselves with a protective umbrella

before all that.”

The monk said, “But, aren't I your umbrella, my lady?”

“You can protect me in Strego City. But I'm afraid you can't protect me in Khanh City.”

Juliet wanted to explain more to Jaren, but she thought it would be hard to change his mind. So, she just gave it up.

Leaning back against the car seat, Juliet stared at the photo of Tyr in the file. “So young, so good looking. It would be great for you to become the son-in-law of the Jones family.”

When she thought of this, the corner of Juliet's mouth inadvertently curved in an awfully odd way.

About twenty minutes later, the vehicle

stopped in front of a government building
in the city.

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Chapter 506 Juliet's Protective Umbrella

The driver parked the car at the designated spot. Then, he politely led Juliet Jones and Jaren into the government building.

In the meantime, the city's great leader was already waiting for them in one of the offices.

The leader was none other than Ian Lawson, the first-tier leader of Khanh City. Previously, he was invited to cut the ribbon when Autumn Field Group was established. Back then, Ian even helped to teach Iris Zea and the others a lesson.

When Juliet entered Ian's office, she was received with a warm welcome. Ian extended his hand to greet her. "Miss

Jones, welcome to Khanh City.”

Juliet was very polite to Ian. She smiled and greeted him, “Hello, Mr. Lawson, sorry to keep you waiting.”

“Not at all,” replied Ian, hurriedly shaking his head. “Miss Jones, please take a seat.”

Juliet sat down without further delay, while Jaren stood up straight next to her.

“With my visit, there are quite a few things that I’ll need to trouble you with. I would like to thank you in advance for your help,” said Juliet.

She was indeed a remarkable lady. She could casually switch her personality to suit her needs, an ability that made others feel inferior.

Before this, she was a ruthless and moody

gangster. Now, she embraced the role of an elegant and well-mannered business elite.

Juliet faked her purpose for visiting Khanh City. Supposedly, she was visiting on behalf of the Jones family, for an investment opportunity. That's right. Juliet came to Khanh City to invest in the name of the Jones family from Strego City.

The Jones family was a first-class southern gentry. It would be somewhat ideal for the future development of Khanh City if they agreed to invest in the city.

So, it was unsurprising for Ian, the leader of Khanh City, to personally receive Juliet.

“It’s a great honor for us to receive an investment from the Jones family. Khanh City could use more investments,” said Ian, grinning from ear to ear.

If he managed to secure the Jones family's investment, it would mark an outstanding achievement for his political career.

"I wonder what Miss Jones has in mind with your visit?" asked Ian.

Juliet replied with a smile, "The Jones family is involved in a wide range of industries in Strego City. We are best known for industries such as clothing, shopping malls, and silk processing.

"Therefore, we are still unsure of what investment to make in Khanh City. But, to express our family's sincerity, I would like to purchase a piece of land in Khanh City for now."

Ian nodded hurriedly. Suppose the Jones family had decided to purchase land in Khanh City. In that case, it didn't matter

what the family intended to do next. It was merely an important indication that they had made up their mind to invest in Khanh City. In fact, purchasing land was equivalent to paying a deposit.

Ian immediately called the land planning department. It wasn't long before an officer rushed over with some information about local land for sale in Khanh City.

“Miss Jones, all of the land that we are ready to put into planning and development at the moment are listed here. You may choose according to your liking.”

Juliet nodded with a smile. She began to go through the information, reading through it quickly, perhaps even a little perfunctorily.

In fact, she already had a plan in mind. She

came fully prepared.

“This piece of land, West Gate Plains. How much is it? The Jones family will buy it!”

“What?”

Both Ian's and the officer's hearts thudded with a bad feeling. They even furrowed their eyebrows slightly.

Noticing that their expressions seemed a bit off, Juliet pretended to ask in confusion, “What, is there something wrong with the land, Mr. Lawson?”

Ian pondered for a moment and replied, “Miss Jones, why don't you consider other lands?”

“This won't work?” Juliet was quite determined with her choice. “I have done my research on all sorts of lands that are

ready to develop. Yet, this was the only piece of land suitable for the Jones family to build our business.

“Mr. Lawson, you must know that, if the Jones family wants to invest in Khanh City, it would mean at least tens of billions worth of investment. We must be cautious with the plan. There can be absolutely no room for error.

I feel that the land in West Gate Plains is the most suitable for our needs. If you are unwilling to sell it, then we will have to move our investment to other cities.”

With that, Juliet walked toward the door without hesitation. Her actions made Ian anxious.

“Miss Jones, wait a moment.”

Juliet paused. The corner of her mouth

curled up in a soft curve.

She turned around and spoke to Ian in a serious tone, “If this will cause you to face any difficulties at all, there is no need to force yourself. We can always work together another time.”

‘Another time?’ thought Ian, feeling like he was about to cry from frustration.

He wasn't stupid. With an investment this huge, once it slipped through his fingers, there would definitely be no next time.

What's more, it was an investment from the Jones family of Strego City. The family was a first-tier southern gentry, which meant that more assets would follow once they started to invest in Khanh City. It was hard to imagine how much more money would be funded.

If Ian let them go and invest in other cities, then Khanh City wouldn't stand a chance in the future.

“Miss Jones, there isn't any problem. If you want to acquire this piece of land, we can draw up the contract by today.”

Ian was quite firm with his decision. The land planning department subordinate next to him wanted to say something, but he was quieted by a look from Ian. One needed to be swift for such a thing.

“Great.” Juliet smiled and shook hands with Ian. “Then, Mr. Lawson, I'll get someone from the Jones family to come over and complete the formalities.

“Yet, given your earlier reaction, it seems that purchasing that land would result in the Jones family running into some sort of

conflict with others, right?”

Juliet's tone was filled with concern as she asked, “Mr. Lawson, we came with a serious business proposal in mind. Are we going to be targeted by others when the time comes?”

From her words, it was evident that she was seeking Ian's protection.

Ian hurriedly laughed. “Miss Jones, you are a most distinguished investor here in Khanh City. Whoever dares to touch you will be setting themselves at odds with our Khanh City officials.

“You can be absolutely assured of this. You are absolutely safe within the city. No one will dare to give you a hard time.”

“Is that so?” asked a grateful Juliet. “Thank you so much for the guarantee. The

Jones family has been attacked by many local businesses before. It happens every time we move to another city to do business. It's really annoying.”

“Hahaha, Miss Juliet, I can assure you that absolutely no such thing will happen in Khanh City.”

Having said that, Ian shook hands with Juliet once more. This project was a done deal.

Chapter 507 Do You Have a Death Wish?

The next day, in the conference room on the top floor of the city center.

Drake Tucker sat in the main seat of the conference room. He was furrowing his brow.

Next to him sat Donald Lewis, Jade Laurell, Zachery Smith, and Noah Lee. All of them were bigwigs of Khanh City.

The atmosphere in the conference room was densely solemn. The air was filled with a strong smell of nicotine.

Drake took a puff of his cigar and then placed the remaining half of it on the ashtray next to him. His eyes swept over

everyone present as he spoke in a gloomy tone, “What do you all think about the land in West Gate Plains?”

Every one of them had gloomy expressions on their faces, especially Donald. His veins could be seen bulging on his forehead.

“I’ve called the Land Planning Department. The land sale was personally negotiated by the great leader. He has granted it to someone else.” Donald lit up a cigarette and took a deep puff. “That land is the most critical section to enter the city center. Its importance is equivalent to the heart of the city.

“We had made a plan to build a green belt in West Gate Plains, as an entry point for all the investors and potential clients from all over the world. Its design would give those who travel all the way into the city

with a sort of visual enjoyment.

“We had already negotiated the terms with the Land Planning Department. Should the tender be open for West Gate Plains, the city center will be the one who wins the bid. However, they are now going back on their word.”

Noah banged on the conference desk in front of him. “This is outrageous.”

He scuffled a little and stood up. As the leader of the underground world in Khanh City, he naturally couldn't tolerate this.

“Who the hell dares to oppose us in Khanh City? Does this person have a death wish?” Noah looked like he was about to explode. “I'll bring someone over to teach them a lesson right now. I'd like to see who has the f*cking guts to snatch the land from

us.”

Glancing at Noah, Drake said, “Chill, Brother Lee. Since that person was able to snatch the land away from us via Grand Leader Ian Lawson, this person must be a big shot.

“I’m afraid this matter is out of our hands.”

Drake turned on the projector behind him. It instantly displayed a photo of Juliet Jones and information on her background.

“Juliet, the eldest daughter of the Jones family, one of the southern first-tier giants. She came to Khanh City to invest on behalf of her family. She’s the one who snatched that piece of land from us.”

“The Jones Family of Strego City!”

Everyone present drew in a breath of cold

air. Even Noah, who was acting furious just now, had become quiet.

The southern first-tier gentry was indeed an existence which they could only look up to.

“Why did the Jones family come to Khanh City for investment?”

“Not only did she steal that piece of land from us, she has also clenched down on the heart of the city center. Brother Tucker, she’s not aiming for the city center, is she?”

Everyone in the conference room felt a great deal of pressure. After all, the opponent was a southern giant.

Drake picked up the cigar next to him and took another puff. He said, “The matter is beyond our control. We have to report this

to Brother Tyr immediately.

“You all must have heard about the incident that destroyed the Xavier family in Salem City a while back. It was done by Brother Tyr and the Riverdale King. They are very close to each other. Their relationship is no longer a secret in Riverdale.

“And as far as I know, the family behind the Xavier family is the Jones family of Strego City.”

The group of Khanh City bigwigs looked at each other. They were almost sure that Juliet had come to Khanh City to target Tyr.

Therefore, she went directly to Ian Lawson and asked for that piece of land in the Jones family’s name. A measure taken to impact the city center’s heart. Her primary

purpose was to deal with Tyr.

“This woman is not easy to deal with,” said Drake, standing up and walking over to the window.

One could see far and beyond into the city center from this spot; West Gate Plains was no exception.

“The construction of West Gate Plains is equivalent to the facade of the city center. Ian can’t overlook that. Yet, he gave Juliet that land. This means that Ian is determined to side with the Jones family. He has abandoned the city center.

“It’s alright if Juliet bought the land for a good purpose. But, I’m worried that she might deliberately use it against us. If she builds something inappropriate on the land, our city center will be destroyed

along with it.”

Drake’s fears weren’t unfounded.

Everyone in that room were veterans.

Although Juliet was merely a seedling, all the bigwigs could guess what she planned to do next.

“This matter is beyond our league. We must inform Brother Tyr immediately.”

Meanwhile, Tyr and the White Snake movie crew had arrived at Dunham Lake in Strego City.

Coincidentally, just as Juliet left Strego City to head to Khanh City, Tyr had arrived in Strego City.

The White Snake movie crew was here to film the scene where Agnes White floods the mountain. Therefore, they had to include Austere Tower in the background.

Since ancient times, the city had been known for its beautiful landscape. Many said that Strego City was a heavenly paradise on earth. Thus, it was suitable as a holiday destination for Tyr and his family.

When he received the phone call from Drake, Tyr didn't show too much surprise. Ever since Carson Yorke destroyed the Xavier family, he knew that the giant behind the Xavier family would do something to Riverdale sooner or later.

It was just that Tyr didn't expect that the family behind the Xavier family would be the Jones family from Strego City.

Also, the Jones family actually sent a woman like Juliet to Riverdale. The way she was acting was utterly hilarious. Instead of creating trouble for Carson in

Prime City, she was even targeting Tyr in Khanh City.

Does she have a death wish?

Tyr told Drake to do nothing but wait for his return. He didn't say much other than that.

Truth be told, Tyr didn't think highly of Juliet. Therefore, there was no need for him to ruin his family's hard-earned holiday trip over such a small matter.

Their family continued to tour Strego City for the next three days. They only left with the White Snake movie crew after filming had been completed.

The family arrived back in Khanh City in the afternoon. Tyr didn't do anything for the rest of the day and simply stayed home with Winifred and Blair to recharge

himself.

The next day, Winifred went to the office, while Tyr began to focus on dealing with Juliet.

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Chapter 508 The Third Phase of the Plan

While on his way to the city center, Tyr Summers gave Carson Yorke a call.

When the call was connected, Carson's laughter was heard from the other side. "Tyr, what took you so long to call me?"

Carson's tone suggested that he was well aware of the news of Juliet Jones arriving at Khanh City. He had been waiting for Tyr's phone call for the last few days, but he never expected that it would take so many days to hear from him.

Tyr smiled and replied, "I was away on trip with my family, that's why I didn't have time to call you.

"Let's cut the chase. I have no idea what's going on in the mind of that princess of the Jones family. Why is she looking for trouble in

Khanh City instead of looking for you in Prime City?

“You owe me for this, Uncle Carson.”

Carson laughed from the other side and said, “I don’t care. I owe you quite a lot anyway. But Tyr, behind that Juliet, is a southern giant. Do you need my help?”

Tyr resolutely shook his head. He said, “A teeny-tiny Juliet doesn’t deserve much of my attention. Uncle Carson, I recall the three-step plan you told me about earlier on.

“First, we take out Yannick Lloyd from Northriver. Secondly, we acquire Riverdale. And the third step was designed to conquer the entire South.

“Now that the first two steps have been completed, it’s about time to start the next and final step. It just so happens that Juliet is here in Khanh City, I think she would make the perfect breakthrough.”

Carson was silent for a few seconds. Then, he nodded his head and said, “You’re right. The Jones family is the weakest among the southern first-class gentry.

“This is indeed a good breakthrough. Once we create an opening, then everything else will be much easier.

“But Tyr, that Juliet is not an easy target. Have you thought about how to deal with her?”

“There is always a solution to a problem. Juliet can’t beat me, but Uncle Carson, I need all the information on the Jones family. Can you get it for me?” Tyr replied with a chuckle.

“Sure. How about this? Your godmother has been thinking of you for the last few days. She also misses her god-granddaughter. Why don’t you bring Winifred and little Blair to my house tomorrow? So that we can have a great get-together.”

“No problem.”

After he hung up the phone, Tyr sped up and drove his Cadillac as fast as he could to reach the city centre. In the conference room on the city centre's top floor, Drake Tucker and other bigwigs of Khanh City were waiting for Tyr.

When Tyr pushed the door open and walked in, Drake and the others got up from their seats at once and greeted him loudly, "Brother Tyr."

Tyr waved his hand dismissively. "We know each other pretty well. Stop being so polite."

He sat down in the center, on the seat reserved for the boss. His gaze swept through everyone present in the room.

"About what happened to that piece of land in West Gate Plains, is it confirmed?" asked Tyr.

"Yes." Drake nodded. "The formalities have been completed. Ian Lawson is determined to side with the Jones family. Therefore, all the formalities were done swiftly. Our city centre has completely lost that land."

“Did you negotiate with Ian?” Tyr queried.

“I did.” Drake nodded again. “But he kept brushing us off. It was useless to negotiate.”

“Oh.”

Tyr laughed. Deep down, he didn't blame Ian for his choice. After all, as the great leader of Khanh City, everything has to be in line with the city's future development. When caught between the city centre and the Jones family, any sensible person would have chosen to team up with the latter.

Tyr stood up and walked over to the window, looking out at the land. “Do you know what Juliet wants the land for?”

“It's unclear at the moment,” said Drake as he and the others shook their heads.

He added, “Brother Tyr, I'm worried that Juliet might use this land to mess with us. This land is necessary to connect the city centre with the

other parts of the city, it's a crucial point for us. If Juliet decided to mess around with that land, it would have a huge big impact on us.”

“I know.” Tyr nodded his head. “Give me Juliet's phone number. I'll call her!”

Meanwhile, Juliet was in the presidential suite of a luxury hotel.

Holding a cup of coffee in her hand, she stood in front of the window, looking out at the skyscrapers, frowning slightly. It wasn't apparent what she had on her mind.

The monk behind her was robed in white clothes. He stood there quietly, as if he was a guardian angel, safeguarding Juliet all the time.

Downing all the coffee in her hand in a single gulp, Juliet turned around and said to him, “Jaren, I'm bored.”

Only in front of Jaren would Juliet, who was known as a demoness in Strego City, show her girly side.

Jaren's expression was relatively gentle. His voice was as smooth as ever as he asked, "Is it because that Tyr hasn't come to you yet?"

"Yeah. That Tyr guy, he's really calm."

Taking out the invisible XLT crossbow from her luggage, Juliet placed it on the window sill and aimed it at a pedestrian on the street below.

"Jaren, do you think I can hit that guy with this arrow?" she asked. Her finger was poised on the trigger, ready to pull it at any second.

However, just before Juliet pulled the trigger, the monk violently pressed her hand. "My lady!"

"Jaren, you've broken your commandment. Skinship between men and women is prohibited. Why are you grabbing my hand?"

Feeling a shudder in his heart, Jaren withdrew his hand in a panic. In the end, Juliet didn't shoot the crossbow.

She turned around and had a good laugh when she saw Jaren's defeated expression. "Jaren, look at you. Such a silly boy, this is Khanh City, not Strego City. I wouldn't dare to do anything stupid. I was just teasing you."

Jaren looked helpless. He was used to Juliet's teasing. Him and Juliet had been together for more than a decade. Since the day his temple caught on fire, he no longer had a home to return to. It was Juliet who had given him a new home.

To this day, the monk was still the demoness' only friend!

Just then, Juliet's phone rang, causing a smile to appear on her face.

This phone number was a new one, acquired shortly after her arrival in Khanh City. With the exception of Jaren, no one knew the number. If anyone else wanted to find out her phone number, there was only one way.

Said person would have to pull all kinds of strings to find out, and there was only one person with such resources—Tyr.

Juliet picked up the phone and pressed on the answer button. “Hi Tyr, nice to meet you.”

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Chapter 509 You Really Dared To Come

Tyr's voice came from the phone, "You are smart. Since you are a smart person, then there's no need to speak nonsense. Where are you now? I will come and find you."

"Hehe, don't come!" Juliet suddenly became cautious. "You have a family, and I am currently showering in the hotel. You're not afraid of your wife misunderstanding it?"

"Of course, if you don't mind, I won't mind either. To be honest, the moment I saw your picture, I wanted to marry you. Tyr, why don't you divorce your wife and marry me?"

Tyr was speechless. Were all high-standing noble ladies this straightforward? Connie Yorke was like this before, now Juliet Jones as well.

"I am not interested in your jokes, walk

towards the window and look down. The guy walking into the hotel while talking on the phone is me.”

Tyr hung up after he finished his sentence.

Juliet frowned before walking towards the window. She saw Tyr walking into the hotel, holding a phone.

Coincidentally, the person that Juliet had aimed her crossbow at earlier was Tyr. Because he had been too far away for her to see his face, and also because she had only seen Tyr’s face in a photo, she could not tell it was him.

“This is interesting.” Juliet smiled faintly. “Jaren, go and take the Lafite wine in the cupboard. I am meeting a guest now.”

“Yes, my lady.”

After about half an hour, the bell rang, and Tyr walked into the room soon after.

“You really dared to come.” Juliet smiled,

looking at Tyr. “Looks like you’re nothing like the rumors said—you’re not controlled by your wife.”

Tyr shrugged his shoulders and said, “My wife is a reasonable and understanding person, she trusts me.”

“How is it possible for a guy to not cheat?”

Taking two glasses of wine from Jaren, Juliet handed one to Tyr. “Come, why don’t we toast to our first meeting?”

“There is no such need,” said Tyr, sitting down after rejecting her. “Juliet Jones, the eldest daughter of Strego City’s elite, wealthy family. Tell me why you would come to Khanh City.”

Juliet took a sip of wine before replying, “I came here to do business, what else?”

Tyr shook his head. “Stealing West Gate Plains from me is not part of doing business. I’m sure anyone who comes to Khanh City to do business knows not to oppose my city center.”

“Really?” Juliet laughed. “Tyr, you sound like you are the king of Khanh City. It’s as if the Jones family has to come bow to you before doing business in here.”

“I didn't mean it that way,” said Tyr, laughing as well. “Juliet, you should know what I, Tyr Summers, am capable of.”

“If you provoke me, do not think that you can do business in Khanh City by using the Jones family’s name to protect yourself. No one can protect you.”

As he spoke those words, Tyr let out a cold aura, causing the temperature in the whole room to drop tremendously.

Juliet had always been fearless, but she did not know why, for a split second, she suddenly felt a chill go down her spine. However, she quickly composed herself.

“Ha ha ha, Tyr Summers, are you threatening me?”

“This is not a threat, you should know it in your heart.”

As Tyr stared Juliet sharply, she was actually slightly afraid of looking back at him. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. This was the first time in her entire life that Juliet had ever met someone like Tyr.

“Tyr, I won’t beat around the bush anymore. Let me get straight to the point,” said Juliet.

“Alright.” Tyr nodded.

“I roughly understand your relationship with the Riverdale King, Carson Yorke. I even know how overly strong you are, and you even have a group of high-tier fighters on your side, right?”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded again without delay.

Juliet continued, “I do not know what you did overseas to become this strong, but Tyr, if you want to return to the Celestial Empire and be

with your wife and daughter, I suggest you stay away from people like Carson Yorke.

“You have repeatedly helped Carson Yorke during difficult situations, and you even helped him gain the title of Riverdale King. Tyr, you are doing this because you have a plan, right?”

“You want to establish your own power and influence in the Celestial Empire and become a king. Carson Yorke was just a stepping stone to achieve your goal, was he not?”

“Once you manage to reach your goal, the first thing you’ll do is get rid of Carson Yorke and take over his Riverdale King title, right?”

Everything Juliet said made sense. However, to Tyr, everything she said was a total joke.

Seeing as Tyr did not respond, Juliet said with a face full of satisfaction, “What? Did I just expose your plan?”

“Tyr, being vicious is a good thing, but you should not aim so high without knowing your

own abilities. Even if you get rid of Carson and claim the Riverdale King title, what can you do? You would still not be powerful enough.

“However, Tyr, I will give you a chance. The Jones family is one of the most prominent wealthy families in the south. If you agree to work for us, I can guarantee you that once my family establishes our position in the north, you’ll be one of the prominent wealthy families in the south. What do you think?”

This was the reason Juliet came to find Tyr. She wanted to tame him, turning him into her dog who would help her conquer the world. It was all part of her plan to make the Jones family one of the elite wealthy families in the north.

Juliet had such a greedy heart and big ambitions. There was currently no elite wealthy family in the entire south, but she had already planned for her family to become one.

“Ha ha ha!”

Seeing how full of herself Juliet was, Tyr

laughed loudly. He laughed so hard he had tears coming out of his eyes.

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Chapter 510 Do Not Provoke This Person

Tyr Summers stood up. He had already found out what he wanted to know, so he did not need to stay here any longer.

“Why are you laughing?” asked Juliet in a low tone, frowning.

“Juliet Jones, if I told you that I gave Carson Yorke the Riverdale King position, would you believe me?” replied Tyr.

Juliet’s expression darkened. “What kind of joke is that?”

“Ha ha, I only joke with my friends. I never thought of you as a friend, Juliet Jones,” said Tyr as he walked towards the door.

“Juliet, a good woman should be at home looking for a good spouse to marry, not coming out to do business. Especially women

like you who like to pretend to be smart, when you wouldn't even know how you died.”

What Tyr said touched a nerve with Juliet. The thing she hated most was when people looked down on her for being a woman, and Tyr had intentionally done just that.

“Tyr, you b*stard. Stop right there!” said Juliet angrily.

Tyr ignored her and continued to walk out the door. Jaren, who was about five meters away, suddenly appeared in front of Tyr in a flash, blocking his path.

“Nice moves,” said Tyr.

Only now did he notice the monk dressed in white, and he suddenly felt interested in this guy.

Tyr looked at him and smiled faintly. “You’re blocking my way?”

“My lady told you to stay where you are,” Jaren

replied.

“You can’t stop me.”

“Even if I can’t, I still have to do it.”

Tyr did not trouble him any further, and merely turned to Juliet. “Actually, there's nothing to discuss. If you wanna play with me, fine, let’s play.”

Staring at Tyr sharply, Juliet said, “Tyr, the land in West Gate Plains is in my hands. If you want to oppose me, then don’t call me cruel when I retaliate.”

“So, that’s what you’re using to negotiate in your attempt to make me the Jones family’s dog? Juliet, you are too soft.”

Tyr turned around, ready to leave after saying so. On the other hand, Juliet was panicking. This was the first time a guy had treated her like this.

She declared, “Tyr Summers, if you don’t agree

to my proposition, I'll build a crematorium in West Gate Plains.

“Don't blame me for being capable, I always do what I say I will. Also, Ian Lawson will make it possible for me. He would do anything to gain the Jones family's support.

“After the crematorium is built near your city center, let's see whether it can develop.”

Tyr stopped for a moment and replied, “Whatever!

“However, Juliet, you have to remember that this is Khanh City, which is also known as the Forbidden Land of God. I hope you are able to achieve opening a crematorium here one day.”

“Is that a threat?” Juliet grit her teeth. “With Khanh City's officials protecting me, I do not believe you would do anything to me!”

“You don't believe it?” Tyr grinned. “Then, let's test it out.”

Tyr did not want to stay there any longer. He

had never planned to speak to her properly today.

Jaren was still standing guard at the door. “You are not allowed to leave.”

Putting his hand on Jaren’s shoulder, Tyr chuckled. “You are very interesting. If you get bored of following that woman, come work for me. I have a place that is suitable for you.”

Tyr then lightly pushed Jaren, causing him to fly across the room and hit a wall with a loud bang!

At that moment, Juliet was shocked.

Meanwhile, Tyr simply walked out of the room, leaving without hesitation.

Juliet was frozen on the spot. She only reacted a second later and rushed towards Jaren. “Jaren, are you okay?”

Holding his shoulder, Jaren crawled up from the ground. He was in great pain. “My lady, listen to this advice, do not aggravate this

person.”

Juliet suddenly felt shaken as he looked at Jaren in disbelief. “Jaren, you can’t fight him?”

“I am not even near his level.”

Shocked, Juliet immediately rushed back into her room and retrieved the invisible XLT crossbow from her bed. She then rushed towards the window. Tyr was just coming out of the hotel at that moment, and was within her line of sight.

“Tyr, since you won’t be mine, I will just destroy you.”

Juliet aimed at Tyr, ready to let the arrow fly.

“My lady, don’t.”

Jaren rushed over, trying to stop her, but he was too late. Juliet shot the arrow, and it flew directly towards Tyr.

This was the world's most powerful crossbow. It could crack an elephant’s skull from over

three hundred meters away, and had an impressive fire power. A gun was nothing compared to this crossbow's power.

Swoosh!

The arrow shot through the air and flew towards Tyr. However, at that moment, Tyr casually grabbed the arrow.

“Caught... he caught it!” exclaimed a shocked Juliet, her face pale.

Right then, something flew past her face. A swoosh sound was heard behind her. Quickly turning around, she noticed that the arrow she shot was pierced into the wall. Looking at it, Juliet's mind went numb, and next to her, Jaren was shocked as well.

“He shot... shot it back?”

Juliet suddenly felt like her face was hot. Touching it, her hands came away bloody. As it flew back, the arrow had scratched her face, making her bleed.

“Jaren!”

“Yes, my lady.”

“Can you do this as well?”

Jaren went quiet for a moment, then said, “I could perhaps catch the arrow, but shooting it back like that is impossible! My lady, I think we should go back to Strego City. It is too dangerous here, even Ian won’t be able to protect you.”

“No!” Juliet shook her head. “I cannot go back to Strego City before finishing what I came here to do.

“This is my only chance to surpass Kendall. Who said that a woman is not as capable as a man? I want to break this stupid misconception.

Juliet then angrily slammed her fist on the wall beside her. “This Tyr Summers is strong, he is useful for us. I don’t believe that I can’t

convince him.”

Juliet had a confident smile on her face, “Jaren, Tyr did not agree to be mine because we are not successful enough. Trust me, after a while, he’ll come to me on his own and beg me.”

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Chapter 511 You, Scram

“My lady, I do not understand,” said Jaren, shaking his head.

Juliet chuckled, then suddenly thought of a question. “Jaren, what do you think Kendall would have done to make Tyr join him?”

Jaren shook his head, expressing that he did not know.

“You really don’t know anything,” said Juliet, before answering her own question, “If it was Kendall, he would use the most violent method and show off his power, making Tyr yield to him.

“That's why I said Kendall is brainless, he is not suitable to be the next head of the family.”

Juliet massaged her temples. “Tyr does not yield when you treat him nicely, looks like he wants to do it the hard way. I need to revise my

plan now.”

“My lady, you are not going back to Strego City?!”

“Of course I want to go back, but not until I get Tyr Summers and get rid of Carson Yorke.”

“Alright!”

Even though Jaren wanted to convince Juliet to give up and leave Khanh City quickly, he couldn't force her if she refused. It was always like this, Jaren just followed whatever Juliet said.

Juliet suddenly asked him a weird question, “Jaren, will you leave me one day?”

Jaren was confused. “And go where?” he asked.

Juliet replied, “Earlier, Tyr said he was interested in you, and that there was a place suitable for you. Don't you want to know what place he was talking about?”

“Jaren, do you think I'm a metal cage, keeping you locked up, while in reality, you do not like

being in this cage?”

Jaren was quiet for a moment. He treated Juliet like family, so he did not want to lie to her.

Finally, he replied, “Actually, I don’t know either.”

“Ha ha!” Juliet laughed faintly. Her laugh sounded bitter.

In the city center’s main office, once they found out what Juliet was planning to do with the land in West Gate Plains, Drake Tucker and the rest were furious.

“Crazy, really crazy. That Juliet is a crazy b*tch. She wants to make a crematorium? I give her credit for thinking that way.”

“If that woman really dared to do so, we would all go and destroy her.”

“F*ck, Khanh City is our territory. She is too full of herself and too crazy!”

They were furious and wanted to obliterate

Juliet instantly. These people were already quite famous and powerful before Tyr came to Khanh City. After Tyr's arrival, their positions became higher.

Before that, no one dared provoke them. And now, well, it went without saying.

At this moment, Juliet wanted to step all over them and treat them like sh*t. Anyone would be angry in this situation.

Tyr stood near the window, listening to the others complain. He was unhappy.

“Shut up,” Tyr said faintly.

The entire office went quiet.

Tyr looked at everyone in the room and said, “Get rid of Juliet? She has Ian Lawson backing her up, do you guys dare provoke him?”

“But Brother Tyr, this woman is targeting the city center. If we don't scare her a bit, she'll think we are pushovers,” replied Noah Lee.

“She is not targeting the city center, she is targeting me,” said Tyr. “If she wants to make a crematorium in West Gate Plains, let her. We can just build a different route for the city center.

“If she really dares to waste her money, then we should play along with her.”

The others finally understood Tyr’s plan. Speaking of wasting money, who could beat Tyr at that? It was impossible, even for the Jones family!

“You guys do whatever you want, just don’t bother about that woman. Changing the route for the city center is the worst case scenario, but I will not let her have a chance to build a crematorium in West Gate Plains.”

Tired and not wanting to say anything else, Tyr then walked out of the office.

The next morning, Tyr and his family drove to Prime City.

As for Juliet, Tyr did not even take her seriously. Actually, he hoped that she would quickly make her move. This was because, once she made a move, he could then easily find her weakness.

That was why Tyr had intentionally said stuff that would agitate Juliet. If she did not make a move and dragged this on, Tyr would have been in a tough position.

When he arrived at Carson's house in Prime City, Heather had already prepared all the dishes and was waiting for Tyr and his family to arrive.

"They're here!" said Carson. He and Heather greeted Tyr and his family happily.

Tyr and Winifred immediately greeted them, "Uncle Yorke, Godmother!"

Blair politely greeted them too, "Grandfather Yorke, Godgrandmother!"

"Good girl."

This was the first time Carson and Heather had met Blair in person. The both of them instantly fell in love with the little girl the moment they saw her.

Heather immediately passed some money to Blair and carried her. “Blair, I heard that you like pork ribs. I made you some nice pork ribs, try them later and tell me how it tastes, okay?”

Blair nodded furiously. “Okay!”

Everyone walked into the Yorke Family’s yard, laughing and talking happily. It felt like home.

As they walked in, Connie came forward and greeted, “Brother Tyr, Sister Winifred!”

Spotting Blair in Heather’s arms, her eyes sparkled. “Is this Blair? She is beautiful. Come, let this big sister carry you, I’ll take you somewhere nice to play.”

As Heather passed Blair over to Connie, the little girl’s face reddened and she said, “

Actually, I'm a big girl now. I don't need to be carried."

"Ha ha ha!"

As everyone laughed, Connie put Blair on her feet and held her hand. "Let me take you to play somewhere fun, alright?"

"Yes!" Blair nodded furiously again.

At this moment, a voice said, "Sister Connie, you are the same generation as Tyr. So, you should be asking Blair to call you Aunty."

This voice belonged to none other than Dickson Watt. Tyr was shocked. After so long, he was still staying in the Yorke family's place, he hadn't gone home!

Women hated it when other people called them old. Clearly, Dickson had not thought properly before saying so.

Staring at Dickson angrily, Connie pointed at the door. "You, scram!"

Chapter 512 I Have A Question

Dickson Watt was dumbfounded. He could not even comprehend what he had

said wrong.

The group went into the house to eat. After the meal, Winifred Zea helped Heather Quelch clean up, while Connie Yorke brought Blaire Zea out to play. As for Dickson Watt, he went to the garden alone, at a loss as to the reason he was there.

Tyr Summers, on the other hand, accompanied Carson Yorke to the study.

Carson handed a USB flash drive to Tyr when they arrived at the office. “This USB contains all the information about the Jones family, in addition to details about the Great Sky Group.

“There are also profiles on the top gentry throughout the south, which should be helpful

to you.”

Tyr took the flash drive from Carson, a smile tugging at his lips. “Uncle Yorke, you keep saying you’re old and have no desire to continue to struggle, but you seem to have made many preparations over the years.”

Carson grinned in return. “Making preparations does not necessarily mean you have to do anything about it. It’s just a precaution. See? Isn’t it useful?”

“Tyr, if you want to deal with the Jones family, Kace Jones, the second master of the Jones family is a good place to start.”

“Kace Jones?” asked Tyr.

“Well, you’ll understand once you go through the information on that flash drive. The Jones family is now only a shadow of its former self. The most difficult thing to deal with in Strego City is not the Jones family, but the Great Sky Group,” said Carson.

It was not too much of a concern to Tyr, who had a variety of experiences overseas over the years. The families in the south were all the same in his eyes, and were no different from ants.

“What are you going to do about Juliet Jones?” asked Carson.

Tyr shook his head. “I’m thinking about it. I’m just waiting for her next move. If the enemy doesn’t take her next step, then I won’t do anything. But when she does, her end is nigh.”

Carson Yorke inclined his head. “Juliet Jones is a very good pawn. It’s best if you don’t provoke her until you have to. Better yet, use her to your advantage.”

“That’s exactly what I was thinking,” said Tyr. “But to this day, I haven’t figured out exactly how to deal with that woman. Killing her is easy, but recovering lost land is hard.

“What’s most important is that she managed

to worm her way into Khanh City, and attempted to cajole me to her side. This means she's no simpleton."

With a smile, Carson assured, "We'll take it one step at a time then.

"The reason the south of the Celestial Empire has never seen elites on par with the ones in the north is because the south has always been too chaotic. There has never been a person at the helm. Tyr, I hope you can become the helmsman of the south."

"Haha, Uncle Yorke, you're stretching this too far. Even if a helmsman were to one day make an appearance, it would be you, not me."

Carson's complexion turned grim as if he had come to a conclusion. "Tyr, could it be that you ..."

"I have no interest in becoming King of the South. I'm doing this because I want to deal with the Summers family. The south is no more

than a stopover for me,” Tyr declared firmly.

Carson felt rather helpless. “So, when the time comes, you’ll still dump this mess on me?”

Tyr shrugged. “Uncle Yorke, you’re already in the middle of a mess. If not you, who else?”

With that said, Tyr slyly patted Carson on the shoulder. “Uncle Yorke, you’re only fifty. That’s far from old. Give me three to five years. I’ll lead you to the pinnacle of the Celestial Empire to enjoy the scenery. How about it?”

“The pinnacle of the Celestial Empire!” gasped Carson, having reached a sudden epiphany.

There was clearly a deeper meaning to Tyr’s words as he continued, “Uncle Yorke, the Imperial Capital City’s Quelch family has close relations with godmother, yes?”

Carson recoiled as he stared incredulously at Tyr. “Tyr, you... How did you know?”

Tyr answered, “Would you believe me if I said

it was a guess?”

“Yes,” Carson replied with firm conviction. “I’ll believe anything you say.”

“Since you have that much faith in me, let’s work together.”

There were no boundaries of generation or age between Tyr and Carson at that moment. They were more like brothers who had started their own business venture together, with the intention of making it big.

Mutual support and reciprocal belief until everything is within grasp!

The two left the study and continued their chat all the way to the garden.

Concurrently, Dickson had his nunchucks in hand as he practiced his skills in the garden.

“Dickson Watt came here to propose marriage to Connie under the orders of the Watt family patriarch from West Suez?” asked Tyr.

“Yes,” Carson admitted. “But I don’t know what that silly girl Connie is thinking. She keeps ignoring Dickson. I personally think he is sufficiently good.”

“Well, the youngsters have their own way of thought. An old man like you wouldn’t be able to understand.” Tyr chuckled as he continued, “Uncle Yorke, is the family of the Canonteign Mansion in West Suez also a distinguished gentry in the south?”

“That’s correct,” Carson affirmed.

Tyr continued to probe, “The reason you wanted to arrange a betrothal with them back then was because you wanted to use their influence to help accomplish something?”

Carson shook his head. “The meeting between the senior of Canonteign Mansion and I was coincidental and nothing more. But this time, we have intentions to conquer the south. The Canonteign Mansion was willing to lend a

hand.”

Dickson, who was over by the garden, had simultaneously finished a set of techniques.

When he noticed Tyr, his eyes brightened. “Brother Tyr, come here. I have something I want to ask you.”

Tyr was surprised to see Dickson had actually taken the initiative to ask for him.

‘What could this guy possibly want from me? Did he find out that I was the person who shot the stone at him in the alley the other day?’

But on the other hand, Tyr held relative interest in Dickson. He wouldn’t have secretly trailed Dickson all the way to the alley otherwise.

“I’ll leave you youngsters to it,” said Carson, chuckling as he left.

Meanwhile, Tyr approached Dickson. “Yes?”

Dickson made an obeisance toward Tyr,

appearing polite. “Brother Tyr, I wanted to ask ... wanted to ask...”

Dickson continued to stammer. That was not in line with Tyr’s previous perception of him at all. He had always been someone who acted swiftly and resolutely, and was never this twitchy.

“Just say what you have to say. Why are you squirming like a woman?” Tyr scoffed.

Dickson fell silent for a moment before he finally started, “Brother Tyr, I heard that Connie really liked you and refused to marry anyone but you. I wanted to ask, how did you get her to like you?”

Tyr was instantly petrified. ‘A man squirming and twitching just to ask about this?’

“Dickson, I really don’t know how to answer this question. Connie was clamoring to marry me not because she loved me. It was because I cured her mother’s illness.”

“And before that, Connie used to say that she would marry whoever cured her mother’s illness.”

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Chapter 513 I'll Help You Vent Your Anger

“Oh?” Dickson was rather disappointed.

Tyr chuckled in amusement. “That’s what happened. However, there is a way to court girls. It can be summed up in eight words, and is known as the Mantra of Eight Words.”

“Mantra of Eight Words?” Dickson’s eyes lit up. “Brother Tyr, what is this Mantra of Eight Words? Tell me please. I’m begging you.”

Tyr rested his chin in his hand as he pretended to be pensive for a moment before answering, “Don’t be afraid to die. Just do it!”

“What do you mean?” Dickson seemed confused.

Honestly speaking, Tyr had no idea what those eight words meant. It was wisdom Juan Yates had bestowed upon him some time ago.

On that note, Tyr was no better than Dickson when it came to pursuing a woman. They were both idiots in matters of the heart. The difference was that Tyr was a tad smarter than Dickson. At least Tyr was not a man who was wet behind the ears.

When Dickson noticed Tyr was hesitant to explain the so-called Mantra of Eight Words, he felt anxious. “Brother Tyr, what does that mean? Tell me!”

‘I also have no f*cking clue,’ Tyr snarled internally.

Out loud, he said, “Just do it anyway!”

“By the way, weren’t you unwilling to fulfill the betrothal before this? You’ve already annulled the engagement, so why are you trying to woo Connie? Are you actually in love with her?”

Dickson shook his head honestly. “I don’t have much interest in girls. Most of my previous

contacts were men.”

Tyr was taken aback.

Dickson scrambled to clarify, “Don’t misunderstand, Brother Tyr. That’s not what I meant.”

He took out a journal he always carried on him. “This is a special method of martial arts training I learned from my predecessor.

“To become a true martial arts master, I must challenge the masters of the eighteen martial arts within the country, and then gather the best from a hundred schools.

“It’s just that most of these masters... are men.”

Tyr was still at a loss. “What does that have to do with you courting Connie?”

“My grandfather issued an order—I have to succeed or die. If I don’t marry Connie Yorke, he will make certain that I lose my martial arts

skills,” Dickson replied with a bitter look on his face.

“Lose your martial arts skills?”

“By breaking all four of my limbs!”

Tyr was rendered speechless.

Dickson was like a cat on hot bricks as he elucidated, “If I don’t manage to woo Connie, Grandpa won’t allow me to go out to challenge those martial artists... Just look at what I have recorded in my journal. There are still so many people whom I’ve yet to challenge.”

“So, the reason you want to marry Connie is your grandfather. Then, after you get married, you will challenge martial arts masters all over the world. What about Connie?” Tyr queried.

With hardly any thought, Dickson answered capriciously, “She can come with me!”

“Haha, you’re such a piece of sh*t.” Tyr did not hesitate to flash a thumbs up Dickson’s way. “I

really can't help you with pursuing Connie.

“But, if you want to gather the strengths of a hundred masters and emulate your primogenitor to become a worthy martial artist, I may have a better way to help you.”

“What kind of way?” asked Dickson, a glint in his eyes.

“There's a place that's perfect for people like you,” replied Tyr.

“Where?”

Tyr chuckled and slapped Dickson on the shoulder. “I'll tell you once you manage to woo Connie!”

Concurrently, in a luxurious hotel over at Khanh City.

Juliet Jones held her invisible crossbow in hand, aiming directly ahead.

There was a well-dressed man in black

standing before her. The way he dressed indicated that he was an intelligence officer.

“You’re certain that Tyr Summers is not in Khanh City?” asked Juliet.

Her face took on a ghastly expression, making the black-clothed man incredibly nervous. Despite not being from Strego City, he was well-aware that Juliet Jones’ reputation as Strego City’s she-devil preceded her.

This was a woman who haphazardly broke limbs and committed murders at every turn!

“Y-yes, Miss Jones. Tyr Summers is not in Khanh City right now.”

“Where did he go?”

Juliet instantly felt agitated and aimed her crossbow at the man in black.

He shuddered and divulged with haste, “He went to Prime City to look for Carson Yorke.”

Swoosh!

Juliet pulled the trigger. The arrow was fired with a loud whistle.

The man trembled in fear. In the nick of time, a hand suddenly caught the arrow, the tip of which was now less than an inch away from the man's forehead. The hand that held the arrow bled profusely.

The veins on the monk's arm bulged outward, and his countenance appeared pained. He turned back to the man in black and said, "You go out first."

"Th...Thank you."

The man, as if granted amnesty, thanked his savior and hurried out the door as quickly as he could.

At the same time, Juliet stared at the monk's bleeding hand. "Jaren, why did you do that?"

Juliet truly felt distressed. She had always been a stone-cold woman who had never cared

about the lives of others. But now that Jaren was injured, her heart ached with pinpricks of pain.

“I’m fine, my lady.”

Jaren went ahead to clean his wound, then wrapped his hand in gauze when Juliet rushed over. “Let me help you,” she said.

However, he unconsciously jerked back. “My lady, it is improper for men and women to touch each other. I can do it myself.”

Juliet felt a tad offended. “Jaren, your hand is already in such a state, and you still care about propriety? Don’t move, I’ll bandage it for you.”

The monk did not protest any further and allowed Juliet to help dress his wound.

The arrow that Juliet had fired a moment ago was so close that Jaren had to use all his strength to catch it. The situation was tantamount to grabbing a bullet with his bare hands, and the close-range friction caused him

to suffer.

At first glance, the wound had nearly shredded through the palm of his hand, and could be described as shocking.

“Why are you so angry, my lady? Is it because Tyr Summers ignored you?” Jaren queried.

Juliet answered, “I personally invited Tyr to work with me to go against Carson Yorke, but he went straight to that man’s house. Jaren, do you think Tyr is deliberately messing with me?”

Jaren fell silent for a short moment before he responded, “Why don’t I help you vent your anger, my lady?”

Juliet looked up at him with a flash of surprise in her eyes. “Jaren, what nonsense are you going on about? You’ve told me yourself that you’re no match for Tyr. So, what can you do to help me out?”

“And Jaren, your hands... They are not meant to be stained with blood.”

Closing his eyes, Jaren took a deep breath, and stated, “My lady, if you really can’t take it anymore, I am willing to plunge into eternal damnation for you!”

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would assist Juliet in venting her anger for Tyr Summers on her behalf. Even though Jaren recognized that he was no match for Tyr, he was sure that he could at least take a chunk out of the man.

The haze in Juliet's mind seemed to have dissipated in that instant.

She regarded the monk's simple-minded demeanor and responded with a smile, "Jaren, don't be silly. I told you, I want to recruit Tyr Summers. We mustn't use force. Don't worry about it."

Jaren did not answer, but his eyes seemed to be clouded with turmoil. No one could quite pinpoint what he was thinking.

During the golden autumn of October, the weather gradually turned chilly. In a place like Khanh City, once fall rolled in, sightings of the sun would be rare. It was currently overcast

Chapter 514 A Maniacal Monk

Juliet Jones was moved—touched like she had never been before.

She never had many friends growing up. On top of that, no one showed sincere care for her in her own home. Only when Jaren had been taken in by the Jones household did she experience what it meant to be shown concern.

The monk was devoted to his deity and obeyed the precepts. He had never once murdered, as he did not want to stain his hands with blood.

But as Juliet's bodyguard, he would not hesitate to defy the precepts if his mistress was in danger. Although he believed in the existence of god, Juliet took precedence in his heart.

Jaren never lied. His words were uttered from the bottom of his heart.

Even if the price was eternal damnation, he

with wisps of dark clouds overhead.

A bald monk, who was dressed head-to-toe in black and had nine religious marks on his forehead, stood outside the main entrance of Autumn Field Group before marching toward the foyer.

The doorman at the entrance stopped the black-clad monk and clarified courteously, “Greetings to the Master. This is no place to beg for alms.”

However, a sinister smile surfaced on the monk’s visage. “I’m not here to collect alms. I’m here for... Winifred Zea!”

The doorman was taken aback. “Are you here to see President Zea? Do you have an appointment?”

Bang!

As soon as the guard’s words trailed off, the monk suddenly smashed his fist against the other’s abdomen. The man was in agonizing

pain. Blood trickled from his mouth and landed in drops on the back of the monk's hand.

“What do you think you're doing?!”

The other doorman rushed up toward the monk as he took out his walkie-talkie and explained the situation to the security department.

“Why is a monk assaulting others? Have you gone crazy?”

Click!

The monk looked up and strangled the doorman. “Where is Winifred Zea?”

The individual was panic-stricken and repeatedly shook his head. “I... I'm just a doorman. I don't know where President Zea is.”

The monk grinned, his countenance awash with viciousness. He flung the guard with such force that he was hurled seven or eight meters

away.

No one could stop the advancing monk at the entrance. He stepped forward, briskly walking into the building of the Autumn Field Group. It was currently office hours, and various staff members were coming and going within the company.

Catching one of the employees, the monk asked in a cold tone, “Where is Winifred Zea?”

The employee looked confused. “I’m just a clerk. How would I know where President Zea is?”

Bang!

The monk threw out a punch, instantly knocking the employee to the ground. For a moment, everyone was struck by shock and horror at the sight of his actions.

“Where is Winifred Zea?”

Bang!

With another punch, another employee of the Autumn Field Group was beaten and sent flying.

“Tell me, where is Winifred Zea?”

“I... I’m just in charge of sweeping the floor, you...”

Smack!

The monk was truly ruthless. He had not even spared the cleaning lady, gifting her with a slap. The woman had been knocked to the ground as a result.

In just twenty seconds, the hall became riddled with painful howls of anguish that reverberated throughout the facility.

Just as the monk was about to trudge up the stairs, Joseph Zea and Graham Davis came barreling down the steps. They were followed by eight security guards from the security department. All these security guards were extremely skilled, and Wolf’s Den No. 9,

Sheldon Hayes, was also among them.

A long time ago, Tyr had made a rule that every day, several Wolf's Den members would be dispatched to protect Autumn Field Group and Tyr's family.

In the past, two members of Wolf's Den were always assigned to protect Autumn Field Group. But now, no one in Khanh City dared to cause trouble to the company. Moreover, the members of Wolf's Den were constantly training themselves to be better.

In order not to disturb their progress, Tyr arranged for only one person to show up at Autumn Field Group daily. Today, it was Sheldon Hayes, No. 9 of Wolf's Den.

“Who are you? What do you want with President Zea? President Zea is not around right now. If you have anything to say, you can say it to me,” said Joseph.

It was true that Winifred was not in the

company. She had gone to Prime City with Tyr. In her absence, Joseph was in charge of all of Autumn Field Group's affairs.

The monk looked up toward Joseph Zea, the vicious expression still framed on his face. “Not around?”

“She truly isn't here. She's in Prime City. If you're here to beg for alms, we can give you some money. Please don't cause trouble here.”

The monk chuckled. “I'm not here to beg for handouts. If Winifred Zea is not here, then who is in charge of Autumn Field Group?”

“I am,” replied Joseph. “I am the vice president of Autumn Field Group. What exactly do you want?”

“I was here to abduct Winifred Zea, but since she isn't here, you'll have to do.”

The monk did not beat around the bush with his intentions. As soon as his words trailed off, he approached Joseph at the speed of light and

attempted to seize him.

Two security guards instantly stood in front of the monk, blocking his way, and chided, “Presumptuous!”

However, the monk instantly lashed out, sending the two security guards flying through the air.

“An expert!”

Sheldon Hayes frowned at the sight of the scene as he secretly harnessed his strength.

Several other security guards had already surrounded the monk. But he simply swept past them one by one, his mouth once again curving up into an extremely sinister arc.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Once again, the hall resounded with the sound of a rhythmic barrage of shrieks and screams.

A moment later, the security guards were blown out of the room by the monk. One had

even received a blow to the head, cracking his skull and causing blood to flow from his seven orifices.

“Weak,” sneered the monk, looking at Joseph once more.

Joseph unconsciously took a step back, but the monk caught him.

Chapter 515 Sheldon Hayes' Final Exit

Just in the nick of time, Sheldon Hayes, who had been building up his strength, seized the opportunity to charge up like an arrow being shot, knocking the monk out of the way with an explosive blow.

The monk reeled back, stopping at the entrance to the hall, and as soon as he stood still, Sheldon rushed up again, throwing his first forward. As the monk parried with his palms, there was a muffled thump.

The force was so great that the monk took several steps back again, and finally retreated to the open space outside the door.

Sheldon rushed out and stared at the monk coldly. "I don't care who you are or who sent you here. This is no place for you to behave in such an outrageous fashion."

“Hehehe!” The monk grinned once more, revealing a row of white teeth. “To think I would find a decent opponent here.”

The monk appeared to be so satisfied with Sheldon’s performance that he had gone stark raving mad. “Today, you will either kill me, or I will put an end to you.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the monk sprang forward at a breakneck speed. Sheldon felt a mountainous pressure rushing at him, but he did not dare to underestimate the enemy, so he was ready to respond to the threat.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Wolf’s Den member faced the monk’s frenzied, torrential attacks, and was only able to withstand a few blows before being thrown back.

“So powerful!”

Sheldon’s heart sank. He applied pressure to

his feet, and when the monk rushed in, he swept out with one leg.

Smack!

Ah!

Sheldon's shriek instantaneously reverberated. The limb he kicked out was intercepted by the monk, who grabbed Sheldon by the ankle with one hand, and struck at his foot with the other.

As if a brick had cracked in half, with a resounding snap, Sheldon's limb was ruthlessly crippled by the monk.

The screams were numbing to the ears, but the monk did not have the slightest intention of being a kind and merciful saint. He didn't stop after breaking one of Sheldon's legs, but instead immediately grabbed Sheldon's wrist and forcefully snapped it.

Crack!

It was the sound of a bone fracturing, followed

by the eerie sound of a broken bone piercing through Sheldon's flesh.

Sheldon nearly blacked out from the pain, but the monk grabbed him by the throat and lifted him into the air.

His fist slammed into Sheldon's abdomen one after another in rapid succession. With every punch, Sheldon's internal organs seemed to rupture, and mouthfuls of blood spurted out of his mouth.

The monk continuously threw dozens of punches at the other man's stomach, and did not stop until Sheldon had stilled. By now, Sheldon's belly was a bloody mess.

The monk flung Sheldon to the ground. The other man's eyes were still staring right at him. The No. 9 of Wolf's Den was dead. He had been clobbered to death by the black-clad monk. How could he rest in peace?!

Joseph Zea and others at the entrance of the

hall were dumbfounded by the scene that had just unfolded.

Suddenly, Autumn Field Group was in a state of chaos. The monk was once again advancing towards Joseph. This time, no one dared to come up to stop him.

“Since Winifred Zea isn't here, you should come with me. I just need to take one person back with me to do my job. Since you're the company's vice president, I'm sure Tyr Summers will be just as anxious when he finds out I have you. Hehehe!”

With that, the monk grabbed Joseph, who did not dare to resist, and ostentatiously left Autumn Field Group.

Concurrently, Southriver's Prime City, the Yorke Residence!

When Winifred received a phone call from Graham Davis, she was dumbfounded.

A monk paid a visit to Autumn Field Group, murdered Sheldon Hayes and a security guard, and captured Joseph. What the heck was going on?

Winifred did not dare to conceal the matter and promptly informed Tyr about it.

When Tyr learned the news, his countenance grew thunderous. “You’ve got guts, Juliet Jones!”

Endless waves of hostility flared from his figure. He was seething—absolutely furious. So much so that Winifred, who stood beside him, was frightened by her husband.

“T-Tyr... don’t do that. I’m a little scared!” she murmured somewhat nervously.

Tyr took a deep breath and tried to calm his mind. Turning to look at Winifred, he said grimly, “Winifred, you and Blair stay here at the Yorke Residence. Don’t go anywhere. I’m heading back to Khanh City right now.”

As Tyr spoke, he felt for his cell phone and made a call to Torbert Octavius. “Torbert, head to the hillside villa on Lunar Mountain at once.

“Protect my father-in-law and mother-in-law, and inform Max Cheever that everyone in Wolf's Den should be prepared for battle.”

The members of Wolf's Den were still carrying out intensive training as usual.

They had no idea that Sheldon was dead.

Torbert was asleep on top of the discarded tires in Wolf's Den when he received the call from Tyr. He stood up with a start. His action instantly attracted the attention of all within Wolf's Den.

Torbert's voice carried throughout Wolf's Den, “Wolf's Den is ready for battle. Sheldon is dead! He has been clobbered to death!”

As soon as the words were said, Torbert was stunned, and so were the other members of Wolf's Den around him. The Wolf's Den

members ruthlessly fought one another during their daily training, but as soon as they left the building, they were brothers in arms and were as close as family.

When they learned of their brother's demise, everyone's eyes turned bloodshot.

“Tyr, w-what on earth is going on?”

Except for the first time he came to beat up everyone present, Torbert spent the rest of his time sleeping on the sidelines and hardly participated in Wolf's Den's training. However, he was, after all, a member of Wolf's Den and was its No.1. When he was informed of Sheldon's death, he also grieved from the bottom of his heart.

“There's no time to explain. Do as I say. Notify everyone in Wolf's Den that Max will arrange everything, and wait for my instructions,” said Tyr.

With that, he hung up. That was when the

roaring sound of a transport vehicle could be heard outside Wolf's Den. Everyone was on the edge as they swarmed toward the door.

Outside, a pickup truck carrying Sheldon's body pulled up. Max could be seen speaking to the driver.

Stephen Cole and Matthew Collins were the first to rush over to the pickup truck. When they laid eyes on Sheldon, who laid resting in the vehicle, they snarled like wild beasts.

Chapter 516 Tyr Summers' Rage

The driver of the pickup was obviously frightened by the group, nervously trembling with fear.

Torbert Octavius placed a hand on the driver's shoulder and tried to speak in a very calm tone, "Don't be afraid, they won't hurt you. Will you give me a ride?"

"Okay!"

The driver, as if he had seen a ghost, scrambled into the driver's seat at the first opportunity. This place was horrible and was no different from being in the depths of hell.

Matthew Collins had already lifted Sheldon Hayes' body from the vehicle. A group of Wolf's Den members surrounded him, their eyes red.

"Max, keep an eye on them and wait for Tyr's call," ordered Torbert as he jumped into the

pickup and drove off into the distance.

Concurrently, the wolves and Tibetan mastiffs inside Wolf's Den also seemed to feel the waves of grief. When the first wolf reared its head and howled into the sky, the others began to follow.

Suddenly, the entire Wolf's Den echoed with the frenzied cries of the wolves and mastiffs alike, the howls woven into a haunting overture that enveloped Wolf's Den.

More than twenty members of Wolf's Den stood beside Sheldon's corpse without saying a word, as if in silent mourning.

It wasn't until thirty seconds later when Matthew first threw a punch that the air erupted with a resounding bang. "Who was it? Who the hell had the guts to kill Sheldon? Let's go! Today, we avenge him."

Suddenly, all the Wolf's Den members flew into rage and were on the move. Their hearts

were burning with rage.

Seeing that the situation was about to spin out of control, Max hurriedly roared, "Everyone, don't get too excited."

The members of Wolf's Den simultaneously gawked at Max. "Chief Max, our number nine is dead! We want to avenge him. Get out of our way."

Max took a deep breath. "I know it's unbearable. I feel the same, but we have to think before we act. Do you know who murdered Sheldon?"

A question that was straight to the point. That's right. Who killed Sheldon Hayes? Who were they supposed to exact revenge on?

"Chief Max, do you know who killed Sheldon?" asked Stephen Cole.

Max shook his head. "I also have no clue. But since Brother Tyr ordered all of you to be prepared, that means he'll definitely allow you

to personally go and avenge Sheldon. So y'all have no need to fret.

“For now, let's join together and lay Sheldon to rest behind Wolf's Den. Then, we wait for Brother Tyr's call.”

After the Wolf Den's members calmed down, they said nothing more as they began to dig a pit behind Wolf's Den. It did not take long for the pit to be dug. With that, the group buried Sheldon into it.

There were no superfluous words nor many formalities. The members of Wolf's Den just silently recited in their hearts, ‘Rest in peace, Brother. We will avenge you. In the meantime, everyone will carry on with the honor you bear and continue onward.’

It was already late afternoon at this time. Tyr Summers had driven from Prime City to Khanh City in a mad dash.

Tyr made several calls on the way. These calls were made to Drake Tucker, Jade Laurell, Noah Lee, and the others. The phone call had only one message—to mobilize their men and surround the hotel where Juliet Jones resided.

Tyr Summers was utterly incensed for once.

His initial impression of Juliet was nowhere near bad. She had simply come to Khanh City and not done anything out of the ordinary. Her actions could be considered sound.

To think she would pull such a stunt. Tyr could not figure out why Juliet would do what she did out of the blue. But regardless of what her purpose may have been, Juliet Jones must die today.

The monk that stood by Juliet Jones would, without a doubt, meet a horrible end.

When Tyr first laid eyes on Jaren, he actually had a good impression of him, because although the man was Juliet's subordinate, Tyr

noticed he was different. Tyr had also tested his strength and found that it was not bad.

Tyr had even thought about recruiting the monk into Wolf's Den. But now, that possibility was no longer there.

The Cadillac sped toward the hotel where Juliet Jones was.

At the same time, in Khanh City, which had been peaceful for some time, a tempestuous tidal wave had stirred up after those few phone calls from Tyr.

Khanh City's richest, Drake Tucker.

Khanh City's Queen of Jewelry, Jade Laurell.

Khanh City's Underground King, Noah Lee.

Khanh City's Apparel Mogul, Zachery Smith.

Khanh City's Real Estate Giant, Donald Lewis.

All the bigwigs of Khanh City began to make their move. They used all of their connections

and mobilized a large number of people, rushing to the hotel where Juliet stayed.

The area was densely packed in all directions. There were at least several thousand people there.

In a flash, the entirety of Khanh City was in an uproar.

At the same time, at the municipal leadership office, the phone on Ian Lawson's desk was blowing up with calls and kept ringing like a proverbial siren.

The calls were all from his subordinates, the content of which involved all walks of life reporting only one piece of news—the leading figures of various industries in Khanh City had all gone mad and mobilized all their forces, and were now marching toward Juliet's hotel.

By this time, the highway to the hotel was gridlocked and this was causing a great stir in Khanh City.

Ian felt a tingle in his scalp. He promptly curbed the entire social network platform and issued severe warnings through them. Then, another order was given to mobilize the police to rush to the hotel to maintain order.

Ian had not yet figured out what exactly had happened. Everything had transpired too suddenly. It was so abrupt that he had made no preparations.

“Great leader, all of Khanh City has begun to make their move. The only person with the power to gather them is Tyr Summers,” the secretary relayed the information to Ian.

“I know.”

Ian took a deep breath, then directly dialed Tyr's private cell phone number. It did not take long for the call to be answered.

Tyr's voice could be heard over the phone, “Great Leader Lawson, what is it?”

“Tyr Summers, what do you think you're

doing? I've made it clear to all of you that Juliet Jones is not to be messed with. What are you trying to pull?" Ian probed in a questioning tone.

However, before he could even finish, Tyr had already hung up the phone. Ian was at a loss for words as he listened to the beeping tone from the other end of the line. Tyr actually unceremoniously hung up on him?

Chapter 517 No Deal

Ian Lawson dialed Tyr Summers' number again, but the line was always busy. In other words, it meant Tyr had blacklisted him.

“Bastard!”

Ian, who had always been very cultured and composed, couldn't help but curse. It was followed by an angry smash of his phone on the desk.

“Did you get in touch with Juliet Jones? What's going on?” Ian asked the secretary.

The secretary, however, replied helplessly, “Great Leader, the phone doesn't work. The signal at the hotel must have been blocked maliciously.”

“Do they still think of me, Ian Lawson, as their leader?” The veins on Ian's forehead were about to explode. “Report this to Prime City

and ask for armed police reinforcements!”

Leaving his office in a hurry, Ian headed to the hotel as fast as he could.

In the meantime, Tyr had driven himself to the hotel. In fact, when he saw the chaotic scene in front of the hotel, he too was somewhat stunned. It never occurred to him that the few phone calls he made would actually create such a massive turmoil.

The hotel was connected by a wide road, which led visitors to the hotel. As of this moment, the road was jam-packed with black sedan cars. Each car was fully occupied with passengers, and many more followed behind.

In short, the road was crammed with long queues. It stretched all the way to the back for nearly two kilometers.

When Tyr’s car entered the premises of the hotel, Drake Tucker and the others approached immediately.

“Brother Tyr.”

“Brother Tyr!”

“Brother Tyr...”

The continuous greeting of “Brother Tyr” sounded from the crowd. Everyone who stood there was a big shot of Khanh City. Each of them had been waiting for this moment to take place for a long time.

Everyone had been suppressing their dissatisfaction with Juliet’s attitude for a long time. They had wanted to teach her a lesson for some time now, but Tyr had talked them down, not allowing them to do anything about her.

This made this group of bigwigs, who were used to giving out orders, feel rather unpleasant.

But now, the long-awaited opportunity had finally arrived. Obviously wanting to show off all their power, they had sent all their men to

the hotel.

Juliet, you think so highly of yourself, don't you? Your Jones family from Strego City is such a giant, right? A first-class southern gentry? Haha, move your big fat a*s back to Strego City if you want to display such arrogance. Khanh City is not the place for you to show off!

“Okay!”

Tyr just nodded his head slightly and didn't say anything. Although the scene was much messier than he had expected, so what? It's either go big or go home!

Right then, several SUVs pulled up. The members of Wolf's Den had arrived!

The same continuous greeting resonated from the group, “Brother Tyr, Brother Tyr!”

Tyr turned around to look at the Wolf's Den members next to him one by one. “Today is the day for all of you to avenge Sheldon Hayes. If you want something done, you have to do it

yourself,” he said.

Max Cheever had prepared black suits for all of them. Each suit was accompanied by a white flower on their chests. Everyone exuded an aura of solemnity. They wanted to avenge their brother’s death with their own hands.

Tyr turned to look at the hotel. His gaze traced along the building, all the way to Juliet’s presidential suite. His temples throbbed lightly.

Waving his big hand to the group, he said, “Follow me.”

All of a sudden, everyone started to move. Just like a dark cloud moving across the sky, blackness descended, covering the entire hotel.

The big uproar that Tyr had staged wasn’t neither an act to bluff, nor a deliberate show.

Although the one who died was merely Wolf’s Den’s number nine, in Tyr’s eyes, they were all his brothers, regardless of their ranking. It didn’t matter if someone was one of the Five Kings,

part of the Eighteen Generals, or just an ordinary member of Regal Palace or Wolf's Den.

This was about more than Sheldon's death. It had to do with Tyr's attitude towards his brothers.

His brother had died, and it was Tyr's duty to vanquish his enemies. Just as he did with Shadow Totem three years ago, he always made his enemies disappear from this world.

Tyr's brothers were untouchable. If anyone dared to lay a finger on them, that enemy would surely die. And at this very moment, Tyr was incredibly furious.

A swarm of black flooded towards the hotel like the incoming tide. The hotel was about to be submerged by this dark force.

Beep, beep, beep, beep...

But at this moment, a car with an official license plate frantically honked its horn and

tried to drive all the way to Tyr.

Halfway through, the vehicle could no longer move any further, as too many people blocked the way, and was forced to stop. Ian and several leaders got out of the vehicle and ran towards Tyr and the others, all sweaty.

“Tyr, stop! Are you crazy? Do you intend to revolt?” Ian shouted. “Miss Jones is under my protection. If you dare to touch her, it means you are going against the authorities.

“Do you really want to be squelched? You better disseminate the crowd now!”

As Ian shouted at Tyr, he gazed upon Drake and the others. “Drake Tucker, Zachery Smith, Jade Laurell... What the hell are all of you doing? This is ridiculous. Stop fooling around.

“You are all outstanding entrepreneurs of Khanh City, not gangsters. Do you want to go down with Tyr? Get your people to move their ass*s. Move it. Do you want years of your hard

work to be destroyed?

“Look at what you’ve done, what’s with all this...”

Ian’s group of people were only a dozen meters away from Tyr. All of them were the top-tier leaders of the city. All of the people brought by Drake didn’t dare stop them.

However, when Ian and the others were only six or seven meters away from Tyr, the group of Wolf’s Den members led by Matthew Collins unceremoniously blocked their way.

“What are you guys doing? How dare you block my way?!” Ian stared incredulously at Matthew and his group of people. He felt that these guys were kind of lawless. “Get out of my way. Don’t you know who I am?”

“I don’t care who you are. Even God himself can’t stop us from avenging Sheldon. If He insisted, He’d have to be beaten by us.”

“What?” Ian’s eyebrows furrowed fiercely. He

didn't expect Tyr to have a group of fearless beasts under his command.

“All of you stand down!” said Tyr. Then, he instructed Matthew and the others to step aside and make way for Ian and the other leaders.

Sweating profusely, Ian took a big step towards Tyr. “Tyr, you can't do as you like with this matter. Juliet is the eldest daughter of the Jones family of Strego City. If you dare to do anything, the consequences will be unthinkable.”

Tyr, however, smiled coldly and shook his head. “Whatever the consequences are, they will be borne by I, Tyr Summers, alone. Juliet must die today, end of discussion.”

Chapter 518 The Token of Regal Palace's Master

Ian Lawson had prepared a speech for Tyr Summers. He hoped to persuade Tyr to change his mind with reasoning. Then, hopefully, Tyr would disperse all these people gathered at the hotel.

After all, the people who Tyr called out today were all bigwigs of Khanh City. Even Tyr himself was very influential in the city.

Therefore, Ian didn't want to reach a stalemate with them. He wanted to avoid calling in military force to overpower them unless it was absolutely necessary.

But the first sentences that came out from Tyr left him with no choice. Tyr clearly

refused to talk, and that reaction from him made Ian's expression darken.

"Tyr, don't make this difficult for me," said Ian with a frown.

"You're the one who made it difficult for me in the first place," replied Tyr, verbally counter-attacking Ian.

He continued, "I didn't say anything when you gave up the city center in exchange for the Jones family's investment. After all, the Jones family is a first-tier southern gentry. It's a great thing for them to be able to invest in Khanh City.

"For that reason alone, I didn't say much. I did everything by the book, and I didn't go looking for trouble with Juliet Jones.

"But Great Leader, Juliet has crossed a line.

She even sent someone to kill my people. Not to mention, she also kidnapped the vice president of Autumn Field Group. You can't make me hold back after all that. It's ridiculous.”

Ian replied, “I am deeply sorry about what happened at Autumn Field Group. But we have sent people to investigate this case. If you give us more time, we will definitely provide you with an explanation.

“And Tyr, don't you think it's absurd? Why would Miss Jones kill your people from Autumn Field Group for no reason? Don't you think there's some kind of misunderstanding?”

Tyr sneered. “Great Leader Ian, sometimes, these young masters and ladies from wealthy families don't need a reason to kill.

As for whether there has been a misunderstanding or not, we'll find out soon.”

“But Tyr...”

“Stop it,” Tyr interrupted. His tone had turned icy cold, “I said, Juliet must die today, that’s it.”

As Tyr expressed his stand, he pulled out a token from his pocket and slipped it into Ian’s hand.

“What is this?” asked Ian, overwhelmed with astonishment.

In his hand was a dark golden token, with a vivid golden dragon engraved on the back. The words ‘Regal Palace’ were inscribed on top of the dragon. Two words were written on the front of the token: ‘Palace Master’!

Ian drew in a breath of cold air. "The Palace Master of Regal Palace?"

Tyr replied, "This is the token of Regal Palace's Master. If you don't know what it means, you can give your superiors a call. If your superiors aren't sure either, they can make another call to their superiors."

"Tyr, you...?" Ian trailed off.

Tyr said, "Great Leader Ian, I know it's difficult for you right now. But, as long as you make that phone call, I believe you will be set free from this dilemma.

"You need investment, right? Regal Palace can provide that. No matter how much the Jones family invested, I, Tyr, can invest ten times or even a hundred times more than them. If you like, I can even move Regal

Palace's headquarters to Khanh City.

“But, Juliet must die.”

Tyr was done talking. He turned around and walked towards the hotel.

Ian was stunned for a few seconds as he looked at the token of Regal Palace's Master in his hand. He tried to catch up with Tyr, but was stopped by the two Wolf's Den members next to him. These Wolf's Den members emitted some sort of hostile aura. It gave Ian the creeps.

Two of Ian's subordinates implored him, “Great Leader, what should we do now?”

Taking a deep breath, Ian pulled out his phone. Soon, he had his superior in Prime City on the phone. Ian briefed him on the current situation and deliberately

mentioned Regal Palace.

After hearing that, his superior realized the seriousness of the situation. He, too, didn't know what to do and had to consult with his superiors.

Almost a minute later, Ian's phone rang. The incoming caller ID was not an official number but a unique phone number with only six digits.

"This is..." muttered Ian, starting at the caller ID. He drew in a breath of cold air on the spot.

A six-digit phone number, he had heard of it before. Well, he didn't exactly hear about it per se, but there was a special file that had been passed around to all the local city leaders.

Receiving a call from this number meant that the matter had escalated to an exceptional level. A special department would take over the case, and everyone must cooperate with this unique department.

And this department was... Six Doors!

Ian didn't expect that this matter would directly alert the legendary Six Doors. Overall, he was relieved with this turn of events.

He answered the call in a polite tone, "Hello! This is Ian, the Great Leader of Khanh City. Please go ahead."

A thick and firm voice sounded from the other side of the call, "Hello, Great Leader Ian, this is Green Dragon from Six Doors. From now on, we will fully take over this

matter regarding Tyr. You may leave now.”

Green Dragon of Six Doors!

Ian wasn't sure about Green Dragon's exact ranking, but judging from his name, he certainly sounded quite powerful.

It was apparent that Ian was much more relaxed following the phone call. He didn't want to be stuck in a dilemma. As a matter of fact, he didn't even bother about it.

“Okay!” Ian replied with a simple and straightforward answer.

After hanging up, he immediately left the area.

“Great Leader, are we leaving just like that?” A few of the subordinates behind him were confused. “What about the event?”

“Whatever.” Ian let out a laugh. “There is a special department that will take over the incident. They saved us a lot of trouble.”

“But, can they solve it?”

Ian nodded. “If this matter can't even be solved by Six Doors, do you think we can solve it?”

After saying that, Ian didn't say another word. He left quickly as if he were hiding from the God of Plagues.

At the same time, on the rooftop of a sixty-six-storey skyscraper.

The cold winds blew towards Green Dragon, who stood upright at the edge of the rooftop. He put his arms around his chest. A simple posture that gave away a majestic

aura.

His eyes were as sharp as a hawk's. He was looking straight ahead at the boundless sea in front of him. The sea was raging, yet it was calm from a distance. The horizon stretched far into the distance as if it were touching the sky.

Green Dragon had been standing there for quite some time. Some unknown thought was brewing in his mind.

After some time, Green Dragon suddenly closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he reopened his eyes again, he burst out laughing. "Rayne's Regal Palace!"

Chapter 519 He Who Blocks The Way Shall Suffer A Horrible Death

From somewhere behind the rooftop, a man in a black suit walked towards Green Dragon. This man, too, emitted a special aura.

“Boss, since Six Doors has taken over the Tyr Summers case, shouldn’t we do something about it now? Do you want me to notify the Six Doors’ handlers in Riverdale? They can go there and handle the matter.”

Green Dragon turned his head to the black-suited man. “Deal with it, how? By sending our people to stop Tyr? What do you think? Are they capable of such a thing?”

“But, we’ve taken over the case,” said the man.

“Yeah, taken over. We’re going to do nothing about it,” replied Green Dragon.

The man was puzzled. “Do nothing?”

“Right, said Green Dragon. “Let Tyr have his way. Don’t worry, he won’t stir up any trouble. Even if he does, we, Six Doors, will take care of it for him and constrain the matter by force.”

The black-suited man expressed his puzzlement, “Boss, why are we doing this? Why do you have to wipe his a*s to such an extent?”

Green Dragon laughed, then turned to face the ocean again. He looked at his subordinate solemnly and said, “When have I ever had to explain to you why I do what I do?”

Startled, the man in the black suit nodded hurriedly. "Got it, Boss!"

In the meantime, back in Khanh City.

Thousands of men had the hotel surrounded. The incident had caused a massive uproar in the city.

But the officials had cooperated with Six Doors. They claimed that the so-called siege was staged, due to filming. A professional crew was invited to the hotel. They had to set up everything as if an actual TV drama filming was taking place.

From within the hotel, Juliet Jones saw the movements taking place outside. She tried to make a few phone calls, but all signals were blocked.

Juliet stood in front of the window, holding

a cup of coffee in her hand. She was observing the sensational scene outside with no sign of tension on her face.

Next to her, Jaren said, “My lady, I advised you not to mess with that Tyr. Now, we’re surrounded. This level of mayhem couldn’t be achieved by you even back in Strego City.”

Juliet put down her coffee cup and looked at the monk. “I did, indeed, underestimate him. Jaren, these people are coming for us,” she said calmly.

“My lady, I’ll cover you and get you out of here.”

A potent aura burst out from Jaren. He was willing to risk his own life for Juliet’s sake.

Juliet, however, shook her head. “I can’t leave. There are thousands of people out

there. They have the hotel surrounded. Since Tyr must have brought his people here, let's go down and meet them.”

At this time, at the hotel's grand lobby.

A group of black-clothed men rushed out of the hotel. These people were all bodyguards who were tasked to secretly guard Juliet.

For a first-tier noble lady like her, in addition to personal combat masters like Jaren, there were always many more people protecting her from the shadows. These people did not show up in front of Juliet regularly, but they would appear if she was in trouble.

“From this second onwards, this area belongs to the Jones family of Strego City. Those who dare to trespass will be killed on

sight.”

Even in such a situation, the Jones family bodyguards still upheld their superiority. They thought that by saying the Jones family's name out loud, they would be able to scare people off, causing Tyr and the others to retreat.

But, they were wrong, just like those big shots from the previous cities, who looked down on people from prefecture-level cities and thought themselves as mighty as God.

This group of Khanh City bigwigs weren't like the others. They specialized in stepping on God, because this was the Forbidden Land of God.

“Go f*ck yourself, Jones family!” Matthew Collins roared loudly.

Charging into the lobby with a lunge, he threw a punch packed with explosive power. That punch smashed directly into the Jones family bodyguard who had spoken earlier. The force sent him flying several meters backward. A mouthful of blood was spurted out when he landed.

“He who blocks the way shall suffer a horrible death,” declared Matthew.

As soon as those words left his lips, Matthew stomped down on the man’s chest. The man let out a painstaking scream. His chest had been burst by that single stomp.

The others in the hall were all dumbfounded. They stared at this scene with horrified gazes. Was a human being capable of this sort of thing? It was too

bloody and violent!

The almighty attitude the Jones family bodyguards held earlier had vanished in an instant. It was now replaced by a dilemma—should they fight or flee?

If they continued to stay here, they would probably end up like their colleague. If they choose to retreat, they would be punished by the Jones family.

“Get out of the way!” Matthew roared again. The entire lobby reverberated with his deafening roar.

In the end, the Jones family bodyguards didn't dare move a single step backwards. After all, they were employed by the Jones family.

“We're warning you again. We are from the Jones family of Strego City. The first-tier

southern giants...”

Before he could finish those words, more than twenty Wolf’s Den members swarmed towards the Jones family bodyguards. They rushed forward in the exact same way they had charged towards the wolf pack during their training with Max Cheever.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The battle was imminent. The Jones family bodyguards were not even ready to fight. Yet, the fists of the Wolf’s Den members were already blasting towards them. Every one of them fought recklessly. Every move made by the Wolf Den’s members was meant to kill.

These were no ordinary fighters. All of these men were raging beasts.

The lobby was filled with screams. Drake and the others felt the back of their heads go numb as they witnessed such a hell.

When did Tyr cultivate such a group of madmen?

More than a dozen Jones family bodyguards all collapsed in a pool of blood in less than a minute. Only a few still managed to stand, but they were now scared out of their wits.

Then, Juliet and Jaren finally came downstairs.

“A bunch of useless trash. All of you, get out of my way,” Juliet snapped.

The few remaining bodyguards hurriedly retreated to the side.

“Are you Juliet?”

In unison, all of the Wolf's Den members stared at Juliet, just like a pack of wolves staring at a sheep.

“Die!” Matthew roared vigorously.

He swung his fist, which was as big as a hammer, and smashed it towards Juliet.

Matthew was a straightforward guy who didn't care whether Juliet was a man or a woman. Only one thought lingered in his mind—he must kill the woman in front of him and avenge Sheldon Hayes.

Chapter 520 Misunderstanding

A split second before Matthew Collins' fist landed on Juliet Jones, Jaren appeared in front of her to block the hit. He stretched his hand out and grabbed Matthew's fist in an instant.

“What?” Matthew furrowed his brow.

He felt as if his fist had landed on a cloud of cotton. When he tried to push again, he realized half of his power had been absorbed by the monk. It prevented him from moving forward.

A moment later, Jaren turned his fist into a palm and pushed it towards Matthew. Only a popping sound was heard, then Matthew's huge body was actually forced to bounce

back several steps by the monk's palm.

“What?”

All of the Wolf's Den members were startled by the scene. It only took a moment for Stephen Cole, Jamie Sunder, and the others to rush towards Jaren. They were desperate to fight. Each move was a killing move.

Meanwhile Jaren's moves were the opposite. He used soft moves to overcome their hard attacks, defusing Stephen's moves one after another, and forcing them to move backwards.

It seemed that none of the Wolf's Den members present was a match for the monk in one-on-one combat.

“Let's fight together,” said Stephen, letting out a low roar.

In a split second, several Wolf's Den members rushed towards Jaren. The monk was able to remain calm and patient. He managed to defeat every move made by them, but there were too many Wolf's Den members. Soon, he was defeated.

Their fists landed on Jaren's body like a rainstorm, severely wounding him. Still, he protected Juliet Jones like a guardian angel. Even though he was gravely injured, he was not willing to retreat even a step.

When it was apparent that the monk was about to lose the fight, Juliet finally shouted, "Stop, all of you!"

But, the group of Wolf's Den members only listened to Tyr's orders. It was not possible for them to react to Juliet's demands.

The battle was still going on, and blood was spurting out of Jaren's mouth.

Juliet was angry and anxious. She stared at Tyr and said in an icy tone, "Tyr, give me a reason. Why are you targeting me?"

"Just because I bought that piece of land in West Gate Plains? You want to kill me for that? If that's the case, why didn't you just spill your guts the last time we met?"

Tyr was a little confused. The event had escalated to a critical stage, yet Juliet still pretended to not understand the situation?

'Would I, Tyr, have come here today just because of that land in West Gate Plains? If you hadn't messed with me by getting that monk to come to Autumn Field Group to kill Sheldon Hayes and kidnap Joseph Zea, I

wouldn't have made such a fuss today,' thought Tyr to himself.

Out loud, he said, "Juliet, stop with your pretense, please! Things have already reached this stage. You have to pay for Sheldon's life and return Joseph to me."

Juliet, however, furrowed her brows tightly. Her face was filled with puzzlement. "Tyr, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"Who is Sheldon? Where is this Sheldon from? And this Joseph you're talking about, what the h*ll do you mean by that?"

"B*tch, stop pretending," said Matthew, swinging his fist towards Juliet again.

Jaren had been beaten half to death by the other Wolf's Den members. He was no longer able to protect Juliet.

“B*tch, you sent this monk to Autumn Field Group to kidnap Winifred. But she wasn’t around, so he killed Sheldon and captured Joseph. Today, I will make sure you die a gruesome death,” declared Matthew.

His fist was about to land on Juliet’s body when she shouted, “I didn’t do it!”

Tyr was quick to move. He sprung forward and grabbed Matthew by his wrist.

Matthew looked at Tyr with a puzzled face. “Master, what are you doing?”

“Stand down,” said Tyr. His gaze then swept through all the other Wolf’s Den members. “All of you, stop.”

Only then did the group of Wolf’s Den members stop. Everyone looked at Tyr with

a perplexed expression, not understanding what he meant by this.

“Brother Tyr, what are you doing?”

“Back off. All of you,” Tyr commanded.

The Wolf’s Den members didn’t dare to disobey Tyr’s order. All of them retreated to the side.

“Jaren, are you okay?” asked Juliet, immediately approaching the monk and lifting him off the ground.

He was covered in blood, and his white clothes were stained with blood in several spots.

“I’m fine, my lady.”

Jaren gritted his teeth. Although the pain

was unbearable, he didn't want Juliet to worry about him. He still managed to bring a gentle smile to his face.

Next to him, Jamie Sunder and the others all looked mystified. They asked, "Brother Tyr, why did you tell us to stop?"

Tyr didn't answer. Instead, he looked at Juliet. "This is your chance to explain yourself."

Compared to their previous meeting, Juliet felt completely differently about Tyr now. She had indeed behaved all high and mighty before. Perhaps, because she was used to it. Being the eldest daughter of the Jones family, no one dared to do anything to her in Strego City.

At the same time, because the Jones family

was a first-class southern gentry, she naively thought that the entire south would respect them. Therefore, when she came to Khanh City, she thought that Tyr would grovel before her too.

However, reality had hit Juliet like a slap to the face. Nobody has the duty to please you, for they aren't your family.

A few thousand people had the hotel surrounded. Even the Great Leader of Khanh City was helpless in this situation. And finally, Jaren was severely beaten. All in all, Juliet finally realized that Tyr wasn't as useless as she thought.

On the contrary, this person terrified her a little. She felt a kind of trembling that came from the depths of her soul. Even though Juliet tried her best to deny this fear, it was

to no avail.

“Tyr, what are you trying to do? I don’t know any Sheldon and Joseph. I have no idea about all this,” said Juliet.

Tyr frowned lightly. He spoke in an icy voice, “You won’t admit it?”

“It’s not that I won’t admit it. It’s just that, it wasn’t me who did all this.”

Juliet was on the verge of a breakdown. It was probably because she hated being wrongly accused.

“Tyr, although I, Juliet, am a woman, I dare to accept the consequences of my doings. If this thing really was my fault, I would definitely admit it. But, it wasn’t me. So, even if you have me killed, I won’t admit it.”

Tyr carefully studied Juliet’s expression.

Given her state of devastation, she didn't seem to be lying.

But those beside her, such as Matthew, didn't believe it at all. "B*tch, you're afraid of dying, right?"

"How dare you deny having Sheldon killed? I'll end you now. Don't you dare deny it. Just because this monk has changed into white clothes, it doesn't mean you can run away from this."

Chapter 521 It's Kendall Jones

As if she had suddenly thought of something, Juliet asked, "Changed into white clothes? That monk you mentioned previously, what was he wearing?"

"Black clothes," replied Tyr. "Juliet, is it true that it wasn't you who was behind all this?"

Grabbing his phone, Tyr switched on the camera and took a photo of Jaren. He sent it directly to Winifred, who in turn forwarded it to Graham Davis.

Soon, Tyr's phone rang. Graham's voice came from the phone, "Mr. Summers, he isn't the monk who came to Autumn Field Group."

“He’s not?” Tyr’s heart thudded at Graham’s response. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

Tyr hung up the phone and sighed a little in his heart. It seemed that the whole incident was a huge misunderstanding. But he had never heard of any black-clothed monks in Khanh City before. Where the hell did this guy come from?

Giving Tyr a good stare, Juliet said, “Tyr, Jaren is reluctant to even step on an ant, let alone kill someone. But I know who the black-clothed monk you’re talking about is.”

Following the phone call, Tyr was now pretty sure that he had misjudged Juliet.

Therefore, the killing intent in his eyes gradually receded.

“Who is it?” Tyr asked.

Juliet took a deep breath before she continued, “Tyr, my Jaren is badly injured. I want you to send him to the hospital right away. I will tell you the identity of the mysterious monk once I’m assured of Jaren’s safety.”

“You’re not qualified to negotiate with me,” said Tyr, grabbing Juliet by her neck.

The monk next to him pounced towards them with all his might. Yet, one kick from Tyr sent him flying backward.

“Tell me, who is he?”

“Take Jaren... Take him to the hospital!”

Tyr had underestimated Juliet's feelings towards the monk. It was hard to imagine that such an unstoppable demoness like her would actually care so much about someone else.

The resolute and robust undertone from Juliet's voice was apparent. Finally, Tyr put her down.

Then, he instructed Drake Tucker behind him, "Send this monk to the hospital, and ask all those people outside to go home."

"Yes, Brother Tyr."

Drake and the others nodded obediently. They dispersed the crowd immediately and prepared to take the monk to the hospital.

"My lady, I want to stay with you," said

Jaren, unwilling to leave Juliet's side.

Juliet smiled at him. "Jaren, you have to go to the hospital. Don't you worry about me."

"But, my lady."

"That's an order."

Jaren was still reluctant until Tyr struck the guy on the back of his head and he passed out immediately.

"Take him away," Tyr commanded before looking at Juliet. "Now, tell me, who is that monk in black?"

"A moment, please. I need to get something from upstairs," said Juliet.

Tyr wasn't worried about what Juliet was up to, nor did he worry that she would run

away. He didn't refuse her request. Turning around, he sat on a nearby sofa and lit up a cigarette.

Juliet turned around and went upstairs. Matthew was about to follow her, but was stopped by Tyr.

“Matthew, what are you doing? Stop right there.”

Matthew was forced to stop. He said, “Master, what if this woman tries to run away?”

“She can't escape.”

Juliet came back down about a minute later. She was holding the invisible XLT crossbow in her hands.

Seeing this, Matthew and the rest of the

group all frowned.

Looking at Juliet, Tyr extinguished the cigarette in his hand. “Even a sniper rifle can’t hurt me within 50 meters. Your crossbow won’t work either. Also, haven’t you already tried it once before?”

Juliet shook her head. “Tyr, you terrified me. I feel safer with this.”

Juliet was sincere in her words. Then, she took out her cell phone. “The culprit who sent that black-clothed monk to Autumn Field Group was Kendall Jonas. He’s my brother.”

“Kendall!” Tyr pronounced the name with great interest.

Thanks to the information from Carson Yorke, he was already aware of the Jones

family's entire background. The information he received had included an introduction and details about Kendall.

“Tyr, I didn't expect him to come to Khanh City and target those close to you. But it definitely fits with his style of doing things. He's a useless idiot,” said Juliet.

Tyr squinted his eyes towards Juliet. “Kendall is your twin brother, isn't he? It looks like you don't have a good relationship with him?”

Juliet sneered. “My father prefers his son over his daughter. And Kendall has never treated me as his sister. So yeah, our relationship is not very good.

“But Tyr, you were so pissed because of these incidents. Due to my connection to

Kendall, I know that you won't forgive me lightly. So, I won't resist."

"Tell me, where is Kendall?" asked Tyr.

Juliet acquired her phone, then dialed a number. Soon, the call was connected.

A young man's sort of showy voice came from the other end, "Yo, Juliet. Are you in that good of a mood that you're actually calling me?"

From that opening, one could tell that Kendall definitely never respected his sister.

Juliet let out a cold laugh. "I'm just calling to check on you, to see whether or not you have died."

"Hahahaha, even when you're no longer around, I'll still be alive. Juliet, guess where

I am right now?”

“You’re in Khanh City,” Juliet replied without hesitation.

A trace of displeasure surfaced in Kendall’s tone, “Hey, that’s no fun at all. But you guessed it right. Do you have any idea why I’m here?”

“Kendall, you shouldn’t have come to Khanh City.”

As if he had heard a hilarious joke, Kendall let out a mocking laugh, “Muahahaha.”

He said, “Juliet, haven't you come to Khanh City to recruit Tyr? So that you can deal with King Carson of Riverdale through him. Then, you plan to make Riverdale yield to the Jones family, right?”

“You’ve got a good plan going. If you

succeed with this, you'll bring great honor to the family. Then, my position as the heir of the Jones family will be threatened by you.

“But Juliet, I'm sorry to tell you that Daddy told me all about this, which is why I've come to Khanh City, to take care of that Tyr before you.”

Chapter 522 I Am Going To Kill Your Brother

Juliet Jones seemed upset. She snickered and said, “Of course, Del Jones did not want me to take the credit. What a biased person.”

“Oh yes, he is biased, but what can you do? Hahaha!” Kendall Jones laughed maniacally. “Juliet Jones, look at you, not making any progress after arriving in Khanh City. Instead, you purchased a piece of land? What is wrong with you?”

“And you want to take down Tyr Summer with that? Brainless fool!”

“Let me be frank. I have done it now. Soon, Tyr Summers will realize my might and bow before me. Riverdale Province will be mine,

and you, woman, will not deserve any of it.”

The members of Wolf Den seemed to realize the truth, finally hearing what Kendall had to say.

Juliet was indeed telling the truth when she said she was not involved in the Autumn Field Group incident. It was her twin brother, Kendall's, idea.

Just like Juliet, Kendall had a companion, a monk named Taren. He hailed from the same monastery as Jaren. They were the only survivors left when their monastery burned down in a freak accident years ago.

Del took them in and eventually assigned them to Kendall and Juliet as their bodyguards.

Even though both Taren and Jaren came

from the same monastery, their characters were a far cry from each other.

Jaren dedicated himself to Buddha's teaching even if he was not in the monastery anymore and practiced the Buddhism way of life by not consuming meat and alcohol, to speak the truth always, and never to harm a single life.

As for Taren, he could not be more different. He was vicious and ruthless, doing the nasty work for Kendall all these years. He took countless lives away and was an even more cold-blooded person than Kendall himself.

Tyr waved at Juliet, motioning to her that he wanted to speak on the phone.

Juliet complied and handed the cell phone over to Tyr.

Tyr put the phone on his ear and said, “Kendall Jones, this is Tyr Summers speaking.”

“Oh, she is with you?” Kendall chuckled. “Are you there to talk to my sister regarding matters of West Gate Plains? I heard she wants to build a crematorium. Let me be frank. She was only trying to scare you. Truthfully, our family will never provide her with the funds to do it.

“As I was saying, Tyr Summers, you should not have dealt with Juliet, a good-for-nothing girl. The person you want to talk to is me! If you follow me, I will make sure that you get everything you need!”

Tyr was in no mood to listen to Kendall’s ridiculous talk. He asked, “You sent people

to create chaos in Autumn Field Group, right? You even dared to kill one of my people and take my vice-president hostage.”

“Hehe!” Kendall laughed and admitted, “You are right. I am the one behind it. I wanted to take your wife, but unfortunately, she was not in.”

“Where are you now?” Tyr asked.

“Thought you would never ask! I have texted the location to Juliet. I will be waiting,” replied Kendall.

“Of course!” Tyr ended the call promptly.

Just as immediately, a location was sent to the phone. An aura of murderous intent radiated around Tyr as he read the message and confirmed Kendall’s current location.

He seemed more terrifying than before.

Juliet stood at the side, clutching her crossbow tightly in her hand. In just a while, her palms were getting sweaty.

Tyr returned Juliet's cell phone to her and said, "Come with me. I am going to kill your brother."

Followed by the members of Wolf Den, Tyr stood up and exited the hotel.

The darkness of the night fell upon earth as it started drizzling. Right now, Khanh City was getting a lot cooler.

This was a villa in the suburbs of Khanh City, a place rented by Kendall after his arrival.

As the heir of a prominent southern family, his lifestyle was much more lavish and

extravagant than Juliet.

Not used to staying in a hotel, he would look for accommodation wherever he went, renting it if it was a short-term stay and buying it if he had to stay for a week or longer.

Kendall, dressed in branded and expensive clothing, sat cross-legged on a leather couch, leisurely drinking wine in the villa's hall.

Sat opposite him was a monk dressed in black. He was the one found in Autumn Field Group earlier.

“Cheers, Taren!” Kendall gently shook his glass and smiled.

Taren raised his glass as their glasses touched. “Master, do you think we went

overboard with what we did?”

Kendall laughed. “What do you mean? I am showing Tyr my true powers. That is how I get him to bow before me. Do you believe, Taren, that if we captured his wife, Tyr would not do anything even if I have my way with her in front of his eyes?”

Taren squinted and laughed, “Of course I do. You have done it before!”

“You too! Hahaha!” Kendall replied. He set his wine glass down on the table and asked, “Is that old geezer dead?”

“Not yet,” Taren replied. “Do you want me to kill him?”

He stood up and prepared to head toward the basement, where Joseph Zea was held captive.

Kendall hurriedly called out, “Hold on, Taren! We are not in a hurry. Let us wait for Tyr Summers to arrive. If he dares to refuse my request, only then you should kill him.”

Taren sat down on the couch and nodded. “If Tyr refuses your offer, Master, I am going to kill him too.

“Once he is dead, the next person will be Carson Yorke. I will kill anyone in Riverdale Province that does not listen to you, Master.”

It was hard to imagine these words coming out from a monk.

Chapter 523 Release Him And We Will Talk

At that moment, the revving of car engines could be heard coming from outside the villa. Kendall Jones sprang up from the couch as a strange smile appeared on his face. "It is Tyr Summers. He is here!"

The monk's eyes twinkled, as well, as he asked, "Master, is it true that Tyr Summers is a very powerful guy?"

Kendall laughed. "You want to fight him? Of course, Taren, you will get the chance to do it."

They walked out of the hall together. There were at least a dozen burly men dressed in black patrolling the perimeters of the villa.

They were the best of the best fighters selected by Kendall from the Jones family and were not to be underestimated.

Like Juliet Jones, Kendall looked down on the people here in the city when he first arrived. However, Juliet was taught her lesson, and now it was Kendall's turn.

He did not know the horrible fate awaiting him at his end.

Seven SUVs appeared in the vicinity of the villa and came to a stop at the entrance gates.

The doors were opened, and the members of Wolf Den, led by Matthew Collins, jumped out instantly. Following Tyr, they entered the villa.

In their eyes were intense anger and fury, as

if they wanted to burn everything around them into ashes.

On the car ride here, Juliet sat beside Tyr. They were of similar age, but Juliet felt the unparalleled abilities of the young man beside her.

She was reminded of the massive gap between Tyr and herself by the fact that he had gathered a few thousand people to besiege the hotel with just one single phone call.

At the same time, she witnessed the strength and ability of his subordinates. They were also a force to be reckoned with.

She had greatly underestimated Tyr's capabilities. If they were in Strego Town, Juliet might stand a chance of putting up a

resistance. However, this was Khanh City, Tyr's home turf. No matter how many reinforcements she brought, there was no chance she could emerge victoriously.

Comprehending the reality of her situation, Juliet felt uneasy. Even though the incident was not her doing, she knew that it would be impossible for her to leave what would happen tonight unharmed.

On their way here, she was deep in thought, figuring out how to get herself out of this mess. When they arrived, her eyes twinkled with a look of resolution on her face.

“Oh, you are finally here! What is up with the whole camaraderie?”

Kendall taunted after seeing Tyr brought along many people with him.

Facing the twenty-plus members of the Wolf Den, Kendall felt at ease, surprisingly.

Tyr must have felt guilty. That was why he brought so many people along with him.

“Juliet Jones, you came as well.”

Kendall looked at Juliet. He did not see her as his sister at all. “Well, it is good that you came. I am going to show you how I make Tyr Summers bow down to me and become a peon to the great heir of the Jones family.”

He laughed maniacally.

On the other hand, Juliet looked at Kendall like he was a fool. Growing up, she had never thought highly of his brother and saw him as a good-for-nothing fool with low intelligence.

It was the reality as well. She actually looked forward to Kendall shooting himself in the foot tonight.

Tyr took a step forward and asked, “Where is my grandpa?”

The ‘grandpa’ was Joseph Zea.

“You meant that old geezer? Do not worry. He is still alive. However, he kept telling me that you are going to give me hell. I was a little annoyed and gave him a piece of my mind,” Kendall replied.

He clapped his hand once, and a burly man in black immediately brought Joseph out from the villa.

Joseph was in bad shape. He was bruised and bloodied, obviously beaten up not too long

ago.

It was difficult to understand just how deranged Kendall and his crew were, beating up an old man in his sixties without any mercy.

Anger boiled in Tyr's heart when he saw the sorry state Joseph was in.

He quickly approached Joseph and asked, "Are you okay, Grandpa?"

Joseph, extremely weak and frail, answered in a very soft voice, "I am okay; at least I am not dead."

Tyr breathed a sigh of relief. He was just about to lead Joseph away when Kendall hurriedly stopped him. "Hold your horses, Tyr. The old man stays until we are done talking."

“Release him, and we will talk,” Tyr replied. “Since I am here already, are you afraid I will play tricks on you, the heir of the Jones family?”

Kendall stroke his chin and thought for a moment before agreeing, “You are right. Anyway, he is of no use to me. If your answer does not satisfy me, nobody leaves here alive.”

He waved his hand, and his subordinate immediately shoved Joseph toward Tyr.

A member of the Wolf’s Den came up and led Joseph to the side. In the very next moment, a vicious aura emanated from Tyr and his people.

“Finally, we can talk. I am Kendall Jones, the heir of the prominent southern family, the

Jones family. I came here to seek your submission and absolute loyalty.

“If you bow to me, I promise to kill the Riverdale King, Carson Yorke, immediately and put you on the throne instead. What do you think?”

“Of course, you can reject my offer. But, you know the things I can and will do. No one in your family, including you, is safe from my wrath!”

Kendall was convinced that Tyr would not reject him, nor was Tyr daring enough to reject him.

However, Tyr ignored Kendall's cocky speech and turned his attention toward the monk beside him.

“Did you kill Sheldon Hayes?”

Chapter 524 Prepare To Die

Taren laughed with disdain and answered, “I did kill the two security guards at Autumn Field Group. I wonder which one of them was Sheldon Hayes?”

“Did you come to avenge their death?”

Like Kendall, Taren thought lowly of Tyr Summers.

Tyr turned to the members of Wolf’s Den and said, “He is the one you are looking for. Go, go forth and avenge Sheldon!”

In an instant, the members howled like wild beasts, hungry for its prey, and charged toward Taren.

Kendall and Taren finally realized that

something was wrong. Tyr did not plan to discuss anything right from the beginning. He was out for blood.

With a pale face, Kendall called out, “Tyr Summers! I am the heir to the Jones family. How dare you do this to me!”

However, his words were ignored as the members of Wolf’s Den started fighting with Taren and the Jones family’s bodyguards.

Even though the bodyguards were excellent fighters, they were no match for the Wolf’s Den’s blood-hungry members. It took just a little while for them to be overwhelmed.

Cries of pain were heard as the bodyguards fell like trees in a storm. In comparison, the members of Wolf’s Den got more aggressive

as they fought, just like lions in madness.

Kendall was stunned. He could not fathom the existence of such a frenzied group of people.

It seemed like he stirred up a hornet's nest this time.

On the sidelines, Juliet Jones was unnerved looking at the fights. Each of the fighters brought by Tyr could easily outmatch the Jones family's best fighters. Plus, they were not afraid of death at all.

It was unimaginable what Tyr did to train these people into a group of lunatics.

Previously, Juliet had wanted Tyr to work for her. Now, the thought seemed like a joke.

Perhaps, Del Jones, her father, was the only

person who could tame Tyr.

No, being a fool, Del was no match for Tyr. Only Kace Jones could fight Tyr head-on. Even that was only a possibility.

Half of the bodyguards were beaten and lying on the floor in just a short while. The rest that was still standing looked extremely fragile, as if they would disintegrate any moment.

“A pack of hungry wolves!”

Taren threw his fists around and sent a few of Wolf’s Den’s fighters flying.

In a one-on-one match, nobody was Taren’s match. However, they were a pack of wolves.

And wolves hunt in a pack, cooperating and

drawing their strengths out through collective effort.

It took little time to defeat the Jones family's bodyguards completely. As for Taren, he was surrounded by the fighters of Wolf's Den.

Matthew Collins threw his fist, punching Taren in his shoulder. The immense force was enough to break his bones.

“We are going to do to you what you did to Sheldon!”

Taren felt a sharp pain in his shoulder. Yet, before he could react, Ashblood charged at him with his blade swinging.

The blade sliced through Taren's back, creating a deep wound, and instantly dyed his shirt red.

Martin Jakeman and Vanessa Harris attacked Taren from both sides, while Jamie Sunder and Stephen Cole threw a barrage of punches straight at the monk.

Taren lost his footing and could only get hit by the assaults. There was no way for him to escape.

Watching from the side, Kendall was appalled. He did not expect any of this at all.

With fear in his eyes, he instinctively took a few steps back.

Taren lay on the floor defenseless as Ashblood, with one quick swing, cut his arm off.

Simultaneously, the other members of Wolf's Den continued their assaults, giving Taren

their most violent punishment.

Finally, Taren took one last breath in despair and spat a mouthful of blood. He was dead.

However, the fighters did not stop their assaults as they continued punching, slicing, beating, and attacking the corpse.

Kendall was frightened out of his mind looking at the scene unfolding before his eyes. Tyr, on the other hand, slowly approached Kendall.

“Tyr Summers, stop right where you are! I am the heir of the Jones’ family. You cannot kill me!”

Kendall was genuinely afraid. He looked at Tyr as if he saw the devil himself.

“The moment you mess with my people,

prepare to die.

“I do not care who you are. Even if you are Zeus, I will kill you if you murder my people.”

The immense fear propelled Kendall to drop on his knees and begged for his life.

“I am so sorry, Tyr! It was my mistake to mess with you! Please don't kill me. I will do whatever you say!”

It was an ironic sight to behold, the man, who was just moments ago arrogant and cocky, the heir of the Jones' family, was now on his knees begging for his life like a lowly slave.

Yet, how could he live after what he did, killing Sheldon, one of Tyr's buddies?

“Juliet! Juliet! Why are you just standing

there?

“I am your brother! Please say something to Tyr. I do not want to die!”

In desperation, Kendall turned his attention to Juliet and asked for her help, his last chance at survival. It was delusional, but he thought Juliet would come to his rescue and convince Tyr to spare his life.

Juliet did not respond, however, and simply stood there like a tree stump.

“Sis, sis! Save me!”

It was years since Kendall had addressed Juliet like that, and she was jolted back to her senses.

She shivered. Over there, kneeling, was her brother, her twin brother.

Instinctively, she approached Tyr. “Tyr Summers.”

Tyr turned and looked at her as he smiled cryptically. “Juliet Jones! Are you trying to convince me to spare his life? How dare you?” ①

Chapter 525 Ruthless Woman

What Tyr Summers said had Juliet Jones' heart shuddered violently.

That was reality. She did not have the right to ask for Tyr's forgiveness. She had no ties with him. Conversely, it was highly probable that he would kill her after Kendall Jones' death.

Whatever it was, Tyr was adamant that Kendall had to die. It did not matter if he killed another person from the Jones' family.

Juliet did not stand a chance of bargaining with Tyr.

Suddenly, she smiled. It was as if she never wanted to plead for Kendall's life.

Yes, he was indeed her brother, but that was it. They were no longer a family.

It was common knowledge that familial ties were fragile among members of prominent families. To fight for the top spot, siblings were willing to kill each other. Who knew what Kendall did behind the scenes, hiring assassins to murder Juliet.

They were siblings, twins even, on paper, but in reality, they were now sworn enemies.

“You got it wrong, Tyr. I am not here to plead for his life.

“Rather, I want to show you my will to survive.”

Just as abruptly, she raised the crossbow in her hand and aimed it at the kneeling

Kendall.

Kendall's pupils shrank as he looked at Juliet in disbelief. "What the heck are you trying to do, Juliet Jones?"

Whoosh!

She pulled the trigger as the arrow shot out like a bullet, headed straight for Kendall's neck.

Splat!

The arrow pierced clean through Kendall's neck, leaving a bloodied hole behind as he instantly collapsed to the ground.

In that instant, the people present were all shocked by what they saw. Even Tyr was startled.

The members of Wolf's Den, who were still

doling out attacks on Taren's corpse, stopped their actions instinctively as they looked at Juliet in shock.

What the heck was wrong with the woman?

He was her twin brother, yet, she killed him just like that, without any hesitation.

Looking at it from a different perspective, she was much more ruthless than Joe Quintus, the illegitimate son of the Quintus family. The atrocities done by Joe was, to a significant degree, caused by the oppression and maltreatment from his family. His mind was twisted as a result, and he eventually murdered his stepbrother.

On the other hand, Juliet Jones did not receive any of the abuse and inhumane treatment like Joe did. Yet, she killed her

brother without any remorse and in a much more ruthless manner.

The dramas of prominent families, Tyr thought.

Come to think of it, wasn't he similar to Joe and Juliet?

Kirin Summers, Tyr's younger brother, was gravely sick and needed his bone marrow to cure his illness. However, Tyr defeated anyone that came to take his marrow. What had his brother's life got to do with him?

Juliet hurled the crossbow onto the ground and dropped to her knees.

"I know you will not let me go after you kill Kendall today. That is why I chose to act first by killing him in hopes of saving my own life.

“From now on, your wish is my command.”

This woman was not only ruthless but also extremely clever.

She was right. Tyr did plan to take her life after killing Kendall.

At the same time, though, he also had plans to keep Juliet alive, for he might need her someday in the future. After all, he needed her contribution to take over the south.

However, he could not find a good reason to keep her alive. If she returned to Strego Town, it was possible that she would turn her back against him. He would rather that not happen.

Then again, he did not have a good reason to kill her now, after what she did.

By murdering her brother, she was forever banished from the Jones family if it was known that she was the person behind Kendall's death.

With that, she got rid of her escape route and handed Tyr her life.

Tyr walked over to where Juliet was and cupped her chin. Looking into her eyes, he remarked. "You are one venomous snake, Juliet Jones."

"I did what I could. You have to let me go," she replied. "With Kendall's death, I have become the only offspring of Del who is still alive. It was only a matter of time before I took over the Jones family. When that happens, Tyr Summers, the Jones family will become yours."

Tyr chuckled. “Juliet Jones, I am not a fool. I know you are incapable of taking over the Jones family. Don’t forget that there is still Kace Jones even if you manage to get rid of your father just like how you did with your brother.”

Juliet’s pupil shrank abruptly, as she said, “So, you are not going to let me live, even after what I have done?”

Tyr retrieved his hand from her chin. “Do not worry. I will not kill you. You are right. I do need you for my plans to take over the South.

“Starting from now, you are my slave, Juliet Jones.”

“Yes, Master.”

Tyr smiled. “Let me get this straight, Juliet

Jones. Do not think of any funny business behind my back. If you betray me, I have a thousand ways for you to die a painful death.”

Juliet hurriedly nodded her head and said, “Of course not!”

“With Kendall Jones murdered in Khanh City, how do you want to explain to your father and the Jones family?”

Juliet answered, “We have a lot of enemies in recent years. It is a yearly occurrence that hired assassins hunt down both Kendall and me. Fortunately, we were in Strego City and were very well protected.

“Well, Kendall left the safety of Strego City and met his end in a foreign city. That is not surprising.

“You know what? I can pay some foreign mercenaries to spread the news saying that they killed Kendall instead. That way, the Jones family will never suspect us.”

Tyr nodded after giving it a brief thought.

As a prominent family, it was no surprise for the Jones family and Juliet to have interactions with mercenary groups. It was a flawless excuse.

Chapter 526 The Reason

In the end, Tyr Summers spared Juliet Jones' life. Even though she was ruthless and cold-blooded, Tyr thought she might be useful in the future.

It was time for him to make his move in the south, and he needed people to make it happen.

Plus, if she betrayed him down the line, Tyr was not afraid. As he said previously, he had countless ways to make Juliet pay.

After instructing Juliet to clean up the corpses, Tyr left with the members of Wolf's Den.

It was already late at night when he left.

Since Winifred and Blair Zea were still at Yorke Residence, Tyr did not return to the villa on Lunar Mountain.

He called Winifred to let her know that he was safe. He told her to return to Khanh City with Blair the next day before leaving for Wolf's Den with the gang.

Tyr was going to spend the night at Wolf's Den. With Sheldon Hayes's death, the number nine spot was now vacant. It was time to rearrange the rankings.

High up in the night sky hung the crescent moon, veiled behind clouds.

The wolves' howling could be heard in Wolf's Den.

The two dozen members of Wolf's Den stood in rows of three and looked at Tyr,

who solemnly stood in front of them.

Not a single noise was heard as silence overwhelmed Wolf's Den.

Tyr's sharp gaze swept through the formation of fighters assembled.

After a long silence, Tyr finally spoke, "The monk was one of the better fighters among the prominent southern families. Yet, his ability was average at best in the south.

"That being said, none of you could fight him in a one-on-one battle."

Tyr paused before continuing, "Do you have anything you would like to say?"

Nobody responded, not even Matthew Collins.

It definitely injured the pride of these

people. After all, they spent the better part of the year training intensely, day in night out, so that they could become the best and follow Tyr's footsteps and soar to greater heights.

Before today, they thought they were close. Yet, reality told a different story.

An average fighter from the south could easily defeat everyone among their ranks. For people as prideful as they were, it was a massive blow.

Eventually, after a long pause, Jamie Sunder spoke, "How far are we from Nemesis?"

Tyr looked out the gates and pointed at the moon in the sky, "About that."

The members looked on in silence.

"You still have a long way to go.

“And I will tell you this, among everyone present here, less than a third would be able to reach Nemesis along with me.

“Sheldon’s death is just the beginning. The journey ahead will get more difficult as the probability of death gets higher. If you are afraid, you are free to leave now.”

Leave?

It was an extremely hurtful word for the prideful lot of Wolf’s Den.

Naturally, nobody would quit, just as Tyr expected. Instead, he said it to galvanize his people.

Since nobody said anything, Tyr did not continue speaking.

He waved his hand and said, “Well then, we

are reshuffling the rankings tonight. Start whenever you are ready.”

The cries and howls like beasts were heard once again from Wolf’s Den as a battle began.

At the same time, it was a full moon. Some might say it looked like a blood moon in an unknown location.

The sixty-six-level tall Arch Tower stood erected under the moon. Perhaps it was the building’s immense height; standing on the balconies, one could almost feel that the moon was within reach.

Green Dragon stood by the edge of the balcony and looked out at the endless ocean. No one knew what he was thinking of right now.

Next to him stood a man dressed in a black suit. They had been standing like this for the past half an hour.

“Chief, Tyr’s matter has been taken care of. It did not go out of control and gave us much fewer things to deal with.”

Green Dragon nodded. Yet, he looked wistful. “Say, how did he do it, resolving the issue so quickly?”

The man in the suit was taken aback. “Chief, it sounds like you want it to go out of control?”

“Of course,” Green Dragon answered honestly. “That is how he will finally notice us. What a pity.”

The man in the suit was puzzled. “Chief,

why do you want him to notice us so badly?
Can you give me a reason, please?”

Green Dragon abruptly turned his head to the side and glared at his companion.

The man was startled. “I am sorry, Chief, that was disrespectful of me.”

Suddenly, Green Dragon smiled. “Just because he is the Master of Rayne's Regal Palace, is that good enough for you?”

Two days later, in Autumn Field Group's headquarters.

Autumn Field Group was busy preparing to expand into the south. However, it was met with a lot of challenges and was now on a difficult conjecture.

The main reason for their impasse stemmed

from the existence of one Southern Business Association.

After a meeting with the upper-level management, Autumn Field still could not develop a satisfactory solution. Winifred returned to her office in a state of distress.

“What is going on, darling?” Tyr entered the room and immediately noticed Winifred’s dour expression.

She replied, “It is about Autumn Field’s expansion into the south. We are stuck!” 1

Tyr sat down opposite Winifred and looked at her smilingly. “Was it Southern Business Association? Tell me, what were their conditions?”

Winifred sighed. “The association is led by the Saxton family and is located in Strego

City.

“For us to enter their market, we need to join the association. One of the provisions is to pay a fifty-million-dollar fee.”

Chapter 527 Winifred's Worries

“Okay!”

Tyr nodded and replied, “Five million dollars for the franchise fee is not a lot. Why not just give it to them?”

Winifred laughed bitterly and said, “The franchise fee is not the problem, but they have another ridiculous requirement.”

“A ridiculous requirement?”

Tyr was curious. He asked, “What is it?”

Winifred replied, “After our Autumn Field Group joins Southern Business Association, they want us to pay a membership fee every month. The membership fee is a third of our

monthly profits.”

“A third of the profits?”

Tyr frowned. “Why is there a rule like that?”

“I don't know either. I feel like the association is against Autumn Field Group. The rest of the companies from the south do not need to pay a membership fee every month. At most, they just pay the franchise fee, that's all.

“If we were to give a third of our profits every month, including tax, Autumn Field Group basically will not earn anything. If anything happens, our company might even incur losses.

“I feel like it is because our company has been growing fast and was in the headlines, so the association wants to go against us to

keep us in place.”

Tyr said, “Can you not join the association?”

“Logically speaking, it is possible, but if we do not join the association, we will get more backlash.

“So, if we want to continue doing business in the south, we cannot avoid Southern Business Association!”

Winifred did not want to say more. This situation was already making her head spin.

Tyr put his hands under his chin and mumbled, “ Strego City's Saxton family? What type of family are they in the south?”

Winifred answered, “They are considered a wealthy noble family. Apparently, their family is one of the oldest families in Strego

City. There was even a rumor that they are descendants of Shen Wansan.

“Over ten years ago, this Saxton family was one of the most prominent families in the south. The Saxton family founded Southern Business Association. It has existed for over half a century now.

“However, for the last twenty years, with new emerging businesses, the Saxton family was left in the dust. They were then stripped of their titles as one of the prominent first-class families in the south. It is only because they still had control over Southern Business Association; they still held power in the south's business scene.”

Tyr nodded. “ Strego City is the biggest industrial zone in the South; that's why a lot of companies would come and do business

here. In recent years, Strego City has gone through big changes. At this moment, half the city is controlled by Great Sky Group while the other half by the Jones family. The Sexton family has been significantly weakened.

“ Southern Business Association is targeting the more successful companies in the south. Companies like Great Sky Group, the Jones family, and West Suez are the real first-class prominent families. They do not care about some business associations. Plus, their businesses are not only in the south anymore.”

Winifred continued, “I do not know if we have room for negotiation. If the association continues to be firm on their demands, Autumn Field Group will change

our goals and take our business to the north.”

Tyr shook his head and said, “ Autumn Field Group’s clothing line’s design is more suitable for people in the south, it may not suit the north people’s taste. Trying to develop there would be harder.

“So Winifred, we should take this step by step. You should not worry about Southern Business Association, I have a way to solve this.”

“You have a way?” Winifred looked at Tyr curiously and said, “What way?”

Tyr confidently replied, “You will know when the time comes. Now, what you should do is to create a branch in Strego City, open the stores and warehouses. This is different

from Prime City. Everything must go in order first. Do not worry about investing in capital investments, nor be stingy. If you invest properly, you will gain good results.”

Winifred was at a loss. She then said, “Hubby, are you joking with me? I already said that without Southern Business Association’s approval, we cannot do anything. If we put in investments yet cannot make a move, we lose everything.”

“No, I still need to think of a way. After a while, I will go to Strego City personally and discuss with the association.”

Tyr smiled and shook his head, he said, “Yes, I understand that it needs to be discussed. However, it should be a fair discussion, not us begging them.

“Listen to me; do as I say. I will deal with the

association.”

Winifred thought that Tyr's decision was very abrupt, she wanted to say something else but Tyr stopped her.

“My dear wife, when have I ever lied or tricked you?”

“That's true.”

Winifred suddenly realized that there was nothing that could not be solved as long as Tyr was here.

“Alright, then.”

In the end, Winifred did not say much anymore. Since Tyr had confidently made her promise, she did not want to worry about it anymore.

Tyr said, “The Autumn Field Group's

investment into the south will lead them toward the entire country and become one of the best clothing lines in the country. So, for the conference this time you need a proper and confident spokesperson. Have you thought of someone?"

Winifred nodded and said, "I have already picked the person out earlier. I plan for Graham Davis to be our spokesperson. He can stand in front of a crowd and speak with confidence, letting him attend the conference would be the best possible choice ever."

"Alright, tell him to go to Strego City now and start on building the branch and prepare everything. Once everything is almost done, we will go there. Coincidentally I have business in Strego

City, so I'll deal with that and this situation.”

Winifred asked, “Hubby, who was that person that came to Autumn Field Group to cause trouble. I heard he was from Strego City. Who is he? What does he want?”

Tyr replied, “He was someone from the Jones family, but I already dealt with it.”

“Strego City's Jones family?” Winifred was shocked. “The family that controls half the Strego City; the Jones family?”

“Yeap.”

“Why would they come and cause trouble for us in Khanh City?” Winifred was shocked. “Won't the Jones family target us when we start our business in Strego City?”

Tyr shook his head. “The Jones family will

not target us. Instead, they would be our biggest supporter.

“To develop Autumn Field Group in the south, we still need the Jones family’s help.” 1

Chapter 528 Blair Zea's birthday

Regarding this problem from Strego City, it is hard to explain. This was because Tyr did not know if the Jones family was a friend or foe.

Winifred did not ask anymore since she did not need to know much about things like these. Winifred could not comprehend what Tyr had to do. She just needed to care about Autumn Field Group.

Winifred was always living under the protection of Tyr. She only had one wish, or so to say one goal.

She hoped that she could make her company, Autumn Field Group, grow big. Once it was big enough, she could support

Tyr. They were a married couple, so the moment they were on an equal footing was the real moment that they truly are connected.

Winifred knew that her goals were still a long way ahead. She needed to work very hard to fulfill this wish of hers.

“The seventeenth of October is Blair’s birthday, right?” Tyr changed the topic and asked Winifred.

“Yes!”

Winifred nodded. “Next week, Blair would be six years old.”

Tyr nodded and said, “How did Blair celebrate her previous birthdays?”

Thinking about Blair’s previous birthdays,

Winifred felt a sharp pain in her heart.

Before Tyr reunited with them, Winifred and Blair were humiliated and neglected in the Zea family. Blair had never celebrated a proper birthday yet.

Coincidentally, Blair's birthday was on the same day as Iris Zea's, so every year, the Zea family would have a birthday party for Iris.

During the birthday party, Iris was treated like a princess. Everyone in the family wished her.

While Blair would sit in a corner during the party and eat the leftovers, the family would insult and scold her. It was pitiful.

"Let's have a birthday party for Blair next week." Tyr said, "We do not need a big party, but we can invite Uncle Yorke and

Godmother over.”

“Yes!”

Winifred nodded and said, “I thought so too. Blair would turn six soon, and she never had a proper birthday celebration. I owe her too much.”

Tyr hugged Winifred in his embrace and said, “It’s me who owes too much to the both of you. However, rest assured, from now on, I will never let the both of you suffer.” 1

In the afternoon, Tyr went to pick Blair up from school.

Tyr held Blair's hand and asked, “Blair, your sixth birthday is in a few days. Tell me what present you want, and Daddy will get it for you.”

Blair looked at Tyr, shocked. “Birthday?”

It was as if Blair felt strange hearing this word. When her other friends talk about birthdays, they would be excited and full of anticipation. They would even ask their parents when their birthdays were a few months prior.

However, Blair never mentioned the word 'birthday'. In fact, she feared that word.

Tyr carried Blair and said, "Does Blair not like birthdays?"

Blair nodded slowly and said, "Blair wants to celebrate her birthday, but Blair's birthdays in the past years were unhappy."

"Why say so?"

Blair replied, "Blair's birthday was on the same day as Aunt Iris'. Last year, Aunt Iris

bought a large cake for her birthday party, Blair wanted to eat a piece, but Aunt Iris threw my plate to the floor.

“She said that Blair was wild and that Blair did not deserve to eat cake. Mommy then argued with Aunt Iris and got slapped in the face.

“Then, Mom and I got kicked out of the birthday party. Mommy hugged Blair and started crying. She cried really painfully.”

Blair eyes reddened as she finished her sentence. There were tears in her eyes.

“Daddy, Blair remembers Mommy cries every year during Blair's birthday, so I never thought of celebrating my birthday. Blair does not want to see Mommy crying.”

Tyr felt a sharp pain in his heart as he heard

Blair explain.

He could not believe that during the years he was not around, they had both suffered so much.

However, it is all fine now. That vicious Iris Zea was dead, and the Zea family's toxic people got the punishment they deserved. From now on, Tyr would be by his daughter's and wife's side. He would not let them suffer.

“Blair, now that Daddy is back, Daddy will protect you and Mommy. I would never let your mommy cry anymore.

“Daddy will give you a happy birthday this year alright?”

“So, Daddy will buy a cake for Blair?”

Tyr smiled and replied, “Of course, I will buy

a big cake for Blair. Blair can invite all your friends to celebrate as well. What do you think?"

"Yes."

Blair nodded enthusiastically and smiled brightly. "Blair has a few friends in class. Then, Daddy, ask Godgrandmother and the rest to come, Aunt Connie too."

"Yes, they will come!"

Blair happily clapped her hands, "Yay, Blair can finally celebrate her birthday."

A week went by quickly, and it was already the seventeenth of October.

Tyr did not book a restaurant to celebrate Blair's birthday, they celebrated at home because it felt more comfortable at home.

Early in the morning, Helen Cole and Jacob Zea went out to buy ingredients while Tyr and Winifred were decorating the area.

The villa was big and had a garden, so it was a great place to set up a birthday party.

The family took the entire morning preparing, they finally finished setting things up by afternoon.

At the same time, Helen and Jacob came back from buying ingredients and started cooking in the kitchen.

When it was almost evening, Blair wore a beautiful dress. She looked like a princess from the fairy tales.

Blair's friends came shortly after, followed by the Yorke family.

The entire villa was crowded, Blair's sixth birthday party then officially started.

Blair's friends gifted her gifts and wished her happy birthdays while Tyr brought out a giant birthday cake.

There were six candles on the cake, Tyr lit them up and smiled while looking at Blair. "Blair, Daddy especially prepared this cake for your birthday. Let's all sing the birthday song, and Blair can close her eyes and make a wish!"

Chapter 529 An Uninvited Guest

“Okay!”

Blair nodded enthusiastically and looked at the pink cake with tears in her eyes.

Maybe, it was tears of joy. Or maybe, Blair remembered something unpleasant.

Winifred was standing beside her, her eyes red with tears as well.

Tyr immediately stood beside Winifred and held her hand tightly. Then, he said softly, “Winifred, this is Blair’s sixth birthday. You cannot cry.

“I promised Blair I would never let you cry again.”

“Yes!” Winifred quickly nodded as well and said, “I am so happy. Let’s sing happy birthday to Blair.”

“Alright!”

Everyone in the villa started singing the birthday song as they clapped their hands and sang to Blair.

After singing the birthday song, everyone gave a loud applause.

“Blair, you can make a wish now,” Helen said.

Blair quickly copied what she saw on TV, clasped her hands, and closed her eyes to make a wish.

“Blair wishes that Daddy and Mommy will

always be by Blair's side and also wishes Grandpa Grandma to be healthy.

“Also, I hope that Daddy and Mommy will get me a little brother quickly.”

Blair's wish made everyone laugh.

Winifred quickly said, “Blair, you cannot say your wish out loud. Once you do it won't be granted.”

“No, Blair had to say it out. If I did not say it out, Daddy and Mommy would not know that I want a younger brother.”

Everyone laughed.

Carson went up to Tyr and said, “Tyr, what Blair said is right. It's time you two consider a second child.”

Tyr shot a glance at Carson and said, “Uncle

Yorke, aren't you minding my business too much?"

Carson laughed and said, "What? No way!"

"Eat some cake."

Tyr handed out slices of cake to Carson, Heather, Connie, Dickson and the rest of the guests.

Dickson had been staying in the Yorke family for quite some time, yet he still could not win Connie over. He was distressed.

Dickson held the cake in hand and walked towards Tyr, dragging him to a corner. "Brother Tyr, the advice you gave me last time. What does it mean? Can you explain to me?"

Tyr looked at Dickson and said, "So, you did

not manage to win over that girl Connie?”

“No, she doesn't even want to acknowledge my existence.” Dickson looked very stressed, “If Connie does not accept my proposal, I plan to run away from home.”

“Run away from home?”

“Yes,” Dickson said firmly. “I plan to change my surname and live with a different identity. If I do so, my grandfather would not be able to find me.”

Tyr laughed and said, “I do not understand your way of thinking, but even I do not know the meaning of the special advice I gave you.”

“You don't? Then, why did you tell me that?”

Tyr said, “Actually, someone else gave me

that advice.”

Tyr then took a piece of paper and wrote down a phone number and said, “This guy is called Juan Yates. He is a professional at handling women. Give him a call, ask him whatever you don’t understand, and he will teach you.

“Call and tell him that you are Tyr Summers’ little brother.”

Dickson looked at Tyr with doubt in his eyes as he took the paper from him. “He can teach me how?”

Tyr confidently nodded and said, “He has a nickname. The Saint of Love!”

Everyone was celebrating the party happily. At this moment, Tyr saw someone he did not want to see.

That person was one of the Summers family's generals— Raiden Black.

“Why are you here?”

Tyr's smile faded when he saw Raiden walking in.

Everyone looked at Raiden, Carson frowned while the rest of the people were confused. That was because they did not know Raiden.

“Tyr, don't misunderstand. Today is Blair's birthday, the old master ordered me to pass a present to her,” Raiden said as he walked over. He held a box that contained a beautiful music box inside.

The music box was gold plated with diamonds on it. Upon opening the box, a beautiful birthday melody played. It was

obviously a thoughtful gift.

“Miss Blair, this present is from your grandfather. He picked it after much consideration, do you like it?”

Raiden passed the present to Blair. Maybe it was because Raiden had an imposing aura, Blair was obviously scared. She subconsciously stepped back and ran into Winifred’s embrace.

Tyr walked forward and stood in front of Raiden, he said coldly, “Blair does not need his present. Take this thing and leave immediately.”

Raiden was a bit troubled and said, “Tyr, the old master picked this present very carefully. No matter what, he is still Blair’s grandfather.”

“Blair does not need a grandfather like him,” Tyr replied coldly. “And Blair’s surname is Zea, not Summers!”

“But Tyr.”

“Shut up.” Tyr starred at Raiden, his body emanating a cold aura.

“Raiden, did I not tell you. Anyone from the Summers family should never appear in front of me. I spared you once. Do you have a death wish now?”

The aura from Tyr made Raiden shudder.

“”Tyr, what happened that year, your dad was powerless. Do you really hate him?”

“Scram!” Tyr’s voice was as cold and harsh it can ever be. Saying just that felt like Tyr

was about to murder him.

Raiden did not say much anymore. He left the box and turned around to leave.

“Stop!” Tyr suddenly called out to Raiden.

Raiden turned around, thinking Tyr had changed his mind. However, all Tyr did was grab the gift Raiden brought and pushed it into his arm and said, “Take this away.”

“Raiden, I will warn you one more time. If you or anyone from the Summers family comes within my sight, no matter the reason, I will do the same.

“Whoever comes, I’ll kill that person!”

Chapter 530 There is not much time left

Tyr had said the same before. He was not joking.

If Raiden did not decide to stop fighting for the Quintus family, he would have been killed by Tyr by now.

Back then, Raiden did not know how terrifying Tyr was. It was until Tyr destroyed Victor Kirkman that Raiden realized how strong and frightening Tyr was.

Before, Raiden would not believe that Tyr would have the power to fight the Summers family. However, after the Victor incident, Raiden could already guess that Tyr and the Summers family would fight. He even

thought that the Summers family might be weaker than Tyr.

In the end, Raiden sighed and left the villa.

He thought that he could help loosen Tyr and his father's tension, but in the end, the result was disappointing.

Draco would not try to mend his relationship with his son. This made Tyr hate him and the entire Summers family.

Raiden walked out of the house and headed toward the villa's main gates.

At this moment, a black Bentley stopped in front of the gates. A domineering looking guy was sitting in the back seat of the car.

This person was Draco Summers. Tyr would never have thought that Draco would

personally come to Khanh City secretly because of Blair's birthday.

It was just that Draco did not step foot into the villa. He was not prepared to face Tyr.

Raiden walked toward the Bently. His face was sour, the gift still in his hand.

Raiden had thought of throwing the present away and lying to Darco, telling him that Blair accepted the gift.

However, Raiden did not do so in the end. He simply could not bring himself to do it.

“Master!”

Raiden looked at Draco. Even though he looked calm, Raiden had been with him for many years.

He could tell from Draco's eyes what he was

thinking.

Draco was definitely upset!

“Master, the young master...”

Raiden stopped speaking. He could not continue.

Draco forced a faint smile, but the smile looked bitter.

“Get in. I knew this might happen.

“After ten years, he still hates me. It is all because I was too weak back then.”

Draco said as he took a deep breath. His voice was full of regret.

He was from one of the most prominent families, the Summers family.

Yet, as the heir, no one understood the

amount of suffering he had to endure.

Raiden got into the car. He could not help but say, “Master, don’t blame yourself for what happened a few years ago. You were also...”

“Stop!”

Raiden could feel that Draco was triggered, especially since Draco did not even let him finish his sentence.”

Raiden noticed Draco’s anger.

Raiden was terrified. He noticed he said something he shouldn't have.

“Master, let's go back now. To rush here in time, you didn’t have a good rest for two days and two nights.”

“Yeah.” Draco nodded lightly. He then

leaned against the leather chair and closed his eyes. His temple was still pulsating.

“Do not let anyone know that I came to Khanh City!”

“I understand, Master.”

At the same time, in the villa... Because of Raiden's appearance, the entire atmosphere of the party was ruined.

Even though Winifred and the rest did not know Raiden, they knew he was someone from the Summers family. They also knew what happened between Tyr and the Summers family, so they had a bad impression of the Summers family.

Raiden was an uninvited guest. His arrival obviously made everyone upset.

Helen had always had a temper. She pulled

Tyr aside and asked, “Tyr, was the baldie one of your father’s men?”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded, “I’m sorry for being so rude. Do you think I was too much? Since Blair’s grandfather wanted to give Blair a birthday present.”

“Too much?”

Helen laughed and said, “Tyr, you did nothing wrong. If your father came, I would have punched him on the spot.

“What he did in the past was so scummy. You are his birth son. If others forced you to the point of being homeless, yet, he did not do a thing, then he is a piece of useless trash.

“Tyr, I am not exaggerating, but even though Jacob stays home and out of everything, if someone were to try to harm

Winifred, he would sacrifice even his life to protect her. This is what it takes to be a father.

“But your father does not qualify to call himself a father.”

Helen started ranting. Tyr was shocked and just stood still and listened. His mother-in-law was good at everything, but sometimes she said stuff without thinking.

Seeing as Tyr did not react, Helen quickly stopped, “Tyr, sorry I was too agitated. Don’t take everything I say too seriously.”

“Haha, no worries, Mom. What you said is correct!”

Tyr and Helen talked for a bit, then continued enjoying Blair’s birthday party.

The gloomy atmosphere quickly passed. The

happy atmosphere clouded the entire area for the whole of the day.

The York family did not go back to Prime City. After dinner, Winifred and Helen got ready to bring Heather and Connie out for shopping. After all, the scenery in Khanh City was amazing.

Tyr and Carson did not follow them out. Both of them sat in the second floor's garden and drank tea.

“When are you planning to go to Strego City?” Carson asked as he sipped on a cup of tea.

“After a while,” Tyr replied. “Since Strego City is one of our biggest chess pieces, and Autumn Field Group needs to do business there, I want to deal with both at once to

save time.

“As you have already witnessed, the Summers family won’t sit still any longer. We don’t have much time left!”

Chapter 531 To Strego City

This time, Raiden had come from Draco's orders to celebrate Blair's birthday. From the surface, it looked as if Draco was fulfilling his duty as a grandfather, showing his love for his granddaughter.

However, in reality, Tyr and Carson both saw this from a different perspective.

Before this, the Summers family and Tyr had had conflicts a few times. Each time they did, they would lose against Tyr.

With Draco and Tyr's stepmother's personalities, they would never sit still and let this happen. They would strike back even more ferociously.

Before this, Draco in the Summers family

held them back, but even Draco had come to Khanh City now. It meant that even Draco would not hold back anymore.

Carson said, “Tyr, I feel like no matter what, a father would not completely abandon his son. Don’t you think that there must be some misunderstanding?”

“What misunderstanding?” Tyr scoffed, “Uncle Yorke, to protect one’s position, sacrificing a son is nothing to him.”

Carson said, “But if he were really this cruel, he wouldn’t do what he did today.”

“Haha, who knows if he has other motives? Maybe he found out how powerful I am in Rayne and wants to use me.”

Tyr stood up and looked at the glimmering lights in the distance and said, “Once

something becomes too complicated, it would be hard to solve.

“No matter how much he tries to do for me, I will never forgive him. The Summers family owes me. I will make them pay.”

Carson did not say anything anymore since he did not want to meddle with Tyr's affairs.

“Tyr, since we do not have much time left, let's speed up the process. I hope you can use some of the power from Rayne's Regal Palace in this operation.”

“The south is not as powerful as the Summers family, but they are still one of the prominent families. It is not easy to defeat them.”

“I understand.”

Tyr nodded, “Let's see if we should use the

Regal Palace's power yet. Juliet Jones personally got rid of her brother and is willing to be my pawn. Do you think this piece is stable?"

"Not stable," Carson answered. "This woman is too scary. She is more dangerous than Joe Quintus. If she did not get rid of her brother, we would have been in trouble.

"She is brave and dares to dispose of others. How would she accept being someone's pet?"

Tyr nodded. "I think so too. This woman is a double-edged sword. Even though she will help me clear a path, I still need to be wary of her."

Carson stood up and said, "I still suggest the same thing as I did before. Since the south

needs to go through the Jones family, you should research the Jones family's second master, Kace Jones. He would definitely be more reliable than Juliet.”

“Okay,” Tyr replied. “Uncle Yorke, once we start our operation at Strego City, we can never turn back. Once we gained from Strego City, our operation in the south will fully commence.

“This is our biggest pawn. Once we move it, there will be no turning back. So you should start preparing for the other prominent families in Strego City.”

“Hahaha!” Carson laughed and said, “Don't worry, I have already prepared this way earlier. Once you move your biggest pawn, I guarantee you I would make every prominent family in the south your pawn.”

“Alright!”

Tyr trusted Carson. Since Carson had already guaranteed so, Tyr would not think much of it anymore.

Both of them stood in the garden and chatted while looking at the scenery from the balcony. They felt as if they ruled the world.

There would be a day where they truly ruled the world.

In a blink of an eye, a month had passed.

It was already November. Winter had already arrived.

In the plane from Khanh City to Strego City, Winifred sat beside the window and looked

at the sky.”

“What are you thinking?” Tyr turned to Winifred and asked.

“I’m a bit nervous,” Winifred replied. “Uncle Davis had already built a few branches in Strego City. The online and offline stores are all ready. After a few days, Autumn Field Group can officially operate.”

“This is a good thing. Why are you nervous?”

“But we have not discussed it with Southern Business Association group. Uncle Davis had visited the Saxton family, hoping they would negotiate with us, but they did not want to.”

Tyr said, “Rest assured. I will personally talk with the Saxton family. There is definitely

room for negotiation.”

“Really?”

“Haha, when has your husband ever lied to you?”

At around eleven in the morning, the plane arrived at Strego City’s airport.

Outside the airport, Graham Davis was already waiting for their arrival. Both of them sat in Graham's car and arrived at a building.

“CEO Zea, this is the main headquarters for Autumn Field Group in Strego City. Our company is on the ninth floor, everything inside is new. Let me lead you guys up.”

“Okay.”

With Graham’s guidance, the three of them

reached the ninth floor of the building.

The entire office looked big. It could easily fit over a hundred people. However, at this moment, the office had only about over ten people here. Everyone was a familiar face. They were all from Khanh City's headquarters.

“CEO Zea.”

Seeing as Winifred walked in, everyone in the office immediately stood up and greeted Winifred.

Winifred smiled and nodded. “Everyone has worked hard, keep it up.”

Winifred and Tyr then walked into the CEO's office.

Graham poured a cup of tea for the two of

them and said, “CEO Zea, the offline and online stores are all ready. Everything has been prepared. I have even got the contract in hand now. However, I could not negotiate with Southern Business Association, so we have not started production, even the staff members have not been hired yet.”

Graham sounded helpless. It was obvious that this problem had been giving him a splitting headache.

Chapter 532 Dunham Lake's Broken Bridge

“In fact, the business association was set up since establishing the city to protect the legitimate rights and interests of its members. That being said, the sole purpose was to promote industrial and commercial prosperity.

“I didn't expect that the nature of the association to have changed into something completely opposite now. It used to be a joint venture controlled by the group founders of several large companies. Still, in recent years, these directors were all kicked out by the Saxton family. Now, it has turned into a tool to exploit others for money. The entire Southern Business Association is

controlled by the Saxton family, which has become a means to generate wealth.”

Winifred Zea asked, “Did you manage to talk to the Saxton family?”

“I did, but to no avail. The association was rather firm with their stance—there was no room for negotiation. The Saxton family was greedy and comparable with the mafia. I have also tried to contact the official. Hopefully, we will be able to solve this matter through the official. Still, this city is the core economic zone of Strego City. Countless enterprises of the south want to come here to invest. The official didn't think much of Autumn Field Group.

“Besides, the association has taken control of the economic lifelines of this city. The authorities can't offend the association

because of small enterprises like us. Even if the authorities managed to help us to solve our current predicament, it would be easy for the association to make it difficult for us later on. So, going to officials wouldn't solve the problem at all. Going through the official channels is definitely impossible.”

Tyr Summers said, “Perhaps not to the level of being a mafia, but the association is like a malicious tumor of the southern business community. You guys shall put this matter aside. Let's put out the recruitment advertisement for now. Since everything is readily prepared, we must get the company running right away.”

“But Mr. Summers, the association...”

“Given its nature as a malicious tumor, it's only right to remove it.”

Tyr had heard too many things about the association these days. It was mentioned so often that his ears could no longer take it.

Now, Tyr didn't have much patience left.

Tomorrow, he and Winifred would talk to the Saxton family. It would be great if they could strike a deal. If they failed, then Tyr would have to use his means to resolve the matter.

He wasn't joking when he said he wants to remove the tumor. Also, he was capable of doing so.

Before this, the Lee family of Swampville City from Riverdale wanted to punish Autumn Field Group under the instigation of Charlotte Fisher. What happened to them? A single phone call from Tyr had almost

brought down the entire Lee family.

The same went for the Tanner family when they laid their fingers on Autumn Field Group. The family ended up vanishing overnight.

Southern Business Association might appear more formidable than the Lee and Tanner families. But they were merely stronger ants in the Tyr's eyes, the man who owned Regal Palace.

Therefore, Tyr had already released some messages on Regal Web so that Regal Palace can make some preparations in advance to smoothen the domestic relations and some of the Saxon family's investments overseas.

Once it was confirmed that, this deal couldn't be made. Tyr didn't mind giving the so-

called Saxon family of Strego City a taste of how he had previously dealt with the Lee and Tanner families.

After Tyr gave his assurances repeatedly, Winifred didn't want to talk about this anymore. She could tell that Tyr was a bit annoyed with the topic.

“Honey, it's almost noon. Let's invite the staff for a meal. They've been working very hard these days.”

“Mhm.” Tyr nodded.

Then, Winifred treated the local employees to lunch at a restaurant.

After the meal, Graham Davis brought the two of them to an apartment. It was specially rented for employees of Autumn Field Group. He also reserved a unit for

Winifred.

The three-bedroom apartment was clean and warmly decorated.

Winifred and Tyr would stay here for a while.

After lunch, Winifred looked a little tired from the morning's travel, so she planned to take a nap first.

Tyr, on the other hand, didn't sleep. Tyr sat on the sill of the window, flipping through some information in his cell phone.

Carson Yorke provided all the information. Tyr's trip to Strego City was aimed at the power play in the south. The so-called Southern Business Association of the Saxton family was not worth his attention.

Winifred didn't sleep for long before she

was awakened by the ringing of her cell phone.

It was a call from Snow Fenner. It just so happened that the movie crew of White Snake was still stationed in Strego City.

Based on the movie script, the majority of the scenes need to be filmed within the city. Therefore, the crew needs to stay at Strego Town for a long time.

“Little Snow and the others have been here for many days. They will be filming a scene at Broken Bridge later in the afternoon. It's where Agnes White will meet with Garrick Parker at Dunham Lake. Shall we go there and have a look?”

“Alright.”

Tyr jumped down from the windowsill. “

There's nothing to do in the afternoon anyway. Why not.”

The two of them departed from the apartment. The couple called a cab and headed toward Dunham Lake.

It was drizzling by the lake, and the light rain was perfect for the scene.

The rainy weather helped to bring out the atmosphere of the scene.

The Broken Bridge area was rented for the entire afternoon by the White Snake movie crew for filming. The lake's promenade from a distance was crowded with the curious passer-by watching as they filmed the scene.

Tyr and Winifred went directly to Broken Bridge, where the shooting was going on.

They didn't interrupt the filming but stood aside and watched.

Snow's acting skill was getting better nowadays. The actor who played Garrick was equally brilliant. He might not be the most popular actor at the moment, but his acting skills and looks were outstanding.

Even though this was just a movie, the Broken Bridge scene depicted how the hero and heroine met on the bridge was so real that there was an eminent vicarious feel.

“Once the movie is made public, it will definitely be a huge success.”

Winifred laughed inwardly as she watched them filming the scene.

“Mhm.” Tyr agreed with her on this. This drama production was sophisticated, even

though Autumn Field Media had only invested 500 million in this. The effects from the drizzle, however, did make it look like this production cost double the budget.

Almost twenty minutes later, Snow had finally finished with her scene on Broken Bridge, and it was time for her to take a break.

“Sister Winifred and Big Brother Tyr, you are here.”

Snow, who was accompanied by Lily Zimmerman, quickly walked toward them. The movie director Graham also approached and greeted them at once.

“Mhm.” Winifred nodded with a smile. Then, she said to Graham, Lily, and the others, “You all must be busy. I was just

dropping by to check on Little Snow. I won't interfere with the shooting.”

Chapter 533 The Rich Kids of Strego City

Graham Cabot nodded and replied, "Miss Zea, it was such an honor for me to work with you. I'm grateful that you've entrusted me with all the decisions for this movie. Don't you worry about the outcome. I will make this movie a national sensation for Autumn Field Media.

"Well, I'm sure of that."

While the others went back to their own business, Snow Fenner, Winifred Zea, and Tyr Summers went to the rest area for a chat.

"How's everything, Little Snow? Is shooting tough for you?" Winifred can tell that Snow had lost some weight during this time. It

was true that Snow had suffered a lot for the best possible result of the movie.

"Not bad, Sister Winifred. Everyone from the crews is nice to me. So does director Graham. I managed to learn a great deal from him."

"Well, I have a feeling that you will be a hit after the movie is released. All of your sacrifices will be worth it."

"Yeap!" Snow nodded enthusiastically.

In the meantime, a Hummer drove toward the movie set.

The vehicle then pulled over outside the yellow tape that signified the area was closed for private use. The car door swung open, and three young men in their twenties jumped out of it. They were dressed in

branded clothes.

The leader was holding a large bouquet of roses in his hand. He ignored the yellow tape in front of him and walked toward the movie set.

Two security guards guarding the area came up to stop them. They told them politely, "Excuse me, sir. This section of Broken Bridge has been rented out by the White Snake movie crew this afternoon. No tourists are allowed."

"Tourists?"

Those young men's facial expressions darkened. The one in the lead threw a slap at the guard. "Open your eyes wide and look carefully at who I am."

Only then did the two security guards take a

closer look at the men. In the next moment, an intense fear appeared on their faces.

"Xenos... Young Master Xenos!"

"Get out of my way!"

The young man kicked those security guards aside. He held up the bouquet of roses and swaggered toward the movie set.

"Sister Snow, you were always busy when I dropped by to visit. Look at you now. You actually have time to hang out here for chit-chatting. What are you busy with?"

When she saw those men walking toward her, Snow's expression turned pale.

Winifred asked, "Who are these people?"

Snow answered. "They are the rich kids

from Strego City. The one in the front is Xylan. He always harasses me on the set. It's super annoying."

Xylan was approaching Snow with the large bouquet of roses in his hand. "Sister Snow, I chose these just for you. There are 999 stalks of roses here. I hope you will like it.

"Look, what do you think about coming out on a date with me tonight?"

Xylan wasn't a nobody. The White Snake movie crew didn't dare to offend him. Although Snow did find this guy irritated, she didn't dare to cast him off directly.

"Young Master Xylan, I haven't finished with the shooting. There are a few more scenes of mine scheduled to be filmed today. But I do appreciate your generosity."

"Turning me down again?" Xylan was displeased with her response. He said, "Sister Snow, it's not nice for you to refuse me repeatedly. No matter what, I, Xylan, have a reputation for keeping in Strego City. I will be a laughing stock if you keep on turning me down."

Snow replied, "Young Master Xylan. I'm indeed very busy here. I can't leave."

"I can wait for you. What about tonight?"

Snow said, "There's a night scene to film tonight." The two men behind Xylan laughed out loud. "Hahaha, Xylan, I think you'd better forget about it. She doesn't even like you. Weren't you just bragging to us that this girl will give you face for sure?"

His friends were teasing him at the back.

Xylan felt embarrassed by all these. His tone now sounded more dangerous, "Snow, I, Xylan have invited you nicely. Don't you dare to insult me.

A deep voice next to Snow suddenly spoke with a hint of banter. "If a girl isn't interested in you, stop pestering like a fly. You are the young master from a prominent family. Aren't you worried about embarrassing your family?"

It was Tyr Summers.

"Who are you to talk back at Master Xylan?"

"Get lost!" Tyr spat out the words coldly.

"F*ck, do you have a death wish? How dare you talk to me like that?"

Xylan was furious. He swung his fist at Tyr.

A loud bang was heard. Tyr kicked at him, and the force sent Xylan to fly backward.

A dead silence fell upon the area. Snow didn't expect that Tyr would actually beat him up. She became a little nervous about the situation.

"Brother Tyr, this..."

Tyr said, "You are an artist of Autumn Field Media. In other words, no one can harass you."

Xylan, who took a kick from Tyr, was in excruciating pain. It was written all over his face. Those two friends of his immediately helped Xylan up. Then, they stared at Tyr and snapped, "How f*cking brave you are, how dare you hurt Xylan?"

The two rich kids were so angry that they

rolled up their sleeves and wanted to beat Tyr up.

"Blargh..."

Suddenly, they heard a weird sound made by Xylan, who was next to them. He was vomiting.

His face seemed rather pale. There was a sharp pain in his abdomen when he spoke. "Don't do it. This guy is a skilled fighter. Call backups, quick."

One of the kids took out his cell phone and made several calls in a row.

After making the call, one of them pointed at Tyr and warned, "If you are brave enough, wait here for ten minutes. If you dare to run away, the whole White Snake crew will be in trouble today."

Tyr's expression was icy. He stepped forward, emanating a majestic aura. The rich kids were terrified of him.

"Wait here, if you have the guts, just wait."

The three of them retreated while threatening Tyr. Then, they fled in fear.

Both Lily Zimmerman and Graham Cabot heard the commotion. They had come by to check on them.

"Snow, what's happening here?" Lily asked.

Snow replied, "Xylan was harassing me again. Big Brother Tyr beat him up. They had left to gather their man."

Those words made everyone turn pale. Graham walked to Tyr instantly with an

edgy look.

"Mr. Tyr, Xylan and his group of friends are famous spoiled brats in Strego City. We can't afford to aggravate them. What should we do now?"

Chapter 534 Sister Juliet, Why Are You Here?

Even a renowned director at the level of Graham Cabot said he couldn't bear the consequence of offending Xylan Xenos and his group. It was apparent that these kids were quite influential in Strego City.

However, Tyr wasn't affected by them at all. He said, "Don't worry about it. They can't turn the tide. You guys can continue with the shooting. I'll solve this."

"But Mr. Tyr..."

Graham wanted to say something else, but Winifred Zea intercepted. She calmed the director, "No worries, Graham. Everything will be fine. Just stay calm. My husband is an

influential man."

"Okay."

Despite his words, Graham still couldn't help but feel a little worried.

"The crews shall continue with the shooting. Don't delay the progress. The company plans to release the movie during the new year. Your team needs to speed up."

Graham and the others had no choice but to trust Tyr and Winifred on this. They continued with the shooting, but the incident had affected Snow Fenner's performance. One scene after another needed to be reshot because of this.

Although Winifred persuaded the others to place their trust in Tyr, deep down, she still worried about it. After all, this incident took

place in Strego City instead of Khanh City.

"Honey, is everything going to be okay?"

"Don't worry. Scion Alliance is peanuts in my eyes. It seemed that it's not easy for the movie crew to film outside. Since I've bumped into this matter today, let's settle it, once and for all."

Then, Tyr walked to the side. He took out his cell phone and dialed a phone number.

The call was connected. Juliet Jones's voice came from the other side. "Brother Tyr."

"Juliet, I'm in Strego City. I'm by the Dunham Lake's Broken Bridge."

Juliet's heart trembled violently with Tyr's words. She hurriedly replied, "Brother Tyr, I'll come to you right away within twenty

minutes."

"No, you have ten minutes."

"Yes, Brother Tyr."

A few minutes later, the deafening sound of an engine came from outside.

More than a dozen luxury sports cars came speeding by and pulled over by the roadside. All the car doors were open by swinging upward instead of how usual car doors did. Nearly twenty people walked down from the vehicles.

Each of them was the rich second generation of Strego City, the kinds of spoiled brats who were fearless toward anything.

They were carrying baseball bats or chains

in their hands. Led by Xylan and two of his friends, they swaggered toward the crew. Xylan even held a crossbow in his hand.

"Motherf*cker, how dare you mess up with Scion Alliance. Smash this place for me!"

The group then headed toward the movie set. Although the hired security guards witness the situation, none of them dared to come up and block their way.

When the crews heard the turmoil, they paused the shooting immediately. Graham and Snow came out instantly. When they saw the group of Scion Alliance, all of them wore a horrified look on their face.

"Brother Tyr, what should we do now?"
Snow asked anxiously.

On the other hand, Tyr was quite relaxed. He

stood up and walked toward the group. "Yo, that's pretty fast! That's all you manage to call?"

"Too little man for a fight."

"Kid, how dare you f*ck with me?"

Xylan was so furious that he lifted the crossbow in his hand and aimed it at Tyr. "A single blow is enough to blast your head off. All I need is to pull the trigger.

"Kneel to me and apologize to me right now. Then, cut off your limbs, or I'll kill you."

Tyr's face turned icy cold. "I hate it the most when someone points this kind of thing at me."

Tyr suddenly lunged at Xylan in a flash. Within the blink of an eye, the crossbow in

Xylan's hand had fallen into Tyr's hands.

"Now, do you still dare to go crazy with me?"

"

"What?"

Xylan was surprised, so was the group of spoiled brats behind him. No one expected Tyr to move so fast.

"Kid put the crossbow down. Or else I'll make you look bad."

"Damn it! Do you know who you are pointing your crossbow at? He's the young master of the Xenos family of Strego City. If anything happens to him, your whole family will be in trouble."

Puff!

Tyr didn't care much about that threat. He

simply lowered the crossbow and fired a shot at Xylan. It pierced right through Xylan's thigh.

Xylan screamed and kneel to the ground with a thud.

Everyone was baffled by the situation. No one thought Tyr would be so daring. No doubt, this arrow was going to cripple Xylan.

Xylan was howling. "All of you, every one of you, kill him!"

The members of Scion Alliance then swarmed toward Tyr with red eyes. As a rich and powerful second generation in Strego City, none of them had ever been humiliated to this extent.

In the meantime, a red Bentley drove up to them in a flash. The car crossed the yellow

tapes. Then, it went all the way up to the scene.

When the car came to a halt, a domineering woman's voice was heard before the driver got off the car. "All of you, stop it! How little do you think of your lives? How dare you look for trouble here?"

That voice belonged to Juliet's. She might not be loud, but the voice was so sharp that everyone present could hear it clearly.

Everyone looked at the source of the voice and saw Juliet came out from the red Bentley.

"Sister Juliet!"

The group of the arrogant rich second generation was astonished by Juliet's presence. They didn't expect the demoness

to show up. Could it be a coincidence?

No, it was not a coincidence. Juliet said something just now about how little they thought of their lives?

In fact, these spoiled brats were the same group of people that hung out with Juliet back in the factory. Xylan was the one who gave the Invisible XLT crossbow to Juliet before.

They were the most prestigious Scion Alliance in Strego City. Juliet was the leader of the group!

"Sister Juliet, why are you here?"

"Sister Juliet!"

The members of Scion Alliance greeted Juliet straightaway. The tone of their voice

indicated a mixture of reverence and awe.

Juliet's face was gloomy. She then threw out several slaps and kicks. Few men were then tossed to the ground by Juliet.

Then, Juliet headed toward Tyr and addressed him as Brother Tyr respectfully.

Everyone was shocked!

Graham was stunned, so were Snow and Lily Zimmerman. As for Xylan and the rest of Scion Alliance, their hearts trembled hard with the event's turn.

What was happening? Who was this young man for Juliet to treat him with such reverent?

Chapter 535 Are You Investigating Me?

Juliet Jones was a famous demoness in Stego City. She was the eldest daughter of the Jones family in the Half City of the West and big sister of Scion Alliance. She was such a dominant individual in Stego City, where she could call the wind and summon the rain to bid her command.

However, why was a person like her behaving so humbly in front of the young man? It was apparent to the Scion Alliance that there was a hint of fear in Juliet's tone.

Tyr didn't reply. He just turned around and sat aside while having a cup of tea.

Juliet, on the other hand, wore a gloomy

expression. She scanned this group of the rich second generation. Every one of them felt a shiver run down their spine.

Thump! Thump!

One after another, all of the rich kids kneeled on the ground.

Xylan, who was in front of the group, had long forgotten the severe pain coming from his thigh, for he was utterly dazed at this moment.

What the hell was happening? What kind of bigshots had he messed up with? He had even dragged Juliet, the demoness, into his mess.

“Sister Juliet!”

Xylan looked up at Juliet with a frightened

face.

“Get down!”

“Sister Juliet, please. Please, spare me!”

“I said, get down.”

Juliet’s tone was getting firmer. She was clearly irritated.

Xylan shuddered and lay down on the ground obediently. Juliet waved at another rich kid next to her. He immediately handed a baseball bat to Juliet.

Boom!

Juliet had a ruthless look on her face. She smashed the iron stick on Xylan’s other leg vigorously.

Thud thud thud!

She hit on both of Xylan's legs a dozen times with the baseball bat. When she finally stopped, Xylan's legs were a bloody mess.

Xylan's miserable scream echoed in Broken Bridge. He sounds distressed.

Finally, Juliet tossed the bloody baseball bat aside. Then, she turned around and looked at Tyr.

Tyr waved his hand. Juliet was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief.

She scanned those men again and said in a deep voice, "If any of you dare to look for trouble with the White Snake movie crew again. That would be the end of you."

The group felt their scalp prickle. Juliet had

spoken. Nobody would dare to come looking for trouble again. Nobody wanted to dig their own grave.

“Get out.”

The group was relieved, as her words were a signal for great pardon. They brought the now unconscious Xylan with them and fled the scene hastily.

Juliet, on the other hand, turned toward Tyr. The domineering looks on her face had now disappeared without a trace. It was replaced by respect and fear.

Tyr's was smiling coldly within his heart. Juliet's attitude toward him was a little exaggerated.

“Are you terrified of me?” Tyr asked her coldly.

Juliet's heart trembled. She wasn't sure how to answer that question.

However, Tyr smiled faintly and replied, "How did you resolve the mess caused by your brother, Kendall Jones?"

Juliet hastily replied. "My father had fallen ill because of his death. Others in my family were frantic with him being killed. They were investigating the traces left behind by the Kendall killers. As of now, they had handed numbers of businesses initially managed by Kendall to me."

"Haha."

Tyr let out a laugh and didn't probe deeper.

"Brother Tyr, during your stay in Strego City, don't hesitate to let me know if you

need me for anything.”

Tyr shook his head. “I just came here for vacation. There’s nothing much I would bother you with. You can go back to your business.”

“But Brother Tyr, I overheard that Autumn Field Group wants to develop its business in Strego City and is trying to negotiate with Southern Business Association...”

Before Juliet got to finish her words, Tyr interrupted her abruptly. “Juliet, how do you find out all these things? Are you investigating me?”.

Juliet’s heart skipped a beat. She hurriedly said. “That's not it, Brother Tyr. Whenever an outsider company wants to settle in Strego City, some information will naturally

reach the Jones family. I didn't investigate you on purpose.”

“Haha, Juliet, I do hope you won't forget what I told you before. Never betray me, or else you will die a miserable death.”

“Yes, Brother Tyr.”

Tyr waved his hand and said, “I know that giants like the Jones family seldom work with low-level alliances like Southern Business Association. There's no need for you to worry about this. Even if you come forward, it's not necessarily for people from the Saxton family to give way, am I right?”

Juliet nodded and said, “Yes, Brother Tyr. The Saxton family is quite influential in Strego City too.”

“You can get going with your work. I will

give you a call if I need your help.”

“Yes, Brother Tyr!”

After Juliet had left, Tyr and Winifred Zea stayed here for the rest of the afternoon.

Snow Fenner’s troubles were now wholly lifted. Everyone in the White Snake movie crew was thrilled with the outcome. They didn’t expect Tyr to be so potent, for he even managed to maintain his kingship even in Strego City.

In the evening, Tyr and Winifred had dinner with the crew. Then, they returned to the apartment for the night.

It was the middle of the night. Juliet was in her villa.

She was wearing a bikini and was swimming in the pool in front of the villa.

Winter was coming. The temperature of Strego City was less than ten degrees by this time of the year. Yet, Juliet swam several laps in the pool, as she did in the summer.

Finally, she submerged herself into the water. She held her breath and stayed under the water for a long time.

The icy cold water constantly stimulated her skin together with her brain.

Juliet didn't practice winter swimming in the past. Even on summer days, she rarely used the pool at home.

She preferred to take care of her beauty by pouring some milk into the big bathtub. Then, she would sprinkle some flower petals on the water and take a milk bath.

It was a normal routine for all the rich girls.

After all, it was every girl's goal to look pretty.

Since Juliet came back from Khanh City, her habits had changed entirely. She would soak herself in the pool for nearly an hour every day, rain or shine.

As of now, Juliet was holding her breath and had sunk her entire body into the bottom of the pool. The cold water was surrounded and covered every inch of Juliet's body. The water created an illusion of trapping her into a narrow space.

Only under such a tight space could Juliet feel some easiness and peace for her restless heart.

She really wanted to have a good sleep at the bottom of the pool, in a narrow place like

this.

Suddenly, she felt a ball of coldness in her chest. She opened her eyes wide abruptly. A savage expression showed up on her face. In the midst of it was extreme horror.

Chapter 536 The Haunted Soul

This may be an illusion, but it was a real thing in Juliet Jones's opinion.

It had been more than a month since she returned from Khanh City. She hadn't slept well since then. Whenever she lay on the bed and closed her eyes, the face would appear.

It was a hideous face. Blood was flowing from its eyes, nose, and mouth.

That face gradually transformed into a man. He was bleeding all over his face. It wore a savage expression with a black hole the size of a fist in his neck.

It was the ghost of Kendall Jones!

Whenever Juliet was about to fall asleep, he

would inexplicably appear by Juliet's window. Then, it would gradually move toward her.

In the end, Kendall would press his face against the face of Juliet. He would speak to Juliet in a tragic voice, telling her that he had died a horrible death and that it was freaking cold down there, so he wanted Juliet to go down with him.

Every night, Juliet would see the ghost of Kendall. Even though Juliet had been cruel and hard-hearted before, she would still be devastated by the kind of fear and torture brought by the spirit.

She even told Jaren about it and asked him to pray for her. Still, the prayer didn't have much effect on her situation.

These days, Jaren would stay with Juliet at

night. He was like a father who stayed by his daughter's side, only leaving when Juliet had fallen asleep.

It had been more than a month since Juliet felt so restless and had not even a single moment of peace.

So, she had chosen to take a bath in the swimming pool. She was allowing the icy water to penetrate her body and fill her. It gave her restless heart a brief moment of tranquillity.

Juliet didn't expect that Kendall would show up at this very moment. His ghost had found her, even though she hid under the cold swimming pool.

Kendall still looked hideous under the water. He was bleeding all over his face with a

conflicted expression—sometimes, he was laughing, and next, he was crying.

He just walked toward Juliet, step by step, from the distance of a meter or two.

The bloody hole in his neck began to grow bigger and bigger. Finally, half of his neck snapped off. Without support from his neck, Kendall's head fell to his shoulder. He looked even creepier now.

The blood gushed out from the hole in his neck, the flow growing increasingly heavy.

At last, the water of the entire swimming pool was dyed red with blood.

Kendall's body turned fish-like as he swam toward Juliet.

In the end, Kendall was face to face with

Juliet again. Their faces were less than a centimeter apart, almost as if they were stuck together.

“Tyr is here in Strego City. You must kill him to avenge me.

“After he dies, it’s your turn. Why don’t you come down and stay with me? It’s freezing down here. I always felt dizzy with my head on my shoulders. Why don’t you lend me your neck?”

The misty voice and words were fiercely playing on Juliet’s nerves.

Then, Juliet saw Kendall’s hands covered in red veins, reaching out to her.

It seemed like he wanted to strangle Juliet with his hand. Juliet wanted to run, but she realized that her whole body was locked as if

somebody had cast a spell on her to forbid her from running away.

Not only she couldn't run, but she couldn't even move her body.

Kendall's hand got closer and closer.

Finally, he grabbed Juliet's neck.

"My neck hurts. My head feels awful. Lend me your neck."

Juliet felt like she was about to suffocate. She was finally able to release her breath.

Argh!

Juliet began to choke on water. She kicked her legs instinctively.

She tried to get away from Kendall, but his grip was surprisingly strong. She couldn't

get away from him.

Purr! Purr! Purr...

A large amount of water gushed into her mouth and then forced its way into her lungs. Juliet felt more and more dreadful.

Her eyes were wide open and bloodshot. Her strength was rapidly drained from her body.

Juliet felt like she was about to die. She even saw half of her soul already escaping her body. She knew she was going to die, that Kendall had to drag her to hell with him.

Juliet felt helpless and desperate under the swimming pool. As if she was about to die at the bottom of the ocean.

Just when she felt that her soul was about to be completely detached from her body,

splashing sounds came from above.

A white figure had jumped into the water and swam toward Juliet at high speed.

The figure was Jaren. In Juliet's eyes, Jaren looked like an angel sent from heaven to help her. She even saw a glow around Jaren's body.

Jaren swam as fast as he could to Juliet's side, and then he grabbed Juliet's hand.

Jaren was trying to break Kendall's hand away from Juliet's neck. However, Kendall was ruthless and refused to let go of Juliet.

The monk was angry. He stared at Kendall furiously, as if he was roaring. "Let go."

That moment gave Juliet a feeling of security and firmness. It seemed to her that

as long as Jaren stayed by her side, she would never get into trouble.

In the monk's eyes, it couldn't be Kendall who strangled Juliet. It was ridiculous. Ghosts didn't exist in this world.

It was Juliet's imagination. She was the one strangling herself and shaking her own body.

At long last, Jaren managed to remove Juliet's hands from her neck by force. She was holding on to her neck too tight. When he removed Juliet's hand from her neck, her nails had pierced into her flesh and left a few bloody scratches behind.

Jaren held Juliet in his arms and then swam desperately toward the water surface.

The short distance was merely two or three

meters away. Yet, it felt as long as the distance from the earth to the moon for Juliet.

Splash...

Finally, Jaren brought Juliet out of the water. As soon as she surfaced, she greedily sucked in a massive amount of fresh air into her lungs. Then, she coughed violently.

The coughing made her so unpleasant that as if her chest was about to explode. It didn't stop for a long time.

Jaren seized the moment and carried Juliet onto the poolside. There was some fear lingering on his face.

Juliet looked up at the monk. The horror in her eyes had not dissipated. There was a little confusion remaining in her eyes. ①

Jaren took a deep breath and said to Juliet, “
You’re imagining things again!”

Chapter 537 Too Much Pressure

Juliet Jones gasped for air. Her face was ghastly pale with barely any life left in her.

“Jaren, you’re a Buddhist. Since you believe that Gods exist in this world, do you believe that ghosts exist too?” she asked.

Jaren was silent for quite a while. He didn’t know how to answer Juliet’s question either. Then, he helped her up from the ground, asking, “Do you want to go to the hospital?”

“No!” Juliet bellowed, suddenly becoming snarky.

Just then, a servant of the mansion came out with a towel to help dry off Juliet’s drenched body.

“Get lost!”

Roughly pushing the servant aside, Juliet stormed into the bathroom inside the mansion.

A milk bath had been prepared in the bathroom. Juliet only soaked herself in the tub briefly before getting out. After that, she rinsed her body clean and changed into a new set of clothes.

Standing before the mirror, Juliet stared fixedly at her own reflection. The girl looking back at her from the glass was still pallid, looking lifeless, as if her vigor had been sucked dry.

It was in fact true. Ever since returning from Khanh City, for over a month, Juliet’s mental state had taken a huge blow, making

her lose quite some weight.

This proved that a woman's mind couldn't compare to that of a man's.

Juliet Jones was very similar to Joe Quintus. Yet, Joe could still eat and sleep after killing his own brother and father. He felt no psychological pressure. Perhaps, if Yulian Quintus' and Jakoda Quintus' ghosts had gone looking for him, Joe would still have destroyed them all the same.

But Juliet was different. She couldn't pass this test. Just like that, she continued to stare at herself, gradually allowing her mind to wander.

Just then, the lights in the bathroom seemed to flicker. In the mirror, Juliet saw a silhouette's back profile facing her.

This silhouette belonged to Kendall Jones.

Immediately, Juliet seemed to be suffering another demonic encounter. She watched as Kendall's head turned slowly to her, until his face was looking at her, but his body was still backward. Through the mirror, Kendall was cackling.

“Ah!!!” Juliet screamed hysterically, smashing the mirror with a punch.

The glass cracked in a crisp noise, and the man in the mirror finally disappeared.

Injured from the cracked glass, blood seeped out of Juliet's fist, falling into the basin drop by drop.

In a moment of desperation, Jaren burst into the bathroom. To prevent arousing

suspicion, he had covered his eyes with a white cloth.

“My lady, are you okay?” Jaren asked worriedly as he went over to Juliet, relying on his senses.

“Jaren, he’s here again!” Juliet screamed, turning to throw herself into Jaren’s arms, frightened.

“It’s just a hallucination. My lady, you’re under too much pressure.”

Jaren and Juliet left the bathroom and went downstairs to sit on a sofa. Jaren made her a cup of ginger tea, hoping to help Juliet warm up her body.

However, the mansion’s butler suddenly rushed in and said, “Young Miss, the old master is asking for you.”

“What?” Juliet abruptly put down her drink, feeling her heart thump wildly.

It was getting dark so why was her father asking for her? Furthermore, since Kendall's death, Del Jones kept staying in bed out of grief, and it had been a long time since he saw Juliet. Why did he suddenly want to see her now?

Juliet was slightly uneasy.

Since she didn't answer, Jaren spoke up, “My lady isn't feeling well today. She'll go tomorrow.”

However, looking troubled, the butler answered, “Young Miss, the old master has sent someone to pick you up. The car is waiting outside.”

Juliet finally stood up. Since Del had sent

someone to escort her over, she couldn't hide.

"I'll come with you," said Jaren.

"Okay," replied Juliet.

The pair walked out of the mansion to see a black Benz parked at the entrance. The driver was a middle-aged man with a beard.

Juliet knew this man. His nickname was Big Beard, one of the many elite fighters under her father's command.

As a first-rate family in the south, the Jones naturally had tons of elite fighters. And as the Jones family's patriarch, Del naturally had plenty of personal fighters. Big Beard was one of them, ranking third among the fighters serving under Del's direct command. Hence, Del held him in great

regard.

Since Del had sent Big Beard here, it meant that he had important matters with Juliet, so she had to go.

“Young Miss, this way please.”

Big Beard opened the door for Juliet respectfully, then Juliet and Jaren got in.

About ten minutes later, the Benz arrived at a large European-style manor. This was the Jones family's mansion in Strego City.

“Young Miss, the old master is waiting for you at the memorial hall! Please come with me,” said Big Beard.

“Memorial hall?!” Juliet gasped. Her heart thumped violently as a feeling of dread overwhelmed her.

Why the memorial hall? It hadn't been long since Kendall's funeral, during which his portrait had been placed in the Jones family's memorial hall. Why did Del suddenly want to meet her there? Could he have heard something?

While Juliet had always been unruly, even treating her father with hostility, but now that she was at fault, the young woman still felt apprehensive nonetheless.

Although her father was a dull man, after being the Jones family's patriarch for so long, he still had a certain domineering aura. Paired with how Juliet's mental state had been deteriorating day by day for over a month, she couldn't help but feel anxious right now.

With Big Beard in the lead, Juliet and Jaren

went to the family's memorial hall.

It was completely dark outside now, a drizzle began to fall from the skies.

Inside the Jones' memorial hall, Del was standing alone before the portraits of all his ancestors, looking exceptionally lonely. He stared at his son's portrait as he fell into deep thought. His mental state seemed awful as well.

“Kendall, you've been gone for a month. Your father misses you very much. Today, can you tell me just what I should do?” Del muttered to himself, looking conflicted with tears glistening in his eyes. “I really don't know what to do right now.”

Just then, footsteps could be heard outside the hall. Del quickly wiped away his tears

and straightened his back.

Turning around to look outside the door, he spoke in a grave and solemn tone, “You’re here.”

Chapter 538 Kneel

At the entrance, Big Beard and Jaren retreated to the side, while Juliet Jones entered the hall, looking indifferent.

“Father,” she greeted without emotion in her voice. All her life, she had viewed this father of hers as a great enemy.

“Light a candle,” Del Jones instructed.

Juliet took a candle and lit it, then respectfully placed it before her ancestors’ portraits.

Turning to Del, she asked, “Father, why have you summoned me here so late at night?”

“Has Tyr Summers come to Strego City?”

asked Del.

“Yes,” Juliet simply answered, nodding. “I’ve already met him.

“Today, at Dunham Lake’s Broken Bridge, Xylan Xenos went to disturb the White Snake production crew and got straightened out by Tyr Summers. Then, Xylan got mad and called the Scion Alliance over, where finally, I had to step up and resolve this issue.”

Del scoffed and said, “Are you really treating Tyr Summers as your master now?”

Juliet’s expression immediately darkened. “Father, in a situation like that, if I hadn’t surrendered, Tyr Summers would have killed me as well. I didn’t have a choice.

“He’s very powerful. If we want to avenge

Brother, we can't do it by force. So, we have to plan this properly, because even Jaren is no match for Tyr Summers.”

So, after returning to Strego City, Juliet didn't uphold her promise to Tyr by lying that Kendall Jones had been killed by an assassin. Instead, she simply told Del and the Jones family that it was Tyr who had killed Kendall.

Juliet had told Del the exact story of what happened in Khanh City, all but the fact that she was the one who killed Kendall. She twisted the facts and blamed Kendall's murder on Tyr instead.

As expected, this woman couldn't be loyal. She would never willingly serve Tyr as his pawn.

Del took a deep breath before asking, “

Then, what is Tyr Summers' business here in Strego City?"

Juliet answered, "Tyr Summers' wife, Winifred Zea, is the president of Autumn Field Group. This Autumn Field Group deals in apparel and has been very popular online recently.

"Also, the group is developing really fast in Riverdale Province. They're now trying to enter into the southern region's market, so they've founded a branch here in Strego City. But now, they're being held up by the Saxton family's Southern Business Association."

"The Saxton family has been getting greedier lately. They must have asked Autumn Field for an impossible sum, haven't they?" said Del.

“That’s right,” Juliet agreed, nodding. “But I think that Autumn Field’s entry into Strego City is only a guise. That Tyr Summers is insanely ambitious. He’s definitely not here only for Autumn Field, but also to take over our city.

“I noticed this when I was in Khanh City. Tyr Summers and that Riverdale King, Carson Yorke, have an unusual relationship. They’re like two magnets, tightly bound together.

“With Tyr Summers to support him, Carson Yorke first conquered Riverdale’s Northriver, then he took over the entire province. Now, even the Astral Province’s Quintus family seems to be within their grasp.

“Their final goal is probably the entire

southern region, so that's why they're planning to invade Strego City now.”

“Hahaha!” Del roared in laughter. “A lowly Riverdale King wants to compete with a first-rate family in the south? Who does he think he is?”

Del abhorred this so-called Riverdale King. Belonging to a first-rate elite tribe of the south, he naturally had the basis to be this confident.

However, Juliet couldn't agree. After witnessing just how terrifying Tyr Summers could be, she knew full well that things wouldn't be so easy.

“Father, no matter what Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke's goals are, since Tyr Summers is now in Strego City, we have to

avenge Brother.

“I’ve thought it out. In a few days, I’ll think of a way to lure him into our territory, where we’ll set up an ambush in advance. It’ll be like shooting fish in a barrel.

“I heard that a large group of world-class assassins, mercenaries, even bounty hunters have snuck into the Celestial Empire’s borders recently. They seem to be here in pursuit of one person, causing quite a huge commotion.

“Quite a few of them are still within the country, so if we want to kill Tyr Summers, maybe we can hire them.”

“Do you perhaps assume that our family’s fighters won’t be enough to deal with that Tyr Summers?” Del remarked.

Juliet was briefly silent before nodding firmly. She added, “Father, unless the guardian of Golden Temple helps us, with our family’s elites, we might not be enough to kill Tyr Summers.

“However, the Golden Temple’s guardian will only take action when the Jones family is on the verge of destruction.”

Del nodded. “All these years, you’ve always been at odds with your brother. But who knew that you’d be so earnest this time around?”

Juliet’s heart stopped. She had a feeling that Del’s words held a deeper meaning.

She quickly said, “No matter what, Kendall was my younger brother. As his sister, of course I would want to avenge him. I’m also

to blame for being useless.

“When I saw Tyr Summers killing Kendall before my eyes, I could only stand by and watch. I couldn’t help him. So, I despise Tyr Summers.”

“Really now?” asked Del. Abruptly changing his tone all of a sudden, he bellowed, “Juliet Jones, kneel!”

“What?!” Juliet exclaimed. Her heart shuddered as she stared incredulously at Del.

“Kneel!” Del roared again.

The feeling of dread grew inside Juliet’s heart. Yet, she kept trying to persuade herself against panicking.

“Father, why are you asking me to kneel?” Juliet questioned. “Why should I kneel?”

Del's eyes were now bloodshot. His pupils were covered with tiny blood vessels and veins were popping on his forehead.

Following a loud clap, Del slammed a jade bangle on the counter for the candles.

“Juliet Jones, I know you've never held any respect for me as your father. Now, right before your mother, kneel down!”

This jade bangle was a relic left behind by Juliet's mother. It was also a family heirloom on her mother's side. Before Juliet's mother passed away, she gave this bangle to Del, asking him to give it to Juliet as her dowry when their daughter got married.

And before that happened, seeing this jade bangle was akin to seeing her mother in person.

Chapter 539 Jaren, You've Broken Another Religious Precept

Though Juliet Jones disrespected her father, Del Jones, she couldn't possibly ignore her mother. Following a thud, Juliet finally got on her knees. This was like kneeling to her deceased mother, Kendall Jones, and the rest of the Jones family's ancestors.

Juliet was frowning hard, trying to play an aggrieved character. She had to look the part. "Father, I don't understand," she said.

However, Del flared up in anger and bellowed, "You're just feigning innocence! Juliet Jones, I know the entire story! Now, right before our family's ancestors, your mother, and your brother, tell me. Did you,

or did you not, kill your brother, Kendall Jones?”

Juliet's head exploded with a buzzing noise and her mind went blank. However, this bewilderment only lasted for several seconds before it disappeared without a trace.

Juliet shook her head hard, declaring, “Kendall was killed by Tyr Summers.”

“How dare you try to make excuses?!” Del thundered. “Juliet Jones, I'm giving you another chance. Answer me honestly. Did you kill your brother, Kendall Jones?”

“I didn't!” Juliet denied. Her eyes widened with fury. “Del Jones, in your eyes, is your daughter this ruthless? This unsightly? Kendall was my younger brother. How could

I ever kill him?”

“Tell me the truth!” Del continued to roar. He was on the verge of collapsing mentally, but Juliet insisted on denying the truth.

“Kendall died at Tyr Summers’ hands. I admit that as a sister, I’ve been useless. I couldn’t protect Kendall, but I will avenge him,” she declared.

Del took a deep breath and called for Jaren, who hurried inside and greeted the old master respectfully.

Del studied Jaren before saying, “Jaren, you’re a monk, and monks never deceive others. If you lie, you’ll be breaking a religious precept. Now tell me, did Juliet kill Kendall?”

Juliet’s heart abruptly shuddered. She never expected her father to question Jaren

instead. And sure enough, Jaren had never lied before, so immediately, Juliet panicked.

Jaren's expression was equally solemn. He seemed to be in deep thought and looked very troubled.

“Speak!” Del roared.

Jaren quickly answered, “Master, I was heavily injured by Tyr Summers' men, so I didn't follow my lady to the venue. Instead, I was sent to the hospital, so I'm not aware of what happened that day.”

“It's true that you weren't at the scene. But Juliet tells you everything. So, answer me honestly now, what did she tell you back then? Did she tell you that she killed Kendall with her own hands?” Del replied.

At that instant, Del was absolutely

domineering. His aura was so intimidating that even Juliet felt her heart tremble.

Del was right. Juliet had told Jaren everything, including the part about how she ended Kendall's life with her own hands. She was now afraid. Terrified that this blockhead, Jaren, would really speak the truth. If he did, Juliet would be ruined.

Juliet could even see the many people lying in ambush outside the memorial hall. If Jaren uttered the truth, Juliet was destined to lose her life today.

“Answer me,” demanded Del.

Having been forced by Del, Jaren finally opened his mouth to say, “Master, it's true that my lady told me about the young master's death. She told me that the young master

was killed by Tyr Summers, and she's very upset. She also blames herself for it.

“Lately, my lady has been suffering great psychological pressure, constantly thinking of getting revenge for the young master. She didn't kill him!”

A hint of suspicion flashed across Del's eyes, while Juliet was stunned. Perhaps neither of them had expected Jaren to say such a thing.

Everyone in the Jones family knew that Jaren would never lie. Since that was his answer, Del had no reason to continue pressing the question.

Juliet could distinctly sense the murderous aura outside the hall quickly dissipating. The hostility in Del's gaze also faded away, replaced with a surprising tenderness.

“Juliet, get up quickly,” Del urged. His attitude took a sharp hundred and eighty-degree turn, and even his gentleness toward Juliet was unprecedented.

That instant, Juliet felt dazed. Getting up from the floor, she stared at her father with reddened eyes. “Father, I didn’t kill Brother.”

“Yeah. I believe you.” Del nodded firmly. Despite being furious earlier, he was suddenly trustful of her.

At that moment, Juliet came to a realization. All the mental pressure she had been suffering earlier had disappeared without a trace.

She suddenly recalled a news article about someone’s house burning down, with only

the frame of the building left after the fire. In such cases, most people would normally cry out loud or collapse mentally. However, this family had smiled as they took a photo with the ruins of their former home.

When an incident with no means of redemption happened, one could only alter their thoughts to move forward.

“Father, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving,” said Juliet.

“Go on.” Dell waved her away. “Now that Tyr Summers is in Strego City, he can’t be allowed to leave with his life. Also, you mentioned that his wife is here as well?”

“Yes, Father,” Juliet answered.

“Then, have his wife accompany Kendall in the netherworld.”

“I understand, Father.”

Once outside the Jones mansion, Juliet took the wheel of the Benz, speeding down the highway. Only her and Jaren were inside the car. As Juliet stepped on the pedal, the vehicle gradually gained speed, soon running at a hundred and forty kilometers per hour.

Scenery flashed by outside the windows, forming streaks of light, as if they had entered a time tunnel.

“Haha... Hahahaha... Hahahahaha!” Juliet’s hysterical laughter resonated inside the car, gradually sounding more insane, more savage.

Beside her, Jaren was looking pale, as if he had many things on his mind.

Screech!

An ear-piercing screech sounded as Juliet abruptly stepped on the brake pedal, making the Benz skid forward several meters before coming to a halt.

Juliet was still laughing when she turned to Jaren and said, "Jaren, you've broken your religious precept again. You told a lie, hahaha!"

Jaren remained silent as he looked even more conflicted.

"Jaren, it's been more than a month since I've laughed so happily. Did you know? Del Jones must be suspecting me. I think he's even trying to kill me because he believes that I killed Kendall."

Chapter 540 Top Speed

“Just now, outside the memorial hall, he had tons of elites lying in ambush. Jaren, would you believe that if I had nodded my head and admitted it, he would have ordered my disposal? Even if I’m his daughter, my life isn’t worth as much as Kendall Jones’.

“But I could tell that Del Jones was hesitating as well, because I saw panic in his eyes. He was also afraid that I would admit to it, because if I really die, the man will be without descendants, hahaha!

“Jaren, do you know that I’m safe? At least for now. Because he doesn’t have a choice. He only asked me to go to the memorial hall to hear my answer. Between life and death, I

chose life, and that gave him another option as well.

“But Jaren, I know that this is just temporary, because I can’t be sure whether Del Jones will change his mind. That’s why I have to use this little bit of time left to make other preparations. If he truly plans to deal with me, he’d do it without hesitation, since I’m only a daughter.”

Juliet Jones looked exhilarated as she rambled on, while the monk beside her seemed to be in more distress. He got the feeling that Juliet had become more terrifying, more of a stranger.

“So, my lady, you weren’t joking with me that day, were you? Did you really kill Young Master Kendall?” Jaren asked.

Juliet’s laughter abruptly paused. She

turned to glare darkly at Jaren. “Jaren, are you trying to reprimand me?”

Jaren was silent. After all these years, this seemed to be the first time ever that he was irritated at Juliet.

“Hahaha, I was just playing with you. How could I be so ruthless as to kill my own brother? Jaren, you must remember that it was Tyr Summers who killed Kendall!”

Having said that, Juliet stepped on the pedal again. Up ahead on the dark road, a bloody and horrendous silhouette appeared before Juliet’s eyes.

“Kendall Jones, do you think you can still frighten me?” Juliet mumbled.

Smirking on the inside, her face immediately contorted into a savage

expression. She pushed the accelerator down and the Benz's engine roared like an unbridled wild horse, whistling as it charged at the silhouette. Then, they disappeared into the dark night.

The next afternoon, a car was speeding on the highway, heading toward the Saxton Group building.

Behind the wheel was Tyr, while Winifred sat beside him. Today, Winifred was going to Saxton Group to meet the Southern Business Association's representative, to discuss Autumn Field's entry into the alliance.

Autumn Field Group had made all the necessary preparations in Strego City, including investing a heavy amount of monetary resources. There was no turning

back now.

Now that they were taking this step, Winifred wasn't as nervous as she was before. She had prepared many materials for her discussion with the association's representative, and she would tell him about Autumn Field's plans and development here in Strego City.

She had faith in persuading the association based on what she prepared. After all, Autumn Field's entry into the Southern Business Association would result in the development of the region, and this would no doubt lead to a win-win situation for both parties.

However, if they were to go against each other now, the Southern Business Association would be killing a goose that

laid golden eggs. Such an improvident action didn't make sense, and it would be a mistake. So, Winifred had to persuade them this time.

Tyr was silent the entire journey. He, too, had confidence that his wife could attain her wishes, thanks to her meticulous preparations.

By now, they were very near the Saxton Group's building. In just a few more minutes, they would reach their destination.

However, Tyr suddenly frowned, and the next instant, he curtly pushed the pedal further down. The car sped up and swerved at a turning point up ahead, appearing on a different road.

Winifred, who had been arranging her

materials and practicing her speech, was startled. “Honey, what are you doing? Why are you suddenly speeding up? And this isn’t the way to Saxton Group’s building.”

“Sweetheart, don’t speak,” Tyr merely said before continuing to speed up.

The car was now running at a speed of a hundred and twenty kilometers per hour. But in this bustling city, driving at this speed was horrifying enough.

Winifred’s heart was about to pop out as she leaned back. Had it been anyone other than Tyr driving, she would have fainted on the spot. She had no idea what Tyr was doing, but Winifred knew that her husband wouldn’t do things rashly. He must have his reasons.

On this busy street, the car continued to

speed right through, as if this was an exciting car race. In just a little over ten minutes, after making a huge circle, they finally stopped at the Saxton Group building's entrance.

Tyr stopped the car before turning to smile at Winifred. "Sweetheart, we're here."

Winifred still looked shaken, and her face was as pale as a sheet. About half a minute later, she finally collected herself. She wanted to hurl, and just as she was about to do it, Tyr quickly pressed a hand onto her chest. A refreshing feeling immediately surged through her chest and Winifred felt better at once.

"Honey, what happened just now? Why did you suddenly speed up? We could have arrived here a few minutes ago," asked

Winifred.

Tyr chuckled and answered, “No reason. Strego City has such a gorgeous view and we hardly ever come here, so we must take a spin around. I want to see more of this city’s beauty.”

Winifred felt like socking Tyr. ‘See the view? You were speeding like a race car driver and you call that sight-seeing? Do you really take me for a fool?’ she mused to herself.

However, Winifred knew that Tyr always had a reason for doing something so she asked, “Honey, was someone tailing us just now?”

“No. Didn’t I just tell you that I wanted to see the view? Alright, sweetheart, it’s getting late. Hurry up there and have a nice

discussion with the Saxton Group's representative. I'll park the car and wait for you inside," Tyr reassured.

"Then... alright then."

Winifred stopped pressing the matter. Since Tyr didn't want to tell her, he must have his reasons too. Moreover, she had already gotten used to Tyr's mysteriousness, so she didn't ask anything else. She picked up her files, getting ready to exit the car when...

"Honey, wait," Tyr suddenly called out.

"What is it?" Winifred turned back, confused.

Tyr pressed a swift kiss on Winifred's forehead and encouraged her, "Your husband believes that you'll definitely win the negotiation."

“Yeah.”

Chapter 541 Heath Saxton

Winifred Zea nodded, blushing slightly.

After Winifred went into the building, Tyr Summers immediately got out of the car. With eyes as sharp as a hawk's, he glared at the opposite street.

In that direction was a black Red Flag luxury car. The windows were up, so Tyr couldn't tell who was sitting inside. But he was sure that the passenger inside was staring back at him through the glass.

It was this car that kept following Tyr earlier, causing him to abruptly change course. He wasn't trying to lose them, but instead, he wanted to test just how capable his pursuer was.

Yet, Tyr was surprised. While his own driving skills had reached the level of a professional race car driver, his pursuer could still keep up closely without ever losing him.

The corner of Tyr's lips subconsciously tugged up, revealing a peculiar grin.

The Red Flag reignited and soon disappeared from Tyr's sight.

Tyr took a cigarette out of his pack, lit it, and took a gentle drag before mumbling to himself, "From appearing on Goddess Mountain, to Khanh City, then to Strego City, you guys have been following me for over a month. What exactly do you guys want?"

"The last time, I caused such a huge uproar

in Khanh City where thousands of people surrounded the hotel. But that incident ended up being hushed up without so much as a ripple, so I presume it must be thanks to you guys. Hehe.”

Tyr huffed out a cloud of white smoke before stubbing out the cigarette, tossing it into a trash can. “I don’t enjoy hide-and-seek, and I like guessing games even less. If you won’t tell me your true motive, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.”

Having said that, Tyr stretched lazily before entering the Saxton Group’s building.

Just then, inside a luxurious office within Saxton Group’s company.

A seemingly accomplished man in his thirties was sitting at his desk as he flipped

through the stack of documents in front of him.

This man was Heath Saxton. The Saxton family's young master and the family patriarch, Hendrik Saxton's, only son.

Hendrik was the chairman of the Southern Business Association, while Heath was the director. On regular days, Hendrik would be focused on the Saxton family's matters, while the association's operations were Heath's responsibility.

Currently standing beside Heath was another man in glasses named Shawn Clark. He was a good friend of Heath's while they were studying abroad. After graduating and returning to the company, Heath began taking up the family's business, and Shawn followed him into Saxton Group. Shawn was

now serving as Heath's assistant.

“Autumn Field Group.” Heath was currently reading through Autumn Field Group's information with a faint smile on his lips. As he stared at the documents, it was like looking at a pot of gold. “What a cash cow!”

Shawn asked, “Heath, for this Autumn Field Group's application into the Southern Business Association, not only are they paying us fifty million as an alliance application fee, but they're also giving us thirty percent of their net profits every quarter as membership fees.

“Isn't that a little too much? For the other companies who want to join our alliance, we only take ten percent of their net profits.”

“Is it, really?” Heath asked back. Smiling at

Shawn, he said, “Shawn, you’ve always had a bigger appetite than I do. Why are you the one shrinking back this time?”

Shawn was briefly silent before answering, “No, it’s just that I feel like we should take our time with this cash cow. What if we scare it off from the get go? We’d lose more than we’d gain.”

“Hahaha!” Heath let out a peal of laughter, then pushed the documents to Shawn with a confident expression. “Don’t worry. I’ve gone through Autumn Field’s details many times. They won’t run away.

“Upon the company’s establishment in Riverdale’s Khanh City, the company developed quickly in less than a year. Especially their growth online, which can be described as insane.

“Autumn Field’s online business has now spread throughout the country. They even have a group of loyal fans overseas. Also, quite a few of this company’s ambassadors are A-list celebrities who are in their prime.

“However, this is only limited to online. Off the internet, Autumn Field Group is still at a standstill within Riverdale, unable to truly break out from the province. This time, they’re so anxious about joining our Southern Business Association because they want to expand their offline business into the entire southern region.

“Shawn, we’re practically gripping Autumn Field Group by the neck right now. They’re growing so quickly online, but their offline presence is still at such a tiny scale. In situations like this, once they lose their

balance, it would be lethal to the company's survival.

“Hence, Autumn Field Group has no choice. They have to join our association. There's no other way.”

Shawn spoke thoughtfully, “But aren't you afraid of them simply giving up the southern market and entering the northern region directly?”

“The north?” Heath shook his head. “That's even more impossible. Autumn Field deals in apparel, and the north and south are very different areas.

“There must be significant differences in their fashion styles as well. Autumn Field wouldn't be so daring as to abandon the southern market and choose to develop in

the northern market.

“And even if they were considering it, the northern region’s appetite won’t be smaller than ours.”

At this point, Heath and Shawn both laughed in unison. Things like exploiting large companies in the south and squeezing them dry was something they had been doing for a long time. They were all too familiar with the tactics.

At present, the Southern Business Association was now a money-making tool for the Saxton family, especially in recent years where they keep going overboard.

The Saxton family naturally had their reasons for doing this.

Many years ago, the Saxton family was also

a first-rate family in the southern region. Back then, the phrase 'Great Sky of the East, Half City of the West' had yet to exist.

Whenever outsiders mentioned Strego City, they would first think of the Saxton family, the descendants of Shen Wansan, a great merchant in history. Also, they were once the city's wealthiest family.

But since long ago, the Saxton family began to decline. In their worst days, the tribe was almost eliminated, but they managed to pull through thanks to the Southern Business Association.

Today, the Saxton family freely committed acts of exploitation through the association. Their ambition was to use the alliance as a tool to earn quick money, so that their family could regain their former glory.

Chapter 542 Discuss Nicely

Heath Saxton leaned back into his president's chair as he began to visualize and plan his future. "Shawn, print out this agreement at once. If my assumptions are correct, Autumn Field Group's representative will be here soon.

"My biggest dream is to help my family regain its former glory. And in another three years, I'll be able to accomplish this."

"No problem," Shawn Clark answered, immediately printing out the contract that stipulated a fifty million dollar application fee and thirty percent net profit commission of each quarter.

They specifically added another condition to

the agreement, stating that its validity was only for one year. That means, after a year, they would have to sign a new agreement, and the contents within might be altered.

This alteration would translate into a price increment. They might increase from thirty percent to forty percent. Maybe even fifty percent.

The Southern Business Association was controlled by the Saxton family anyway. Even if they put forward such an outrageous request, Autumn Field would never reject them.

For now, Autumn Field could still choose whether to enter the southern market or not. But after a year, when they had already established themselves here, it would be impossible to remove themselves from the

city.

When that time came, Autumn Field would be akin to a dead fish on a chopping board. The Saxton family could gut them however they liked.

Having printed out the agreement, Shawn handed it to Heath. The latter stared at the contract with great satisfaction and a smile on his face.

“How pleasant. It’s been such a long time since we’ve gotten a fish as big as Autumn Field. Once this deal goes through, Father will definitely be pleased. This will be another one of the Saxton family’s achievements.

“Shawn, I feel like celebrating right now. How about tonight? Are there any

interesting activities lately?” Heath asked.

Shawn pondered a bit before answering, “We’ve tried almost everything in Strego City. Come to think of it, I really can’t think of something fun right now.

“But Heath, the veteran of entertainment in this city would be the Jones family’s second master, Kace Jones. Why don’t we head over to Lake Ty and get on Kace Jones’ gambling ship?”

Lake Ty of Strego City was also a famous location in the Celestial Empire’s southern region. When asked what was so great about this lake, without hesitation, the locals would answer that it was Kace Jones’ gambling ship.

Kace Jones was also known as Second

Master Jones in Strego City, because he was the younger brother of Del Jones, the Jones family's patriarch.

Kace was also a prodigy. Back in the day, it was he who had led the Jones family to flourish, helping them achieve first-rate elite family status in the south. But when a new patriarch took over—the average Del Jones—Kace was stripped of all his authority.

After losing Kace's leadership, the Jones family began to go downhill drastically. Had Del's wife not supported them, the Jones family would have been kicked out of the elite family ranks. Kace refused to resign to this idea, so he kept trying to compete with Del for the family's throne.

But alas, he lost to Del's wife!

It had been a devastating loss. Kace was left with nothing after that, but he managed to rise again through gambling.

Back then, Kace had been on that ship, winning a hundred thousand dollars with his stakes of ten thousand bucks. Then, with his hundred thousand capital, he expanded his business overseas. And today, he now owned a large chain of businesses.

Once Kace got rich, he bought over the ship and used it as a gambling facility, to control many influential figures of the south. These figures would pave the road to his success. And to attract these figures onto the boat, Kace's gambling ship offered many varieties of gambling, too many even.

Heath pondered before saying, "Lately we'

ve been going to Kace's gambling ship too often. It was exciting at first, but it's getting boring now."

Shawn nodded. "You're right. It's getting a little dull.

"Oh, I heard that Old Lawrence has gotten a batch of lions from Russia. Why don't we ask him to bring them to the mansion tonight for a quirky and wild party?"

"From the Combat Nation?" Heath's interest was immediately piqued. "Are they fierce?"

Shawn grinned maliciously. "But of course. After having too much red wine, occasionally switching to vodka is quite refreshing, wouldn't you say?"

"Haha, fantastic!" Heath laughed out loud. "

I love ferocious things. Since we're going to secure the Autumn Field Group today, we have to celebrate this occasion. Like you said, let's have a wild party."

Just then, a pair of heels clicking on the floor could be heard from the hall. Then, there was a knock on the door.

"Autumn Field Group's representative is here. Be prepared. We have to get a nice deal out of them."

The men immediately stopped talking. Heath sat up straight in his chair, immediately turning from a superficial character to appearing like a corporate elite, an authority figure of a large company.

"Come in," Heath called out.

The door was pushed open and Winifred Zea

came in, dressed in a women's suit, paired with nude stockings and high heels.

For this negotiation, Winifred had prepared herself thoroughly, from discussion materials to a presentable outlook. She was currently exuding an aura of excellence. With her exquisite features, Winifred looked divine.

From the moment she entered, Heath and Shawn were instantly attracted to her. Heath's heart even thumped wildly because he never expected that Autumn Field Group's president would be this beautiful. He was captivated by Winifred.

Just earlier, Heath was on the subject of women with Shawn, and now, this beauty had delivered herself to his doorstep. It got him excited.

Famous for being a casanova in Strego City, Heath had tried out many women, which resulted in his requirements and standards getting higher and higher. It had been so long since he found someone of his taste, and with Winifred's appearance today, Heath was clearly intrigued.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Saxton. I'm Winifred Zea, Autumn Field Group's representative. I'm here to..." Winifred began.

"Miss Zea, please take a seat," Heath immediately interrupted before Winifred could finish. His eyes had already begun to scan her up and down.

Winifred frowned slightly, sensing Heath's deviant gaze.

"Mr. Saxton, I'm here to talk about Autumn

Field's admittance into the Southern Business Association. Can we discuss the terms and conditions nicely?"

Chapter 543 Helping Each Other Out

Heath Saxton's gaze continued to glide all over Winifred Zea's body, his heartbeat erratic.

Beside him, Shawn Clark said, "Miss Zea, an introductory fee of fifty million dollars and thirty percent of net profits are the rules. And rules can't be broken."

Winifred quickly handed them the materials she had prepared and said, "But I think you guys won't last long with this method. You can't just aim for short term profits like this.

"I hope that you can take a look at Autumn Field's future plans. After you've gone through this, you'll surely realize that this

proposal is a win-win situation for both of us.”

However, Shawn had no intention of taking Winifred’s materials. He smiled and replied, “Miss Zea, do you perhaps not understand our meaning? These are the rules. And we can’t break them just for you.”

The moment Shawn finished talking, Heath abruptly stood up. He reached out for Winifred’s documents, trying to grab her hand in the process. With her quick reflexes, Winifred managed to pull her hand back before Heath could touch her.

Heath chuckled. “Actually, Miss Zea, rules are made by people. Rules have no life, but people do. We can definitely discuss this.”

Shawn was startled. Didn’t they agree on

ruthlessly butchering Autumn Field Group? Why had Heath changed his mind so quickly? But soon, Shawn understood Heath's intention. The latter must have taken an interest in Winifred. ①

Previously, when other companies were trying to join the association, Heath had done something like this quite a few times. And each time, he got what he wanted.

Winifred quickly urged, "Then, Mr. Saxton, since it's negotiable, please take a look at my proposal."

"Relax." Heath placed the documents aside, then said to Shawn, "Shawn, go and get some wine from the wine cabinet. I'd like to have a drink with Miss Zea first."

Shawn flashed a knowing smile and

immediately went to the wine cabinet. He took out a bottle of vodka and poured two glasses. Then, he grabbed a tiny bottle of white powder from his pocket and poured the contents into one of the glasses.

Heath and Shawn had long gotten used to drugging unsuspecting patrons.

Shawn brought the glasses over, and Heath pushed the drugged liquor towards Winifred, saying, “Miss Zea, business deals are always negotiated over alcohol. Come, since it’s our first meeting, to show sincerity on both our parts, why don’t we have a drink?”

Winifred politely refused, “I’m sorry, Mr. Saxton, but I can’t drink.”

“You can’t drink? Just a sip will be fine,

wouldn't it? Or does Miss Zea refuse to show us even that much of respect?"

There was a hint of anger laced in Heath's tone. He was clearly trying to say, 'You, Winifred Zea, are here to beg me. I'm now asking you to drink a little, but you won't even comply? Aren't you just being rude?'

Winifred became aware of this. Thinking that Tyr was waiting outside for her, that she would be okay, Winifred accepted the glass.

"Mr. Saxton, to our first meeting."

They clinked their glasses and Winifred took a tiny sip of the vodka. Perhaps the alcohol was too strong that when she drank it, she ended up coughing violently instead.

Heath brought his glass to his lips, drinking

as he watched Winifred with narrowed eyes. “Miss Zea, are you alright? Would you like some water?”

“I’m fine.” Winifred waved to decline. “Mr. Saxton, now that I’ve drunk the alcohol, can we get started?”

“Of course we can.” Heath grinned. “In regards to the introductory fee and membership fees for Autumn Field in the Southern Business Association, that’s surely negotiable.

“Not only can we reduce the introductory fee, but we can also lower the commission percentage. After all, our association was founded with the goal of everyone helping each other out, to grow together hand-in-hand, isn’t that right, Miss Zea?”

As Heath spoke, he reached for Winifred’s

hand. “As for growing together hand-in-hand, it means something like this. What do you think, Miss Zea?”

As if she had been struck by lightning, Winifred deftly retracted her hand. “What are you doing?”

“We’re just helping each other out, Miss Zea,” said Heath as he got up and walked over to Winifred with a devilish grin.

At that moment, as if her head was being weighed down by lead, Winifred felt dizzy. Having realized something, she abruptly stood up.

“You... You drugged the alcohol!”

Winifred turned, wanting to leave this place. Yet, the moment she did, she saw Shawn standing in front of her, smiling as he

blocked her way.

“Miss Zea, you really do have low alcohol tolerance. You got drunk just from that one tiny sip. Come, let me help you over to the sofa to rest,” Shawn offered.

“You! Get away!”

Winifred pushed Shawn away and hurried to the door. However, she realized that she could no longer walk in a straight line. Her vision blurred and her mind was hazy.

“Tyr Summers! Tyr Summers!” Winifred reflexively called out to Tyr.

“What summer? It’s autumn now,” Heath remarked, walking over to Winifred as he felt his energy spike. “Miss Zea, come. Let’s rest on the sofa.”

Wanting his assistant to lock the door,

Heath shot Shawn a silent signal with his eyes. Shawn immediately understood and locked the door. This wasn't their first time committing such acts.

Previously, when companies in the south wanted to enter the Southern Business Association, they would come here to negotiate with Heath. For the sake of a successful deal and to have their introductory fees reduced, they would try to satisfy Heath's demands.

Quite a few influential corporate women had willingly offered themselves to him, while company presidents simply offered Heath their mistresses and even wives and daughters.

“Get off me!” Winifred struggled free from Heath with all her might, then slapped the

man across his face.

Yet, Heath didn't get angry, but instead got even more excited. "Haha, a feisty one. I like it."

Heath grabbed Winifred and dragged her to the sofa. The room was resonating with Heath and Shawn's savage laughter.

"Go on and resist, Miss Zea. The more you struggle, the more excited we get. You're quite an unruly little horse. But don't worry, after we're done, we'll definitely have a nice discussion with you about Autumn Field Group's entry into our association."

Chapter 544 Compared to Kendall Jones

“Tyr!”

Winifred Zea was terrified, even feeling despair. She never imagined that something like this would happen to her. The energy was draining rapidly from her body, to the point of being at the mercy of others.

At this crucial moment, a loud boom came from the door. It was a high-quality wooden door but it had been kicked down just like that. Cracks even appeared on either side of the wall.

Standing at the entrance like a demon was Tyr Summers. With bloodshot eyes, he looked furious. How dare these two insolent

fools lay a hand on his wife! Winifred Zea was his everything. Did they have a death wish?

“Who are you?”

Heath Saxton and Shawn Clark were frightened. Where did this f*cking monster come from? And what did he do? Why did the door suddenly crash open?

“Tyr!” cried Winifried.

Upon seeing him, her flustered heart finally calmed down. Then, her body went limp. Tyr hurried over to catch her.

When he looked at Heath and Shawn again, his being was covered entirely by a murderous aura. That instant, Heath and Shawn seemed to have witnessed the most horrifying demon on this planet. Both men

shivered in fright.

“Security! Security!” Shawn shouted in a flurry of panic, and a group of security guards immediately rushed in. “Seize him!”

Carrying electric batons with them, the guards charged at Tyr.

Tyr landed a kick on the foremost security guard, sending him flying. The huge impact made this guard lose consciousness, and the other guards were dumbstruck when they saw this.

‘Who was this person? A martial arts champion?’

While they were still in a daze, Tyr rained down tempestuous punches on the group.

Bam, bam, bam!

With every punch, a guard was sent flying. After a mere few seconds, a total of eight guards lay on the ground. The entire office was a mess.

Heath and Shawn were dumbfounded as they watched.

‘H-Holy sh*t! Is this guy Bruce Lee? Why is he so strong?’

Tyr turned to the two men, threatening in an ice-cold tone, “You have some nerve to even dare lay a finger on my wife! Which hand was it that touched her?!”

“Do-Don’t be rash. I’ll have you know that I’m Heath Saxton, the young master of the Saxton family, director of the Southern Business Association. If you do anything to me, I can guarantee you that Autumn Field

Group will be ruined,” Heath stammered.

“The Saxton family’s young master? And who are you compared to the Jones family’s Kendall Jones?” Tyr responded.

“Kendall Jones!” exclaimed Heath, shivering internally.

Of course he was nothing compared to Kendall. The latter was the scion of a first-rate elite family in the south. But Kendall Jones was dead.

“I could even destroy Kendall Jones too, much less you,” said Tyr darkly.

Heath immediately turned pale. “You... Could you have been the one to kill... kill... Kendall...”

Before Heath could finish, Tyr had moved.

In a moment of desperation, Heath quickly pushed Shawn forward, making his friend shield him.

Without another word, Tyr kicked Shawn to the ground, and several seconds later, the bones in all of Shawn's limbs were crushed under Tyr's foot.

Every hair on Heath's body was standing on end, while his legs trembled as if he had been shoved into an ancient ice pit.

“Have... Have mercy... We can discuss this. We can discuss anything. We won't charge Autumn Field a single penny for entering the Southern Business Association. How is that?”

Heath was kneeling as he spoke. Right now, he was afraid. Completely afraid.

“I won’t kill you. But I will make your life a living hell,” Tyr growled. He turned to look at the two glasses of vodka on Heath’s desk, then at the wine cabinet. “Since you love using alcohol to toy with women, I let you drink your fill today.”

Having said that, Tyr grabbed the two glasses and shoved their contents down Heath’s throat. As if that wasn’t enough, he went over to the wine cabinet and grabbed three other bottles of liquor, forcing Heath to finish them all.

After Heath finished them, Tyr chopped up the wine bottles with his hand. Then, using his monstrous strength, he crushed the glass pieces into tiny shards before throwing them all into Heath’s mouth.

Gruuhh...

A mix of liquor and glass shards entered Heath's intestines. Following a loud belching sound, he threw up a bloody mess.

Heath fell to the ground, groaning in pain, but Tyr didn't seem to feel any better. He proceeded to break every bone in Heath's body. Heath's current condition was even worse than Winifred's ex-fiancé back then.

After he was done, Tyr lifted Winifred into and left the Saxton Group's building.

For this negotiation with the Saxton Group, Tyr had already predicted that Winifred wouldn't be able to persuade them. He only allowed Winifred to see it through because he wanted the Saxton family to get into a conflict with Autumn Field before he proceeded with his other plans.

However, Tyr never expected such a thing to happen. He was furious. Had he known it would turn out like this, Tyr would never have let Winifred go to the meeting.

Throughout the journey, Winifred was barely conscious. Tyr drove her back to the apartment, and once they got back, she slept for almost two hours before finally waking up.

“Hubby! Tyr!” Winifred began shouting Tyr’s name the instant she woke up.

Tyr had been staying by Winifred’s side the whole time. Seeing her this frightened upon waking up made his heart sting in pain.

He quickly embraced her and coaxed, “I’m here. Hubby is here. Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid!”

Winifred gradually regained her senses. “Hubby, just now...”

“It’s fine. Everything’s in the past. I’ve already taught that Saxton family’s young master a lesson. Are you feeling any better? Would you like some water?”

Tyr poured Winifred a glass of water. She took a few gulps before setting the glass aside.

“Hubby, what did you do to that Heath Saxton?” Winifred asked.

“I crippled him,” Tyr simply answered. “He had the nerve to lay a hand on you, so I want him to live in distress for the rest of his life.”

Winifred’s pupils abruptly dilated as panic flashed in her eyes. “What should we do?”

“With this, not only will our Autumn Field Group lose the opportunity to join the Southern Business Association, but the Saxton family will definitely come after us for revenge too. This isn’t Khanh City, but Strego City. What are we going to do now?”

Tyr comforted her by saying, “Don’t worry, sweetheart, I’m here. Autumn Field just has to do whatever it needs to do. The Southern Business Association won’t be cocky for long.”

Chapter 545 Conflict At The Bridge

After saying that, Tyr Summers stood up and went over to the window, taking his phone out.

He called a number, and shortly after, Max Cheever's voice came from the other end, "Boss, we've arrived in Strego City."

"Alright. You can start the mission."

After issuing that simple instruction, Tyr hung up. He returned to Winifred to continue soothing her.

At two in the afternoon, it was still dark and drizzling outside. Whenever Strego City entered autumn, almost half of the time, the weather would be this gloomy.

On a massive bridge, more than ten Land Rovers formed a line as they sped through. Inside the leading Land Rover was a burly man wearing diamond rings on both hands. He had a dragon's head tattooed on his chest.

Nicknamed 'Cinque Dragon', the man was a prominent figure of Strego City's underground society. He also had another identity as one of the directors of the Southern Business Association, a mad-dog kept by the Saxton family.

All these years, the Saxton family used the association to exploit others and accumulate wealth, while their victims only suffered in silence. A huge part of the reason for that was because the Saxton family had Cinque Dragon to support them

underground, while Cinque Dragon had the Saxton family to shield him above ground.

“Master Cinque, what happened? You called us up so urgently, but where are we going?” asked a middle-aged man with a buzzcut sitting beside Cinque Dragon.

“To capture someone,” Cinque replied.

The man asked again, “Who? You just need to send our men out for the task. Why do you have to go in person?”

“Autumn Field Group’s Winifred Zea and Tyr Summers,” Cinque answered.

“Two hours ago, that Tyr Summers crushed every bone in Young Master Saxton’s body. He also fed him three bottles of highly concentrated liquor, and even force-fed him the bottles’ glass shards after that. Tell me,

why shouldn't I make this trip in person?"

The man with the buzzcut's expression froze, asking in disbelief, "Who... Who is this Autumn Field Group? How dare they even lay a hand on Heath Saxton?"

"Heath is Hendrik Saxton's only son. Hendrik's currently going insane with anger. Since we serve the Saxton family, we can't mess things up," Cinque added. "I want them alive. If they resist, you can cripple them before taking them away."

"Yes, Master Cinque."

The Land Rovers pressed forward. However, just as the fleet reached the center of the bridge, several other Land Rovers on the opposite lane suddenly crossed over, blocking their way. The fleet was forced to

stop, and Cinque, who was about to rest his eyes, abruptly opened them again.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“There’s a car driving in the wrong lane. I’m going to take a look,” said the man with the buzzcut, opening the door to get out. Two muscular men in black clothing followed behind him.

Up ahead, five Land Rovers spaced out messily on the road, completely blocking off the path. The doors opened and a large group of people came out. Each of them emitted a domineering and savage aura.

At a glance, one could tell that they were not average people.

And that was true. These people were the Wolf’s Den members. This time, everyone in

the den had been mobilized to Strego City with their manager, Max Cheever, personally leading them. Their first mission here was to stop Cinque Dragon's group.

“Who are you guys? Move your vehicles quickly. Don't block the way,” the man with the buzzcut called out.

A Wolf's Den member, Ashblood, felt for the grey blade at his waist as he strode over. “You're the Saxton family's people. Are you on your way to capture Autumn Field Group's president?”

The man with the buzzcut was stunned. He pointed arrogantly at Ashblood and said, “Who the f*ck are you? Since you know that we're with the Saxton family, you better scram...”

Ppsshhtt!

By the time the man finished talking, Ashblood had drawn his knife. With a quick slash, the hand the man was using to point at Ashblood was instantly sliced away.

The man's cries resonated in the skies over the bridge, "Ah!!!"

By now, as both sides of the street had been blocked off, many vehicles were stuck on the bridge. Honking sounds rang through the air and curious drivers poked their heads out to see what was going on.

Ashblood wore a menacing expression. He was about to swing his knife a second time, aiming for the man's throat this time.

"Ashblood, stop!" Max suddenly called out from behind. With the other Wolf's Den members in tow, he made his way over. "

Don't kill. It's daytime right now, so we can't cause too much commotion."

Then, Max took out his phone to call Tyr.

"Hello!" Tyr's voice flowed from the other end.

Max quickly said, "Boss, we've already stopped the Saxton family's people who were trying to capture you. Should we force them back?"

"There's no need to force them back. Whoever resists, kill them and toss their bodies into the river."

"What?" Max's heart fell into his stomach. "But Boss, it's broad daylight. If we do this, it'll cause a huge commotion that will be hard to take care of."

"Go on and cause a scene. The bigger, the

better,” Tyr replied.

“Why?” Max was confused.

“Max Cheever, do I need to explain myself to you?” Tyr’s voice suddenly turned into a low growl.

Max quickly answered, “I understand, Boss.”

The call ended. Despite not knowing Tyr’s reasoning, Max had no right to question his decisions. Whatever Tyr instructed, Max just had to follow.

By now, the Wolf’s Den members could no longer hold themselves back. As they stared at the people across from them, everyone seemed as excited as wild beasts eyeing a flock of innocent sheep.

Upon hearing the commotion, Cinque’s

group had now gotten out of their cars. There were more than ten cars, carrying more than fifty passengers. Each fighter was holding a weapon, emitting murderous auras.

“Who are you guys? How dare you attack my people?!” yelled Cinque Dragon.

When Cinque saw how the other party had slashed off his subordinate’s hand, he flared up in anger. How dare anyone lay a hand on his people in his territory? Did they have a death wish?

“People who are here to take your life!” someone answered.

Having said that, like a bunch of wild beasts released from their cages, the Wolf’s Den members charged excitedly at Cinque’s

group.

As a mafia boss of Strego City, Cinque had many capable subordinates under his command. However, they were only strong when compared to average gangsters. When faced with lunatics like the Wolf's Den members, the differences in strength were immediately displayed.

In an instant, the skies above the large bridge were filled with hysterical cries, and the foul smell of blood polluted the air. This location became a scene straight from hell.

Chapter 546 Insane. This Is Completely Insane.

The twenty over Wolf's Den members battled the fifty over Strego City gangsters. In combat where abstinence was not required, it resulted in a complete massacre. Never mind a full team of Wolf's Den members, even two or three of them would have been enough to wipe out Cinque Dragon's group.

Soon, almost half of Cinque's forces had fallen, and the Wolf's Den members began throwing them into the river, regardless of whether they were dead or alive.

This scene was too petrifying. Too gory. It had been many years since Strego City had

seen such a gruesome and violent situation.

Drivers on both sides of the roads couldn't resist taking out their phones to secretly record this battle on the bridge.

Max Cheever was standing in front of a Land Rover. He knew that many onlookers were recording this incident. With the internet so developed in this age, once this matter was exposed, it would be difficult for them to cover it up.

He had no idea why Tyr was doing this. They could have easily settled this matter, so why did Tyr have to be so high-profile?

At that moment, on the east side of the large bridge, inside a building.

This building had more than twenty floors and it was just beside the bridge.

On the twenty-second floor of this building, a man in a tunic suit was holding a pair of binoculars as he watched the incident on the bridge through the french windows. Veins were popping on his forehead as his hands trembled slightly. It was evident how furious he was.

Through his binoculars, the man saw how the Wolf's Den members brutally took the lives of Cinque's men without reservation. After they had tossed Cinque's men into the river, the floating corpses were too horrendous to look at.

“Insane. This is completely insane! Sh*t!”

The man had enough. He was reluctant to continue watching, so he smashed the binoculars onto the ground.

Standing behind him were two other men in tunic suits. Their expressions were just as grave.

These three men were clearly from Six Doors. The person holding the binoculars earlier was named Julio Morgan. He was the one who had previously accompanied Green Dragon on the rooftop of the building with sixty-six floors.

“Brother Morgan, what should we do now? Tyr Summers must be doing this on purpose,” asked one of the other men.

“I don’t know.” Julio pulled his own hair several times. He was seething.

The gruesome battle on the bridge continued, and more and more spectators crowded over on either side of the bridge.

Finally, Julio took out his phone and called a number.

The call connected and Green Dragon's voice flowed from the other end, "Spill."

"Boss, I can't handle this. Do it yourself," said Julio, a distinct hint of blame in his tone.

Green Dragon's voice darkened as he asked, "What happened?"

"That Tyr Summers is a lunatic. He purposefully asked his subordinates to fight Strego City's mob on a bridge in broad daylight. There are now hundreds of spectators.

"Boss, this will definitely blow up into a huge issue. What is Tyr Summers trying to

do? I can't handle something like this. You take over.”

Green Dragon suddenly sounded enraged as he said, “If you can't handle it, then you're dismissed.”

Julio realized that he had gone overboard with his tone earlier. Softening his voice, he said, “Boss, then, Tyr Summers...”

“Shut up. Suppress this incident at once,” Green Dragon commanded.

“What?” Julio was startled. “Boss, this isn't the first time we've cleaned up after him. Do we still have to?”

“Suppress! It!”

“Yes, Boss!”

Since Green Dragon had passed down an

absolute command, Julio dared not say more. Although he was very, very annoyed, he could only do as told.

Six Doors did indeed have the capabilities to suppress this news. After all, when push came to shove, the officials had the obligation and responsibility to follow Six Doors' instructions. There were even rumors that under unique circumstances, this organization had the authority to mobilize the military.

By now, the battle on the bridge had ended. The entire clash only lasted for a few minutes.

Over fifty local gangsters, including Cinque Dragon, had been tossed into the waters by the group of freaks called the Wolf's Den members.

Some of the gangsters were still alive, thrashing wildly in the river as they shouted for help. Some of them had lost their breaths completely. With corpses floating on the river's surface, it was a horrifying sight to behold.

Meanwhile, on either side of the bridge, several brave drivers had recorded long videos, now ready to upload them onto their social media feeds. However, at that moment, they were shocked to realize that their signals had been cut off. Not only was there no internet data, but even signals for emergency calls were gone.

After the Wolf's Den members were done with their mission, they returned to their vehicles in an ostentatious manner and drove away.

Half an hour later, the group of Wolf's Den members arrived at an area about seven or eight meters away from Tyr's apartment. There was a row of warehouses here that Graham Davis had specifically rented to store goods. Tyr had instructed Graham to vacate one of the warehouses.

The twenty over Wolf's Den members were currently standing inside, looking at Tyr.

“You've all done well for the incident on the bridge earlier. Up next, you all will be staying here for quite some time, so this warehouse will be the new stronghold for Wolf's Den,” said Tyr.

Excitement passed over every Wolf's Den member's face.

Stephen Cole immediately asked, “Brother

Tyr, you've called all of us here to Strego City, so does that mean there will be a huge operation coming soon?"

Tyr suddenly became unusually grave. Even the Wolf's Den members had never seen him this serious before. Sensing the solemn aura that Tyr was exuding, every Wolf's Den member became serious as well.

"Up next, there will be a war here. A brutal war. Your lives will be in your own hands," Tyr announced.

A war! The Wolf's Den members exchanged glances. They didn't know what this war was and they didn't ask. Instead, their eyes were sparkling with excitement and eagerness was obvious in their expressions.

"Max, come here," Tyr called for Max.

“Boss, what are your instructions?” Max asked.

“This will be the new stronghold for Wolf’s Den. Get whatever you think will be needed here.” Tyr put a debit card in Max’s hand. “Here’s fifty million for Wolf’s Den’s expenses in Strego City.”

Chapter 547 Hendrik Saxton

Max Cheever immediately said, “Brother Tyr, our Wolf’s Den is rich now. All this while, I’ve been accepting missions for them on the dark web. We’ve earned quite a bit. Also, there’s still a lot left of what you gave us the last time.”

“That is one thing. This is another,” Tyr Summers replied. “This trip to Strego City will be the true beginning of a brutal path for them. Have you found new blood for Wolf’s Den lately?”

“I’ve been searching this whole time, but people who fit Wolf’s Den criteria have lessened. Wolf’s Den now has twenty-four people. It’ll be harder to grow in scale,” Max

answered.

“Spend money to build a website specifically to search for new Wolf’s Den members. The area is not limited to only the southern region but the entire Celestial Empire and even overseas. As long as they fit the criteria, bring them in.”

Max was stunned for two seconds. “Boss, why are you in such a hurry this time?”

“Do you know how many members Nemesis had during its peak?” asked Tyr.

“How many?”

“Five hundred. And only fifty-three of them survived to the end and became the real members of Nemesis.” At this, Tyr took a deep breath before continuing, “Max, there will soon be a vicious war here in Strego

City. Many people will die. If you don't hurry up and recruit more new blood, Wolf's Den will soon be wiped out.”

Tyr was being completely serious. Realizing the uniqueness of this situation, Max nodded firmly.

“Brother Tyr, earlier on the bridge, we caused a huge commotion. But even now, I can't understand why you asked us to deliberately make such a fuss. After all, this is Strego City, not our territory. If the incident is too much, it'll be hard to clean up afterwards,” said Max.

“Then, take a look at the social media of this region. Has the incident blown up here?” Tyr replied.

Max took out his phone and immediately

scrolled through the news of this region. However, he didn't see a single post on what happened at the bridge earlier. Moreover, under normal circumstances, after the Wolf's Den members had killed too many people in public, the police should have been here by now. Yet, the authorities never came.

This was illogical!

This wasn't Khanh City, nor was it their territory. Tyr didn't have any connections in this place either, but why was such a huge incident covered up without a trace? It even seemed like this was deliberately done by someone.

While Max was still shocked, Tyr patted his shoulder with a smile and said, "You can stop guessing. Go and do what you need to do.

“Right, same rules. Now that Autumn Field has set up a branch here in Strego City, send at least two Wolf’s Den members to the company every day to serve as bodyguards. Also, this is the warehouse for Autumn Field in Strego City.

In the future, all of Autumn Field’s offline products for the southern region will be gathered and shipped out from here. Let Wolf’s Den take care of the security here as well.”

“No problem!” said Max.

Tyr said no more and got back into the car. Once inside, he heard thunderous snores coming from within the vehicle. In the back seat, Torbert Octavius was leaning sideways as he slept soundly.

“Wake up!” snapped Tyr.

Tyr turned to throw a punch at Torbert. But before Torbert’s eyes could open, his hand had shot up to stop Tyr’s attack. Then, he opened his groggy eyes to look at Tyr.

“Where to next?” asked Torbert.

“You go and protect my wife. I might need to enter prison for a while,” Tyr answered.

Torbert looked helpless. “Tyr, I keep feeling that something’s wrong.”

“What is it?” Tyr asked.

“Why do I feel like I’ve suddenly become your family’s personal bodyguard?”

Meanwhile, inside the operating theatre of a

specialized hospital in Strego City.

A vigorous surgical operation was being carried out, and the surgeons carrying out this operation were the hospital's top-class professors. Because their patient was of a formidable background.

This patient was the Saxton family's young master, Heath Saxton.

At that moment, Heath looked terrible.

Every bone in his body had been crushed, and his esophagus was severely damaged. Even his guts were bleeding. The hospital's doctors had tried everything to rescue Heath with minimal success.

Had the patient been a regular person, the doctors would have given up. However, they wouldn't dare to right now when the person

lying on the operating bed was Heath Saxton.

The Saxton family's patriarch, Hendrik Saxton, had issued an absolute order that if the hospital didn't save his son by today, everyone here would have to accompany Heath in his grave.

And he wasn't kidding. Hendrik was a ruthless man who always kept his word, and Heath was his only child.

The surgery went on for almost three hours, and finally, the doctors merely managed to sustain Heath's life. When the lead surgeon came out of the operating theatre, his forehead was still covered in sweat.

Waiting outside the operating room was a man in his fifties. His hair was gray at his

temples and he had long eyebrows. The man looked stern. However, under his grim demeanor, there was more grief and anger.

This person was the head of the Saxton family, Hendrik Saxton.

Following behind Hendrik were several tall and muscular men. These people were Hendrik's bodyguards.

“Master Saxton... We've tried our best...” the lead surgeon stammered after exiting the operating theatre.

“How is my son?” Hendrik asked.

“Young Master Saxton's life is no longer in danger, but... but...”

“But what?” Hendrik's voice suddenly raised a few decibels.

The doctor answered fearfully, “But every bone in Young Master Saxton’s body has been crushed. It’s impossible to rejoin them. He’ll be bedridden for the rest of his life.

“Also, the glass shards have sliced through Young Master Saxton’s esophagus, and his intestines have been badly damaged. He can only live on liquid nutrition for the remainder of his life.”

“This... Isn’t this worse than dying?”

Hendrik questioned.

“Uhm...” The lead surgeon dared not say more.

Veins were now popping on Hendrik’s forehead. However, his tone sounded even calmer than before. He beckoned the few muscular men behind him and said, “Take

him away. Bury him alive.”

The lead surgeon trembled all over before begging for mercy, “Master Saxton, it’s not my fault. I’ve tried my best. Master Saxton, you can’t do this. You can’t do this.”

However, no one listened to the doctor’s pleas as he was forcefully dragged away by two bodyguards.

Hendrik did not enter the operating theatre to take a look at his son. Instead, he turned and left the hospital.

Outside, there was a black Benz parked at the hospital entrance. Hendrik got into the car. After the car started, it sped away on the streets while a young man in his mid-twenties sat in the back seat.

Chapter 548 I Want To Make A Report

“Uncle Saxton,” the young man greeted Hendrik Saxton with grief laced in his tone.

“Toby, how’s the assignment I gave your father? Why haven’t I gotten any news from him until now?” Heath asked. 2

This young man was named Toby Dragon, and he was Cinque Dragon’s son.

Toby suddenly began sobbing. “Uncle Saxton, my father is dead. When they were crossing Strego City’s bridge, a group of lunatics suddenly appeared and almost half of my father’s fifty men were killed. Everyone was tossed into the river after that.”

“What?” Hendrik’s heart immediately sank. “What is Cinque doing? Why can’t he even do something so simple right?”

Cinque Dragon was dead. But not only did Hendrik feel no grief for his death, but he was also blaming Cinque for being incompetent instead.

Toby was slightly irked by this and said, “Uncle Saxton, my father’s already dead. You can’t blame him for being incompetent. That Tyr Summers is just too strong.”

“You’re right. Tyr Summers is too strong, hehe... hehehehe...” Hendrik began chuckling out of nowhere. His laughter was strange, mind-numbing even.

“Yarren,” Hendrik called out.

The man sitting in the front passenger seat

suddenly turned around with a dagger gleaming in his hand. There was a flash of silver light and a bloody wound immediately appeared on Toby's neck. Toby tried to suppress the wound out of reflex, but the blood kept gushing out.

With widened eyes, he stared incredulously at Hendrik. "Sa... Saxton... You..."

Toby's body fell limp. Hendrik took out a handkerchief from his bag to wipe away the blood that splashed onto him, his expression dark.

"Cinque, I've spent so much money to nurture you but you couldn't even do something right. So, don't blame me for ending your family's bloodline."

In the front passenger seat, the man named

Yarren also took out a handkerchief to wipe off the blood on his dagger.

“Master, we’ve got some news on that Tyr Summers. He’s definitely a formidable figure in Riverdale Province, and the Khanh City he resides in is now deemed as ‘God’s Forbidden Territory’.

“The people who killed off Cinque Dragon’s men on the bridge were Tyr Summers’ subordinates. He was also behind the murder of the Jones family’s Kendall Jones,” Yarren reported.

Hendrik was stunned. “Where did you get all this information from?”

Yarren handed his phone to Hendrik and explained, “I got a message from an anonymous number. Although we couldn’t

trace the source of this number, I'm guessing it's probably from the Jones family.”

“The Jones family!” Hendrik took a deep breath. “Del Jones?”

“No. There's a higher chance that it's from Juliet Jones, wanting to use us to deal with Tyr Summers.” As he spoke, Yarren put his dagger away, keeping the weapon around his waist. “Master, shall I take action?”

“No!” Hendrik leaned back in his seat, massaging his temples. “This Tyr Summers and Autumn Field can't be dealt with using underground methods. That would give us a lot of trouble.”

Taking out his phone, Hendrik dialed a number.

The call quickly got through and the voice of a middle-aged man spoke, “Brother Saxton, I haven’t heard from you in quite a while. What have you been up to?”

Hendrik replied, “Brother Langdon, my son has been maliciously attacked. I want to make a police report!”

At around four in the afternoon, the drizzling rain in the dark sky showed signs of intensifying. At that moment, Winifred Zea was standing by the window in her apartment, watching the rain outside with an anxious expression.

Within the last hour, she had continuously received several calls, all bearing terrible news. Because Tyr had heavily injured Heath

Saxton earlier that day, Autumn Field Group and Saxton Group had completely fallen out. Now, the Saxton family was using the Southern Business Association to attack Autumn Field.

Autumn Field Group belonged to the southern region as well, and many of its online business partners were members of the Southern Business Association. Just now, Hendrik Saxton had announced that he wanted Autumn Field crushed within the day. Insisting on continuing to work with Autumn Field would mean going against the Saxton family and the Southern Business Association.

Winifred had never dreamed of such a development. She only wanted Autumn Field to enter the southern region's market,

to grow its business, but who knew that things would come to this instead.

With this, not only would Autumn Field fail to expand into the southern market, but even its headquarters in Riverdale would face drastic losses.

Joseph Zea had called her a few times, telling her that several of the company's existing business partners were breaking off their contracts and abandoning their collaboration with Autumn Field. In addition, many investors were also revoking their investments as well.

As if that wasn't enough, the deadliest blow to their situation was that Southern Sophistication had also joined the fray. They took down every recommendation post for Autumn Field's brand from their forums.

And right after the recommendations were removed, much negative news about Autumn Field had been maliciously spread around the discussion boards. These articles were all deliberate slanders, complete with professional keyboard warriors to rile up the netizens.

In an instant, Autumn Field's brand became the center of attacks.

According to usual protocols, when such cases appeared, Southern Sophistication would step forward to take control of the situation or delete the topics. However, this time, not only did they leave the discussion topics there, but they even bumped it up to the top. Clearly, this was done to oppress Autumn Field.

Hector Walker, younger brother of Henry

Walker, who was in charge of Autumn Field's online operations, immediately called up Southern Sophistication, hoping they would remove these malicious topics. However, he was given an answer that he found hard to accept. The malicious slanders were all put out by Southern Sophistication themselves.

The Saxton family had ordered the Southern Business Association to go against Autumn Field, and Southern Sophistication was one of their members. Also, the company held quite an influential position within the alliance and was in cahoots with the Saxton family.

Hence, when the Saxton family wanted Autumn Field's destruction, Southern Sophistication would naturally appear at the frontlines.

Winifred was distraught by this. If the situation carried on, in a few days, Autumn Field would be utterly crushed.

Just then, Tyr entered through the door. He had heard about Autumn Field's predicament but he didn't seem fazed.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," said Tyr as he hugged Winifred from behind.

Chapter 549 A Bet

Winifred Zea turned around. Even if Tyr Summers was here by her side, supporting her from behind, she still felt uneasy. After all, Autumn Field Group had never faced such a crisis before.

“Hubby, things are getting out of hand. The Saxton family has mobilized the entire Southern Business Association to attack us. With our current capabilities, we’re no match for the Saxton family,” Winifred said.

“Don’t worry. I’m here,” Tyr comforted, placing a gentle kiss on Winifred’s forehead.

“Okay.” Winifred’s flustered heart finally calmed down a little.

“That’s sickening,” Torbert Octavius’s

voice suddenly called out from behind. Even Tyr jumped in shock.

Inside the apartment's living room, Torbert was sitting there lazily, eating the bananas on the coffee table. Tyr had no idea when he arrived. This guy was a natural-born lurker. His sneaking skills were getting more and more impressive.

Tyr and Winifred left their bedroom to enter the living room.

Torbert tossed the banana peel into the trash can before turning to Tyr and saying, “Tyr, go ahead and do what you need. I’ll be here.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded slightly.

Winifred asked in confusion, “Honey, where are you going?”

Tyr smiled and answered, “Take a look outside and you’ll find out.”

As soon as Winifred looked out the window, the blood in her veins immediately froze. Outside, several police cars had appeared, and a group of police officers was entering their apartment building.

Winifred began to panic. “What are they doing?”

Tyr smiled. “Hendrik Saxton has made a police report and these men are here for me. But don’t worry sweetheart, this is within my expectations. I’ll be out of there by nightfall.”

“But Hendrik Saxton must have something up his sleeve,” Winifred urged.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. These people can’

t do anything to me. As for the Southern Business Association attacking Autumn Field Group, you don't have to do anything about it.

“I guarantee you that before the sun rises tomorrow morning, everything will be resolved. The Southern Business Association will disappear,” Tyr added.

“Really?” asked Winifred, staring dazedly at Tyr.

Tyr gave a firm nod. “Yeah.”

Just then, there was a knock on the apartment unit's door. Torbert went to open the door, and a group of officers walked in.

“Good day, Mr. Tyr Summers. We have reason to suspect that you're involved in an assault case. Please come with us. This is the

arrest warrant,” announced the lead officer as he held out the arrest warrant. His tone toward Tyr was quite polite.

Tyr turned to Torbert and said, “Protect my wife.”

Torbert waved him away impatiently. “Go on.”

“Honey...” Winifred was still feeling anxious.

“Wait for me here.” Tyr gave her a relaxed smile before extending his arms to the policeman.

The lead officer cuffed Tyr’s hands and took him to the police station. At six in the evening, Tyr was brought into a detention cell at the police station. It was a dark and murky little room, lit with only one

incandescent light.

Tyr had been sitting inside for almost half an hour when footsteps were finally heard. Soon, a plump middle-aged man appeared outside the iron grating. His name was Charles Langdon, the person-in-charge of this police station.

Following beside him was another man with grey hair at his temples—Hendrik Saxton.

“You’re Tyr Summers?” Hendrik studied Tyr’s profile as he suppressed his anger.

He wanted to tear Tyr into a million pieces right now, but death would be too easy a fate for the young man.

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded, smiling at Hendrik. “You must be the Saxton family’s patriarch, Hendrik Saxton.”

“Can you still afford to laugh?” Watching Tyr’s cheeky expression, Hendrik felt waves of anger rushing at him. Flaring up, he bellowed, “Tyr Summers, you’ve assaulted a man and ordered your subordinates to kill. You can expect an execution waiting for you.

“And not only will you be shot, your wife, your daughter, and your family in Khanh City will also have to pay. How dare you lay a hand on my son? I, Hendrik Saxton, will make sure you’ll die a very, very tragic death.”

“Is that so?” Tyr replied. “Then, why won’t you ask me why I treated your son that way? Hendrik Saxton, your family has used the Southern Business Association to commit quite a few dirty deeds in recent years.

“Who knows how many entrepreneurs

aspiring to develop in Strego City have fallen victim to your corruption? The crimes both you and your son have committed are too many to count. I was just carrying out God's will. The heavens are watching. Your son should have expected such a day to come.”

“Preposterous!” Hendrik was furious. “Tyr Summers, you're at your last hour but you're still being stubborn. You're dead meat, I tell you, dead meat!”

Tyr sighed. “Mr. Saxton, why does it sound like you own this place? This man beside you doesn't even have the right to call the shots, but you're so sure that I'll be given a death penalty.”

Hendrik and Charles were startled. Tyr's words carried a double meaning.

Charles quickly said, “Tyr Summers, don't

get cocky. You've committed such a huge crime, so you'll definitely die a tragic death."

Tyr replied, "Didn't I just say that the Saxton family's father-and-son duo have committed numerous crimes before? I'm curious though, why didn't this chief here apprehend them for an investigation?"

"Also, I've heard that many entrepreneurs have come here to lodge police reports about this father-and-son pair, to expose their ill deeds. However, these complaints elicited no response. Chief, can you give me an explanation?"

As if Tyr had struck a nerve, Charles flared up in anger. "Preposterous!"

Hendrik looked equally enraged. "Tyr

Summers, cut the crap or I'll add another charge of defamation to your name!"

"Hehe, whether or not I'm defaming you, you gentlemen know best." At this, Tyr suddenly became serious. "If my guess is right, your surname is Langdon, isn't it? Chief Langdon. Since we have nothing to do right now, why don't I make a bet with you two?"

"A bet?"

Both Hendrik and Charles were stunned. They had no idea what Tyr was trying to pull.

"Tyr Summers, don't think you can try to trick your way out of this. I can tell you that since you're in here now, don't even think about getting back out."

"Hahaha!" Tyr laughed out loud. "You guys

really don't call the shots here, so why don't we just make a bet?"

At this, Tyr slammed the bench beside him hard and said, "Let's bet that in ten minutes, I won't be the one sitting in here, it'll be you guys instead. How about that?"

Chapter 550 Are You Satisfied With My Explanation?

Hendrik Saxton and Charles Langdon seemed to have heard the biggest joke of the century. Was Tyr Summers joking? Was he delusional? The man was now a prisoner and Hendrik had prepared plenty of evidence to penalize him. Tyr had no chance of making it out alive.

However, the confidence Tyr was displaying made them feel inadvertently flustered.

“Tyr Summers, stop spouting nonsense. In ten minutes, you will be sent to the detention center and your case will be passed to the high court, where they will announce your death sentence.”

“That won’t happen.” Tyr shook his head instead. “Ten minutes later, the people who will be judged are you two. And Hendrik Saxton, in the next few days, your Southern Business Association will crumble. Your Saxton family will also disappear into nothingness.”

“Nonsense!” Hendrik barked.

No normal person would ever believe Tyr’s claims. It was just absurd. Putting aside the fact that Tyr was now a prisoner, with the Saxton family being an elite tribe in Strego City, it was impossible for an outsider like Tyr to be capable of destroying this family.

More importantly, the Southern Business Association controlled by this Saxton family was a large gear driving the southern region’s

s corporate world. Autumn Field, that was now being attacked by the association, had no means of redeeming themselves from this despairing situation.

“Hahaha!” Hendrik and Charles roared out in laughter, looking at Tyr like he was an idiot.

“Tyr Summers, I think you’ve lost your mind due to fear, haven’t you?”

“No, I’m not afraid at all.” Tyr was confident. “Hendrik Saxton, if you kneel before me right now, perhaps I can leave your family with some basic assets. Otherwise, you’ll all truly disappear from Strego City in a few days.”

“This is ridiculous!”

Had it not been for the iron bars separating

them, Hendrik would have gone over and slapped Tyr. The younger man was too insane. It was as if he had lost his mind.

“Are you refusing to kneel? I’ve given you a chance. Since you’re throwing it away, don’t blame me for showing you no mercy.

Speaking of which, there really is no reason for a tumor like your Saxton family to exist in this world,” Tyr added.

“Even at death’s door, you dare to spout such nonsense.”

“No. The one at death’s door isn’t me.” Tyr’s expression suddenly turned grave. “But you guys.”

Hendrik and Charles were about to burst into another fit of laughter, but the next second, they couldn’t even smile.

Behind them, loud footsteps sounded. A group of officials in unique uniforms came over. Perhaps it was due to guilt, Hendrik and Charles' expressions changed the moment they saw these people.

“Good day, Chief Langdon. We are from ***. We have reason to suspect that you've violated official protocol, so please come with us for an investigation.”

The leader of the group flashed his identification tag, and immediately, Charles felt as if the energy in his body had been sucked dry. Large sweat drops began to form on his forehead.

Hendrik was evidently startled. Before he could even make sense of the situation, Charles was taken away.

Meanwhile, Tyr had watched the entire situation with a smile on his face.

Everything was going according to his plan.

Just then, another man with an imposing aura walked over to Hendrik. Following behind him were a few police officers.

“Mr. Saxton, Hendrik Saxton, right? Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jared Cabell, and from now on, I’ll be officially taking over this place.

“We have reason to suspect that over the past few years, you’ve bribed our staff, caused harm to foreign enterprises, performed illicit enrichment, conducted illegal fund-raising, and were involved in many cases of assault and murder... You are now being arrested.”

“What?!” Hendrik’s mind exploded with a loud buzzing noise.

Jared added, “Mr. Saxton, we just happen to be in a detention cell right now, so this will save us a lot of hassle. Go on inside.”

A police officer immediately unlocked the iron door. They first politely invited Tyr out before pushing Hendrik inside.

“Impossible, this is impossible. This can’t be true. You guys can’t do this to me!” yelled Hendrik.

His mind was in chaos. He had no idea what was going on. A few minutes earlier, victory was in his grasp, but how come several minutes later, he had switched places with Tyr Summers instead to become a prisoner?

Tyr walked out of the cell, then turned to

look at Hendrik, smiling. “Do you believe me now? Hendrik Saxton, up next will be your Saxton family and the Southern Business Association.”

Hendrik went pale. As if he had been drained of all energy, he fell limp to the ground.

Going over to Tyr, Jared respectfully said, “Mr. Summers, someone is waiting for you outside,”

“I know,” Tyr replied. “This tumor, the Southern Business Association, has done far too many misdeeds in the southern region’s corporate world. They must be removed.”

“But of course, Mr. Summers.” Jared patted his chest and guaranteed, “We have gathered all the materials and evidence needed.

“After tonight, the Southern Business Association will be dissolved, and the Saxton family will also be heavily punished. This tumor will definitely be removed.”

Behind the iron bars, Hendrik was filled with fear. He kept slamming madly at the iron grating, shouting for Tyr to show him mercy.

“The heavens will be the judge of your character. I don’t have the authority to control the law so there’s no use begging me, Hendrik Saxton. The chickens have come home to roost!”

Having said that, Tyr turned to leave. A black Red Flag was parked outside the premise. Tyr pulled the door open and got into the back seat.

Turning to the man in the tunic suit beside him, Tyr asked, “How should I address you?”

“Julio Morgan. One of Six Doors’ Thirty-Three Envoys. Representative of Strego City,” the man answered.

“Hmm, Six Doors’ Thirty-Three Envoys,” Tyr pondered before continuing, “I’m curious, what kind of existence is Six Doors in the Celestial Empire? Compared to America’s Black Shield, Japan’s Kamikakushi, and Russia’s Klock, is Six Doors stronger than them? Or weaker?”

Julio chuckled before answering, “Six Doors was established to maintain the order of the large families and underground forces in the Celestial Empire. We are a unique

department among the country's officials.

“Under necessary circumstances, official departments in the Celestial Empire must unconditionally cooperate with Six Doors, so we can complete our tasks. In addition, during special cases, Six Doors has the authority to mobilize the country's military forces.

“As for Black Shield, Kamikakushi, and Klock, they're of the same nature as Six Doors, it's just that we're from different countries, so I don't know who's stronger either.”

At this, Julio turned to smile half-heartedly at Tyr. “Are you satisfied with my explanation?”

Chapter 551 Get Your Boss To Talk To Me

“You seem to be prejudiced against me,” said Tyr Summers as he took out his phone to play a Sokoban game. “But for me, I don’t care if strangers are prejudiced against me because you guys are nothing to me.”

“You...” Julio Morgan was annoyed by Tyr.

He was indeed quite prejudiced against Tyr because Julio felt that he had caused Six Doors too much trouble. Also, he had no idea why his superior, Green Dragon, held Tyr Summers in such high regard.

There was a long silence inside the car.

It wasn’t until Tyr was ten levels into his

Sokoban game that Julio finally couldn't resist asking, "Tyr Summers, aren't you at all curious why our Six Doors is looking for you?"

Tyr exited his game and put away his phone. Then, he pushed the car door open.

Julio frowned. "What are you doing?"

"You're not a worthy discussion opponent. Get your boss to talk to me," Tyr said.

"What do you mean?" asked Julio, his expression immediately darkening.

As one of Six Doors' Thirty-Three Envoys, Julio held great authority and his status within the organization was considered significant. However, Tyr was currently looking down on him. Anyone else would have felt just as annoyed. And all the more

so since Julio had been tolerating Tyr for quite some time now.

“Stand there!” Julio slithered out of the car like a carp and grabbed Tyr’s shoulder.

“Heh...” Tyr smirked, lifting his shoulders slightly.

Julio felt a wave of force and he was immediately thrown back. This scene was even more exaggerated than the ones shown in martial arts movies.

“Sh*t,” cursed Julio, pinching his brows tightly together as a sense of defeat grew in his heart.

Clenching his fist, he hastened over to Tyr. At that moment, Julio had decided to have a real fight with Tyr.

Yet, before he could even get close to Tyr, an

overbearing voice suddenly called out from across the street, “Julio, stop it! Haven’t you embarrassed yourself enough?”

Julio subconsciously stopped his movements as a look of surprise passed over his face. “Boss, weren’t you gone on some business? Why are you here?”

Standing there was none other than Green Dragon. With a cigar in between his fingers, the man leisurely walked over to them.

As Green Dragon approached, the other two Six Doors members immediately got out of the car to greet him respectfully.

“Get lost now, you’ll just be a shame to me by staying here.” Green Dragon waved in annoyance. He was clearly displeased with Julio’s earlier behavior.

“Boss, this guy...”

“Julio, you’re beginning to disobey me more and more,” said Green Dragon.

Julio was stunned, finally realizing that he had overstepped his boundaries. He quickly got into the Red Flag and left with the other two Six Doors members.

Immediately, Tyr’s eyes met Green Dragon’s.

“We meet again, Tyr Summers.” Green Dragon took out his prized Cuban cigars. “Would you like one?”

Tyr rejected his goodwill, saying, “I’m not used to that.”

“Hehe, you really don’t know how to enjoy

life.” As he spoke, Green Dragon pointed to somewhere close by. “There’s a coffee shop right there. Why don’t we head over and have a nice chat?”

“My wife is still waiting for me at home. I don’t have the time,” said Tyr, simply rejecting him again.

“Sigh,” Green Dragon let out a sigh, seemingly disappointed.

Without beating around the bush, Tyr said, “Green Dragon of Six Doors. If my guess is correct, there are others called White Tiger, Red Phoenix, and Black Turtle in your Six Doors. Under the organization’s gatekeeper, the four of you are considered second in command, aren’t you?”

Green Dragon smiled. “You’ve only gotten it

half right.”

“What do you mean?”

“Because we are Six Doors’ gatekeepers,” said Green Dragon.

“That’s impossible.” Tyr shook his head. “Six Doors is such a powerful organization. With your capabilities, you’re not worthy of becoming its leader.”

Tyr was very direct with his words, showing Green Dragon no respect at all. Had this been said by anybody else, Green Dragon would have turned against them on the spot. However, it was Tyr who said it, so Green Dragon wasn’t angry.

“Hahaha, when I said ‘gatekeeper’, I didn’t mean the leader of Six Doors. Myself, Holy Tiger, Red Phoenix, and Black Turtle, have

been deemed as the four gatekeepers of Six Doors. We manage the Celestial Empire's eastern, southern, western, and northern regions respectively.”

“Holy Tiger?” Tyr was stunned. “Why is it ‘Holy’ and not ‘White’?”

Green Dragon chuckled. “It's only a nickname. Don't think too much of it.”

However, Tyr had a nagging feeling that something was off. As if there was a unique story behind the name of Six Doors' ‘White Tiger’. But since Green Dragon was reluctant to disclose, Tyr didn't press the matter.

Green Dragon continued to say, “We still have a commander above us. He is the true boss, and above this boss, is a senate.

Hence, us four gatekeepers in Six Doors are only third in command. To put it bluntly, we're just mules who serve on the frontlines through rain and shine.”

Tyr chuckled. He was amused by Green Dragon's metaphor, and right now, he was feeling quite relaxed.

“I've changed my mind. I suddenly feel thirsty, so having a drink at the coffee shop doesn't sound so bad,” said Tyr.

“Sure. But you have to treat this time,” Green Dragon replied.

Tyr sighed. “You're a government official, how can you be so petty?”

“That is one thing, and this is another,” Green Dragon answered. “I've helped you solve such a huge problem today. Don't you

need to thank me?”

“That’s true.”

Tyr said no more and headed to the coffee shop with Green Dragon. They found a private room, sat down, and each ordered a cup of Dragon Well tea.

Tyr had a taste of his tea before saying, “From Goddess Mountain to Khanh City, then finally here in Strego City. Isn’t Six Doors tired of following me around?”

“This is our job. Even if it’s tiring, we have to pull through,” Green Dragon answered.

Tyr chuckled. “Spill. What exactly does Six Doors want?”

Green Dragon answered, “I’ve heard that you have thoughts of moving Regal Palace

back to the Celestial Empire, for it to return to its roots. And isn't our Six Doors specially established for managing organizations like yours?

“Your Regal Palace is such a powerful and influential organization. If it really returns to the Celestial Empire, don't you think we need to keep a close watch?”

Tyr scoffed. “We're an upright and legal corporation that intends to return to the country and contribute to the prosperity of our motherland. You won't be able to control us. Green Dragon, why don't you just get straight to the point?”

Green Dragon chuckled. “That's true. I heard you have quite the ambition for your return to the country. For the sake of taking down your main family, you'll stop at

nothing to conquer the south.

“Our Six Doors mainly manages the order of all first-rate elite families, super first-rate families, and the royal family within the country. We also manage the hidden families and underground world of the Celestial Empire.

“Tyr Summers, your current goal here in Strego City is to take over the entire southern region, so tell me, shouldn't our Six Doors be keeping an eye on you?”

Chapter 552 Kick A Man When He's Down

“You should.” Tyr Summers nodded. “But this so-called first-rate family of the south should be insignificant to your Six Doors. That Julio Morgan should have been more than enough. There wasn't a need for you, one of the four gatekeepers, to come here personally.”

Green Dragon narrowed his eyes and said, “Tyr Summers, looks like you know Six Doors well. Have you been investigating us? But I have to warn you in advance, be diligent, or bad things might happen.”

Tyr put his tea down. “You know our Regal Palace well too. So, Green Dragon, haven't

you been investigating us as well? I'll also give you a word of advice—be careful.

Otherwise, even if you're part of Six Doors, we won't show you any mercy.”

“Hahahaha!” Green Dragon laughed out loud.

However, Tyr didn't join him. Instead, he finished his tea in one go and then stood up.

“Are you done with your drink? I'm going to pay the bill.”

Green Dragon shook his head, replying, “My cup is still full.”

“Then, settle your own bill later.”

Tyr was about to leave when Green Dragon quickly called out to him, “Our Six Doors approves of your intention to conquer the southern region and become its king. There

are many first-rate families in this region, so if you deal with them one by one, that will waste a lot of time.

“That’s why our Six Doors will be segregating Strego City and inviting all the first-rate families in the south to gather here, so you can beat them up to your heart’s content. How does that sound?”

Tyr paused. He had actually been waiting for Green Dragon to say this.

“If you can get all the southern first-rate families to gather in Strego City, that would indeed save me a lot of time and hassle. What’s your condition?” said Tyr.

Green Dragon took a sip of his tea before smiling. “What condition?”

Tyr replied, “Stop pretending, Green

Dragon. Six Doors has deliberately gotten close to me and offered me so much help on your own accord. You must have a condition for me.

“Spill. You’re willing to isolate Strego City and turn it into a battlefield. You’ll also be pulling all the first-rate families in the south into your chessboard. What is your condition for it?”

Still smiling, Green Dragon set his tea down. “Once you’ve eliminated the Jones family and your southern region chess game begins, I’ll tell you what the condition is. How is that?”

Tyr flipped a middle finger at him and said, “Suit yourself.”

After that, Tyr left the private compartment

and placed two hundred bucks on the counter before leaving the premises.

By the time he returned to the apartment, it was already dark outside. Upon seeing Tyr return, the large rock suspended in Winifred's heart could finally rest at ease.

"Honey, you're finally back. How did it go? They didn't give you any trouble, did they?" Winifred asked worriedly as soon as Tyr walked through the door.

"I'm fine, sweetheart." Tyr kissed Winifred on her forehead. "I've settled things at the Southern Business Association. In a few days, the association will be dissolved and the Saxton family will be gone."

"Really?" Winifred stared incredulously at Tyr.

“When have I ever lied to you? This is also a good chance for Autumn Field to test the resolution of our business partners.

Tomorrow morning, put the word out saying that those who have decided to cease all business relations with Autumn Field and companies who have defamed us will lose the opportunity to work with Autumn Field in the future,” said Tyr.

“Can we really do that?” Winifred asked.

“There won't be any problems,” Tyr answered with confidence.

“Alright then.”

The next morning, Autumn Field Group did as Tyr instructed and distributed a notice to every business partner of theirs in the southern region.

Upon receiving this notice, every company in the southern region immediately thought of Autumn Field as a joke. Now that they were under attack from the Southern Business Association and were in a precarious situation, how dare they release such a notice?

What did Autumn Field Group mean by this? Did they think that various large corporations would be begging to work with them later on? What a joke! Every company who had been in collaboration with Autumn Field was now avoiding them like the plague.

Quite a few companies had even nullified their business relations with Autumn Field yesterday. Autumn Field would be going down soon, so who would still beg them?

The southern region was immediately

amused. Southern Sophistication even posted an article revealing the notice, so the consumers could join them in ridiculing Autumn Field as well.

In the Southern Business Association's quest to destroy Autumn Field, Southern Sophistication was considered their main frontliner. The media company did everything in their power to try and trample Autumn Field to death.

In fact, Southern Sophistication didn't have any grudge against Autumn Field. Both parties had even been cooperating pleasantly all this while, maintaining a good relationship. Hence, the behavior that Southern Sophistication was currently displaying was very disappointing.

Southern Sophistication was only putting in

so much effort in the hopes of pleasing the Saxton family. After all, they were also a member of the Southern Business Association.

Since the Saxton family had requested that the Southern Business Association destroy Autumn Field, and it just so happened that Southern Sophistication had such capabilities, they would naturally utilize their perks to prove themselves.

With this, the media company was sure to receive praise from the Saxton family. Their status within the alliance would only grow higher, and their authority would be bigger, ultimately resulting in the growth of the benefits they would reap.

At that moment, in the president's office of Southern Sophistication's headquarters.

A middle-aged man with a large beer belly was sitting in the president's chair, smoking a cigar as he scrolled through the posts on the forums. The man was wearing a cunning grin.

“Autumn Field Group, don't blame me, Rob Jackman, for kicking a man when he's down. Blame yourself for asking for it. Of all people, why did you have to offend the Saxton family? The Saxton family controls the Southern Business Association, they call the shots in the southern region's corporate world. Offending them is like suicide.”

This man named Rob Jackman was the boss of Southern Sophistication.

Just then, there was a knock on his office door. Rob called for them to enter.

Another middle-aged man in a suit came in through the door. It was Hector Walker.

“Yo, aren't you Mr. Hector Walker, the new president of Khanh City's Walker Technologies? What did you come all this way for?”

In fact, Rob already knew what Hector was here for. After all, Hector had called up Southern Sophistication one too many times, hoping that the latter would remove their defaming posts on Autumn Field Group.

However, Southern Sophistication had simply rejected Hector's request. Not only did they keep the slanderous articles, but they even posted worse ones.

Chapter 553 You Will Regret This

In desperation, Hector Walker could only come all the way to Southern Sophistication from Khanh City in hopes of persuading them.

Hector came in and sat down opposite of Rob Jackman.

“Hello President Jackman, I’ve come here to talk about the posts regarding Autumn Field ...”

Yet, before Hector could finish, Rob interrupted him, “Mr. Walker, this topic is closed for discussion,” he said with a cheeky grin.

“What?” Hector immediately frowned. “

Those articles about Autumn Field on the forums are all defamation. Southern Sophistication has to do something about them instead of letting them be or even fanning the flames.

“As the southern region’s largest new media forum within the country, Southern Sophistication has to bear legal responsibility for such actions.”

Rob scoffed. “Are you threatening me? Legal responsibility? If you’re so capable, have me arrested.

“Hahaha, Hector, let me be honest with you, so what if our Southern Sophistication is deliberately attacking Autumn Field? Who told Autumn Field to blindly offend the Southern Business Association and the Saxton family?

“This isn’t negotiable. Go back and tell Winifred Zea to wait for her downfall.”

“You...” Hector was furious. “So, Rob Jackman, you’re set on going against Autumn Field?”

Rob laughed. “You seem to be mistaken. I’m not set on going against Autumn Field, I’m set on destroying you lot, hahaha!”

“Don’t you regret this decision,” Hector warned with a grave tone.

“Regret? Why should I regret it?” Rob snickered. “Autumn Field will be going down soon. Or did you think that Southern Sophistication would come back and beg you for favors? What a joke!”

“You’ll definitely regret this.” Hector huffed

and turned to leave.

“See yourself out,” said Rob, smirking.

With mockery clear in his eyes, he had no intention of stopping Hector. After Hector left, Rob continued smoking his cigar while scrolling through the posts on the forum leisurely. However, a notification suddenly popped up on his screen.

‘Strego City’s head of the Saxton family, Hendrik Saxton, has been apprehended for bribery, murder, blackmail, rape, and various other charges. In addition, the southern region’s government has also established a specialized team to investigate the Southern Business Association.’

“What?” gasped Rob.

Jumping up from his seat at this news, a

feeling of dread immediately invaded his body.

“This is impossible. What kind of joke is this? Is this gossip? How can Hendrik Saxton be arrested? This has to be fake news. F*ck, for the sake of attention, the media is willing to weave all kinds of stories nowadays. How repulsive!”

Rob was staring at the screen, berating the news, completely forgetting that he too was part of the media industry.

However, it wasn't gossip at all. That afternoon, negative news about the Southern Business Association kept being released. Even Southern Sophistication's reporters managed to gather quite a bit of information through their own channels. None of the news had been made up. It was

all real.

Following these news reports, the coming announcements would soon sweep through the southern region's online world like a tornado, engulfing them.

The next morning, bigger news was released. The various crimes committed by the Southern Business Association throughout these years had been verified. The officials had decided to use extreme measures against the association, and they were to disband immediately.

Not long after this news was announced, Southern Sophistication received a letter from the government, informing them of the Southern Business Association's disbandment.

Even when he was holding the official letter,

Rob was still reluctant to believe that this was real.

Seemingly at the same moment, he received another letter. It was also from the government, and when Rob read its contents, he was struck dumb.

As a tumor of the southern corporate world, the Southern Business Association was removed by the government. However, the southern corporate world still needed to work together, to assist each other and develop hand in hand. Thus, after the disbandment of the Southern Business Association, a new alliance had been formed in its place.

This new alliance would be named the Southern Commerce Chamber, with Autumn Field Group's president, Miss Winifred Zea,

as its chairwoman.

“What?!”

As if he had been struck by lightning, Rob leaped up from his chair. He couldn't stop himself from trembling all over.

“Impossible. This is impossible. Just what is going on? Southern Commerce Chamber? What Southern Commerce Chamber? Why is Winifred Zea the chairwoman of the Southern Commerce Chamber?”

Rob quickly picked up his phone and made several calls. They were all to the presidents of various sizable companies who were also members of the Southern Business Association.

Even if the government had issued him letters, even if the entire internet was

spreading the news about the association's disbandment and the formation of the Southern Commerce Chamber, Rob was still reluctant to believe it was true.

Had he not done anything to attack Autumn Field previously, he might have accepted this fact by now. After all, whether the alliance was the Southern Business Association or the Southern Commerce Chamber wouldn't affect him at all. But now that he had dug his own grave, Rob was panicking.

Soon, the first call got through and the voice of a middle-aged man flowed from the other end.

“Brother Miller, how are you doing lately?” Rob asked as a superficial greeting.

The man he was talking to was a local

entrepreneur of Strego City and fellow member of the association who had always been on good terms with Rob.

“Brother Jackman, I’ve been well. How about you? Is something the matter?” asked the other man.

Rob quickly said, “Brother Miller, I wanted to ask about the Southern Business Association. What is going on? Has it really been disbanded?”

“That’s right, Brother Jackman. You must have received the letters from the government too, haven’t you?”

“The Southern Business Association is done for. A new alliance named ‘the Southern Commerce Chamber’ will be established, with Autumn Field Group’s president, Miss

Winifred Zea, as its chairwoman.

“In addition, the directors will also be re-elected in the new alliance. Right, Brother Jackman, your Southern Sophistication is considered a large corporation in the south, and you’re doing new media to boot. If you apply for a director position, there’s a high chance you’ll succeed,” said Miller.

“Apply for a director’s position...” muttered Rob, close to tears.

He had thoroughly offended Autumn Field Group, so forget a director’s position, his Southern Sophistication might even be ruined once the new alliance was formed.

“But Brother Miller, this isn’t logical. With the Saxton family here, how could the association fall apart? This is a joke, isn’t it?”

“The Saxton family is such a large tribe and they’re deeply rooted within Strego City. The government hasn’t been able to do anything to them for all these years, so why the sudden change?” Rob asked.

“The Saxton family?” Brother Miller immediately chuckled. “Brother Jackman, have you no idea?”

“About what?”

“Just last night, the Saxton family was eradicated. They’ve completely disappeared from Strego City.”

Chapter 554 The Saxton Family, Destroyed

How could the Saxton family be destroyed? They were an elite family in Strego City, rumored to be the descendants of the great merchant, Shen Wansan.

Also, by using the Southern Business Association to blackmail others throughout these years, the Saxton family was this close to overtaking the Jones family, who was ranked last within the city's first-rate tribes.

How could such a large family be annihilated overnight?

Rob Jackman had no idea that last night, the Saxton family's businesses in various industries had been viciously attacked. Be it

online, offline, or even overseas, each one of their companies had been dealt lethal blows.

The Saxton family's share prices had also collapsed in the short span of thirty minutes, while their angel investments overseas also crumbled away.

Since the Saxton family had committed too many atrocities over the years, the authorities decided to investigate them thoroughly. Many high ranking officers of the Saxton family were taken away. Once their background had been checked, before the family even had time to announce bankruptcy, they simply disappeared from Strego City.

Rob's phone fell from his hand with a loud thud. He slumped back into his chair looking ghastly pale.

“It’s over. It’s all over. I’ve been digging my own grave.”

Rob kept hitting his own forehead, feeling lost. His plan had been to ruthlessly trample Autumn Field Group, so that he would be rewarded by the Saxton family. But who knew that the latter ended up being taken down so soon.

The Saxton family’s demise was nothing to him. His main problem now was that the Southern Commerce Chamber had appeared in the southern region’s corporate world, led by Winifred Zea.

So, what should he do now?

Rob immediately wailed out loud. In a flurry of panic, he quickly instructed his subordinates to remove all negative posts

about Autumn Field from Southern Sophistication's forum. Simultaneously, they segregated some of the highly popular columns to post articles clearing Autumn Field's name.

Although it was a little late to remedy the situation, it was better than doing nothing. Rob still had strong survival instincts.

At the same time, in Khanh City, Hector Walker and the others had received news of the Southern Business Association's disbandment and the Saxton family's destruction. Everyone in Autumn Field Group exploded into loud cheers.

For the past few days, every fiber in Hector's body was tense as he worked hard to resolve the attacks on Autumn Field launched by Southern Sophistication.

Out of trust, his older brother, Henry Walker, had passed Walker Technologies to him, and also given him the authority of managing Autumn Field's online operations. Hence, Hector wouldn't allow room for any mishaps.

Although things had now taken a turn for the better, Hector was still on alert. As he was searching for new local business partners in the new media industry, his phone rang.

'Rob Jackman'

Upon seeing the caller ID, a sudden thought came to Hector's mind and he inadvertently smiled.

Answering the call, Hector said, "Mr. Jackman, what's up? I never thought you

would call me up of your own accord. Has the sun risen from the west today?”

Rob sounded flustered on the other end. He was even about to cry.

“Brother Walker, please stop teasing me. I was wrong. I know my faults now. I shouldn’t have attacked Autumn Field Group and I’d like to make amends.

“I’ve already taken down all the negative news about Autumn Field Group on Southern Sophistication. We’re also planning to offer all of our most popular columns to promote Autumn Field’s brand free of charge,” Rob offered.

“Wow... Brother Jackman, what’s wrong with you? Why did you suddenly change your mind? Or have you taken the wrong

medicine today? Your Southern Sophistication is such a huge new media website. To suddenly be so kind to Autumn Field, is this some sort of scheme?" Hector teased.

Rob quickly answered, "I wouldn't dare to. I really wouldn't. Even if our company were to offend the emperor himself, we wouldn't dare to provoke Autumn Field Group."

"Hehe, but you said you wanted to completely trample Autumn Field last time," Hector replied.

Rob was forced to eat crow. At the thought of Rob's previous arrogance, Hector had the urge to slap him to death.

The man had been so heartless back then, but now, he was calling to beg for mercy and

surrender to them. Did he think that one apology was enough to resolve the damage Southern Sophistication had done to Autumn Field? What a joke!

“Mr. Walker, I, Rob Jackman, was wrong. My Southern Sophistication has done Autumn Field wrong. Please pass on my apologies to Miss Winifred Zea. We have been working pleasantly with each other all this while, so we must still have some friendship left, don't we?”

“I'll try,” Hector simply replied before hanging up.

‘Working pleasantly? To hell with your excuses. Had your Southern Sophistication been willing to show us mercy for the sake of this so-called friendship, things wouldn't have come to this. Now that Autumn Field

has made a comeback, you want to grovel at our feet instead? No such luck!’

Hector immediately called Winifred and told her about Southern Sophistication’s case.

After hearing him out, Winifred sighed. She was no longer the soft and weak girl she was before. Even if she was still kind, the corporate world was a battlefield. When the situation required determination, she mustn’t waver.

“Mr. Walker, from now on, you don’t have to seek my advice on such issues. Just do as you please. Previously, our Autumn Field Group made an announcement that companies who gave up on us would lose the opportunity to work with us again. We weren’t joking,” said Winifred.

Hector nodded firmly on the other end of

the call. “I understand, Miss Winifred. But Southern Sophistication is truly competent. If we don’t work with them, we’ll have to open up a new channel as soon as possible, as new media still hosts the most traffic for our online business.”

Winifred replied, “You don’t have to worry about this or look for new channels to collaborate with. Southern Sophistication has also violated many laws over the years and they’re currently under investigation.

“In a few days, the company’s president, Rob Jackman, will definitely be taken away. Just the charge of him slandering our Autumn Field is enough to bankrupt him. In addition, the violations he has committed over the years are enough to sentence him to prison for life.

“Prepare yourself. Once something happens on Rob Jackman’s end, our Autumn Field Group will be acquiring Southern Sophistication.”

“Ac... Acquire Southern Sophistication?!” said Hector, stunned.

This was too ruthless. To acquire Southern Sophistication was just too inconceivable.

“What? Is there a problem?” Winifred asked.

Hector quickly shook his head and smiled. “There’s no problem, Miss Winifred. No problem at all.”

Chapter 555 Saxton Manor

Hector Walker could hardly suppress his excitement. He suddenly realized that Autumn Field's president wasn't inferior to any man. Her ruthlessness was incredible. It required great courage to be this resolute in acquiring Southern Sophistication.

If they could accomplish this feat, online operations would be much easier, since Autumn Field would be able to do their own new media promotions.

"Then, all is well. As the saying goes, 'one only learns from one's mistakes'," said Winifred. "Our Autumn Field has suffered so much because of Southern Sophistication, and we ended up being strangled by them.

Something like this mustn't happen again.

“Mr. Walker, I'll be leaving this to you. Just speak up if you need anything.”

“Alright, Miss Winifred. Don't worry, nothing will go wrong. Give me a week's time and I'll have this all settled for you,” Hector said.

“Great!”

After hanging up, Winifred took a deep breath before a leisured smile appeared on her face.

Beside her, Tyr Summers handed her a glass of water. “Have some water. You've been taking calls the entire morning. Everyone was begging for your mercy but you rejected them all. How did it feel?”

Winifred took a sip of water before replying,

“Hubby, wasn’t I a little too overbearing earlier? And some of the collaborations are quite important to our Autumn Field Group.”

“No. What I wanted to see was this level of dominance. To properly manage a business, you have to first be true to your word. We’ve been brutally blunt to them but no one listened. Now that we have accomplished our goals, they can’t blame us for showing them no mercy.

“As for business partners, there’s no need to worry. The southern region is such a huge market. Once you become the Southern Commerce Chamber’s chairman, you won’t have to worry about having no business partners,” Tyr assured.

Winifred nodded. “Hubby, how did you do it? How did you manage to help Autumn

Field make a comeback in such a short time? You even managed to tear down the Southern Business Association and the Saxton family. This is too incredible.”

“Hehe,” Tyr chuckled. “Did you forget that your husband has always been this wild?”

“Wild? Are you?”

“But of course.” Tyr hugged Winifred with a devilish look on his face. “Not only is your husband wild on the outside, but he’s also wild at home. Should we verify?”

“You big meanie.” Winifred blushed. “It’s broad daylight right now.”

Tyr pulled the curtains. “With the curtains closed and the lights off, isn’t it nighttime now? Hurry up, darling. Blair keeps asking for a little brother, but why isn’t there any

reaction from your stomach?”

“I have no idea either.” Winifred felt helpless. “Why don’t we go for a checkup at the hospital?”

“No.” Tyr suddenly felt that his dignity as a man was being trampled on. “I heard that trying to conceive a second child is always harder than the first. This is a natural occurrence. We just have to diligently do our homework every night and we’ll have a baby soon. Trust me.”

“Really?”

“Yup. Your husband would never lie to you!”

With the curtains closed and the lights off, the atmosphere inside the apartment was calm.

Over the next few days, Autumn Field Group

received countless phone calls. Some companies even sent representatives to Autumn Field's headquarters in Khanh City.

These were all people who had proactively attacked Autumn Field when the latter was in a crisis. Not only did they nullify their collaborations with Autumn Field, but they had also kicked the company when it was down. Just like Southern Sophistication, they had wanted to completely destroy Autumn Field.

Now that Autumn Field Group had made a comeback, and even become a significant presence in the southern region's corporate world, these companies were panicking. They all wanted to rebuild their relationship with Autumn Field and to collaborate once more.

But just like Winifred had said from the start, no such luck! Since those companies had been so ruthless, they shouldn't blame Autumn Field for being heartless now.

This time, Autumn Field was standing firm. Those who had offended them were allowed no negotiations. Not only would Autumn Field cut off all ties with them, but the company would also reject their applications to the Southern Commerce Chamber.

As for whether or not Autumn Field would use the alliance to attack these companies in the future, no one knew.

A week later, everything was resolved. In addition, the Southern Commerce Chamber had been officially registered, thanks to the

government's help. With Autumn Field Group as the leading corporation, Winifred Zea became the alliance's chairwoman.

Several other corporations that had maintained good relations with Autumn Field, that hadn't kicked them while they were down, but helped them through their crisis instead, were given opportunities to become the alliance's directors.

After the registration, the Southern Commerce Chamber was officially established. It would never become a tool of blackmail like the former Southern Business Association. Instead, it would adhere to its founding purpose and help everyone develop, hand-in-hand.

Once this trouble with the Southern Business Association was cleared, Autumn

Field began expanding its offline business into the southern region's market.

Its branch in Strego City launched into operation, and the offline stores opened up for business. Autumn Field's products had also been shipped from Khanh City to Strego City, where they were then distributed throughout the southern region.

Hector didn't disappoint Winifred. On the third day after his phone call with Winifred, Rob Jackman was taken away by the authorities. Following an investigation, Southern Sophistication was on the verge of closing down.

Hector took this opportunity to acquire Southern Sophistication, and with much determination, he turned it into Autumn Field's biggest asset in the southern region'

s online world.

Everything was developing in a good direction.

Now that Tyr had helped Winifred settle this issue, it was time for him to take care of his business. His main goal here in Strego City was to turn the entire southern region into a chessboard. Once his chess game began, there was no turning back.

It was midnight inside a luxurious mansion. This mansion was enormous and extravagant. Whenever the lights were turned on at night, it gave off a magnificent feel. But this was all in the past. Right now, barely any lights were on inside this mansion. Only the streetlights were left to illuminate it.

This was the Saxton family's manor. Just a

week ago, this place was a scene of debauchery, but now, it looked desolate.

After the Saxton family collapsed, all of their corporations were seized. Many of the family's descendants and high-ranking officers were arrested. Meanwhile, the other family members took what was left of the family's fortune and fled Strego City, just like how rats abandon a sinking ship.

However, at this moment, a group of people was standing in the living room of the Saxton manor. The group consisted of more than fifty people, with each person holding a metal blade that gleamed in the night. Some of them even carried guns.

Chapter 556 Avenge Master Saxton

Half of these people were the Saxton family's elites, while the other half were Cinque Dragon's excellent subordinates. Standing in front of this group right now was a middle-aged man with a burly build. He was holding a dagger in his hand too.

This man was Yarren, the person who killed Toby Dragon in the Benz. Ever since he was a brat, Yarren had been serving under Hendrik Saxton. Thirty years had passed since then.

All these years, Hendrik had been good to Yarren. The man treated him like a brother. so Yarren was loyal to Hendrik.

Hence, now that Hendrik had been taken

down, Yarren couldn't possibly swallow his anger. Thus, he gathered the Saxton family's fighters to avenge the Saxton family. He also contacted Cinque Dragon's loyal subordinates, in hopes of borrowing their strength to take down Tyr's men.

At that instant, the mansion was filled with a murderous aura. The people present were either loyal to the Saxton family or loyal to Cinque.

After Cinque was killed by the Wolf's Den members, Cinque's brothers who had gone through thick and thin with him were naturally enraged. They wanted to kill Tyr Summers to avenge their big brother, but no action had been taken so far. Now that Yarren was leading the troops, everyone came forward without hesitation.

Of course, they didn't know that Yarren had killed Toby. Otherwise, the group would be battling Yarren's men right now.

Yarren was currently wiping his dagger with a handkerchief. The blade gleamed under his care and next, it was about to taste blood.

“Brothers, the Saxton family has fallen. I know that everyone is upset and confused. How could such a huge family collapse so suddenly? I can only tell you that our opponent this time is very strong. Too strong.

“Hence, for tonight's operation, even if we complete our mission, there will be no reward. Our only goal is to avenge Master Saxton and Cinque Dragon. Master Saxton will never be released, ever. We're not

capable of releasing him, but we can avenge him.”

At this, Yarren swept a glance at everyone present. “Tonight, we might lose our lives for Master Saxton and Cinque Dragon. If any of you wants to leave right now, I won’t force you to stay.”

Everyone in the group wore determined expressions.

A muscular man stepped up and said, “Brother Yarren, we’ve now come to this point. If any of our brothers felt fear, they wouldn’t have come here from the start.

“We all know how Master Saxton has treated us over the years. Without Master Saxton, we wouldn’t be here today, so let’s not talk anymore and attack!”

Other voices chimed in too.

“That’s right, let’s attack!”

“Without Master Cinque, we would have died on the streets long ago. There’s no need to say more. Even if we throw our lives away today, we have to take revenge.”

“Brother Yarren, go ahead and tell us what we need to do next.”

Of the fifty people, none of them were daunted. In fact, Yarren had suspected as much. He merely asked again just so he could confirm the resolution these people had.

“Tyr Summers has a group of powerful lunatics under his command. If we can eliminate these people, taking down Tyr

Summers and Autumn Field Group will be a cinch.

“I’ve found out the exact location of these lunatics. They’re staying in a warehouse in the north district. Autumn Field is using that place as their transit warehouse. Today, not only will we kill off these madmen, but we’ll also burn down their warehouse.

“After this, we will head to Autumn Field branch’s apartment to murder Tyr Summers, his wife, and all of Autumn Field’s staff,” Yarren declared.

It sounded like an insane plan. In fact, it really was insane. Yarren and his group had lost their sanity. And since they had gone mad, they could do just about anything.

“Alright! Sh*t! Let’s do this!”

Everyone had bloodshot eyes and were emitting murderous auras.

“Pour the wine!” Yarren instructed.

Immediately, someone poured out more than fifty glasses of wine.

Holding up a glass, Yarren took a deep breath before saying, “After drinking this wine, may we never turn back. Cheers, everyone.”

“Cheers!”

Everyone held up their glasses and finished their drinks in one go.

Yarren was the first to smash his glass onto the ground. He then pumped up a fist and yelled, “Let’s move out!”

The large group got into a dozen Land Rovers and drove towards Autumn Field's warehouse in an aggressive manner. There were many barrels of gasoline on the vehicles. Not only would they kill tonight, but they would also set fire.

The moon was hanging in the night sky and the autumn breeze was chilly. However, the atmosphere inside the warehouse was heated.

On the second day of Wolf's Den's arrival in Strego City, Max Cheever had moved everything they needed into this warehouse. He had completely replicated the Wolf's Den they had back in Khanh City.

In addition, some of the wolves and mastiffs were also shipped over. Max couldn't bring

too many of them because the animals couldn't get used to the environment here.

Right now, the Wolf's Den members were at the peak of their excitement. All twenty over members had been vigorously training themselves. Tyr told them that a war was coming, so they became even more desperate.

It was too lively inside the warehouse that no one took notice of what was happening outside.

More than ten Land Rovers had driven over and stopped in an empty land outside the warehouse area. Yarren was the first to jump out of the car, wiping his blade with his handkerchief again.

“This is the place. Burn this warehouse

down and then kill the people inside,” he instructed.

The group of fifty people quickly moved the gasoline barrels down from the cars and took them to the warehouse, ready to pour them over the buildings.

All of a sudden, a wolf and mastiff began barking madly, flustering the group. These barks didn't attract the attention of the Wolf's Den members inside the warehouse. After all, the beasts randomly barked like this every night.

Someone finally couldn't stand it and took out his gun to fire a shot at one of the mastiffs.

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot resonated in the

night skit. Having taken a bullet to its head, the mastiff whimpered before falling to the ground.

“Shut your f*cking trap and eat a bullet,” the man scolded as he put away his gun.

Then, he opened a gasoline barrel and splashed its contents onto the wall of a warehouse.

Meanwhile, inside the Wolf’s Den, the atmosphere was still lively from the vigorous training. It wasn’t until they heard the vague sound of a gunshot that everyone immediately fell silent!

Chapter 557 Massacre

Stephen Cole stopped and turned to his opponent, Jamie Sunder. “What’s going on? I think I heard something,” said Stephen.

Jamie frowned. “I think I heard something too.”

“It was the sound of a gunshot.” Ashblood immediately took out his gray knife from around his waist. “Someone fired a gun outside.”

“Let’s go out and take a look,” said Martin Jakeman.

Vanessa Harris, Fiona Jennings, and Matthew Collins came over too. The group of Wolf Den’s members quickly hurried

outside.

Once they reached the entrance, they saw Yarren leading more than fifty men as they splashed gasoline onto the warehouses.

Everyone was stunned for a few seconds.

Matthew scratched the back of his head, looking confused. “What are they doing?”

“My mastiff is dead!” Stephen bellowed, flaring up in anger as he stared at the mastiff lying in a pool of blood.

“F*ck! That’s gasoline. They’re pouring gasoline!”

“F*cking hell. They must be tired of living.”

Every Wolf’s Den member immediately came to their senses.

“Brothers, someone’s here to destroy our

turf! Let's smash them!"

Awwooo!!!

Sounds akin to wolf howls resonated through the skies above the warehouse. They were indeed the howls of wolves, but were mingled with the battle cries of each Wolf's Den member as well. The haunting sound sent shivers down one's spine.

When they noticed how unusual their opponents were, Yarren and his group began feeling uneasy. While they were still in a daze, Matthew and the others had begun charging madly at them.

It was all too sudden. There was no build-up. Their opponents didn't even ask Yarren and his group why they were here before pouncing at them.

By the time Yarren's group came to, about eight of their comrades had fallen.

“These are the people who killed Cinque Dragon back at the bridge. Those who want revenge, charge at them!” Yarren shouted.

Gripping the glistening blade in his hand, he began counterattacking the Wolf's Den members at once. Having served under the Saxton family's Hendrik Saxton for more than thirty years, Yarren was truly a remarkable fighter.

On the first encounter, he managed to send a Wolf's Den member flying back. His slashes were swift and ruthless, breaking quite a few bones of several opponents.

Just as Yarren was about to attack another Wolf's Den member, Ashblood lunged at

him.

Clang, clang, clang!

It was the unique sound of metals clashing. Sparks flew in the dark night.

Ashblood and Yarren exchanged more than several attacks, and finally, Yarren managed to slash Ashblood open. A bloody wound immediately appeared on Ashblood's body. Yet, the man kept pressing forward as if it was nothing to him.

Immediately, Vanessa and another blade-user on the Wolf's Den team joined the fray. They could tell how strong Yarren was, so they needed to cooperate to take him down.

At first, everyone in Wolf's Den had a strong sense of honor. In one-on-one fights, none of them wished for their teammates to

interrupt their battles. But as time went on and the group gained even more battle experience, their mentality began to take a huge turn.

Sometimes, solo battles didn't work. Wolf's Den was a team. They needed to cooperate with each other. It wasn't embarrassing to lose with many against one, but it would be shameful if they couldn't defeat their opponents.

Under the trio's impressive teamwork, Yarren was immediately forced back, and soon, his rhythm was thrown off.

Yarren was baffled because he never expected his opponents to be this strong. When it came to blades, the man was considered a top-class blade-user in Strego City. He even had a record of slashing away

thirty enemies on his own. Back then, he truly thought that he was invincible.

But right now, he realized that he wasn't as strong as he had imagined. To be exact, his current opponents were too insane.

On the other side, the remaining twenty Wolf's Den members managed to hold their own against fifty capable fighters. They could even be considered as having the upper hand. Even if their enemies were truly powerful, the Wolf's Den members were no longer at their previous level.

Tragic screams reverberated in front of the warehouse. Yarren's men began falling down one by one. And once they did, they were no longer able to get back up.

Of course, the Wolf's Den members weren't

completely unharmed either. By now, about half of them were wounded, with a few being heavily injured. However, it was like they didn't have nervous systems. No matter how many slash wounds they suffered, the Wolf's Den members never showed pain in their expressions. Instead, they looked even more menacing and crazed.

A few of Yarren's men had begun to collapse mentally.

'Who are these people? Are they crazy?'

In desperation, one of Yarren's men took out a gun and fired a shot at a Wolf's Den member. The shot hit its target in the shoulder. But when he saw his enemy dig his fingers into the gunshot wound to forcefully pull out the bullet, the man was dumbstruck.

He even felt a mental breakdown coming

when he saw the Wolf's Den member laughing like a lunatic, holding the bullet in his hand.

“This is f*cking crazy!”

“Hehehe... Hahaha!”

This Wolf's Den member was Stephen Cole. Pinching the bloody bullet between his fingers, he laughed as he walked over to the man who fired the shot.

“A man should fight with his fist. What are you doing with a gun?” said Stephen.

At that moment, his brazen and barbaric aura was in full force. Just his air was enough to fluster his opponent.

In a flurry of panic, Stephen's opponent fired a few more shots at him. But perhaps it

was due to nervousness, every shot ended up missing, with one even hitting his own comrade.

“Trash! What kind of man uses a gun?”

Stephen had reached his target. Gripping the man by his throat, Stephen growled, “Swallow it!”

The man was gaping with widened eyes. Stephen stuffed the bloody bullet in his hand into the man’s mouth. With a slap, followed by a gulping sound, the man ended up swallowing the bullet after Stephen hit him.

Bam!

Stephen sent the man flying with a kick before turning away to walk towards another opponent. Completely ignoring the

gunshot wound on his shoulder, Stephen swiftly defeated another guy.

The other Wolf's Den members were now in a similar predicament as Stephen.

What started out as a brawl turned into a one-sided massacre. It was a bloody mess at the warehouse gates, with hysterical cries filling the air. What a tragic scene!

Chapter 558 Survival Of The Fittest

The battle went on for about ten minutes. When it finally ended, the air was filled with the foul smell of blood.

Yarren was dead. Hacked down by Ashblood, Vanessa Harris, and another Wolf's Den member. But this was a tragic battle because Ashblood and Vanessa had been injured by Yarren, while the other Wolf's Den member simply died under Yarren's blade.

Corpses were lying everywhere and blood stained the ground red. Every Wolf's Den member was covered with blood, either their enemies' or their own.

Inside the warehouse, Torbert Octavius stretched lazily, seeming to have just woken

up. Max Cheever went over to him with a grim expression.

“One of ours died. Eleven were heavily injured and the others are wounded as well. Torbert, if you had taken action, we might not have suffered such heavy losses,” said Max.

Torbert seemed unfazed as he replied, “From now until the war, I won’t be taking any action.”

“Why not?” Max was confused.

“Because, for Wolf’s Den, the war has already begun. During a war, some will die and others will get hurt. Only those who survive can truly be considered strong. This is what they mean by survival of the fittest.

“These enemies here today are the Saxton

family's fighters. As they are one of the elite families in the southern region, you can use this to gauge the other families' strength.”

At this, Torbert suddenly displayed an unprecedented seriousness. “But the opponent we will be facing isn't an elite family, but a first-rate family of the south. Also, we won't be facing just one family.”

Patting Max on the shoulder, Torbert added, “Do you understand what I mean now? Getting hurt now is far better than dying the instant the final war begins.”

“It was the boss who asked you to pass on this message, wasn't it?” asked Max, having come to a realization.

Torbert stretched lazily again before answering, “Smart people will always

understand. Get someone to clean this place up. From now on, I'll be personally training these guys myself.”

“Got it!”

Max made a phone call, and soon, a large truck arrived at the warehouse to take away the corpses of Yarren and his men. Max indeed had a large network of contacts. No matter where he was, he could still find help with corpse disposals.

After that, he called Tyr Summers to report tonight's incident. Tyr's comments were more or less similar to what Torbert had said. Rather than being wiped out the minute the final war began, it was better to let them accept this cruel reality right now. Only those who managed to survive could be considered truly capable.

This was the law of nature. Survival of the fittest.

The next morning, inside Juliet Jones' mansion.

Juliet no longer feared that Kendall Jones would appear to haunt her. Ever since she made it through that hurdle, she hadn't seen her brother for quite some time now.

In fact, his image had always been Juliet's hallucination. Now that she wasn't scared anymore, Kendall disappeared as well.

However, even if she wasn't seeing him anymore, Juliet still maintained some of the habits she picked up during her distress. For example, soaking herself in the pool. She had come to love the feeling of her body being enveloped by the ice-cold water.

Hence, whenever she had time, Juliet would take a swim, and then dive under the freezing water to enjoy being wrapped and squeezed by the water pressure.

Juliet inhaled deeply before sinking below the water's surface. She held her breath for almost two minutes.

Standing beside the pool, Jaren grew anxious when Juliet didn't come back up after a while. He decided to jump into the pool to drag Juliet back up. Just as he was about to dive in, Juliet abruptly surfaced.

"Jaren, did you want to come in and wash up as well?" Juliet teased when she saw how Jaren was ready to jump in.

Jaren breathed a sigh of relief and answered, "No, I just..."

“Were you worried that I’d drown just like before?” Juliet asked.

“Yeah!”

Monks never lied, so Jaren nodded without hesitation.

“Haha, I already told you that I’m not afraid of Kendall anymore. And he will never appear before me again.”

Juliet swam over to Jaren. Staring at the monk through the water droplets before her eyes, for some reason, she began to sense a unique feeling for him.

Jaren was actually very handsome. If he had hair, the young hunks on television couldn’t even compare to him. In addition to his habit of dressing in all white, the man gave

off a divine and ethereal aura.

If Jaren existed in a martial arts novel, he would definitely be the male lead!

“Jaren, do you want to come in and bathe with me?” Juliet asked without a hint of shame.

Jaren shook his head, clearly stating his rejection. However, Juliet ignored his reaction and grabbed his ankle without warning. With a forceful tug, she pulled him into the water.

Following a loud splash, Jaren was now completely drenched. His silk-like white outfit clung to his body after getting wet, instantly outlining his perfect figure.

Noticing the hint of shyness in Jaren’s flustered expression, Juliet doubled over in

laughter.

She kept splashing water at Jaren's face, giggling as she said, "What's wrong, Jaren? Are you getting shy from bathing in the same pool as me?"

Jaren immediately flushed. "My lady, stop joking."

As he spoke, Jaren turned around to get out of the pool but Juliet suddenly pounced at him, leaning her body against his back.

"Jaren, we're like mandarin ducks playing in the water," she teased.

"My lady, stop fooling around."

Every inch of Jaren's face was crimson, right up to the tips of his ears. Prior to this, just accidentally touching Juliet's hand made

him feel as if he had sinned. He didn't know how to handle her making fun of him like this now.

Lately, Jaren had sensed a change in Juliet's behavior. The young woman seemed intent on conveying something to him.

“My lady, please let me go.”

Though Jaren wanted to push Juliet away, he was reluctant to use force for fear of hurting her. But Juliet was relentless. The more Jaren resisted, the more excited she got.

Juliet ended up clinging onto him like an octopus, and she then blew gently at his ear. “Jaren, be honest. Do you like me?”

Chapter 559 I Can't Sleep With Tyr Summers Alive

Those words came out of Juliet Jones' mouth in the mellowest voice. Even a monk like Jaren found it difficult to resist her tone. His body immediately shuddered.

“My lady, let go of me,” Jaren urged.

“No. Jaren, answer me honestly. Do you like me?” As she spoke, Juliet leaned in closer to his ear, until her lips eventually touched the tip of his ear.

Jaren felt half of his mind go numb. The blood in his veins seemed to have frozen. “My lady, I...”

“Answer me honestly...”

Yet, Jaren stopped talking and simply stood still in the water like a wooden post.

“Hahahaha!” Juliet suddenly burst out in laughter.

Finally letting go of Jaren, she swam to the poolside, and then got out of the pool to sit on a beach chair.

“I was just playing with you, Jaren. Look at you, you’ve turned into a red bamboo stick. How amusing,” Juliet teased.

Jaren remained in the water, stunned for a while, before eventually getting out. “My lady, please stop teasing me like this.”

Juliet scanned Jaren up and down with a vague look in her eyes. “Jaren, that question just now... I hope that you’ll be able to give

me an honest answer someday.”

A servant handed Juliet a towel and she took it to Jaren, wiping off the water droplets on his face. To be precise, they weren't water droplets but sweat.

“I'll do it myself, my lady,” said Jaren, taking the towel from Juliet and rubbing his face with it.

Juliet smiled. “Jaren, the Saxton family has fallen and the Southern Business Association has been dissolved. The southern corporate world now has a new Southern Commerce Chamber, led by Autumn Field Group. Winifred Zea is its chairwoman. Do you know who she is?”

Jaren shook his head. He didn't care about world affairs. Other than staying by Juliet's

side, protecting her, Jaren didn't care about anything else. Hence, Jaren had no idea who Winifred was.

“Winifred Zea is Tyr Summers's wife,” Juliet explained.

“Oh,” Jaren replied softly.

Juliet took a deep breath before continuing, “Jaren, did you know? I've never been afraid of anyone all my life. But this Tyr Summers taught me fear.

“Where do you think he got his connections and capabilities? To think he could take down the Saxton family and the Southern Business Association in such a short amount of time. It's too incredible. Is Tyr Summers a god?

“Jaren, did you know? I'm very terrified

right now.”

Jaren was briefly silent before answering, “My lady, I’ll always be by your side. I’ll stop anyone who tries to harm you.”

“Hehe,” Juliet chuckled. “Jaren, you can’t stop Tyr Summers.”

“But I will do my best.”

Juliet suddenly hooked a hand behind Jaren’s neck and pressed a swift kiss onto his forehead. “Jaren, in this world, you’re the only person who’s sincerely nice to me. Stop calling me ‘my lady’. Call me Juliet. Okay?”

‘Juliet!’ Jaren mused in his heart.

Immediately he felt as if he had been struck by lightning. This form of addressing her was too ambiguous, so Jaren would never

call her that.

“My lady, I can't,” he said.

Juliet wasn't annoyed and simply said, “Jaren, someday, you will call me that. Alright, go take a shower and get changed. Follow me somewhere.”

“Where to, my lady?”

“To find a group of strong people. People who can take Tyr Summers down. As long as he's alive, I can't sleep,” Juliet answered.

Half an hour later, Juliet and Jaren changed into clean clothes and left the mansion. Getting into the red Bentley, the duo drove out of the mansion's grounds.

Dunham Lakefront was a newly developed

villa district in Strego City. This area was huge, taking up a vast space. The structural design and quality of these mansions were also nicely done.

However, this villa district wasn't very popular. While it was named 'Dunham Lakefront', it was actually quite far away from Dunham Lake.

Strego City had been developing rapidly over the years, especially here in the area around Dunham Lake. As the country's famous tourist spot, the lake was exceptionally popular. Hence, this location was among the first few to be developed. Many mansions and apartments were built around the lake several years earlier and they all sold like hotcakes back then.

However, in recent years, as market

demands were gradually satiated, and the ideal locations were all taken up, it became unrealistic for Dunham Lakefront's developers to try making money from selling villas here.

Today, forget selling, it was difficult to even rent out these villas.

At that moment, Tyr went into Dunham Lakefront's sales gallery by himself. A property salesperson immediately came up to receive him warmly.

The man had no choice. Their current predicament didn't allow them to be prideful. After all, their villas being unpopular wasn't something they should be cocky about. Thus, the moment Tyr entered, a group of sales staff hovered around him, bringing him tea and greeting him ardently.

What a passionate bunch.

As the salesman led Tyr over to the scale models, he rambled on endlessly, eloquently introducing the property!

“Sir, are you here to purchase a villa? We have all kinds of designs and all of them are facing nice directions. The furthest front unit even overlooks the beautiful Dunham Lake.

“Although it’s a little far away, the view isn’t obstructed. Our property is also having a promotional activity right now, so the prices are very attractive.

“Sir, just let me know which unit you’re interested in. I will surely satisfy your requests.”

Taking a glass of water another salesperson

was handing him, Tyr took a sip before asking, “How many mansions are there in your Dunham Lakefront district?”

The salesman immediately answered, “Including the townhouses and mansions, there are more than eighty units.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded slightly and then finished his water. “With only about eighty units, this district doesn’t seem all that huge.”

The salesman was mildly irked. “Not that huge?”

Although Dunham Lakefront’s district wasn’t exactly huge, on this precious remaining land around Dunham Lake, it was still considered large. Moreover, these units were mansions and not high-rises, so being

able to house about eighty units was quite significant enough.

“Sir, I think the environment is just as important a factor for residential purposes. The smaller the district, the more convenient it’ll be. If you purchase a unit here, you will definitely be able to enjoy the perks that large villa districts won’t be able to offer.”

Tyr nodded. “That’s true. About eighty should be enough. Alright then. Go on and prepare the documents. I’ll take every unit here in Dunham Lakefront.”

Chapter 560 I'll Take It All

“What?!”

When Tyr said something like that, the salesman was shocked. He wasn't the only one stunned, the other staff were gaping as well. Many people surrounded Tyr once more.

Buying all eighty over units in Dunham Lakefront? What kind of joke was this?

Everyone was staring incredulously at Tyr. One of the salespeople was even prepared to call for security.

‘Is this guy too bored? He must be here to toy with us,’ wondered the salesman.

Out loud, he said, “Sir, this joke of yours

really isn't funny.”

Tyr frowned mildly. “Do I look like I’m joking? If none of you can make a decision, call your boss over. I’ll talk to him myself.”

Having said that, Tyr took out a black and gold debit card and placed it on the counter. “There’s no limit to this card. It can load any amount.”

“Are you serious?”

The staff suddenly found it hard to breathe. None of them dared to act carelessly. Even if they were skeptical about Tyr being able to afford all the units in Dunham Lakefront, but what if it was true? Hence, they didn’t dare to offend Tyr either.

And so, the person in charge of this place immediately called up the property

developer. About half an hour later, several luxurious cars stopped outside the sales gallery's entrance and a large group of people hurried over.

Leading the group was a balding man. His surname was Lucas, many people called him Mr. Lucas. This Mr. Lucas was the owner of Dunham Lakefront.

“Where is the customer?”

Once inside, Mr. Lucas couldn't resist looking around before noticing Tyr and going over to him.

“Are you the owner of Dunham Lakefront?” Tyr asked.

“I am,” replied Mr. Lucas, quickly shaking Tyr's hand.

After seeing how young Tyr was, Mr. Lucas

was also skeptical about Tyr's buying power. But this wouldn't take up much of his time. Dunham Lakefront wasn't selling well anyway, so what if the young man was a genuine buyer? Thus, Mr. Lucas was just as polite and ardent to Tyr.

"How may I address you, sir?" Mr. Lucas asked.

"My surname is Summers," Tyr answered.

"Ah, nice to meet you, Mr. Summers. Are you really planning on purchasing every unit in Dunham Lakefront?"

"That's right." Tyr nodded. "I'm rather busy, so just tell me whether you're willing to sell. If you are, let's sign the agreement now. If you're not, I can leave right now."

Mr. Lucas quickly said, "We're selling. Of

course, we're selling. Mr. Summers, please come and have a seat.”

Mr. Lucas invited Tyr into a VIP room and then instructed his staff to prepare the contracts. Ten minutes later, his assistant reappeared, holding a large stack of documents and contracts.

With a smile, Mr. Lucas said, “Mr. Summers, our Dunham Lakefront isn't exactly a huge district. We have a total of eighty-three mansions, with fifty of them being townhouses, while thirty of them are standalone.

“The townhouses cost about nine million each, the standalone units fifteen million, and the better-located units in the front are thirty-five million each.”

Tyr nodded. “Sum it all up. Right, these

units are all renovated, aren't they?"

"Exquisitely renovated and ready to move in. Hence, our mansions really aren't that expensive at all. I'm sure Mr. Summers would agree that renovation costs are like a black hole. They're really pricey once you get started," Mr. Lucas explained.

"Yeah." Tyr nodded. "How much is the total?"

Mr. Lucas's assistant had begun tapping away on a calculator to tabulate the total sum. Soon, she had the final figure. "Mr. Summers, the total is one point twenty-eight billion."

"Okay." Tyr nodded again.

Worried that Tyr might not go through with the purchase, Mr. Lucas quickly added, "Mr.

Summers if you're genuinely interested, we can offer three years of free property management fees.”

“Great!” Tyr simply handed him his card. “Swipe this. The password is six sixes. I'll be here signing the papers.”

“We... we have a deal?”

Mr. Lucas and his group were stunned. This deal was settled so easily! Meanwhile, Tyr had lifted the pen and begun signing the contracts swiftly.

“Mr. Summers, don't you want to take a look at the contracts first?” asked Mr. Lucas, feeling as if this was all just a dream.

Tyr shook his head. “There's no need to. If you're brave enough to con me, there will never be a place for you in this world again.”

Mr. Lucas suddenly felt an indescribable chill run down his back. This declaration sounded like a joke, but for some reason, when it came out of Tyr's mouth, Mr. Lucas couldn't help but believe it was true.

Soon, the assistant was done swiping Tyr's card and she returned with great excitement. "Mr. Summers, here is your card."

Putting his card away, Tyr stood up. "Alright. The deal is done. In a few days, I'll be bringing my people over, so have the necessary preparations done."

'The payment transaction... was a success?' Mr. Lucas was having a hard time processing this. 'This young man's card really had billions of dollars?'

Long after Tyr had left the place, the staff gradually regained their senses. The entire group immediately burst into cheers. It was just too incredible. They had assumed that no one would ever buy their property, but who knew that a tycoon would suddenly appear today and buy every unit on sale.

They were also awed by how insanely capable the tycoons nowadays were. Spending billions was like buying cabbage in the supermarket for them. They couldn't even be bothered to look at the price.

After exiting the sales gallery, Tyr drove back to Autumn Field's apartment. While he was driving, Tyr gave Carson Yorke a call, which got through immediately.

“Congratulations, Little Tyr. Who knew that

you could help Autumn Field secure its standing in the southern region so quickly. I now realize that these so-called southern elite families are nothing before your prowess,” said Carson.

“Stop teasing me, Uncle Yorke. I had help from experts this time,” Tyr replied. “This game of chess in the southern region is about to begin. We should start preparing ourselves as well.

“Uncle Yorke, I’ve bought a district of mansions here in Strego City, so you can start sending your men over.”

Carson was briefly silent on the other end before speaking, “Little Tyr, with the Jones family still there, if we rush over to Strego City so hastily, wouldn’t that invoke unwanted trouble? Are you sure we have to

move so quickly?”

Tyr smiled. “I’ve never thought anything of the Jones family. In just a few days, like the Saxton family, they too will disappear from Strego City.”

Chapter 561 Phantom Marionette

“Alright then, I’ll get the preparations done on my end. I will send them over before you’ve finished dealing with the Jones family. As for West Suez’s Canonteign Mansion, I’ll get Dickson Watt to contact them,” said Carson Yorke.

“Great. Right, that Dickson Watt is an insensitive man. I think you’re quite fond of him as a son-in-law, but Connie doesn’t seem to be pleased with him,” replied Tyr.

Carson chortled. “I don’t feel like meddling too much in the youngsters’ affairs. They can do as they please. But I know my own daughter best.

“Although she says she’s not fond of

Dickson, I can tell that this lass had feelings for him from the start. So, it'll just be a matter of time until they get together.

“Sigh, Little Tyr, although I can't find a son-in-law as excellent as you, having that brat, Dickson, be my son-in-law isn't that bad either.”

“Hehe,” Tyr chuckled and said no more on the subject. “Tell Godmother I said hi.”

Then, Tyr ended the call and drove to Autumn Field's apartment.

Simultaneously, inside an old housing area in the outskirts of Strego City.

This area had been requisitioned by the local government many years ago. It was supposed to be re-developed into a district of villas, but due to various conflicts, this

piece of land hadn't been touched since.

The locals had already moved away, so this place turned into a ghost town. Weeds grew everywhere and the streets were covered in moss. Some of the houses had even collapsed from lack of maintenance over the years.

Barely anyone visited this place. Sometimes, thrill-seeking youngsters would come here to do live broadcasts and conduct haunted house adventure programs to attract an audience.

However, about half a month ago, a supernatural incident happened right here. A few youngsters had come here to do a livestream, and as they did, they accidentally caught a ghost wandering about on camera.

That ghost was horrifying. According to the rumors, the ghost's face was rotten, as if its skin had peeled away. It was gruesome to look at.

When the ghost appeared, this group of youngsters was frightened out of their wits. They scampered away, and since then, rumors of this place being haunted were spread around. It was because of this news that the housing area became even more deserted. Now, even young streamers didn't come here anymore.

This day, the skies were gloomy. With the sun hidden away, this housing area seemed so much darker and scarier.

However, a red Bentley suddenly sped into the area and stopped on the empty, weed-

covered ground. Juliet Jones got out of the car frowning hard. Following beside her was Jaren.

Jaren studied the environment and asked, “My lady, what are we doing here? This place is creepy.”

Juliet snorted a laugh. “Jaren, you’re a Buddhist but you’re afraid of ghosts?”

“I’m not.” Jaren shook his head. “But I can sense a dangerous aura from this place. It’s like there are many wild beasts hidden here. My lady, we have to be careful.”

“Jaren, you’re spot on. There are wild beasts hidden in this place and they’ve been living here for almost a month,” said Juliet.

“Who are they?” Jaren asked in confusion. However, before Juliet could answer him,

right in front of their eyes, someone walked out of a building covered in Boston ivy.

In an instant, Juliet felt the blood in her veins freeze. “Is that a human or a ghost?”

Across them, dressed in black, a man with a face so deformed that his features couldn't be differentiated was walking toward them. He had no nose, his teeth were showing, and his eyeballs were even protruding from their sockets. There were craters all over his skin, as if his face had been washed with sulfuric acid.

This man was utterly horrendous. If he were to act in a horror movie, he wouldn't require any special effects makeup. He must be the ghost previously shown on the livestream.

Jaren was frowning as well. He

subconsciously shielded Juliet behind him while he stared cautiously at the man.

Stopping about five meters away from the pair, the man started laughing. This man's laughter was even scarier than his cries.

“Miss Juliet Jones, I already told you that you should be mentally prepared for my frightening appearance. But now, it seems like you're not prepared at all.”

The man actually spoke. This proved that he wasn't a ghost. But were ghosts even real in the first place?

His voice was extremely hoarse with a very constricted feel to it. It sounded like his vocal cords had also been rinsed with sulfuric acid.

Juliet took a deep breath before saying, “

How should I know that you'd look this terrifying?"

The man seemed unfazed by the comment about his appearance. He didn't care if anyone was prejudiced against him either. Quite the opposite, he was fond of his current appearance because this terrifying outlook could cause heavy psychological damage to his opponents during first encounters.

Once his opponent was disturbed, they would get flustered. Once they were flustered, this man could finish them off quickly. Hence, wherever he went, he didn't wear a mask. Even when he was in places where onlookers were everywhere, such as at the airport or on trains, he would maintain this appearance.

It was as if he enjoyed watching people avoid him out of fear. He wanted them to fear him, to be terrified of him. Not only was this man's face deformed, but his heart was also just as twisted.

It took Juliet quite a while to force herself to accept his appearance. Then, she carefully approached him.

“You're Phantom Marionette?” she asked.

“Isn't it obvious?” replied the man.

Phantom Marionette crinkled his eyes and pointed to his face before extending a hand to Juliet. His hand was just as horrendous as his face. It seemed like every part of this guy had been washed with sulfuric acid.

“What do you want?” Juliet asked with a

frown.

“Don’t people shake hands during first meetings?” Phantom Marionette asked in return.

But, Juliet didn’t bother to conceal her disdain for Phantom Marionette at all. “I think we should just forget it. If I shake your hand, I won’t be able to sleep at night.”

Juliet was too direct, but Phantom Marionette didn’t seem annoyed. As mentioned, this man was most pleased with his own appearance. To him, it was a badge of honor.

Chapter 562 Another Group Of Assassins

In fact, Phantom Marionette had not been doused in sulphuric acid. Instead, he had been burned.

Phantom Marionette hailed from Infinite City. As a child, he was no different from a doll. He was porcelain white with a cowardly personality.

Infinite City was a very chaotic place to be at the time. Various underground gangs were in existence. Most juvenile delinquents were already mingling with the top dogs from these back alley gangs while they still attended school.

School bullying had been a very prevalent

issue back then. Phantom Marionette was someone who had always been pushed around in school. He had been picked on from his kindergarten days, and the bullying continued all the way to high school.

Once, someone with malicious intentions locked him in a changing cubicle during gym class. Due to the scorching weather, the changing room caught on fire. Phantom Marionette, who had been locked inside, nearly burned to death.

He had suffered extensive burns all over his body, and though he was rescued, his face was charred beyond recognition.

Phantom Marionette was subsequently bed-ridden for two years. Even after a variety of skin transplantation treatments, he had still

turned out looking like a freak who barely resembled a human.

After he was discharged from the hospital, the first thing he did was to seek revenge on those who had tyrannized him back then. Within a single week, Phantom Marionette killed eight people in various brutal ways, which caused a stir in Infinite City at that time.

Following the incident, Phantom Marionette vanished.

Three years later, he reemerged as a formidable, internationally-renowned assassin, ranked in the top twenty on the assassin chart, and was extremely famous.

And it was this very same Phantom Marionette whom Juliet Jones had sought

out this time. She wanted to recruit assassins and mercenaries to deal with Tyr Summers.

“Where are the others?” asked Juliet.

As she looked around, taking in her surroundings, she felt a pang of discomfort rush over her.

Shouldn't these so-called internationally-renowned killers be staying in hotels or sleeping on the beach or something of the sort? Why were they living like petty thieves?

Truth be told, these international assassins were Class A wanted criminals around the globe. How would they dare to stay in hotels? Wherever they went, their accommodation would be located in a remote and desolate area, making it easier

for them to lay low. ❶

For these assassins and mercenaries, the Celestial Empire was a forbidden land. If they dared to strut about within the city, they would have long been arrested by the Celestial Empire's special forces.

“Inside. Please follow me,” said Phantom Marionette, swiveling around and heading towards a gloomy dwelling in the back.

Concurrently, a group of more than ten people were stationed within the three-story building. The room was littered with beer bottles and various plastic containers. A dozen people of all colors and ages, both male and female were present.

Most people were casually lounging on the floor or leaning against the window toying

with their phones. There were four individuals who were playing mahjong. The four had Eurocentric features but seemed well-versed with mahjong.

“If I ever retire in the future, I want to spend my retirement in the Celestial Empire. It’s pretty good here. There’s good food, lots to do. Take mahjong for example. It’s a thousand times more entertaining than poker.”

The one who spoke was a stocky dark-skinned man with emerald rings adorning his fingers. He looked no different from a thug.

Across from him sat a blonde woman who said, “Oh, I’d be bored here. If it weren’t for Phantom Marionette saying he’d pick up a major deal, I would’ve left this sh*t hole a

long f*cking time ago.

“We shouldn’t have pursued Dark Shura. There’s not even a single f*cking sign of him. We’ve wasted more than a month here. Bed bugs are going to start attaching themselves on me the longer I stay in this hellhole.”

Over by the window, a bearded man wearing a black compression tank chimed in, “Mary, you should feel content and grateful.

“You should’ve received the news. Dark Shura led all of us to the Celestial Empire for a reason. The Goddess Mountain incident has been spread throughout the dark web.

“Emerald Devil, Adam, and the others encountered Regal Palace’s Master on Goddess Mountain and were all slaughtered.

Even top mercenary groups like the Leopard Mercenary Corps and Cobra Mercenaries were not spared.

“Fortunately, we were not as impulsive as they were. Otherwise, all of us present now would have fates no different from Adam and the others.”

Everyone present suddenly fell silent.

When they received news of the incident on Goddess Mountain, they were stunned.

Regal Palace’s Master really lived up to his name. One man actually managed to take out so many assassins, mercenaries, as well as bounty hunters. How terrifying.

These people, like Emerald Devil and Adam before them, were assassins and mercenaries who pursued Dark Shura and

eventually found themselves in the Celestial Empire. Compared to Adam's group, they were significantly weaker.

Back then, Adam and the others had found Dark Shura's trail and rushed up Goddess Mountain as quickly as they could to finish off their target. Then, they ran into Tyr Summers.

Meanwhile, while this group of people were only halfway up the mountain, they received news from some friends on the mountain. That was when they realized that the situation seemed off, so they all retreated.

Later, they witnessed people from Six Doors driving up the mountain in a hearse.

Although they did not see the remains inside the vehicle, they understood in their hearts that if they had gone up the mountain

earlier, none of them would have left it alive.

They also found several corpses at the foot of Goddess Mountain, that of the Cobra Mercenaries.

They fled Goddess Mountain that night with the intent to sneak away. However, for some reason, the Celestial Empire had suddenly begun to enforce martial law and blocked off their escape paths.

Afterwards, they passed through many cities in the Celestial Empire, and eventually found themselves in Strego City. It wasn't until half a month ago that the martial law had been lifted.

However, they did not leave the Celestial Empire the first chance they got. They were the world's top assassins, mercenaries, and

bounty hunters. Never had they made a trip in vain. When breaking into a house, a thief must at least grab a handful of ash before leaving.

A week ago, Juliet contacted Phantom Marionette with a request for them to help her kill a man for ten million.

Ten million was indeed far too inadequate for these people. After all, there were more than a dozen individuals here. If the spoils were to be divided, everyone would have less than a million.

But, what luxury did they have to be picky about it? So many of them had been living in such a dreary house over this period. What a suffocating situation.

At first, they were disturbed from time to

time by the local youngsters trespassing to livestream the area. It wasn't until Phantom Marionette went to scare those people away that they stopped coming.

This group had waited here for such a long time for a sponsor to finally arrive.

There was a knock on the door, and Juliet and Jaren strode in from outside, led by Phantom Marionette.

Chapter 563 Stormbringer

Juliet Jones did not look pleased by their living circumstances. If she did not know the identities of these individuals beforehand, it would be difficult for her to imagine them as top international assassins or bounty hunters.

“May I have everyone’s attention? Our investor is here. Gather round,” said Phantom Marionette, his voice reverberating through the room.

The location was already more than eerie. But now it just seemed like a horror movie.

The blonde woman glanced Phantom Marionette’s way and disparaged, “We have eyes. Can you shut your trap if you have

nothing of importance to convey? It's f*cking creepy.”

“Hehe!” Phantom Marionette hemmed and hawed a bizarre laugh, then settled to the side.

The blonde walked toward Juliet and held out her hand. “Hello, beautiful. My name is Mary.”

“Nice to meet you,” replied Juliet, seeming calm as she exchanged pleasantries with the fair-haired woman.

Juliet's psychological integrity was indeed remarkable. Even amidst so many murderous fiends, she did not show the slightest bit of trepidation. However, she was undoubtedly on edge. She was simply struggling to keep herself composed.

The African American at the mahjong table interjected, “Who do you want us to kill? The truth is, any one of us here can do the job you’re offering. But we all want to earn a share.

“We can all help you. Or, you can pick one of us.”

Juliet shook her head. “I won’t pick just one because I need all of you. The man I want killed is very strong.”

“How strong?” The dark-skinned man stood up, smiling as he approached Juliet. “You’re a pretty one, little miss!”

“Thank you,” Juliet answered curtly. “But dark-skinned men are not my type.”

Everyone burst into laughter, while the

black man grinned awkwardly, revealing a row of white teeth. “If you want all of us to show up, ten million is far too low a price.”

“Ten million is the deposit. If you manage to kill the target, everyone will get ten million each,” said Juliet.

“What?!”

Everyone unanimously stared at Juliet. For a while, everyone seemed extremely interested in her proposition.

“Tell us, who do you want dead? It doesn’t matter how strong you say this person is. We can handle it for you.”

Juliet set down a check on the mahjong table. “You will come to the Jones family of Strego City tomorrow night at eight. Then, you will kill whoever we tell you to kill.”

“Fine!”

An assassin near the mahjong table picked up the check and kissed it. They were not worried that Juliet would write a blank check because they did not believe that she dared to do so.

“This is the ten million deposit. Once everything has been settled, I’ll credit the rest to each of your designated accounts.”

With that, Juliet turned to leave without looking back.

The African American still intended to keep her from leaving. “You really don’t want to stay and play for a little longer, beautiful?”

“Like I said, I’m not interested in dark-skinned men.”

“But, I’m interested in you.”

Unrelenting, the black man trailed after Juliet. Jaren frowned as he stood in the other party’s way.

“Get out of the way, monk of the east. I’m not interested in you,” said the black man.

“Stand down, Jaren,” Juliet commanded.

Jaren acquiesced and retreated to the side, while Juliet stepped forward and sized up the dark-skinned man.

“I’m really good at this, little miss,” he said.

Juliet’s eyes flashed a stern look. She threatened word by word, “Believe it or not, I can offer up ten million right now and have these temporary partners of yours take your

life.”

The black man’s pupils shrank, and for a moment he was at a loss for words.

“Hmph!” Juliet snorted coldly and turned to leave. With Jaren in tow, she left the building.

As she passed through an alleyway, Jaren suddenly cautioned, “My lady, there is still a group of people hiding over there, and they seem even more formidable than the group just now.”

“I know.”

Juliet inclined her head slightly in acknowledgment, looking towards the building a distance away. Concurrently, a figure stood by a window, and he seemed to be gazing right at her as well. The corners of

Juliet's lips inadvertently lifted.

The duo walked back to their Bentley and took off. The area seemed to have become quiet again, enveloped by the eerie atmosphere.

At that moment, a man with long hair wearing a trench coat, with sunglasses framed on his face, stood over at the building Juliet had looked fixedly at. And behind him stood a group of tough, heavily armed men in special black combat uniforms.

They were a mercenary force going by the name Stormbringer Mercenaries.

The leader of this mercenary group was the long-haired man in the trench coat. His name was Stormbringer.

The mercenary regiment was held to a higher regard in the international sphere than the aforementioned Leopard Mercenary Corps and Cobra Mercenaries. They were one of the top mercenary corps in the international scene.

Behind Stormbringer, a man with an AK on his back remarked, “Leader, is that woman the one who sought you out to collaborate?”

When the Leopard Mercenary Corps entered the country, they were not able to bring in their heavy firearms, because the inspections here were too stringent.

However, it was unknown what means the Stormbringer Mercenaries employed to actually have all their weapons shipped in.

“That’s right.” Stormbringer nodded. “

Thanks to us keeping an eye out in advance and guessing Dark Shura's plot, we were saved from the battle that occurred on Goddess Mountain.

“Otherwise, we would have had to be buried on Goddess Mountain, just like Panthera and the others.”

The man behind Stormbringer sneered. “Leader, I think you're overestimating Regal Palace's Master. Perhaps it would've been Tyr Summers who died if we had been there.”

“Oh, really?” Stormbringer turned to look at his subordinate, then took off his sunglasses that were resting on the bridge of his nose. “Look me in the eye and repeat yourself.”

“Leader!” The man felt nervous and was at

a loss for words.

Stormbringer put on the sunglasses once more. “Confidence is okay, but you must not be arrogant.

“Tyr Summers is not someone easy to deal with. If not as a last resort, do not clash with the men of Regal Palace. That man is still the master of Regal Palace after all.”

The man hurriedly nodded. Stormbringer was akin to a god-like existence in the hearts of his grunts. The fact that Tyr Summers made the deity of their hearts dread him showed that he was indeed an existence to be feared.

Chapter 564 Routine Is Needed In Life

Stormbringer continued to stand by the window. The eyes beneath the shades glanced in the direction Phantom Marionette's group was stationed.

The grunt behind him asked, "Leader, I've always wondered what that woman is up to. Why did she come to us if she approached Phantom Marionette?"

"That's because Phantom Marionette's group is that woman's cannon fodder. They're all going to die!" replied Stormbringer.

"Why?"

"Because the person that woman wants

them to deal with is the master of Regal Palace.”

“What?!”

For a time, the Stormbringer Mercenaries members all froze.

“Leader, you just said Tyr Summers was difficult to deal with and told us not to mess with him. So, why did you accept that woman’s offer?”

Stormbringer turned around, a faint smile surfacing on his countenance. “I didn’t say we were going to deal with Tyr Summers. Go prepare. The hundred million bounty is not a difficult matter for us. We’ll leave this hellhole as soon as we complete the mission.”

With that said, Stormbringer slapped

himself hard on his forehead and murmured, “Anyway, I have no intentions of provoking that demon. Ever.”

That evening, Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea prepared a candlelit dinner at their apartment and were in the midst of enjoying it. Life required a sense of routine. No matter where they were, and what they became occupied with, a couple’s harmonious life remained a necessity.

“Honey, how are things going with the Southern Commerce Chamber?” Tyr asked, swished the glass of red wine in his hand.

Winifred answered, “Everything is in preparation. The authorities have sent out the letters. The southern enterprises did not reject it and have expressed their willingness to join the Southern Commerce

Chamber. Everything has been going smoothly.

“I think the Southern Commerce Chamber will hold a launch event in half a month’s time, and that’s when it will be considered officially established.”

“Good.” Tyr nodded. “Previously, the Southern Business Association acted recklessly in the business community and made the enterprises suffer.

“Now that the Southern Business Association has finally fallen and the Southern Commerce Chamber has been established, they would naturally be enthusiastic.”

“But sweetheart, you’ll be the president of the Southern Commerce Chamber soon.

Although the purpose is to promote the prosperous development of the southern business community, you must still be assertive when you have to be. Don't let anyone bully you.”

Winifred's lips curled upwards in a smile. “Don't worry. I have a strong husband like you behind me. I wouldn't want to embarrass you.”

“Okay, I believe in you, sweetheart.”

The two exchanged grins and clinked glasses. Winifred rarely drank alcohol, but she always felt inclined to let loose a little in front of her husband.

After downing a glass of red wine, Tyr went directly to Winifred's side and picked her up into his embrace. Her face was flushed pink.

“You’ve eaten and drank your fill, I assume? Let’s go, it’s time for us to do our homework,” said Tyr.

Winifred’s cheeks glowed crimson as she hammered Tyr’s chest and muttered, “You’re terrible.”

“Hah, only a cunning man can attract a woman.”

Tyr carried Winifred to the bedroom as the two flirted with one another the entire way. Just when Tyr was about to kick off their raunchy game, his cell phone rang in an untimely manner.

“What the hell?”

Tyr was more than a little upset as he grabbed his phone. It really got him fired up

to be disturbed at such a critical time.

The caller turned out to be Juliet Jones. Tyr got up and got out of bed, then went to the balcony.

“What is it, Juliet? Why did you suddenly decide to call me?”

Juliet, who was on the other side of the line, spoke calmly. Nothing about her words seemed off.

“Brother Tyr, you’ve been here in Strego City for some time. And this time, your reputation is growing in Strego City because of the matter with the Saxton family and the Southern Business Association.”

“The one with the growing fame is Autumn Field. What does it have to do with me? Speak, Juliet Jones. What do you want?” Tyr

remarked.

Juliet answered, “Brother Tyr, about the matter with Kendall, I hired an assassin to cover it up. But when I came to Strego City, my family knew I was there for you.

“So, after I went back, I told my father that I had reached an agreement with you to cooperate. I also said that you would be in Strego City soon to discuss with the Jones family on how to deal with the Great Sky Group. My father believed it.

“And now that you have been in Strego City for some time, my father wants to meet you.”

“Hm.” Tyr nodded. “To be fair, I’ve been in Strego City for such a long time. It’s about time I meet your father, or he might get

suspicious. Speak, Juliet. Where and what time?”

“Tomorrow night at the Jones family manor.”

“Alright,” Tyr acquiesced and then hung up the phone.

He turned around and returned to the bedroom, where Winifred was lying in bed, her entire body covered by a quilt, with only her head peeking out.

“Honey, who called? Why did I hear a woman talking?”

“Huh, what woman?” Tyr shrugged his shoulders. “Max Cheever called to speak about Wolf’s Den matters.”

Winifred’s expression sank. “Give me your

phone. How dare you lie to me? Tell me, are you having an affair?”

Looking at Winifred’s grave demeanor, Tyr couldn’t help but laugh. “Haha, are you jealous, dear?”

“Who’s jealous? Not me.”

“Haha, you are.”

Tyr yanked the quilt off of Winifred, to which the latter responded with a squeal of shame and anger.

“What are you screaming about? It’s not like I haven’t seen it before.”

With that said, Tyr rushed Winifred’s way.

An hour later, Winifred lay in Tyr’s arms, asking, “Hubby, who exactly called you? I

always feel uneasy.

“Your reason for coming to Strego City this time isn’t just for the sake of Autumn Field’s development in the south, is it? You still have other things to do.”

“Yes,” replied Tyr.

Tyr did not intend to hide anything from Winifred. Before this, she had already heard a lot from her husband about his plans for coming to Strego City.

“Wife, I’m going to play a game of chess in the south next. If I win this game, the gentry families and conglomerates in the south will be in my hands.”

Winifred sucked in a breath. “So, what you’re going to do next is to target every top-tier family in the south?”

“It’s not targeting. It’s gambling,” Tyr interjected. “What’s more, I have the Yorke family to help me.

“The Quintus family from Astral Province can also be my pawn, coupled with the West Suez Canonteign Mansion, as well as some other families. Which ones are enemies? And which ones are friends? It’s not completely set in stone.”

“Honey, will this game be a dangerous one?”

“Yes. A lot of people may die,” Tyr answered bluntly.

Chapter 565 Ruse Of A Feast

Winifred Zea did not understand what Tyr Summers meant by 'a game of chess'. After all, she was unfamiliar with the southern prominent families and who they were.

"Hubby, do you have to do this?" she asked.

"Yes, I have to," answered Tyr. "To fight head-on with the Summers family, I have no choice but to do it.

"You understand very well the things I went through in the Summers family, and lately, they have been harassing me. It is a challenge I will have to overcome myself."

Remembering what Tyr went through in the Summers family, Winifred was heartbroken.

It was difficult to imagine what challenges and hardships he faced to get to where he was today. Now, Tyr and his family were already at the point of no return, there could only be one survivor between the two.

Winifred pushed her head close against Tyr's chest and said, "Hubby, whatever you do, I will always have your back."

"Thank you so much, darling. I love you."
Tyr wrapped his arms tightly around Winifred.

"So, who was the woman who called you just now?"

"Well, um, she is the daughter of the Jones family, Juliet Jones. I was invited for dinner tomorrow. Apparently, her father wants to see me."

Winifred was startled. “Is it about Kendall Jones?”

“Do not worry, my love, it is not as dangerous as you think. Then again, there is nothing the Jones family can do to harm me.”

As the night went by, they fell into a deep sleep in each other’s arms.

It was afternoon the next day when Tyr departed for Jones Manor in his car. On his way there, he made two phone calls.

The first call was to the leader of Regal Palace’s Shadow Department, Chiroptera.

Even though Regal Palace was based abroad, the intelligence bureau of the Shadow Department had involved itself in plenty of

countries around the world since some time ago. They particularly had some of the most precisely-gathered information on the dark world.

That was exactly why Tyr was able to obtain any news he wanted even though he was currently in Strego City. It was all thanks to the Shadow Department's efforts.

The next phone call was made to one of the eighteen generals of Regal Palace. After the call was connected, the conversation was simple and brief.

“Chief, I just got off the plane.”

“Good, follow the plan!”

Hanging up, Tyr stepped on the throttle as his car sped away towards the direction of Jones Manor.

Del Jones had been waiting in the hall of Jones Manor for some time. Following Del's butler, Tyr was led into the guest room.

Del immediately stood up and approached Tyr with a smile on his face. "Welcome, welcome, Mr. Summers! It is my honor to have you here in my humble shed of a house. Please, have a seat!"

Tyr replied smilingly, "Oh no, it is my honor! A pleasure to finally meet you, Mr. Jones!"

He sat down on the couch and was immediately served a cup of tea by a servant.

Del smiled. "You must be thirsty after such a long journey. Please, have some tea!"

"Indeed," said Tyr as he sipped on the tea.

Although Del was, at best, a mediocre person, being the head of the Jones family for so long had trained him into a more cunning character.

As for Tyr, he believed in the idea of using overwhelming strength to counter all attacks. It did not matter if Del and Juliet were genuine in their invitation or if they were scheming something else.

If this banquet was a ruse to kill him, so be it.

He had attended countless similar banquets while abroad. But he always emerged unharmed, while those banquets became his enemies' last supper.

Draped in an apron, Juliet came out of the kitchen to greet Tyr. To show her sincere gratitude, she decided to prepare the food

herself. Well, in reality, she had no idea how to cook. All she did was order the chefs around in the kitchen.

“Tyr, you’re here. Give me a few moments, dinner will be ready soon.”

After greeting the visitor, she went into the kitchen again.

Tyr sat in the hall, talking to Del. In just a while, Juliet came out with the news that dinner was ready. Entering the dining hall, they were greeted with sights and smells of delicious food. It was a feast fit for royalty.

After all, the Jones family knew how to enjoy life. They hired really good cooks, and the food they prepared was of top-notch quality.

Carrying a plate of braised meat, Juliet said, “Tyr, Dad, please eat. There are a few more

dishes in the kitchen, I will be done soon. Hey, Tyr, try the food prepared by my cooks, you will not be disappointed.”

Juliet did not take credit for the feast prepared after all. She then went back into the kitchen again.

Del smiled. “Mr Summers, come on, do not be shy!”

Tyr nodded and started eating. It was lunch time and he was actually feeling hungry. Obliging, he happily devoured the food.

“Come, Mr. Summers, let us toast to a strong alliance!”

Del raised his glass, while Tyr set down his silverware and raised his too.

“Thank you for giving me the opportunity

to do so, Mr. Jones. It is my honor to assist the Jones family. In the future, just ping me whenever you need my help, I will always be there.”

“Hahaha!” Del was pleased with Tyr’s reply.

Their glasses touched, producing a clear ringing sound, and they downed the wine in one big gulp.

“Come, there is more food here! Help yourself!”

“Thank you!”

Tyr and Del were enjoying the feast, while Juliet, who went into the kitchen beforehand, exited through the back door instead. A red Bentley had been waiting for some time, with Jaren at the wheel. Juliet removed her apron and threw it on the

ground before climbing into the car.

“My lady, I thought you invited Tyr Summers to a feast? Why are you in a hurry to leave?” Jaren asked.

A menacing look flashed across Juliet’s face.

“Heh, Jaren, it is a very complicated matter. I do not think you will get it even if I tell you. Now, let us get as far away from the Jones Manor as possible!”

Chapter 566 The Poisoned Wine

Over at Jones Manor, Tyr Summers and Del Jones were drinking merrily.

Both were extremely crafty characters engaged in a show of pretend-friendliness. Even Tyr's behaviour was a far cry from how he acted when eating Carson Yorke. Tyr and Del talked for a long time and drank a lot. Towards the end, they started to get groggy from all the wine consumed.

"Ms. Juliet seems to be taking her own sweet time cooking in the kitchen," Tyr remarked.

"I have no idea what that girl is doing." Del was a little annoyed. "Check out the kitchen," he ordered a nearby servant.

Once again, he raised the bottle of wine, wanting to top up Tyr's glass. "Come on, my friend, let us drink!"

Tyr declined, "Mr. Jones, I have had too much to drink."

"Hahaha! You are a strong, healthy young man, it will take more than this to get you drunk."

"You are right. Tonight, let us drink till the cows come home!" Tyr surrendered.

"Cheers!" Del laughed as their glasses touched again.

Soon enough, they finished the entire bottle of wine.

At this point, Tyr squinted his eyes and

thought he saw shadows while looking at Del. “I have had enough, Mr. Jones. I have to say, you are an amazing drinker! Look at you, still going strong and sober.”

“You are not too bad either! I am almost at my limit too!” Del smiled and refilled Tyr’s glass. “Mr. Summers, I remember my daughter got herself into an altercation with you while she was at Khanh City a while ago?”

“Well, that is how we met. Anyway, we resolved the conflict peacefully.”

“If you don’t mind, what did you do before returning to the Celestial Empire?” asked Del.

Tyr replied, “I was involved in the mercenary business with a bunch of buddies.

Our country's policy is much better now than it was a few years ago, that's why I decided to come back. It was a life I would not want to return to. Living every day on edge, it was hell!"

"Indeed, it is not humane to live like that! Do you have something in mind now that you are back home?" said Del.

Tyr smiled. "Mr. Jones, you are asking me something you know the answer to. I would not have come and drank with you if I did not have any ideas.

"We wanted a more peaceful life back here in the Celestial Empire, but we still need some strength and power to survive. Why don't you and I work together?"

Del laughed. "Mr. Summers, my friend, I

think you keep more than what you let out. Say, you are a very ambitious man.

“Starting with Riverdale Province, then Astral Province, and now both the Saxton family and the Southern Business Association of Strego City have ceased to exist because of you. Is it not unreasonable to say that the Jones family is your next target?”

“Meanwhile, the Great Sky Group and the entire south will be your final target, am I correct, my friend?”

Del made his intentions known. After all, they were almost done drinking, and Tyr was a trapped prey to Del. There was no need for him to keep up the facade anymore.

Tyr frowned. “I do not understand, Mr.

Jones. I think there is a misunderstanding between us.”

“Misunderstanding?!” Del Jones slammed the wine glass on the table. Veins popped out of his forehead as he growled, “My son was still in his twenties when he died a horrible death. His neck was ruptured. Tell me, Mr. Summers, isn’t that horrifying?”

“Mr. Jones, I do not understand.”

“Stop acting, Tyr Summers! You killed my son, Kendall. Juliet told me everything. You were invited here today so I can avenge his death! How dare you kill my son, Tyr Summers!”

Tyr immediately sprang up from his seat and dashed toward the exit. However, he started shaking uncontrollably and looked

to be in extreme discomfort as he clasped his chest with his hand.

“Del Jones, you poisoned the wine!” Tyr exclaimed.

“Hahahaha!” Del’s laughter reverberated across the dining hall as he smashed his glass onto the floor.

Immediately, two dozen people rushed in from the outside. They each carried weapons and looked at Tyr menacingly. They were fighters under the patronage of the Jones family, keeping the family safe from harm in Strego City all these years.

“Del Jones, today’s dinner was a trap!”

Del snickered. “Tyr Summers, you knew this day would come when you killed my son in

cold blood. You were right, I poisoned the wine, all so I can take my revenge!

“I know you fight very well, that is why I made sure to render you weak, all so I could kill you without any troubles.”

“You drank the wine too, why are you unaffected?” asked Tyr.

Del picked up the shattered wine bottle on the floor. Inside it was a little contraption. “This is a custom-made wine bottle that only releases the poison when I am refilling your glass with more wine.”

“You are the head of the Jones family, I cannot believe you are such a dirty and dishonest sleazebag!” yelled Tyr, pointing at Del and charging towards him.

However, only two steps in and he fell

headfirst into the table and sent the dishes flying.

“Hahaha, the poison worked! Tyr Summers, go to hell!” Del seemed to exude an aura of malice and evil. “Kill him!”

The fighters of the Jones family charged towards Tyr with their weapons raised.

Suddenly, Tyr, who was lying on the floor just a second ago, stood up and punched a fighter in his face and sent him flying away. He then snatched a blade from the nearest fighter and promptly slashed another one.

“What... what is going on?” asked Del, shocked to see the scene unfolding in front of his eyes.

Chapter 567 He Is The Palace Master of Regal Palace

Tyr Summers had been poisoned. Yet, why did he still seem so powerful in combat?

Despite holding a knife in his hand, Tyr's body was still shaking. Yet, the fighters of the Jones family still feared him greatly.

“My lord, this guy is insanely strong, even though he was poisoned,” said a Jones family fighter who managed to analyze the situation amidst the chaos.

His tone was full of surprise and disbelief. In their years of practicing martial arts, these fighters had never met someone as tough as Tyr.

Frowning, Del Jones took a few steps back.

Tyr turned around and looked at him. The corners of his mouth were slightly curved. With a knife in his hand, Tyr lunged towards Del. Was he planning to execute the strategy causing the gang to collapse by destroying the leader?

Yet, Del let out an explosive roar, “What are you waiting for? Don’t you want to get paid?”

A figure next to Del suddenly flashed by, just like a ghost. It pulled Del to the side, causing Tyr to waste his attack.

The silhouette was none other than Phantom Marionette. Besides him, the other assassins such as Mary, the black man, and the rest also showed themselves in front of Tyr.

Tyr’s eyebrows furrowed intensely. “Del,

what a grand show! You actually hired so many killers and bounty hunters for me.”

“Hmph, Tyr, you murdered my son. I, Del Jones, will do whatever it takes to kill you at all costs. You can’t escape today.”

However, Mary, Phantom Marionette, and the others were bewildered when they got a good look at Tyr’s face.

After confirming again and again, Mary pointed at Tyr and exclaimed, “He... He’s Tyr, the Palace Master of Regal Palace.”

With fearful expressions on their faces, all the assassins took a few steps back in unison. Witnessing the scene, Del and the Jones family fighters were somewhat confused.

“Yes, that’s right. It’s Tyr, the Palace Master

of Regal Palace.” There were even a few tremors in the black man’s voice. “What the hell is this? Why did the Jones family hire us to kill the Palace Master of Regal Palace?”

The group of assassins looked at each other. Their initial plan was to quickly finish off the target, get the money, and leave. But they didn’t expect their target to be the Palace Master of Regal Palace.

What the hell? They thought they were going to make some easy money, but it turned out that they needed to deal with the god of killing.

None of the killers and mercenaries who were present at the scene dared to rush over to fight Tyr, even though all of them were among the top-ranked assassins in the world.

Seeing this, Del realized that something was wrong. He hurriedly said, “Where are your professional ethics as mercenaries? All of you have received the deposit. How can you take the money and not do anything?”

“You are all ranked as some of the best in the list of international assassins. If this gets out, there's no way you will ever get hired in the future.”

Del was provoking them with reverse psychology. Judging from their expressions, he could tell that they were overwhelmed by fear. If he didn't do something fast, he would be going for wool and coming back shorn.

The group of people looked at each other, but no one dared to take a step forward.

“I'll give you more money. If you guys

manage to kill him, I'll double the price," Del offered. "You guys don't have to be afraid of him. He has been poisoned and isn't as strong as before. Join forces with my Jones family's fighters. We can finish him off for sure."

Phantom Marionette and the others once again stared at Tyr, who was standing in a corner. Tyr didn't seem like he had any intention of taking the initiative to attack them. Phantom Marionette turned his head to look at Mary, who in turn looked at the black man beside her. The others were also thinking about the possibility of killing Tyr.

Finally, Phantom Marionette's hoarse voice sounded, "If it was any other time, he would have finished us off by now. But he hasn't made a move yet. That means he is afraid of

us.”

Phantom Marionette let out a grim smile. “Let’s try our luck! We can double up our fees. There is more than the bounty from the Jones family. Don’t forget that there is also an 800-million-dollar bounty for the Palace Master on the dark web.”

The bounty instantly motivated all the killers. Everyone’s eyes lit up.

Phantom Marionette pulled out a curved blade from his waist and carefully moved towards Tyr.

“You guys, are you really planning to lay your hands on me?” asked Tyr, starting at the group of killers gloomily.

He deliberately emphasized each word as he

said, “Do all of you know what Regal Palace is capable of?”

“Muahahaha! Tyr, it’s unbelievable that those words actually came from you. It must be hard for you to move, so you have to threaten us with those words, right?”

“With that 800-million-dollar bounty, we can find ourselves a place to hide and enjoy the money for the rest of our lives. It’s true that Regal Palace is powerful, but it’ll be impossible to locate us. After all, it’s a big, big world out there, isn’t?”

Phantom Marionette had made up his mind to attack Tyr. He was almost sure that the poison had affected Tyr greatly, and that the Palace Master was at the end of his rope. It shouldn’t be hard to kill him.

In the blink of an eye, Phantom Marionette

waved the curved blade in his hand and drifted towards Tyr. His moves were a testament to his name. Phantom Marionette was floating, just like a ghost and at high speeds.

In a flash, Phantom Marionette appeared in front of Tyr. Aiming for Tyr's shoulder, he slashed his knife downwards.

Although Tyr managed to dodge the slash, he was staggering as he moved as fast as he could to relocate himself in another corner. His forehead was covered with sweat.

Phantom Marionette laughed out loud. “ Muahahaha, I was right. He's too weak now. Everyone, let's finish him off together! He's worth 800 million dollars for god's sake.”

Seeing this, the other killers' eyes lit up.

Watching Phantom Marionette test Tyr's combat power had revealed that the latter seemed much weaker than they thought. If all of them worked together, the chances of taking out Tyr were very high.

Immediately, they all pounced towards Tyr. Mary was about to rush towards Tyr too, but the bearded man next to her stopped her.

Mary looked at the man named Barber with a puzzled face. "Barber, what are you doing?"

"Mary, I've been courting you for so long. Although you don't want to be my woman, I still love you dearly," Barber replied seriously.

"You're f*cking sick! Is this the right timing for this conversation? Hurry up, join me in

taking out Tyr. That 800-million bounty is ours. If we delay any further, Phantom Marionette and the others will claim this cash cow.”

Barber was very serious. He shook his head. “Mary, trust me. Don’t attack Tyr, or you’ll regret it.”

Chapter 568 Immune To All Poisons

Barber said this while pulling Mary away. He wouldn't let her make a move against Tyr Summers no matter what.

In fact, out of the dozens of hired killers, only five or six people, such as Phantom Marionette, attacked Tyr. The rest of them were standing aside, having no intention of fighting him.

When Del Jones saw that some of them finally lunged towards Tyr, he felt a little more confident.

“Why are you still standing there? All of you get up there together and kill him for me,” he shouted at Jones family fighters.

All of the Jones family fighters got their spirits up and charged at Tyr with their swords. They only made it halfway before they immobilized on the spot.

Tyr, who had been staggering and weak, whose combat power had been significantly reduced, suddenly seemed to get fired up. He was as fierce as a god of war.

It was hard for the Jones family fighters to clearly see the three punches in a row Tyr threw at his opponents. Phantom Marionette, the black man, and the rest of the killers were all sent flying backwards by Tyr.

The moment the punches landed, a mouthful of blood spurted out from Phantom Marionette, while the black man

covered his stomach and curled up on his side. He was in so much pain that he couldn't even get up.

And one of the other killers was killed by a single punch from Tyr.

The dining room went silent for a while. Everyone was bewildered by what the hell was going on. Why? Why did Tyr, who seemed so frail earlier on, suddenly become so strong?

Barber, who was at the side, failed to hold Mary back. One second, she was about to charge at Tyr, and the next, she was stupefied by the situation. She turned her head and looked at Barber in astonishment. Shock and disbelief were written all over her face.

“How could he be this tough?”

The other assassins and bounty hunters who didn't make a move were glad about their decision. Luckily, they were hesitant and didn't act impulsively like Phantom Marionette and the others. Thank god they still had a chance to save their lives.

Del was equally stunned. He looked at Tyr fiercely and growled, "How is this possible? Tyr, aren't you...?"

"Poisoned?" said Tyr, finishing Del's sentence.

Now, he didn't look like he had been poisoned. Previously, his eyes were blurry and misty, but now, they were completely alert. At the same time, his seemingly powerless posture was gone, and his body was overflowing with the domineering aura

of a king.

“Del... since you’re so fond of acting, I didn’t want to spoil your fun. That’s why I played along. Let me tell you a story,” said Tyr with a smile.

“A story?” asked a confused Del.

With a smile, Try started telling his story, “Some time ago, there was a master, who happened to be a beggar. He was armed with explosive combat power, and his medical skills were equally as powerful too. His talents were comparable with the legendary divine doctor.

“Back then, this old man liked to study all kinds of bizarre and strange poisons. Whenever he produced a new poison, he liked to test it on me, his designated guinea

pig.

“At first, I was tormented by the experiments, but he always brought me back to life, snatching me back from the jaw of death.

“Time flies. Eventually, I became used to it. Guess what happened after a few years?”

Tyr’s burst into laughter, making everyone’s scalps tingle.

“I actually became immune to all types of poison. Hahaha! Del, was that the best poison you could find to pour into my wine? I, Tyr, wasn't bragging. I can drink a whole bottle of paraquat, it’s nothing more than syrup for me.”

Picking up the half bottle of wine on the

ground, Tyr didn't hesitate to drink a mouthful as he walked over to the few assassins who had tried to kill him earlier.

“You guys have a lot of guts.”

“Tyr, I'm so sorry. I was wrong. Please, please spare us.”

The killers were so terrified and paralyzed with fear that they fell to their knees with a thud.

But, it was impossible for Tyr to spare them. Grabbing a knife from one of the Jones family fighters next to him, he raised it and beheaded one of the killers. As they watched their comrade's head fall to the ground, the other two killers were scared out of their wits.

They desperately tried to fight Tyr to the

death, but they were no match for him. In the blink of an eye, these two killers were lying in a pool of their own blood.

Mary, Barber, and the others who were watching from the sidelines felt their scalps tingle as they witnessed the scene.

It seemed like the rumors were accurate. Never ever mess with Regal Palace—the supreme organization that took down Shadow Totem. Not to mention, they were currently facing the Palace Master.

He was a god-like man in the hearts of all the members of Regal Palace.

The first opportunity he got, Barber immediately declared his stance, “Palace Master, I’m sorry. We had no idea that the person Jones’s family hired us to kill was

you. If we knew, we wouldn't have dared to go against you.

Just now, we didn't attack you because we were in awe of you, from the bottom of our hearts.”

Tyr didn't answer. He just smiled and swept a glance at Barber and Mary, and then eyed Del on the other side. With a meaningful smile on his face, he turned around and sat down on a chair. He said nothing, simply taking out his phone to play a Sokoban game.

Barber and the other killers who were still alive exchanged glances with the Jones family fighters. The next second, a surge of dense killing intent surfaced on the group of killers' faces.

“Palace Master, there's no need for you to

deal with this trash. We are willing to serve you.”

“What!” gasped Del, his expression changing abruptly. His body trembled in fear.

Yet, the rest of the killers had already rushed towards the group of Jones family fighters, brandishing their weapons.

These were internationally renowned assassins and bounty hunters. Only someone like Tyr was strong enough to abuse them like dogs on the battlefield. When they faced the Jones family fighters in combat, their ferocious side was fully exposed.

The entire dining room resonated with wailing, and blood was splattered all over.

Del was dumbstruck. He couldn't accept this

fact. What the f*ck? These were the people he had spent a fortune to hire. How was it that they switched to Tyr side and were now fighting against Del's men?

“Stop! All of you stop!” Del roared hysterically, his voice filled with a sense of despair.

Yet, there was no way the group of killers would pause just because of Del's instructions. They didn't have a choice now. If they didn't do something, they would die!

Chapter 569 Juliet Jones Had The Game Planned Out

Barber, along with seven or eight other assassins and bounty hunters, faced off against twenty or so Jones family fighters. Both parties fought in a fierce battle. Barber and the assassins were mighty, but the Jones family fighters weren't bad either.

The battle went on for nearly ten minutes. Eventually, half of the Jones family fighters were taken out by the killers. As for the rest of them, though they were alive, they were all incapacitated.

In the end, the dining room was soaked in blood.

Almost half of the assassins had been killed.

The few left standing were covered in blood, and their eyes were bloodshot.

Holding a delicate dagger in her hand, Mary rushed to Del Jones and pressed the blade against his throat.

Del had long realized that his end was nigh. All of his elite fighters had gone down in the fight. It was impossible for Del to turn the tables. He felt powerless. He had seriously underestimated Tyr Summers from the beginning.

Simultaneously, deep down, he felt like something wasn't right, but he couldn't put his finger on what had gone wrong.

Quitting his Sokoban game, Tyr put his phone back into his pocket. He stood up, walked over to Del, and cracked a smile. “

Del, I've always wondered, is Juliet Jones your biological daughter?"

Del frowned and said, "Tyr, what do you mean by that? Winners take it all, so just kill me if you want. Why insult me with such words?"

Tyr burst out a laugh. "You, the head of the Jones family, apart from your tiny bits of moral honesty, you are nothing more than a big fool."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Del.

"Compared to your daughter, you have fallen so far behind."

Suddenly enlightened, Del questioned, "Do you mean Juliet was the one behind all of this?"

“Hahaha!” Tyr laughed loudly. “Juliet played a game of chess. Both you and I were her pawns.”

“What, how is that possible?”

“It’s a solid fact. Nothing is impossible,” said Tyr. “This game of chess, no matter whether you or I won, Juliet would be able to profit from it.

“Del, if my guess is correct, you’ve known for a long time that your son, Kendall Jones, was killed by Juliet. But with your son gone, Juliet became your only bloodline, so you couldn’t bear to lay your hands on her.

“In the end, you chose to save your daughter and team up with her against me. But your daughter wasn’t as soft-hearted as you were.

“Well, she is a vicious woman, to say the least. I’m curious, what exactly did you do to make her so desperate and ungrateful to you?”

Del was silent. All this while, he valued his son more than his daughter. It was true that he owed Juliet an outstanding debt. But what his daughter had done still disappointed him greatly.

That woman ruthlessly murdered her own brother and brutally used others to do her dirty work. She was even trying to use Tyr to kill her own father.

Tyr continued, “If you managed to let the Jones family fighters and these assassins finish me off today, it would be something wonderful for Juliet. After all, as long as I’m

alive, she won't be able to get a good night's sleep.

“But she knows very well what I am capable of. So, in her opinion, she has a 50/50 chance of succeeding in getting me killed.

“But she also knew that if you couldn't kill me, I would kill you instead. That would be just as good of an outcome for her.

“The saying ‘while two dogs are fighting for a bone, a third runs away with it’ describes this situation well. Del, no matter who died today, Juliet would still be the ultimate winner. After all, she wants to get rid of the both of us.

“If my guess is right, Juliet also wants to kill her second uncle, Kace Jones. Then, there will be no one worthy of being her opponent,

and she will naturally become the head of the Jones family.”

Tyr's words left Del's stunned. Could that really be his daughter's plan? How could he, such a mediocre man, have produced such a scheming and wicked daughter?

Del refused to accept the truth, but Tyr had laid out the situation so well that it was hard for Del not to believe him. Moreover, it was also confirmed that Juliet had been playing this game from the very beginning.

“Tyr, since all of this was Juliet's scheme, do you still want to have me killed? Are you really willing to be Juliet's blade? You said it yourself, she's kind of scary. You can keep me around, I can make things right,” suggested Del.

Tyr, however, shook his head repeatedly. “

No, I'm not keeping you. You are eliminated from the game. Keeping you is meaningless. I will have lots of fun with Juliet.”

At this point, Mary understood what Tyr meant. With a flash of cold light from the blade in her hand, Del fell to the ground. Until his last breath, Del's eyes were wide open. Obviously, he wasn't at peace.

After killing Del, Mary threw the knife that was usually inseparable from her to the ground. Watching from the sidelines, Barber and the other assassins also did the same. The group of killers stood in front of Tyr with trepidation, cautiously looking at him.

“Palace Master, it was a huge misunderstanding. We really didn't know that it was you they wanted us to kill.”

“For the sake of us making things right

again, please be generous and spare us this time.”

Everyone here was an internationally renowned super-assassin or bounty hunter. They were all formidable existences in their own fields. However, they were as disciplined as school children in front of Tyr.

Narrowing his eyes, Tyr's gaze swept past Mary and the others, one by one. Finally, he looked at Phantom Marionette and the others who had attacked him earlier, who were all still trembling on the ground.

The group of killers understood the meaning behind Tyr's glance. Picking up their weapons again, they rushed over to those people. Another set of ear-splitting screams pierced through the room. Soon, all the opponents were lying in a pool of blood.

The killers once again threw away the weapons in their hands and knelt directly in front of Tyr. “Please be merciful, Palace Master of Regal Palace.”

“I can spare you guys,” Tyr said casually, “But no matter what, it’s true that you guys were sent to kill me. If I let you guys leave intact, in the future, I won’t be able to face my friends overseas.

“So, each of you has to destroy one of your own hands. Then, you can leave.”

“What?!”

All of their expressions went pale. Wasn’t asking them to destroy a hand kind of ruthless?

Tyr sighed. “What, you guys refuse?”

“Back then, on Goddess Mountain, I made the same offer to Adam’s group. They didn’t cherish the opportunity. You guys should know what happened to them in the end!”

Chapter 570 Juliet's Game Plan

Tyr Summers actually took the initiative to bring up the Goddess Mountain incident. The very thought of it caused an immense horror in the hearts of these people.

Previously, Tyr had granted Adam's group with such an opportunity, but they refused to accept it. Instead, they chose to fight him. Eventually, all of them perished on Goddess Mountain.

Now Barber and his group were faced with the same choice.

Tyr obviously didn't have much patience. Taking out his phone, he checked the time. Then, he started a countdown but didn't tell

the group how much time they had left to come to a decision. It caused mounting pressure on them.

The group of killers looked at each other. No one was able to decide for a while. After all, if they destroyed their arm, they would be left disabled. But if they didn't do what Tyr said, they all had to die here today.

Splash! Ow!

A miserable shriek came from Barber. He had picked up the knife on the ground and cut the tendons of his own hand without hesitation.

Among this group of killers and mercenaries, Barber's combat power was definitely among the strongest. And that wasn't all—he was brilliant too. Yet, he was

the first to destroy his own hand.

“Barber, you!” Mary looked at Barber with disbelief. She wanted to say something.

“Mary, trust me. This is our only way out. Hurry up! Rest assured that I will take responsibility for you for the rest of your life,” said Barber, forcing out the words through the pain.

Mary clenched her teeth and picked up the knife on the ground. With a shriek, she abolished one of her arms.

Both of them looked at Tyr with frightened expressions. “Palace Master, please have mercy on us.”

“Get lost,” ordered Tyr, waving his hand.

Barber and Mary left the Jones family estate

in a panic, while the remaining assassins, one after another, picked up the knives on the ground.

A full moon was shining high up in the night sky.

A red Bentley was being driven at top speed, not knowing where it was actually heading to. The car drove on and on for a long time, but there wasn't a destination.

Finally, Jaren couldn't help but ask, "My lady, we have been driving for a long time. Where are we going?"

Juliet Jones was leaning back against the passenger seat with her eyes closed. Without even opening her eyes, she replied, "Keep driving forward. For now, let's just leave Strego City behind."

“My lady, what exactly do you have in mind?”

Jaren felt like something had gone terribly wrong. Juliet wasn't herself tonight. Her abnormality even made Jaren feel kind of horrified.

Just then, Juliet's phone rang. As if struck by lightning, she popped up and pressed the answer button. A woman's voice came from the other end of the phone. She sounded like one of the Jones family's maids.

“Miss, the master is dead. All his men are dead too. They were killed by those assassins you hired. Tyr didn't make things difficult for the servants. He left the estate without a scratch on his body.”

Hearing this news, Juliet was stunned for

two seconds. Then, a thundering laugh burst from her lips. Her laughter sounded so hysterical that it was as if she had gone crazy.

“Hahahaha... hahahahahaha. Sure enough, sure enough. I can't kill that Tyr, but he did kill Del Jones for me, muahahaha!”

Next to her, Jaren felt a fierce tremor run through his body. He looked at Juliet incredulously. “My lady, the master is dead?”

“Yeah.” Juliet nodded.

She wasn't sad at all, as if the deceased had absolutely nothing to do with her.

Jaren suddenly stopped the car. His chest was heaving up and down aggressively, and

mixed emotions were clearly written all over his face. "My lady, you have long expected this ending, right? Or perhaps, all of this was arranged by you?"

"Tonight, you deliberately sent the master to his death, am I right? He was your father."

"Shut up! Who are you to question me?"

Juliet suddenly growled, scolding Jaren.

As far as she could remember, this was the first time she had ever been so angry at him. Jaren immediately fell silent!

Realizing that her words seemed to be a bit harsh, Juliet hurriedly said, "Jaren, I... I didn't mean that. Don't overthink it."

Jaren didn't answer. He didn't know what to say.

After a long silence, Juliet finally spoke again, "Jaren, you can't blame this on me. It wasn't my fault.

"You know it yourself. My father has learned the truth about Kendall's death for quite some time now. He won't spare me. Instead of being killed by him in the end, I would rather strike first."

Juliet was absolutely terrifying now. She was as evil as a demoness. Compared to the illegitimate son of the Quintus family, Joe Quintus, Juliet Jones was so much more demonic.

This world was a magnificent place. Even a demoness like Juliet could actually find someone like Jaren, who was dead set on her. On top of that, Jaren's heart was very

pure.

“Jaren, will you do me a favor?”

“My lady, what do you want me to do?”

Jaren asked.

“Tyr is alive. He will definitely come after me next. I'm no match for him,” said Juliet.

“My lady, I will protect you, even if it means losing my own life.”

Juliet, however, shook her head repeatedly. “Jaren, don't overestimate yourself. You are no match for Tyr. So, you must help me this time.

“Tyr has killed my father. Now that the head of Jones family is dead, the ultimate combat master of our family must step in. Jaren, you are his disciple. You have to go to the Golden

Temple and ask for your master's help, okay?"

"What?!"

Jaren's brain was buzzing. It never crossed his mind that Juliet would come up with such an idea. Compared to her, Jaren was way too innocent.

All of this was part of Juliet's plan. She was simply using her father as a pawn. Once he was dead, the Jones family's guardian would be forced to make a move. And only Jaren was qualified to go to the Golden Temple to seek the guardian's help.

At this moment, Jaren seemed to understand something. "So, my lady, even I am a pawn of yours, right?" he said helplessly.

Juliet shook her head repeatedly. "Jaren, don

't overthink it. It's not what you think, it's just that your master is the only one who can deal with that Tyr, given the current situation.”

Juliet took Jaren's hand. “Jaren, you will help me, right? Or else Tyr will definitely kill me. You don't want to watch me get killed by Tyr, right?”

Chapter 571 Seek The Guardian's Help

Jaren fell silent once more.

“Jaren, I am begging you. Go to the Golden Temple and see him. Urge him to take action against Tyr! Otherwise, it's not just me who will be finished, but our entire Jones family,” Juliet pleaded.

Jaren looked very torn, as if going to the Golden Temple and asking for the guardian's help wasn't an easy thing to do.

Meanwhile, Juliet simply looked at him eagerly.

After some time, Jaren suddenly changed the topic, “My lady, before that, can you answer a question truthfully?”

“What kind of question?”

“When you told me that you killed your brother, Kendall Jones, with your own hands, were you lying to me?”

Juliet didn't expect this question from Jaren. It made her heart twitch viciously. Jaren was looking forward to the answer. Perhaps he already had the answer in his heart, but he just wanted to hear it from Juliet.

“I lied to you. I didn't kill Kendall. He was killed by Tyr.”

“Really, my lady?” Jaren continued to probe.

“Jaren, don't you believe me? Or, in your eyes, am I that ruthless? Kendall is my biological brother after all,” said Juliet.

Jaren fell silent again. Inadvertently, a hint

of disappointment surfaced on his face.

Since you, Juliet, are boasting that you are not that kind of a ruthless person, how can you explain the fact that you had your father killed today?

Finally, Jaren opened the car door and got out.

“Jaren, are you going to Golden Temple?” Juliet hurriedly asked.

Jaren didn't answer but only nodded gently before disappearing into the night. Juliet watched his back fade into the darkness with some sort of bewilderment on her face.

Finally, when he had disappeared entirely from her sight, she started the car. The red Bentley shot forward like an arrow loosed

from a bow. The car zoomed into the night at lightning speed.

As she drove, Juliet stepped on the accelerator pedal, pushing it down as far as it could go. Outside the window, her surroundings flew past her in a blur, as if she had entered a world of light.

“Hahahaha...hahahahahaha!”

Under the night sky, Juliet let out a laugh once again. Her laughter was repulsive and horrifying.

While she was driving wildly on the road, she took out her cell phone and dialed a number.

A foreigner's voice came from the other end, “Hello, Miss Juliet.”

“Cut the crap. One hundred million dollars.

Go to the gambling cruise ship at Lake Ty and kill Kace Jones for me.”

“No problem.”

Hanging up, Juliet threw her phone out of the car window, into the darkness. She laughed frantically again. At the moment, she appeared to be way too terrifying.

“Hahahaha, now that Del Jones is dead and Kace Jones will soon be dead too, no one in the Jones family can oppose me anymore.”

That was Juliet's ultimate plan, killing multiple birds with one stone.

First, she led Del and Tyr into a battle, causing Tyr to finish off Del. Next, spent a fortune to hire world-class mercenaries to have Kace killed. She also used Jaren's trust

to get the Jones family's guardian to step in to finish Tyr.

As such, every opponent and obstacle of hers would be eradicated. Now that she was the only direct descendent of the Jones family, she would become the head of the family. This woman was not only brutal and merciless, but also too calculative and incredibly terrible.

Even Jaren, who was always by her side, was only a tool she exploited for her own means.

Simultaneously, in a residential building on the outskirts of Strego City, a group of Stormbringer Mercenaries had already made all the necessary preparations.

Stormbringer stood in front of the window. He was looking at the full moon outside, the

corners of his mouth curled up into a knowing smile.

“Brothers, our mission has begun. Once we finish this job, we will leave this hellhole behind and go to a sunny place to enjoy our vacation on the beach,” Stormbringer declared.

“Okay!”

The group of seven or eight members of the Stormbringer Mercenaries were all very excited.

Subsequently, Stormbringer directly flipped over the windowsill of the building and leaped down from the third floor!

It was ten o'clock at night, a timing which counted as late night time. But for those who

were on this gambling cruise ship on Lake Ty, the night was still young.

The gambling cruise ship had been converted from a cruise ship. When night fell, the ship would be decorated with lanterns and colored banners. From the outside, the ship looked like a massive artwork floating on the lake.

Only the powerful and influential from Strego City or dignitaries from the south were qualified to step onto the ship. The ship offered everything guests could think of. They got to have fun with just about everything.

Kace was indeed a competent and brainy man. He was able to turn his life around with gambling. His business had been developed to such an extent, and now, he could be

considered as a mighty man.

Kace had specially hired a group of mercenaries from a war-torn country as security, to guard the guests' safety on the ship all day and night. Usually, he liked to stay on board when there was nothing much to do.

Kace had been a good gambler since he was a child. His talent in the art of gambling had even led him to be crowned as the king of underground gambling ten years ago.

Meanwhile, a speedboat was swiftly making its way across the lake, heading straight for the gambling cruise ship. On this speedboat stood a man in a black suit. He wore sunglasses and had a toothpick in his mouth.

Despite the fact that the speedboat was

moving at top speed, this man was still able to stand firmly on the deck. It was apparent that he was a combat master, an insanely powerful kind of fighter.

Soon, the speedboat arrived at the gambling ship. The man leaped, jumping directly onto the gambling cruise ship.

Two sturdy security guards approached the man and blocked his way. "Hello, please show your documents."

The man smiled faintly. Then, he spat the toothpick into the lake water next to him and said, "What documents do you need?"

"ID card and bank card. Please cooperate and let us carry out a body search to ensure the safety of the guests onboard."

"Okay," said the man, taking out his ID card

and handing it to the security guard.

The security guard looked at the photo and name on the ID card. "Jermaine Leonard?"

He felt this man was somehow familiar, but couldn't recall where he had previously heard that name.

Chapter 572 A Fortunate Man

Putting his identification card away, Jermaine Leonard smiled. “I am not a local but a traveler checking out the sights here in Strego City. I came here to try my luck after hearing about a very well-known gambling ship by the banks of Lake Ty.”

The security guard replied, “All guests onboard came via an invitation. If you are not on the list, you need to have sufficient funds to enter.”

“How much money are we talking?” asked Jermaine.

“Five million dollars, at the very least.”

“Of course.” Jermaine smiled. “You have my

bank card, feel free to check for what you want.”

“We have started the verification process,” replied the security guard.

A different security guard came back with Jermaine’s bank card and handed it back to him in the most polite manner. “Sir, please cooperate with our security search before you board the ship.”

“Absolutely.”

Jermaine held his hands open as the security guard swung a metal detector all around his body. Suddenly, a sharp beeping sound was heard coming from the metal detector.

The security guard frowned. “Sir, do you have a weapon on you?”

“Oh no, look.” Jermaine took out a deck of pure-gold poker cards from his coat pocket. “This is my lucky charm, don’t tell me it is prohibited?”

The security guard hurriedly nodded. “Of course not. You are free to enter, sir. Welcome aboard!”

“Thank you,” said Jermaine, putting the deck of cards into his pocket and walking onto the deck of the ship.

After Jermaine entered the casino, the security guard turned to his partner and asked, “His name sounds familiar, have you heard of him?”

“Not really,” replied the partner. “We did meet a lot of people from the east while we

were in those war-torn countries, we might be mistaken. Say, his bank card was outrageous though.”

“How much?”

The security guard held out a finger mysteriously.

“One hundred million dollars?” asked the other guard, his pupils dilating.

“Nope.”

“A billion dollars?”

“Nuh-uh, it was a little over ten billion dollars!”

Jermaine found himself inside the casino on the ship.

Due to size constraints, it was not a big

casino and paled in comparison to the massive casino resorts found on land. That being said, it had everything a full-fledged casino needed, and its interior was decorated lavishly.

After exchanging some money for casino tokens, Jermaine randomly selected a poker table and sat down, intending to gamble. Obviously, he was a professional gambler. If he wanted to earn money here, he could easily do so.

Whatever he was gambling on, with a gentle knock on the table, Jermaine would get the exact cards he was looking for or the exact dice combinations he wanted. Even the rigged tables were no match for his prowess.

He was extremely capable. For Kace Jones, whose gambling ship had never seen a

gambler as prolific as Jermaine in its entire time in operation on Lake Ty, it was a shocking occurrence.

From ten till midnight, Jermaine used ten thousand dollars worth of tokens to win almost thirty million dollars. It all happened in the timespan of merely two hours.

Kace's gambling ship served many of the rich and powerful in the region, with its nightly cashflow reaching up to fifty million dollars. Jermaine's winnings did not concern them as much as the fact that he was scarily accurate in guessing every card and every dice combination. All night long, he did not lose a single game.

As the night went on, the other guests noticed Jermaine's extreme prowess and followed his calls at the table. That was how

the casino incurred a hundred million dollars in losses, all within two hours. It was outrageous.

Did he come to wreak havoc?

This was Strego City, and Kace was a prominent presence here in the region. Causing trouble for him seemed to be a dangerous thing to do. But this was exactly what Jermaine wanted—to attract the attention of the casino, so he could talk to Kace.

Tonight, Jermaine's purpose here was Kace Jones.

An hour after he arrived, the executives of the casino observed his actions via closed-circuit television and cameras. Once he was found cheating, he would be arrested on the

spot. Unless one wished to die, it was not advisable to defraud Kace's casino.

However, they spent half an hour observing Jermaine but found no signs of cheating at all. How could it be? Even if he was on a lucky streak, it just did not make sense at all.

While the executives were busy coming up with a solution, and some of them planning to kill Jermaine once he exited the casino, a middle-aged man in a suit entered holding two steel balls in his hand.

Exuding an aura of restraint and calmness, he was Kace Jones.

“What is going on?” he asked the various executives in the room.

The executives hurriedly greeted their boss, “

Boss, you're here!"

"What happened?" asked Kace again.

One of the executives pointed at the screen and said, "This man right here has won at least thirty million dollars from our tables since ten o'clock. With the other guests following his calls, we are going to lose at least a hundred million dollars tonight if he is not stopped."

"Did he cheat?" Kace asked.

"Not at all. We analyzed everything but could not find a single piece of evidence pointing to him cheating. He did not even touch the cards. It just seems like he is currently on a massive lucky streak!"

"Heh heh," Kace snickered. "Nobody in the

world is unbeatable. At the end of the day,
the casino is always the biggest winner.”

Chapter 573 The Big Play

The various executives agreed with Kace Jones' sentiment. After all, they were also experts in gambling. Kace was right, casinos always won because of the laws of probability that favored them.

“Boss, what should we do? Should we eject him?”

“What a greedy person! When will he stop? If this goes on, we are going to lose a lot of money!”

Fiddling with the steel balls in his hand, Kace did not seem bothered by the fact that his casino was losing money like water gushing out of a broken dam. Instead, his lips were

curled slightly upward and his eyes twinkled.

“Invite him to the VIP room, I will be waiting,” Kace instructed before leaving the security room.

The rest of the executives hurriedly pulled out their communication devices and sent the order down the chain.

At this point in time, after spending quite a while here in the casino, Jermaine Leonard was finally invited to meet Kace. Instructing the dealer to organize his tokens and payouts, he then followed the guide to the VIP room on the second floor.

Just like what one would see in television shows, the VIP room was a spacious place. Its interior design was minimalist, and there was only a big rectangular table in the center

of the room. Kace sat at one end, with two burly bodyguards standing behind him.

Upon entering the VIP room, the staff came in with a large briefcase containing all of Jermaine's tokens and set it down next to him.

As soon as Jermaine sat down, Kace immediately flung a cigar over to him from the other end of the table.

"Who are you, mister?" asked Kace.

"I was in town sightseeing when I heard about the gambling ship on Lake Ty and decided to check it out," replied Jermaine with a smile.

As he spoke, he fiddled with three of his golden poker cards in his hands, as if he was

performing a magic trick. Judging by the way he handled his cards, Kace immediately knew that Jermaine was a pro. He was either an expert in gambling or a very proficient magician.

Kace smiled. “You came and won thirty million dollars, my friend. And you’re telling me that you’re just checking the place out?”

“Mr. Jones, your business is open to the public, don’t tell me that you are unwilling to lose,” replied Jermaine.

“Of course not.” Kace shook his head. “You are not a local here, so you may not know that I didn’t start this casino to make money. Instead, making losses is the objective here.”

Kace was not lying. His gambling ship was

indeed supposed to make losses.

The wealthy patrons would be pleased if they were the ones who made money by winning here at the casino. With that, only then they would be willing to conduct business with Kace. The losses incurred from the casino were nothing compared to the profit made from the business Kace did with his various patrons.

“I don't really want to know the details. However, you invited me into your VIP room, Mr. Jones. That means you want to play with me. If that is the case, let us get straight to the point.”

Jermaine lifted the massive briefcase up from the floor and set it down on the table. “How are we playing this?”

“You won a lot tonight, my friend. I think

you were betting on your luck, and luck is something I, Kace Jones, do not believe in. How about a best-of-three game?”

Jermaine nodded. “Sounds good.”

“You are my guest here, you get to decide what we play.”

After a brief thought, Jermaine suggested, “Something simple, a game of sic bo, what do you think? If you win, all the tokens here will be returned to you. However, if you lose, I do not want any money. I want us to talk business.”

“Business?” Kace frowned. “I am afraid I do not understand you, my friend.”

Jermaine smiled. “Let us begin the game, we will come back to the details later.”

“I do not think you are a businessman, my friend. This is a crazy way to do business.”

“It is a massive world out there with people from all walks of life. Anything is possible,” Jermaine replied.

He then opened the briefcase and let the tokens spew out. “I’ve heard of your amazing gambling skills, Mr. Jones. Years ago, after losing your place in the Jones family, you mounted a comeback through gambling. Today, I want to see just how good you are.”

Kace squinted his eyes. It seemed that this visitor had come here with other intentions, otherwise, he would not have investigated Kace’s background. That being said, Kace’s animosity towards Jermaine brewed, even

though he had no idea why this strange man came onto his gambling ship.

“Those tokens are not sufficient to play a game with me,” said Kace.

“Are you questioning my financial strength?” Jermaine asked, putting his bank card on the table. “The money available here can easily purchase a hundred ships similar to yours.”

Kace shook his head. “Why don’t we increase the stakes?”

“How much?”

Pointing at Jermaine’s hands, Kace said, “With those hands of yours.”

Jermaine laughed. He stood up and gently shook his head.

“Are you afraid?” asked Kace.

“No,” answered Jermaine. “I just think betting limbs is boring. Why don’t we bet our lives instead?”

Kace and the other executives present in the VIP room were shocked. What a madman! It had been a long time since Kace had been provoked in such a manner.

“Are you afraid?” Jermaine retorted.

“Sure,” Kace agreed. “I do not see myself as a capable man, but I am daring and I have confidence in my gambling prowess.”

“Great!” Jermaine sat back down. “Since we are betting our lives, there is no need for us to discuss business later. Your life will be mine, so you’ll have to do whatever I say.”

Kace smiled. “You think you can defeat me?”

“Well, I am ninety-nine percent confident!”

“Hahaha, I have never seen anyone so outrageous. Like I said before, you are the guest, so you decide how we play.”

Chapter 574 The God of Gamblers —Jermaine Leonard

“Let’s make it easier, how about a game of craps instead?” said Jermaine Leonard. “Three rounds, first to take two rounds wins. You roll and I guess, then vice versa.”

“Sounds good,” Kace Jones immediately agreed.

He asked for two sets of dice and said, “Why don’t we do it at the same time? We roll our dice and guess each others’ simultaneously. Since you are the guest, you win by either correctly guessing the outcome of my rolls, or if I make a mistake and get yours wrong.”

Indeed, Kace could be a little outrageous at times. He was extremely confident in his

ability and did not for one second think that he would lose to Jermaine.

Jermaine was quite amused at Kace being oblivious to his fate.

Jermaine and Kace were each given a set of dice, containing a dice cup and six dice.

Simultaneously the two men inserted their dice into the dice cup and started shaking it. The clear sound of dice shaking was heard throughout the room.

It was true that Kace had a few tricks up his sleeve. He was fanciful and extravagant while shaking the dice around, while on the other hand, Jermaine simply shook the cup a few times and set it down on the table, like a child fooling around.

The executives watching on the sidelines

were dumbfounded. Jermaine did not know how to roll dice! Where did he get the courage to bet his life?

It was obvious that he did not have the skills, and if he was relying on luck, then too bad. Luck could only take him so far when facing Kace. After all, Kace had built his legacy from gambling.

Finally, Kace set down his dice cup. Looking at Jermaine with a smile on his face, he asked, “What is your guess?”

“One, two, three, four, five, six,” said, Jermaine, randomly throwing out a few numbers as if he knew nothing about the game he was playing. He took a wild guess, “The total is... twenty-one!”

“You lose.” Kace revealed his dice. “I rolled

six ones.”

For an expert like Kace, he could get any outcome he wanted by changing the way he shook the dice cup. His skill was so good that he could alter the outcome again by slightly shaking the dice cup after it was set down on the table. No matter what, Jermaine could not win.

As a person having these abilities, Kace was rightfully confident and convinced in his chances of winning.

“No, you lost.” Jermaine smiled cryptically. “Take a look.”

Kace chuckled. He thought Jermaine had lost his mind. There was no way he could lose with the skills he had!

Yet, when he saw the dice on the table, he

was flabbergasted. Instead of six ones, the dice were now showing the numbers Jermaine mentioned, adding up to a total of twenty-one!

“How is this possible?”

Kace was struck senseless, the reality too much for him to handle. The executives were also dumbfounded. Jermaine had guessed Kace’s dice correctly!

Kace was sure that he had not made any mistakes. How could this happen then? Did Jermaine cheat? No, it was impossible, he stood at least a few meters away.

Kace looked dejected. With the conditions he set, Jermaine had won, just by correctly guessing the numbers on Kace’s dice.

Jermaine, on the other hand, was relaxed. He

looked at Kace with a smile and said, “You said it yourself—if I guess correctly, I win. However, I will give you one more chance. Try and guess mine. If you get it right, I lose. How about it?”

Kace smiled after hearing Jermaine’s offer. What a foolish man, he thought.

While Kace was busy shaking his dice cup, he was also listening to the sounds coming from Jermaine’s dice cup. He knew what they were, six of six, an interesting combination for sure.

Yet, right as Kace was about to answer, something felt wrong. Sounds could be heard from the already silent dice cup, as the dice inside it started spinning on their own. What on earth was happening?

The dice was provided by the casino, so there was no reason to suspect foul play. And Jermaine's hand was stationary, so why did the dice start spinning?

Kace panicked. He could clearly hear the numbers on the dice, but they were like numbers on the screen right before the jackpot lottery number was announced, changing every millisecond.

He broke out in a cold sweat. Each dice had six sides, and with six of them in action, there was no way he could guess the correct combination.

“No guesses? Why don't you try again after I open it?” Jermaine suggested.

He lifted up the dice cup and Kace saw the

dice himself. However, the numbers on the dice were ever changing in Kace's eyes.

“Guess it, now!” Jermaine roared.

Instinctively, Kace answered, “Six of six, thirty-six in total!”

“You lose.”

The dice stopped spinning. It was the same as Kace's, an outcome of twenty-one.

Everyone was shocked. The executives could not understand how their boss could have misread the opened and exposed dice combination, which they clearly saw was twenty-one.

Kace did not expect himself to lose. Feeling like a deflated balloon, he asked, “Who exactly are you?”

Jermaine took off his sunglasses and said, “
You must have learned your skills from
Avalokitesvara. I defeated him.

“You know who I am, the God of Gamblers—
Jermaine Leonard!”

Chapter 575 The Eighteen Generals

“Jermaine Leonard!”

Kace Jones knew that name well. After making his comeback through gambling, his interest in the field was piqued, and he managed to seek tutelage under the famous Avalokitesvara.

He learned a lot from his master. Two years ago, Avalokitesvara was brutally wiped out in a game of wager. Despite not being there personally, Kace knew that his master retired immediately after the loss and left the gambling scene.

The winner who defeated him was the God of Gamblers.

Kace did not expect the famous God of Gamblers to visit his casino and play a game with him. He was at a loss whether to feel honored or horrified by the turn of events.

“Why did you come?” asked Kace.

Jermaine did not immediately answer. He went to the windows and looked out at the massive Lake Ty.

“Kace Jones. For a long time, you lived abroad doing business and building your own empire, all just so you can return to Strego City one day and take over as the head of the Jones family. After all, you were denied the spot because of your status as an illegitimate son of the family, am I right?”

Kace frowned. He was, at the moment,

extremely puzzled. As a well-known figure overseas, why would the God of Gamblers come to the Celestial Empire and involve himself with Kace's personal matters?

"Mr. Leonard, some things are best left unsaid," said Kace.

"Hahaha. It does not matter anymore. Del Jones is dead," replied Jermaine.

"What?"

Kace sprang up from his seat with a look of disbelief. How was that possible? Yet, it was the truth. Del had been killed by Mary and her gang of mercenaries just a couple of hours ago.

"Are you messing with me, Mr. Leonard?"

"I'd never do that." Jermaine smiled. "Plus,

you may be next.”

The two bodyguards standing behind Kace immediately took out their guns and pointed them at Jermaine. They thought he came to kill their boss.

In the blink of an eye, Jermaine turned his body and gently flicked his wrists. Two golden poker cards shot out of his hands and went clean through the bodyguards' wrists.

Among cries of pain, their guns dropped onto the floor.

“Your boss' life is already mine. Are you trying to double-cross me, Kace?” said Jermaine darkly.

Terror stabbed Kace's heart as he hurriedly stopped his bodyguards from calling for

more reinforcements.

“I am a man of my word. If you want to take my life, I have no objections,” Kace declared.

“What a man!” Jermaine retrieved his poker cards from the bodyguards and wiped the blood off them with some clean paper napkins. “Relax, I did not come to kill you.

“On the contrary, I am here to protect you. But you have to promise me that after all the chaos subsides, you must listen to everything I say.”

Kace was dumbfounded. What was Jermaine trying to achieve? After all, they were in Strego City. Nobody had the audacity to harm him.

“I do not understand, Mr. Leonard.”

Jermaine explained, “Del’s death was arranged by your niece, Juliet Jones. She then hired a group of mercenaries to take you out right here on your boat.

“Your death will mean that Juliet is free from opposition to become the head of the Jones family.”

Checking his watch, Jermaine continued, “If I am not mistaken, they should be here soon.”

“Impossible.”

Kace did not believe that Juliet would do such a thing. Moreover, he was convinced that the mercenaries dared not kill him at Lake Ty.

“Mr. Leonard, this is Strego City of the

Celestial Empire. You can't just kill people as you see fit. The mercenaries wouldn't dare touch me, plus, we are still in the vicinity of the city.”

Jermaine smiled. “Oh, how naive. We are now so far away from civilization that even the most violent fight will not alert anyone in the city.”

“What?!”

Kace's stomach clenched as he hurriedly ran toward the windows. Looking out, all he saw were mountains on the horizon and the endless stretch of water, no buildings or any cityscape to be seen.

“How could this happen?” Kace was at a loss for words.

Jermaine replied, “Your people were bought

off earlier on. While we were here gambling, your men steered the ship out of the city boundaries. Whatever happens now will not involve the authorities.

“As for your people, let’s just say they will not appear too.”

“Why... why are you trying to save me?”
asked Kace.

“As I said before, your life belongs to me now. Moreover, you are not losing out on anything. It is your honor to be a part of Regal Palace.”

Kace momentarily lost his sense of reasoning as he looked at Jermaine in utter disbelief. “Are you from Regal Palace?”

Regal Palace was the preeminent

organization overseas. Kace had heard of them, especially since he had business dealings abroad as well.

At the same time, the core of Regal Palace consisted of people from the east. As a person of the same descent, Kace had quite a few business dealings with the organization itself. He wanted to join Regal Palace quite some time ago, but opportunities were hard to come by, and he was still trying to find a way to break into the circle.

Who would have thought that he was now being approached by Regal Palace itself?

‘Jermaine Leonard is actually a part of Regal Palace!’

Returning to his senses, Kace asked, “Mr. Leonard, if you don’t mind, may I ask what

your position in Regal Palace is? Are you a chief?”

Chiefs were one of the higher positions attainable in Regal Palace’s hierarchy. They were usually given the responsibility of running Regal Palace’s operations in a foreign country, sort of like the main person -in-charge for Regal Palace in that particular country.

It was also the highest rank that Kace could interact with.

Jermaine shook his head and smiled. “No, I am one of Regal Palace’s Eighteen Generals!”

Chapter 576 Arrival Of The Storm

“The Eighteen Generals of Regal Palace!”

Kace Jones’ mind was blown to pieces as he felt goosebumps on his skin.

The reputation of the Eighteen Generals abroad was stellar and outstanding. For someone like Kace, he could not fathom how he was able to interact with someone so prominent, so high up the social ladder.

“Mr. Leonard, are you really one of the Eighteen Generals?” asked Kace.

Jermaine Leonard smiled. “There is no need for me to fake my identity here. If you do not trust me, call up your master, Avalokitesvara.

“Not now, though. We have urgent matters to attend to. Once everything is settled, let us have a good chat.”

Jermaine looked out at the lake from the windows.

“Kace Jones, you already owe me your life from our bet just now. In a short while, I will save you again, so you’ll owe me again. It is not outrageous for you to serve Regal Palace from now on, is it?”

Kace could not quite understand what Jermaine meant. Anyway, the current circumstances did not allow him to get too deep into his thoughts.

The jarring sound of motors broke the peace and quiet of the night as three speedboats

were seen emerging from the darkness, headed for the gambling ship at full speed. Onboard these boats were eight men, all possessing sharp and defined facial features, and with heavy weaponry in their hands.

On the deck of the gambling ship, the security guards noticed the presence of the speedboats.

“What is going on?”

They looked on in confusion. Ever since the ship set sail and left the city, they felt that something was off. Immediately, they went to the executives, but were told that tonight's route was a special arrangement and to mind their own business.

They went back to their posts and thought nothing more of it.

However, they realized that some of the executives on board had actually been bought off. That was why they steered the ship here to an isolated spot on the lake.

“Guns!” one of the security guards called out.

Being of mercenary backgrounds, they instinctively took out their guns from the holsters. However, before they could even shoot, a barrage of bullets greeted them. In just a short while, the security guards were found lying in their own pools of blood on the deck.

The speedboats rapidly approached the ship, and Stormbringer, followed by his men, jumped onto the deck.

The rest of the security guards rushed

forward with weapons in their hands.

However, they only had cold weapons. After all, firearms were unsuitable in Strego City. They were stunned to see their opponents carrying AKs and assault rifles.

“Who are you?” asked the leader of the security team.

As people who used to live their lives in war-torn countries and unstable regions, the security team held their ground relatively well.

Stormbringer pushed up the sunglasses on his face and said, “We are the Stormbringer Mercenaries. I am Stormbringer, and these are my people.”

“Stormbringer Mercenaries!”

The security guards were dumbfounded.

The best mercenary organization internationally! Why did they come to the Celestial Empire?

Stormbringer waved his hand. “Our target today is Kace Jones. Get lost into the lake if you wish to live.”

Looking at each other, the security guards were tangled in a dilemma. They knew the strength of the Stormbringer Mercenaries, and how going against them meant certain death.

That being said, they had their own ethics. Hired by Kace to protect his safety, abandoning their client now went against their values and principles. Their careers were effectively over if they chose to escape and save their own lives.

It was a difficult decision, choosing between life and honor.

“No?” asked Stormbringer.

He took out a desert eagle from his holster and fired it at the nearest guy. The guy collapsed as the bullet whizzed through his forehead. Meanwhile, Stormbringer’s men started firing indiscriminately into the group of security guards.

“Damn it!”

The security guards found themselves in a serious predicament. As reality showed, honor mattered less when a human was placed in a life-or-death situation. The surviving security guards immediately jumped into the lake.

“Should have done it earlier.”

The mercenaries snickered and entered the ship's interior. As battle-hardened veterans of the trade, this was an easy mission. None of them felt any stress at all.

“Boss, are you sure Tyr Summers is not around?”

After getting wind of Tyr's presence in Strego City, a few of the members of the mercenary group were a little worried.

Stormbringer replied, “He is over at the Jones family's manor, do not worry.

“We are here for Kace only. He is our objective. Kill him and leave. I have arranged for a ship to bring us out of the Celestial Empire. We leave immediately after the

mission.”

“Understood.”

The group of nine entered the main hall of the casino. The guests, oblivious to the disturbance on the deck, were busy having fun. But when bullets shattered the glass ceilings of the hall, chaos erupted.

“Get on the floor with your heads down! We are not here for the money. Follow our orders and your lives will be spared.”

The guests on board were elites and members of the upper society. For these people, their lives meant a lot to them. They instantly dropped to the floor and held their breaths. The hall hushed down immediately.

Holding the desert eagle, Stormbringer

walked toward the center of the hall. “We are here for Kace Jones only. Tell me if you know where he is. Otherwise, I am killing a person every ten seconds until I see Kace!”

He then turned his attention to his Rolex watch and started the countdown.

Chapter 577 Kace Jones Is Protected By Regal Palace

At this moment, these people could not react to what had happened.

Ten minutes passed by quickly.

Stormbringer lifted the gun in his hands and aimed at a person beside him...

Bang!

Said person fell to the ground, and the entire hall erupted into chaos and panic.

Stormbringer did not react much after killing a person. Calm as if he had simply stepped on an ant, he then reset the timer.

Finally, a croupier's voice was heard, "He's

in the VIP room on the second floor!”

Stormbringer smiled faintly as he looked towards his mercenaries. They immediately went up to the VIP room on the second floor.

At this moment, Kace had come out from the room. “Who are you, who sent you?”

“Oh, you came out yourself.” Slightly shocked, Stormbringer adjusted his sunglasses and looked at Kace. “We do not give out our employer’s name, it’s our policy.”

Taking a picture out, Stormbringer glanced at it and then at Kace, confirming whether the person standing in front of him was his target. He then immediately lifted his golden gun and pointed it at Kace.

Bang!

A loud gun shot could be heard, and a golden bullet rushed towards Kace.

Stormbringer had very good aim with a gun, he could flawlessly kill a person from twenty meters away.

As the bullet arrived in front of Kace, a light hit it, causing the bullet to slightly brush past Kace's head and shoot through the wall behind him. That light was from a golden playing card. The card flew around in circles for a while before going back to its owner like a boomerang.

Said owner was none other than Jermaine Leonard.

“What is this?” asked Stormbringer, frowning.

Meanwhile, the rest of the people behind him instinctively raised their guns and aimed towards Kace.

Playing with the card in his hand, Jermaine slowly walked towards Kace and stood in front of him. Jermaine's body was bigger than Kace's, so the latter was completely hidden behind the former.

"Kace, I saved your life again. After this ends, you owe me three times," said Jermaine.

Jermaine was a gambler, so he loved doing things in a gambling way. Kace was slowly owing him more and more.

Taking off his sunglasses, Jermaine looked at Stormbringer and the others and laughed.

“Aren’t you guys the Stormbringer Mercenaries? Why are you here? You’re supposed to be overseas, so why have you come to the Celestial Empire’s Strego City?”

“Jermaine... Leonard!” gasped Stormbringer.

Stormbringer obviously would recognise Jermaine. After all, he was one of Regal Palace’s eighteen generals.

At this moment, everyone was frightened, even though they had not met Tyr Summers yet. However, now that they had met Jermaine Leonard, one of the eighteen generals of Regal Palace, this game they were playing suddenly turned into a nightmare.

“Put down your guns.”

Even though the Stormbringer Mercenaries

were strong, they were still scared of Regal Palace. Before things were cleared up, they would not randomly point their guns at people from Regal Palace. Especially since they were looking at one of the eighteen generals.

In a display of his position in Regal Palace, Jermaine calmly played with the cards in his hand as he spoke serenely, but in a strong and powerful voice, “Kace Jones is now under Regal Palace’s protection. Scram, right now!”

“What?” Stormbringer and the rest shuddered, they were confused.

Kace was worth over one hundred million dollars, and taking him out was supposed to be a simple task. They were going to swiftly receive the money, but how could they be in

this situation right now?

Especially since they had already collected the money. If word spread that the Stormbringer Mercenaries did not complete their task after collecting the payment, it would ruin their reputation and business.

However, their target was protected by one of Regal Palace's eighteen generals. Would they be able to muster their courage to fight against Regal Palace?

At this moment, Stormbringer and the rest were hesitating.

After a while, Stormbringer shook his head and said, "God of Gamblers Jermaine, we will not back down on our mission."

"So, are you saying the Stormbringer

Mercenaries want to fight Regal Palace as enemies? Do you guys even have the qualifications to do so?” replied Jermaine with a sigh.

Stormbringer took a deep breath. “Since Regal Palace defeated Shadow Totem two years ago, you are right, we do not have the qualifications to be enemies with Regal Palace.

“However there is only one person here, which is you. You do not represent the entire Regal Palace.

“And the Stormbringer Mercenaries is one of the top mercenary groups internationally, so we cannot afford to ruin our reputation.”

Squinting, Jermaine laughed and asked, “So, you guys are set on fighting me?”

He then took a stack of cards and fanned them out. Under the lights in the hall, each card shone brightly. This set of golden cards was not only Jermaine's favourite toy, but also his weapon. He could shoot all fifty-four cards in the set in a row, and each shot would be more powerful than a deagle.

Though Jermaine was known as the gambling god, he had the highest combat power amongst the eighteen generals. Even Juan Yates, one of Regal Palace's Five Kings, was no match for Jermaine.

Therefore, it would not be hard for him to fight against everyone in the Stormbringer Mercenaries. Even though he did not have a hundred percent possibility of winning, he still had the potential to.

At this moment, Stormbringer was

panicking. Since, after all, he was facing an ancient behemoth. As soon as Stormbringer made one wrong move, Jermaine would defeat the entire Stormbringer Mercenaries without mercy.

Forcefully fighting would not work, they needed a win-win situation.

In this sort amount of time, Stormbringer was racking his brain. In the end, he thought of an idea.

Chapter 578 Big Mistake

“Jermaine, you are a gambling god, so you like to gamble at everything. Why not gamble with us?”

Jermaine, who was ready to attack, temporarily ceased his intentions and asked, “Gamble with you?”

“Yes,” said Stormbringer. “You are right, we do not dare make Regal Palace our enemy. But we do have a reputation to uphold, hope you understand.”

Jermaine laughed. “Tell me, how do we gamble?”

“I am not gonna gamble with you using cards. Let us have a one-on-one fight. If I

win, you give us Kace Jones. If I lose, we will leave,” suggested Stormbringer.

Jermaine rubbed his chin and smiled. “Alright. You can use all the weapons you have on you.”

Jermaine was crazy. His opponent had a gun, but he did not tell Stormbringer to fight without it. The gun was considered as a type of weapon. Since Stormbringer was most skilled with a gun, Jermaine did not want him to not use it.

“Alright!” Stormbringer agreed.

This was what Jermaine wanted, Stormbringer had not forced this decision upon him.

“Clear the area before we fight,” said

Jermaine.

“Alright,” replied Stormbringer as he made his people stand in a corner.

Jermaine looked towards Kace and said, “I’ll give you one hour to clear the boat. Also, make sure everyone keeps their mouths shut about today’s incident.

“If any of them dares to speak of today’s incident, Regal Palace will find out and kill their entire family.”

Kace immediately nodded. “Yes!”

He then made a phone call asking for a boat to transfer everyone. Not even an hour later, people from the shore sent a boat over and transferred everyone. After the boat left, there was only Stormbringer, the other

mercenaries, Jermaine, and Kace on this lonely boat in the cold sea. The boat which had originally been crowded suddenly became empty.

Stormbringer and Jermaine both walked towards the center of the hall, each holding their weapons. The former held his golden desert eagle, while the latter had his playing cards in his hand.

“Kace, find a place to hide so that you do not get caught in the crossfire, otherwise all of this will be for nothing,” Jermaine instructed as he walked towards Stormbringer.

As the two men stared at each other, the atmosphere was burning.

“Today’s fight is fair and square. If you can

defeat or even kill me, Regal Palace will not do anything to you and the Stormbringer Mercenaries,” Jermaine declared.

That was exactly what Stormbringer wanted to hear. He smiled. “Then, please excuse me.”

The both of them let out a ferocious and explosive aura.

As the leader of the Stormbringer Mercenaries, a top mercenary group in the world, Stormbringer’s combat skills were not to be underestimated. Even for one of Regal Palace’s eighteen generals, this fight against Stormbringer would not be an easy one.

He was scared of Regal Palace as a whole, not just a measly general.

Stormbringer fired three shots at Jermaine. With his godly gun skills, the three bullets lined up and headed straight for their target. Jermaine's eyes were sharp. The moment Stormbringer shot his gun, he almost instantly flung a card out.

The bullets and card clashed, creating a loud spark. All three of Stormbringer's bullets were stopped by the card Jermaine threw.

The both of them then moved at the speed of light. Stormbringer shot his gun while moving, while Jermaine flung his cards while moving. The hall was filled with loud clashing sounds, while the surroundings were all destroyed. At the same time, one of Jermaine's cards shot into a metal wall.

After a while, Stormbringer ran out of

bullets, while Jermaine had flung over ten cards. The both of them were fighting on equal footing. Stormbringer quickly reloaded his ammo and once again started shooting at Jermaine, while Jermaine did not stop flinging his cards.

At this moment, the entire hall was filled with bullets and cards flying around. This scene was more intense than watching a movie with special effects.

The other mercenaries were hiding under tables and in corners. Earlier, a mercenary could not dodge the playing card Jermaine threw in time. The card flew and broke his skull. This strength was enough to make anyone watching go numb.

Terrified, Kace was hiding under a table as well. This was the first time he saw that it

was possible for someone on earth to fling a playing card till this extent.

Even gambling movies could not recreate this. So, the actions in movies were actually real; they did not trick anyone.

After about half an hour, Stormbringer had finished all three stacks of his ammo, while Jermaine had flung about thirty of his cards.

At this moment, Stormbringer's chest was bleeding, as a card had stabbed into his ribs. However it was not a deep wound and he simply pulled out the bloody card. At the same time, there was a line of blood on Jermaine's face. A bullet had scratched his face earlier, and the wound was throbbing painfully.

Tossing away the desert eagle in his hands,

Stormbringer took out two daggers from his thigh holsters instead, and ran towards his opponent. Jermaine immediately reacted, throwing all but two of the playing cards he had left while also running towards Stormbringer.

The both of them were very fast. A normal person like Kace could not comprehend how they fought, let alone see their movements. All he saw was two shadows flying around the hall that was currently an utter mess.

The Stormbringer Mercenaries felt chills watching Jermaine and Stormbringer fight. This was the first time they had seen a general from the Regal Palace fight, it was too frightening.

“I always thought that our combat skills were the best internationally. I thought that

the reason why Regal Palace was so outstanding internationally was because they had a lot of people and money. They also have an incredible leader.

“However after meeting a general today, I realize that thought was a big mistake.”

Chapter 579 Your Life Is Not Mine

In their hearts, all the Stormbringer Mercenaries wondered how the f*ck was Jermaine just a general in Regal Palace?! This guy could push their leader to this extent, and what's more, there were seventeen other generals who were on the same level as Jermaine.

Including the Five Kings and Tyr Summers, the Palace Master, how overly powered was this group?

Panicking, one of the mercenaries looked at another mercenary and asked, "Is our leader even able to defeat this Jermaine guy?"

"Leader will definitely win. This Jermaine

guy sure is strong, but he is not on our leader's level," answered the other guy.

Despite saying that, he had doubts in his heart. "However, I have a bad feeling. What do we do if our leader really loses? Do we have to leave? No, the leader cannot lose," he added, lifting the AK in his hand.

Frowning, another mercenary quickly grabbed the guy's arm. "What are you doing?"

The guy took a deep breath and said, "The leader cannot lose no matter what."

"Put down your gun. Are you f*cking crazy? If you do that, everyone here will die along with you," said another mercenary, sweating with fear.

Doing something like this behind the

opponent's back was not something their group could do. That would be too despicable of them, especially since they were facing one of Regal Palace's generals.

“But, if we get rid of Jermaine and Kace, no one will know what actually happened.”

It was as if that person had made up his mind. He aimed his gun towards Jermaine.

At this moment, the fight had already stopped. Jermaine's card was aimed at Stormbringer's throat. One light flick was all it would take to slice his throat.

However, Jermaine did not kill Stormbringer. All he did was faintly say, “You lost.”

“Willing to gamble means willing to lose.”

Stormbringer threw his dagger aside. “We will leave right now.”

“Alright!” said Jermaine, putting his cards away.

As soon as he packed all his cards, a line of bullets suddenly flew towards him.

Jermaine reacted swiftly, dodging all the bullets. The other mercenaries immediately pinned the person who fired those shots to the ground and took his gun away from him.

“You motherf*cker, are you trying to die?”

The other mercenaries were angrily scolding the guy, and Jermaine had a frown on his face. Meanwhile, there were veins popping out on Stormbringer’s forehead.

He picked up the dagger he had thrown on

the ground and walked towards the person who fired those shots. “Are you intentionally trying to kill us all?”

“Leader, I was just...”

Shunk!

Before the person could even finish, Stormbringer had already sliced his throat without hesitation.

He did not even take the dagger back, leaving it in the guy’s throat as he turned back to Jermaine. “Sorry, Mr. Jermaine, it’s my fault for not properly teaching my members. Thank you for sparing my life. Regal Palace truly is as powerful as the rumors say.”

“Now scram!” snapped Jermaine. Done

talking, he waved his hand at Stormbringer and the others.

Stormbringer did not hesitate and bowed. “If there’s anything that you need the Stormbringer Mercenaries for, please do not hesitate to contact us, Mr. Jermaine.”

“Tell Juliet Jones that you guys successfully killed Kace Jones, so you guys can collect the pay and leave the Celestial Empire,” said Jermaine.

Stormbringer was shocked. “We cannot scam people.”

With a smile, Jermaine said, “Is your pride or lives more important? You choose.

“I can even make sure that no one finds out what actually happened today. The day when

Juliet Jones finally learns the truth will be the day she dies.”

“Alright!” Stormbringer immediately turned to leave, not saying anything else.

“Oh right, just in case, take some photos,” added Jermaine as he walked over to Kace.

Using his cards, he slit a small cut on Kace’s throat with his card. The cut was not deep or life-threatening. But to outsiders, it seemed like a fatal wound.

“Lay down, pretend you're dead,” Jermaine instructed.

Kace was a smart person. Before Jermaine had even finished his sentence, he had already laid on the floor, pretending to be dead. To get a more realistic effect, Kace bit

his lip until it bled and spit blood out of his mouth.

Taking out his phone, Stormbringer quickly snapped a few photos of Kace's 'death'. With a final bow to Jermaine, he turned around and left the hall with the other mercenaries in tow. They all then left in a boat.

At this moment, the only people left on the boat were Kace and Jermaine.

Kace felt relieved. When the Stormbringer Mercenaries arrived earlier, he was absolutely frightened, to the point that all his feelings went numb. Only once they left did Kace feel the fear rushing back.

Losing all strength, he laid on the ground hopelessly. This was the first time he had felt so close to death. If it was not because of

Jermaine, Kace would have died.

Even though Jermaine won the one-on-one fight with Stormbringer, he was not completely unscattered. He had many bloody cuts all over his body. As expected of the leader of the Stormbringer Mercenaries, one of top mercenary groups internationally, Stormbringer's strength was formidable.

However, this was nothing for Jermaine. For people like him who were used to countless battles and being showered in a rain of bullets, these cuts were nothing.

At this moment, Kace got up and wiped the sweat off his face, then walked towards Jermaine.

Treating Jermaine with the utmost respect,

he said, “Thank you, Mr. Jermaine, for saving me. From today onwards, my life is yours. Mr. Jermaine, are your injuries alright?”

“I’m fine.”

Jermaine removed a broken shard from his body, and did a simple wrapping of his injuries. He then walked around the hall to pick up all his golden playing cards. Seeing that many of his cards were broken, his heart ached.

“F*cking hell, my precious cards are broken. This time I’ll definitely make the boss get me a new set,” said Jermaine as he tried to calm his heart. He then turned towards Kace and asked, “What did you say just now?”

Stunned, Kace quickly replied, “I, Kace

Jones, offer you my life, Mr. Jermaine.”

“No, no, no.” Jermaine waved his hands. “You do not owe me your life, you owe my boss.”

Chapter 580 Kace Jones Greets The Palace Master

“Your boss?” asked a confused Kace.

Jermaine smiled and patted Kace’s shoulder. “I’ll take you to meet him. Before we do so, tell your people to spread rumors of your death.”

Kace immediately nodded. “Okay!”

After Kace had finished preparing, he and Jermaine took a speedboat back to the mainland.

At the same time, at a beautiful bar in Strego City, Tyr had already been waiting there for quite a while. At this moment, Jermaine and Kace walked in.

Jermaine immediately smiled brightly when he saw Tyr. He raised his hands and called out to him, “Boss.”

Of Regal Palace’s eighteen generals, Jermaine was considered the most humble one. So, Tyr was not as strict with him compared to the rest of them.

Tyr stood up and gave Jermaine a hug. “Sorry for the trouble.”

“It’s alright, I thought of it as a vacation. I’ve brought him here.”

“Alright.” Tyr nodded, then looked at Kace, who was standing behind Jermaine. “Do you want to have a drink?”

Kace shook his head. Looking at Tyr, he felt that the young man looked familiar, but

could not remember who he was.

Tyr smiled and said, “Second Master Jones, let me introduce myself, I am Tyr Summers.”

“So, you are Tyr Summers!”

Kace’s pupils shrank slightly, he obviously knew who Tyr was, especially since he was the second master of the Jones family. Juliet and Del had been talking about him. And because of the Southern Business

Association and Saxton Group incident, who in Strego City didn’t know Tyr Summers?

Kace was curious, what relationship did this young man from Khanh City have with Regal Palace?

Noticing Kace’s curiosity, Tyr simply smiled and took a sip of water.

“He is my boss,” Jamie explained. ①

“Your boss?” asked Kace. “Mr. Jermaine, are you also from the Celestial Empire? Is Tyr your older brother? Did you come back from overseas to help your brother?”

Jermaine laughed. “Mr. Jones, look at my age. Does it seem like my boss is older than me?”

“This!” Kace was speechless.

Jermaine was over thirty years old, while Tyr looked to only be over twenty. No matter how you looked at it, it was impossible for Tyr to be Jermaine’s older brother.

“You don’t need to guess anymore. Kace Jones, I am Regal Palace’s Palace Master. That is why Jermaine calls me boss,” said

Tyr.

“What!?”

Kace was utterly shocked and speechless. It was as if a bomb had been implanted into his head and exploded.

Kace was stunned for quite awhile. He only regained his senses when Jermaine patted him on the shoulder and said, “Sit.”

Only then did Kace react. While he was sitting in front of Tyr, his attitude was completely different than before. “I never would have thought that Regal Palace’s Palace Master was such a young man. And who would have ever thought that you would come to Strego City.”

“Don’t be so emotional,” said Tyr. “Kace

Jones, your brother, Del Jones, is dead, and so is Kendall Jones. Also, the killers who were on your ship were hired by Juliet Jones. I guess you can understand the situation even without me explaining, right?”

Kace smiled bitterly. “Juliet’s mother was a ferocious person, I lost to her a few years back. I would have never thought that her daughter would be even more ferocious.”

As he bowed to Tyr, Kace respectfully said, “My life is at your disposal, Palace Master. Tell me whatever you need me to do.”

“Next, I will help you become the head of the Jones family. The only condition is that from that day onwards, the Jones family will be a part of Regal Palace,” said Tyr.

“Deal!” Kace answered with zero hesitation.

This was not only because he owed his life to Tyr, but because he was a smart person with a brain.

Before this, he had opened businesses overseas in the hopes of joining Regal Palace. But, because he did not have enough connections and the businesses were not doing well, he could not even qualify for Regal Palace's requirements.

However, now that the Palace Master had personally invited him, this was the best chance for Kace. This deal had no losses for him, and Tyr would help him become the head of the Jones family. So, any smart person would definitely not reject Tyr's offer. Especially since Kace had no choice to begin with.

Kace got up from his seat and gave a bow to

Tyr. “Kace Jones greets the Palace Master.”

“Do not care about these formalities.” Tyr waved his hands. “Sit down and drink with me.”

“Yes.”

After Kace sat down, Tyr then said, “Kace, a woman like Juliet is rare. She has such good planning abilities, she even made me her chess piece.”

Kace replied, “However, Juliet underestimated your power, so she will definitely lose this game of chess.

“Juliet has been very smart and ferocious since she was a kid. Especially in recent years where she grew up with a bunch of gangsters in Strego City and even created a

gang. She managed to take control of all the prominent families' kids, she has a great ambition.”

“So, what do you think she would have done if her plan had succeeded? After killing Kendall, if she had managed to make the Stormbringer Mercenaries kill you, what would she have done next?” asked Tyr.

Kace answered, “She would have then targeted you, Palace Master.”

Tyr smiled and nodded. “What you said is correct. However, I am confused about something. Juliet knows my true potential, so she would not send her gang to fight me.

“If she did so, she would anger me instead. If my guess is correct, she definitely has something up her sleeve, a trump card,

right?”

“Trump card!” Kace put his hands under his chin and thought for a while. When something came to mind, his pupils shrank. “It can’t be!”

“It can’t be what?” Tyr asked.

“Palace Master, you killed my brother, Del, and he was the head of the Jones family. Once the Jones family has been harmed, and especially if the entire family is dying one after the other, Juliet will pin this on you.

“Including Kendall, Juliet would make the deaths public and say you killed all three of us.”

“Then?” Tyr asked.

“Then, our family protector from the Golden

Temple would definitely take action. That is Juliet's final goal. She did all this just to get our family protector from the Golden Temple to take action to defeat you," Kace answered.

Chapter 581 This Has Become More Interesting

“Golden Temple? Who is it?” asked Tyr.

“Master Clemence,” Kace replied. “Master Clemence is the head monk of the Golden Temple, and at the same time, he’s a very powerful fighter.

“Many years ago, he had problems when he came down from the mountain. After receiving help from my father, they became good friends.

“Just before my father passed away, Master Clemence promised him that he would protect the entire Jones family’s safety. If the Jones family was nearing extinction, he would come and help.

“Taren, who stays by Kendall’s side, and Jaren, who is always with Juliet, were both Master Clemence’s apprentices. They were brought into the Jones family when they were young because he wanted to assure the third generation’s safety.”

“Hm.” Tyr nodded lightly. “Now, this is interesting. This Clemence guy should be famous in Strego City, right?”

“Correct, he is quite famous here. In fact, the entire south knows him as a strong fighter. However, the one who is famous in the Golden Temple is not Clemence, but his brother, Harrison.”

“Harrison? Who is he?” asked Tyr.

“He is considered the number one monk in

the south. His combat power is probably among the top three in the entire south. He was most famous for a particular incident—the fight between him and Sachin Taylor ten years ago. Their fight shook the entire south,” Kace replied.

Tyr thought that the south kept getting more interesting. “And who is this Sachin Taylor?”

“He was a very, very terrifying devil, he had the nickname of the south’s nightmare,” answered Kace with a terrified expression on his face.

“I never would have guessed that there would be such an interesting and fearsome person in the Celestial Empire,” said Jermaine.

Tyr remarked, “Do not think that people

overseas are overpowered. Martial arts originated from the Celestial Empire, so the people here are more fearsome.

“The fighters here are no less than the ones overseas. Do not underestimate the Celestial Empire. The real strong fighters are here, not overseas.

“So, that Harrison guy is in the Golden Temple now?”

“No, he passed away long ago,” said Kace. “He was injured greatly after receiving a deadly blow during the fight with Sachin, he then passed away shortly after. That is why Master Clemence is the head monk of the Golden Temple.”

“Then, what about Sachin, he must have been killed by Harrison?” asked Tyr.

“No,” replied Kace. “Not many people watched the fight, only the representatives of each prominent family in the south. The others had no qualifications to watch it. The Jones family’s representative was Del Jones.

“However, the actual result of the fight was never released. People said that Sachin lost to Harrison but did not die, while Harrison received a fatal blow and died shortly after.

“No one actually knows whether Sachin is dead or alive, or even where he is.”

“Oh!” Tyr did not want to ask anymore.

Even though a strong fighter like him was interested in other strong fighters, the fight in question took place ten years ago.

“Palace Master, Juliet will definitely make

Clemence fight you. What do you plan to do?” asked Kace.

Tyr smiled. “What else can we do? Let Clemence come to me, let’s see what he can do. We can use this chance to get you to claim the position of the head of the Jones family.”

At the same moment, in the Jones family’s yard, Juliet had already arrived in a car.

Not only had Del died, but many of the family’s strong fighters had died too. When the rest of the family heard this news, everyone rushed over. This incident was like an earthquake to the Jones family. The head of the family had been murdered, while the heir of the family had died horribly.

Parking in the yard, Juliet sat in the car, looking into a mirror. At this moment, she looked very calm, but she had a hint of excitement and happiness in her heart.

However, Juliet's eyes quickly turned red and filled with tears. Suddenly, she was giving out a sad and depressed vibe. If this woman were to become an actress, she would definitely win an Oscar.

She got out of her car and walked towards the living room. At this moment, everyone from the Jones family had already arrived. The moment they saw Juliet walk in, everyone started to sympathize with her.

“Juliet, do not be sad.”

Juliet's eyes went red. “Who... who killed my

father?”

Stuttering, one of the Jones family's workers answered, “Miss, Master invited a guest named Tyr tonight. I do not know what exactly happened, but Master and Tyr had an argument, then a lot of assassins came in and killed him.”

“Dad...” Juliet cried loudly, rushing towards Del's dead body. She laid on top of him and sobbed. “Dad, wake up, Dad! That Tyr guy sure is cruel, why did he do this to you? I will avenge you.”

Juliet cried loudly, she cried till she was panting. Everyone who watched this scene was swayed by her mood.

“Yes, we must avenge the master. That Tyr guy is too crazy. How dare he kill the head of

the Jones family!”

“Yes, we must kill Tyr.”

At this moment someone suddenly asked, “Where is the second master, where is he when something big has happened in the family? He should come back and be the representative, the only person who can calm and lead the family is the second master.”

This second master they were talking about was none other than Kace Jones.

Even though Kace practically did not handle any matters regarding the Jones family anymore, he was still popular. In the family, there were still a lot of people chasing after him. At this moment, everyone started to discuss where Kace was and why he was not

there yet.

‘Kace Jones!’

Juliet, who was laying on Del’s body, suddenly had a trace of anger in her eyes. By this time, Stormbringer and rest should have already murdered Kace, but why was there no news? Suddenly, Juliet was doubtful and felt uneasy.

However, the Stormbringer Mercenaries was one of the top mercenary groups in the world. And she had paid them over one hundred million, so there should be no problem at all.

At this moment, a middle-aged guy walked into the living room. His name was Harvey Charles, and he was Kace’s loyal underling. He had been working with Kace for over ten

years.

Chapter 582 The Second Master Has Passed Away

“It’s Mr. Charles.” Everyone walked over to Harvey. “Mr. Charles, why are you alone? Where is the second master?”

“The second master is dead!” Harvey said with sadness.

“What?!”

This news shook the entire family. Kace was dead... how was this possible?

Juliet’s heart shook as well, but for the opposite reason — she was full of happiness. As expected, the Stormbringer Mercenaries had not disappointed her. In the end, they had managed to kill Kace.

Standing up, Juliet rushed over to Harvey and asked, “Uncle Charles, what happened? How could my uncle die, who killed him?”

“Miss, please do not be sad. It was the Stormbringer Mercenaries who killed the second master, and it was said that Tyr Summers hired them,” Harvey answered.

“Tyr Summers again.” Juliet bit her lip. “Tyr Summers, I, Juliet Jones, will definitely avenge my family and kill you.

“You killed my brother and my father, and now you’ve even killed my second uncle. How cruel of you.”

At this moment, Juliet’s acting was so good that Harvey quickly said to her, “Miss, you should take care of your body first. We will

need you to be the representative of the family.”

Everyone came to a realization once Harvey said that sentence. Since Kendall and Del were dead, and now even Kace had been killed, Juliet was the only one in the entire family who had the qualifications to be the next head of the Jones family.

Suddenly, everyone started agreeing that Juliet should be the representative. Some people were even obviously hinting that she should immediately be the next head of the family.

However, since Juliet was a woman, even though she had more than enough qualifications to be the next family head, people were still skeptical as it was not in line with the Jones family tradition.

Therefore, many people were disagreeing. There were even people who were planning to get rid of Juliet, so that they could let their bloodlines be the head of the family.

That was how a prominent family worked. Even if the Jones family had lost many important figures, no one would actually care deeply for their deaths. At this moment, everyone was greedily trying to fight for the top spot. Everyone started arguing.

Juliet suddenly shouted, “Everyone, shut up!”

At this moment, Juliet’s strong aura surrounded the area. Even though she was a woman, she was not a simple woman. This woman had more potential than her father, Del, and she was much more cruel.

At this moment, everyone was shocked. It was as if Juliet's mother, the woman who helped Del defeat Kace, had come back to life and was standing before them. Having inherited her genes, Juliet was truly her mother's daughter.

“As soon as my father gets cremated, you guys want to fight for the top spot? Or are you guys underestimating me, Juliet Jones, and trying to plot against me?”

At that moment, no one made a sound. The living room was dead quiet.

Juliet took a deep breath and said, “Regarding who should be the family representative and who will be the next head, we can discuss it later.

“What we should do now is to hold a funeral

for my dad and second uncle, then we need to avenge them as well.”

Harvey chimed in, “The second master’s body has already been lost at sea, I’m afraid we cannot recover it.”

“What?!” Juliet’s heart shook. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” Harvey nodded. “The Stormbringer Mercenaries are a very professional mercenary group, they are good at disposing bodies.”

Gritting her teeth, Juliet said, “Uncle Charles, gather people. I do not care if it’s Tyr or a mercenary group, I want them all dead.”

“Yes!”

It wasn't until almost two in the morning that most of the family finally decided to go back home to rest. The funeral had already been prepared, and Juliet was leading it. By the time it was almost four in the morning, the rest of her relatives could not stay up anymore.

Juliet walked up to them and said, "The sun is about to rise, you guys must be tired. Go back and rest."

"Juliet, you stayed up the entire night as well. You should rest, we can stay here," the relatives answered.

"No, I want to be with my father longer."

Many of them felt touched by Juliet, they thought that she had filial piety. However,

some people knew that it was all an act.

In a noble and prominent family, there is no such thing as real affection. Or rather, the affection is very little and thin. Everyone who was standing guard over Del's body was just taking it as a task to complete.

Since Juliet said so, everyone felt as if they did not need to continue staying here, as it was not their responsibility anymore.

Everyone got up and left.

Juliet then made all the workers leave too. Everyone was confused, since when did the miss become such a caring and affectionate person? However since they were just workers, they did not dare ask.

Very quickly, the entire place was empty.

As Juliet stood beside Del's body, her face

was still full of sadness. “Father, do not blame me. Yes, I was the one who killed Kendall personally. If I did not kill him, Tyr would not have let me live.

“I do not have any connection with Kendall either, so do not blame me.

“You have to remember, Tyr Summers was the one who killed you, not me. So, do not haunt me, it’s useless. However, rest assured, I will ask our guardian from the Golden Temple to avenge you.”

Juliet laughed loudly as she finished speaking. This laugh, along with the funeral proceedings, made the atmosphere terrifying.

At this moment, Del was in the coffin, motionless. If he had any life left in him, he

would have jumped out of the coffin.

“Father, thinking about it, if you did not die, the guardian would not make a move, right? So, using your life in exchange for killing Tyr is not a loss. After this, I’ll become the head of the Jones family. I will definitely make the family grow greatly.”

Juliet laughed while she took her phone out. Because her phone was in silent mode, she only now realized that she had a lot of unread messages. They were all from Stormbringer, and one of them contained a bunch of photos.

They were photos of Kace’s death!

Chapter 583 Interception On The Road

Juliet Jones made a phone call to Stormbringer. Very quickly, Stormbringer answered.

“Miss Jones, I already killed the person you wanted me to kill, but you did not reply. Isn't that too much?” he said, sounding angry.

Juliet quickly replied, “Sorry, Mr. Stormbringer, I was busy. Is Kace really dead?”

“I already sent you the photos. Are you saying they're fake?”

“We, the Stormbringer Mercenaries are one of the top international mercenary groups.

Since we received your money, we obviously will carry out our mission.

“So, Miss Jones, you do not need to doubt us. Especially since you should have received the news, right?”

“Yes, I did receive news of Kace’s murder. Mr. Stormbringer, thank you for your help.”

Stormbringer laughed. “All we have is a business relationship. The Stormbringer Mercenaries won’t help for nothing. You understand what I’m saying, Miss Jones?”

Juliet immediately said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Stormbringer. I’ll transfer the rest of the money to you right now.”

“Alright.”

Juliet immediately did an online bank

transfer of seventy million dollars to Stormbringer's bank account.

After receiving the notification of payment, Stormbringer smiled in satisfaction and said, "Miss Jones, hope you have a good life, goodbye!"

Juliet hung up the phone as well.

Turning towards Del's coffin, she took one more look before deciding to go back and take a quick nap. Many friends and family members would be attending the cremation ceremony the next evening. So, Juliet still had to go back to take a shower and prepare.

It was almost winter, so even if it was morning, the sky was still not bright. Since Juliet had not slept the entire night, she was extremely tired and drove slowly. The street

lights shone on the dark road, while droplets of rain fell from the sky.

It was at this moment that three black cars stopped in front of Juliet, blocking her way.

Noticing that it was a bad situation, Juliet frowned. She quickly switched the car's gears and tried to reverse. Before she could even reverse a few meters, another black car appeared and blocked her from behind too.

"Jaren, someone's here to kill me," Juliet said instinctively.

She then remembered that Jaren was not by her side. All these years, Jaren had always been by her side, protecting her. However, yesterday, she had ordered him to go see the Jones family's guardian at the Golden Temple, and he had not returned yet.

Over the years, Juliet had grown used to Jaren's company. So, whenever she was in danger, she would instinctively call out to him. But this time, he was not here.

Juliet suddenly felt panicked. She did know who sent these people, but she knew that they were definitely coming to kill her. Her guess was that it was someone from the Jones family.

The car doors opened, and people holding axes got out. They were all from Strego City's underground world.

"You guys sure are brave, wanting to kill me, Juliet Jones."

Juliet gathered her concentration and let out a strong aura. Stepping on the gas pedal, she

rushed forward like a wild bull. She thought that she could power through, smash all the cars, and escape.

However, things like that only happened in movies. Juliet could not even smash a single car, instead, she smashed her own car.

The strong impact made her slam against the steering wheel, causing her to bleed from the head. The pressure from the hit almost made her lose consciousness.

However, she forced herself to not faint, otherwise, she would die horribly.

The people approached the car and surrounded it. Opening the car door, they prepared to drag Juliet out. When they laid eyes on her, the group started discussing her appearance.

“So, this is the young lady of the Jones

family. She sure is pretty.”

“She is so f*cking sexy.”

“Brothers, since there is still time before the sun rises, can we play with her before killing her?”

“That would be fun, hahaha.”

They laughed evilly.

A tall and thin guy with a face full of freckles unbuckled Juliet’s seatbelt and got ready to pull her out of the car. Suddenly, the still-half-conscious Juliet grabbed something near her and used it to hit the guy with all her strength.

Coincidentally, the item she grabbed was a high-voltage electrical baton. In the dark night, everyone could see this guy’s body

shine brightly with electricity coursing through his body. He had a seizure and fell to the ground.

Juliet quickly turned around and tried to escape. She was wearing high heels, so she could not run with them. Before she could even start running, she tripped and fell on the ground. The baton flew out of her hands, and before she could get it back, someone kicked it further away.

Someone squatted down in front of Juliet and grabbed her hair, then sniffed her neck with pleasure on his face. “You b*tch. Run, let’s see you run.”

“Who are you? Let me go, I am the lady of the Jones family. How dare you touch me! Do you want to die?”

Even in this situation, Juliet still kept her

noble attitude.

Everyone laughed. “Juliet Jones, there’s no need to act anymore. Someone hired us to kill you, so you must die today.”

Panicking, Juliet asked, “Who hired you? Is it Dragon Jones? Jade Jones or Zarah Jones?”

The people that Juliet mentioned were those who had power in the Jones family. They very well could try to harm her at this moment.

“How much did they pay you? I can pay double!” she offered.

Chapter 584 Jaren's Here 1

“Hahaha, Juliet Jones, some things cannot be bought with money. We get other benefits from helping our employer.”

“I can do the same for you guys,” said Juliet.

“No, you can't. You are a poisonous snake. If we let you go today, we will all die tomorrow. So, Juliet, you should just die. However, before you die, we will pleasure you well. Hahaha.”

A few strong men grabbed hold of Juliet and dragged her to their car. At this moment, she felt hopeless.

“Jaren!”

In this hopeless situation, all Juliet could do

was call out to Jaren. He had always been by her side. He was her protector, always willing to do anything and everything to ensure her safety.

Jarent had already sworn his life to Juliet and given her his everything. However, had she ever cared for him wholeheartedly? This woman might have just been using him all along. Even Juliet herself did not know what she felt towards Jaren, except perhaps regret.

Juliet loudly shouted Jaren's name repeatedly. But Jaren had gone to the Golden Temple, so how could he appear here?

Suddenly, a loud scream was heard from behind. Then, a white figure flashed by and flung two of the men away.

“What is happening?”

As everyone started to panic, they turned towards the white figure's direction.

“Jaren!” Juliet cried out.

When she saw his familiar figure, her eyes immediately filled with tears. In this critical situation, the man who had always protected her actually appeared.

The white figure was indeed Jaren. Dressed in white, with a shining bald head and a forehead marked with nine dots. He stood there and looked at Juliet, his body emitting a holy aura.

“Jaren, you really came,” said Juliet, feeling relieved now that he was here.

Meanwhile, the men were terrified when they saw Jaren. They knew of the powerful

monk who was always with Juliet, but they had done their research before taking action. The monk was not supposed to be with Juliet, that was why they had executed their plan.

How and when did he appear?

Since the situation had already come to this, they did not hesitate, since they could not back down anymore.

“Kill him. If Juliet does not die tonight, we will die.”

A strong looking guy rushed towards Jaren with a metal knife in hand. Over ten of the other guys did the same, running towards the monk without a care in the world. The strong looking guy was one of the stronger people in Strego City. However, to Jaren, he

was nothing but a bug.

Within a few seconds, those men were on the ground, having been defeated by Jaren.

As a monk, Jaren had a strong sense of discipline. That is why he did not kill anyone, but whoever got punched by him would not be able to move ever again.

Continuously letting out punches, Jaren quickly hit every single guy that came at him. Each punch made them fly up into the air. Very quickly, over ten of the strong looking guys were crawling on the ground screaming.

Retracting his fists, an unharmed Jaren walked towards Juliet. "My lady, are you alright?"

"Jaren, why are you here?" asked Juliet as

she cried and hugged him.

Flustered, Jaren could not move. "My lady, you..."

"Jaren, if you had come even a second later, I would have been done for!"

"My lady, I said before that I would protect you."

Juliet held Jaren for quite some time before she finally let him go.

At this moment, in the distance, a few men dressed in black ran over. These five men were hidden bodyguards meant to protect Juliet. However, because of many events that happened recently, they had not followed her.

The leader walked to Juliet's side. "Miss, we

are late, please forgive us,” he said in a panicked tone.

“What were you guys doing?” Juliet slapped the bodyguard across his face. It was like she had suddenly turned into another person. “I almost got f*cking killed, did you know that?”

The bodyguards knelt on the ground. “Please forgive us, Miss.”

“Get up first, I’ll deal with you later.”

Picking up a knife from the ground, Juliet walked towards her attackers. “Tell me, who hired you?”

“No... we won’t tell you,” said one of the attackers in a cunning tone.

Shing!

Juliet sliced the person who replied, and the guy fell to the ground, bleeding. This woman was too cruel, she could kill someone without flinching. She then talked towards another person. ①

Before Juliet even opened her mouth, the guy panicked and quickly said, "It was Zarah Jones. Zarah Jones hired us to kill you. Miss Jones, I will tell you everything, please don't kill me."

"I never said that I would spare your life if you confessed," replied Juliet darkly.

Shing!

With another slice, this guy fell to the ground too, also bleeding. At this moment, the rest of the attackers were crying. Was

this woman the devil?

Lazy to deal with these men any longer, Juliet ordered her bodyguards, "Get rid of all of them. If you let any escape, I will kill you."

She then flung the knife aside and walked towards the red Bentley. Jaren was sitting in the passenger seat, mumbling with his eyes closed.

"Jaren, are you saying a prayer for them?" asked Juliet.

Watching Jaren sit there mumbling made her laugh. She thought to herself that he sometimes did cute actions.

Jaren continued to mumble. When he finished his prayers, he turned to Juliet and said, "My lady, that was a chant to clear

your sins.”

Juliet was shocked, and she felt a warmth in her heart.

“Jaren, those people tried to kill me first, they deserve to die. Also, I do not believe that there is something called hell in this world. Even if there was hell, I won't end up there, because even the devil won't be able to handle me.”

Chapter 585 Master Clemence

Juliet started the car as soon as she finished speaking. Stepping on the pedal hard, she sped all the way back to her villa.

By the time she arrived, it was already bright out. After taking a shower and changing into black clothes, Juliet took a nap, then drove to the Jones family's villa when she woke up.

In the car, Juliet asked, "When will Master Clemence arrive?"

"Today," Jaren replied.

"Hm, at least he's coming."

A cunning expression flashed in Juliet's eyes. She knew that Jaren would definitely

get Master Clemence to make a move. As long as Master Clemence came, Tyr's death was near.

"Jaren, something seems off with you. Are you blaming me?" asked Juliet.

Jaren shook his head. "No."

"Jaren, monks cannot lie. You've never lied before."

Jaren went quiet, he did not reply anymore.

As the car arrived at the Jones family's villa, everything had been prepared. Not too long after Juliet arrived at the funeral, a few people carried Del's coffin over. The atmosphere was dark and serious.

Juliet and some other family members sat beside Del's coffin, their faces full of

sadness. The guests that visited sympathized with Juliet. First, she had lost her brother, then her father, and then even her uncle whose body could not be found.

From an outsider's perspective, Juliet was pitiful. However, many did not know that she had planned all this.

Strego City's famous Scion Alliance attended the funeral as well. They were all Juliet's underlings, and every one of them pretended to be sad. If Juliet died, they would not even act as sad as they were right now.

Rumors had already spread throughout the Scion Alliance that Juliet would be the next head of the Jones family. No one knew who had spread that rumor, some said that it was Juliet herself who spread it.

Because her father died, outsiders would

think that she had lost all her power. As a result, she would not be able to control the Scion Alliance anymore. However, when the Scion Alliance received news that Juliet would be the next head, they dared not give up on her.

As time went by, more and more people came to pay their respects. The whole time, Juliet was just waiting, waiting for one particular person to arrive.

At close to noon, someone announced, “The Golden Temple’s Master Clemence came to pay his respects!”

Everyone turned their gaze towards the entrance.

Juliet’s concentration went up suddenly. She had waited the entire day, and now, the one

she had been waiting for was finally here.

Master Clemence, Strego City's number one monk. Even though he was not as famous as his brother, Harrison, he was still reputable.

A monk wearing a robe walked in. His eyebrows and beard were both white. Even though everyone present was a noble in Strego City, when Master Clemence walked past them, they would respectfully greet him.

Master Clemence went up to the coffin and bowed to Del before going over to Juliet. Jaren greeted him, calling him master, and Clemence nodded in response. Juliet followed suit, respectfully calling him master as well.

“Miss Jones, I promised your grandfather, so I will help you,” said Clemence.

Juliet was excited, she had waited so long for this. “Thank you, Master, for avenging my father, brother, and uncle.”

Everyone else also said, “Please avenge the Jones family, Master Clemence.”

Clemence nodded. “Tell someone to contact Tyr Summers. Tell him that in three days’ time, I will fight him on Lake Ty!”

Everyone clapped as soon as he said so. The head of the Golden Temple would fight Tyr on Lake Tyr. Was he trying to reenact the fight from ten years ago? 1

However, back then, Sachin was proclaimed as a devil and the entire south’s nightmare. Harrison had been bringing justice to the people. But this time, Clemence was fighting

Tyr for the Jones family.

The meaning of both fights were very different. Regardless, this fight would shake the entire Strego City.

Actually, Tyr was famous in Strego City, but not many people knew his real face. A lot of people did not know where Tyr came from, nor how he could shake every prominent family in the city.

This fight would go down in history.

Today, as the Jones family held Del's funeral, two other things happened.

The first thing was that Master Clemence, the family's guardian from the Golden Temple, said he would avenge the Jones family.

And the second thing was that Zarah Jones' bloodline was entirely eradicated within a night, even the newly-born grandchildren were dead. Not only had Zarah Jones' family all been killed off, their house was even burned to dust.

The next morning, the entire Jones family was in uproar. Zarah's family had died so horribly without any context. Most people could already guess who did it, but no one dared to say it out.

That evening, everyone from the Jones family, even Jade Jones and Dragon Jones, nominated Juliet to be the next head of the Jones family.

Since the bloodlines of Del Jones, Kendall Jones, and Kace Jones were gone, other than

the fact that Juliet was a woman, she had all the other qualifications to become the next head of the family.

No one else was qualified, and now that the other vessels were supporting Juliet, the other family members did not dare reject her. Even Jade and Dragon dared not object. They must have known what Zarah tried to do to Juliet, and seeing how Juliet mercilessly killed Zarah's entire family, they were scared of her.

This woman was too cruel, even a newborn kid was killed. They were worried of going down the same path if they were to object to Juliet becoming the head of the family.

Therefore, Juliet taking the position was already a fact. After Clemence finished his fight with Tyr, she would officially become

the head of the family.

Chapter 586 Be Honest

At the same time, in a villa at West Lake.

Jermaine never planned to leave Strego City immediately. This was because Tyr's next move required a lot of strong fighters.

Therefore, now that Jermaine was in the city, Tyr wouldn't let him leave.

The Celestial Empire had many hidden talents, more so than overseas. This time, Tyr was going against all the prominent families in the south. Just as Carson said, their current power in the south was not enough.

This was why Tyr had to bring in Regal Palace people from overseas. Since gambling

god Jermaine had already come here, Tyr would not let him leave just yet.

In the living room of the villa, Jermaine was sitting on the sofa, toying with his golden playing cards. Because of the fight on the ship, most of his cards were broken and could not be fixed. Originally, he wanted Tyr to buy him a new set of cards, but all he got in the end was a scolding from his boss.

Jermaine, your net worth is over ten billion, and you want me, Tyr, to pay you just because of a few broken cards? How can someone stingy as you call themselves a gambling god!

“I bought this entire land along with the villas. This is where my people will live when they come here. You are lucky. Since you are the first person here, you get to choose one

of the villas for yourself,” said Tyr.

Standing beside Jermaine, Tyr looked out at the city. This area was not bad, he could even see Lake Ty from here.

Jermaine laughed. “If I was here for a vacation, it would be a nice place to live. However, I am here to do work for you. Oh right, this time, will you pay me for the operation?”

“Scram!”

Tyr wanted to slap Jermaine. This guy was good at everything he did, his only weakness was that he loved money too much.

“You are a gambling god, you’ve won so much money. Why don’t you talk about something else other than money? You’re

hurting my feelings,” said Tyr.

Jermaine laughed again. “I am a gambler, what else would I talk to you about if not money? Flirting? You’re not even a woman.”

“Shut up.”

Tyr took a deep breath. He was an ordinary person, yet somehow, he ended up finding weirder and weirder friends over the years.

At that moment, Kace came downstairs. His expression did not look good. “Palace Master, Master Clemence of the Golden Temple has declared a fight with you. Are you going?”

“Why wouldn’t I go?” Tyr smiled. “Kace, you seem anxious about something. Why? Do you think that Clemence is too terrifying?”

You think I'll lose?"

"Clemence is our Jones family's guardian, and he's been well-known for many years. I am just reminding you, Palace Master, to not let your guard down. Don't underestimate him," said Kace.

"Haha, thanks for your reminder. However, I, Tyr Summers, do not take up fights that are not a guaranteed win.

"Kace, the entire Jones family thinks you're dead. I've heard that after I fight with Clemence, Juliet will officially become the head of the family. However, she will never have that chance.

"You should get ready. After I defeat Clemence, you will appear with Jermaine. At that time, it will be the end for Juliet."

“Yes, Palace Master!” replied Kace.

“Alright, that’s that.” Tyr waved his hands. “You will stay here for the next two days. Do not leave this place and cause trouble.”

“Don’t worry, boss. You know that I am the most disciplined of the eighteen generals. I will not go anywhere and just stay here to look after Kace,” Jermaine promised.

Tyr sighed. He did believe that Jermaine would not go anywhere, since there were no casinos in Strego City.

Tyr drove back to the apartment. He had already told Winifred about the villas in West Lake. In fact, he had already chosen a villa for them and was prepared to move into it with Winifred.

Ever since the Southern Business Association was demolished, the Saxton family got the punishment they deserved. Now, with Autumn Field Group growing steadily and smoothly, Winifred was so busy for the past few days that she practically worked from day till night.

Since Autumn Field Group had just started their business in Strego City, there were a lot of growing pains. Therefore, Winifred had to deal with a lot of stuff personally. After a period of time, her workload should reduce.

Night came. Tyr had already prepared dinner in the apartment and was waiting for Winifred to come home. Winifred opened the front door and came in. She looked tired and had a bad expression on her face, seeming to be a bit nervous.

“You’re home.” Tyr took her bag from her. “I’ve already prepared dinner, wash your hands and come eat.”

After washing her hands, Winifred sat down at the dinner table. Though she looked at the food Tyr had prepared wholeheartedly, she had no appetite.

“What happened, my wife? You don’t seem good today,” asked Tyr.

Winifred simply looked at Tyr.

Tyr frowned. “What happened, did something happen in the office?”

Shaking her head, Winifred questioned, “Hubby, are you hiding something from me?”

“What would I hide from you?” Tyr was

confused. “We are husband and wife, we have mutual trust in each other. What could I hide from you? You know that other than you, I would not look at any other woman.”

Winifred shook her head again. “That’s not what I meant. In two days, are you going to fight with someone at Lake Ty?”

Tyr’s heart shook. How did Winifred know about this?

Winifred and Tyr had been doing their own things during this trip to Strego City, and Tyr’s things involved some dangerous stuff. He did not want Winifred to worry, so he did not tell her much about what he was doing.

Strego City was big, Winifred should not have been able to find out about this. But Tyr had underestimated how huge his fight with

Clemence was. Not only Winifred, but even normal people in Strego City knew about it.

The Golden Temple had a lot of influence in Strego City, and many people called the temple a god temple. Not to mention, Master Clemence, the temple's head monk, was well known.

With him personally wanting to fight Tyr, many people had even started calling the fight an exorcism ceremony. It was just like ten years ago, when Harrison fought Sachin, the great devil.

Within two days, people had already created a story about Tyr's upcoming fight and it had been passed around. Since Winifred already knew about this incident, Tyr did not hide it any longer. There was nothing to hide about this matter anyway. 1

Chapter 587 Victory Decides Survival

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded. “The Golden Temple’s abbot, Master Clemence, has invited me to a duel at Lake Ty in two days’ time.”

Winifred was immediately anxious. “Is someone going to die?”

“The survivor will be the victor!” Tyr answered.

“Aren’t monks prohibited from killing?” asked Winifred.

Tyr smiled. “But I might kill him instead.

Winifred was stunned for two seconds. “

Honey, can you be serious? I heard that Master Clemence is a powerful figure specially hired by the Jones family to deal with you.

“Sweetheart, what exactly happened between you and the Jones family during this period of time? Why did they have to hire a godly being like Master Clemence?”

Holding Winifred’s hand in his, Tyr reassured her with a smile, “Darling, don’t be so worried, okay?”

“I’ve already told you before we came to Strego City that I’m here to deal with the entire southern region. And I, Tyr Summers, would never do anything that I’m not confident about.

“That’s why I don’t care if he’s Clemence or

Harrison. He can bring it on. I won't lose."

"But..."

"No more buts," said Tyr. "Back in Rayne, I've experienced risks and dangers far worse than this. Haven't I overcome it all?"

Winifred was silent for the longest time before saying, "But back in Rayne, you were alone. Now, you have Blair and I."

At that instant, Tyr felt as if he had been touched by the most tender thing in the world. He took a deep breath. "For the sake of you and Blair, I won't let myself be harmed."

"Can I watch the battle at Lake Ty?"

Winifred asked.

"No," Tyr directly rejected her. "Sweetheart,

there are some things that you're better off not getting involved in.”

“Okay then.” Winifred asked no more. “Let's eat, hubby. The food is getting cold.”

“Yeah.”

In the morning two days later, large numbers of luxurious cars departed from Strego City to Lake Ty. Under Six Doors' instructions, members of the government had already cordoned off the area around the lake.

Although news of Master Clemence's duel with Tyr had caused an uproar in the city, a battle of this level wasn't accessible to regular folks for their viewing pleasure.

Just like there were many levels of heavens

in fantasy stories, this world was divided into many levels too. Humans on different levels lived different lifestyles. Normal people will never be able to understand how extravagant the lifestyle of a rich man was.

And so, with the level of the battle between Tyr and Master Clemence being akin to a seventh heaven luxury, those below could never be part of it. Because if they did, that would change the world views of many people, which would ultimately lead to chaos.

A radius of about three kilometers from Lake Ty's shores was sealed off. Only those with authority or unique identities were allowed to watch this fight. Of course, there was a possibility of someone selling back door tickets to earn a fortune. Since it was a regular occurrence, no one would

particularly investigate something like this.

At that moment, on the path to Lake Ty, numerous cars formed a line as they sped along the highway. Inside one of the cars near the front, Tyr was in the back seat staring outside the window, indifferent. Sitting beside him was Carson Yorke.

“Why did you come here so quickly? I’m not even done with the Jones family,” said Tyr.

Carson had arrived in Strego City early this morning. Their initial agreement was for Carson to arrive only after Tyr had settled things with the Jones family. But Tyr never expected the old man to be this impatient.

“It’s not that I wanted to come over. It was Zeppelin and Dickson. When they heard that you’re fighting the Golden Temple’s

Clemence at Lake Ty, they insisted on coming. Even I couldn't stop them, hehe," Carson explained with a laugh.

Tyr could understand Zeppelin Wayne and Dickson Watt's excitement. These guys could be considered martial arts maniacs. With Tyr and Clemence's battle being considered an epic battle of the strongest fighters in the south, how could these guys miss out on this opportunity to watch?

Besides them, many super elites from different cities in the south were also rushing to Lake Ty right now. Although not every one of them could enter the area to watch, standing outside the cordon to feel the atmosphere was already worth it.

"Besides Dickson and Zeppelin, who else came?" Tyr asked.

“Yoshua, Jay, and also our Yorke family’s elites came as well. Since we’re already here, we plan to stay. Once you’re done with the Jones family today, we can officially prepare for that upcoming chess game.

“Also, the Quintus family’s Faron Quintus has sent his subordinates, the five zodiacs, over. Although the Quintus family can’t be part of the main fighting force this time, they still want to contribute,” Carson explained.

“Okay.” Tyr nodded. “Uncle Yorke, since you’re here, I’ll leave their living arrangements to you. I’ve bought the entire Dunham Lakefront district. That will serve as our base here in the south.”

“No problem,” said Carson. “That Master

Clemence is extremely well-known in the entire southern region, not just in Strego City. Tyr, are you confident about this battle?”

Tyr grinned. “If I don’t even have this much confidence, there would be no need for that upcoming chess game.”

Carson leaned back into the car’s leather seat, smiling. “That’s true. But I have a feeling that our upcoming opponents will be much harder to deal with than this Clemence.”

“It’s true.” Tyr sighed. “This is a southern family who is barely considered a first-rate tribe, but they managed to send out such an outstanding fighter. The other first-rate families must have monsters in their ranks.”

“Hahaha!”

Carson's sudden laughter struck Tyr dumb. "Uncle Yorke, why are you suddenly laughing?" he asked.

"Nothing, I just thought of something amusing."

Tyr was confused. "What's so funny?"

"Tyr, do you think Zeppelin likes women?" asked Carson.

Tyr was dumbstruck for a moment. "Uncle Yorke, your train of thought has such god-like speed, even I can't keep up with you. You're joking, right? How can there be a man who doesn't like women?"

Carson spoke in a more serious tone, "I'm talking about Southriver's Blade Maniac."

Suddenly, Tyr came to a realization. He

smiled and answered, “Now that you mention it, a person like Zeppelin really does seem to only like blades. That blade is his wife. Right, how’s his practice on the Reversal Blade coming along?”

Chapter 588 Can Tyr Summers Win?

“I don’t know either.” Carson shook his head. “I don’t understand swordsmanship.”

“Uncle Yorke, why did you suddenly bring Zeppelin up?” Tyr asked.

With a smile, Carson explained, “Many years ago, Zeppelin came to Strego City to challenge a dual-blade user. But then, out of the blue, he became infatuated with an oiran who belonged to The Jade Willow brothel.

“They got into a relationship, but due to various reasons, they ended up parting ways. I was wondering if Zeppelin would meet this girl again now that he’s back here in Strego City.”

Tyr smiled as well. It was surprising to know that Southriver's Blade Maniac, who loved blades more than his life, had such an amorous past.

“We can never be too sure what fate has in store for us. They may very well meet again. But Uncle Yorke, why didn't Zeppelin stay with that girl back then? Was it because of her identity?” Tyr asked.

“Nope, that wasn't it.” Carson shook his head. “While that girl resided in an impure environment, she maintained a life of celibacy and was different from the other girls in her industry.

“As for why they didn't stay together, I have no idea either. That guy won't tell me.”

Tyr chuckled. “Did he manage to challenge

that dual-blade wielder in Strego City in the end?”

“He did, but he lost. And it was a devastating loss,” said Carson as he drew a cross on his chest with a finger. “There are two cross wounds on Zeppelin’s chest, carved by his opponent back then.

“After Zeppelin returned to Riverdale, he began madly practicing his sword skills, to the point of getting in too deep.

“Meanwhile, I’ve always wondered if his intense training and his desperation in helping me defeat my enemies was because of that woman, that dual-blade wielder, or for me, his old brother?”

By now the car had entered Lake Ty’s area. Carson took out a protection amulet from

his bag and placed it in Tyr's hand.

“This is...?” Tyr asked.

“This is something your godmother got for you. As a woman, it's not suitable for her to get involved in these dangerous matters, so she can only pray to the gods for your safety,” Carson explained.

Tyr didn't believe in gods. He only believed in himself. Moreover, his opponent this time was a monk. Even if the gods were real, they would definitely protect their own follower, not Tyr.

However, since his godmother had gone out of her way to get this for him, Tyr naturally took it.

Simultaneously on another road heading

toward Lake Ty, a Red Flag sped along the tar road.

With his eyes closed, Julio Morgan asked the subordinate sitting beside him, “Is everything in order?”

“The preparations are done. I’ve already notified the government, and the area around Lake Ty has been sealed off. No one is allowed entry unless they have a unique identity. Moreover, Clemence and Tyr Summers’ battle will be on an island, so there shouldn’t be any problems,” the subordinate answered.

“Based on current estimation, how many people will be heading to the island?”

The subordinate replied, “More than two hundred people. One part of them are Strego

City's dignitaries, while most of the audience are fighters based within the city or of the southern region. After all, the Golden Temple's abbot, Clemence, will be a contender in this battle."

"Then, how many onlookers are there around the lake?" asked Julio.

"About several thousand!"

Groaning, Julio rubbed his temples. "How troublesome. How long has it been since Strego City experienced such a huge event? This battle must have attracted a lot of powerful fighters who've been in hiding throughout the region all these years. Sh*t.

"Just how capable is this Tyr Summers? To think he even managed to force Clemence of the Golden Temple out here."

“Sir Morgan, for this battle between Clemence and Tyr Summers, do you think Tyr Summers can win?” asked the subordinate.

“Boss says he can, and he doesn’t doubt it one bit. But how can Tyr Summers match up to Clemence? Clemence is Harrison’s junior!” Julio commented as he took out his phone to call Green Dragon.

The call went through and Green Dragon’s deep voice flowed from the other end, “How are things over there? Has the battle begun?”

“It’s still early,” Julio answered. “Boss, since you hold Tyr Summers in such high regard, why didn’t you come to watch in person?”

Green Dragon laughed. “There’s no

suspense in this battle at all, so there's no need for me to watch. You standing guard over there is enough.”

“But today's battle has attracted many dangerous figures in the southern region. Both the Jones family and Tyr Summers' faction must have prepared something. If the solo duel turns into a group battle, should we take action?” asked Julio.

“Julio, remember, in this chess game, our Six Doors only has to maintain the order behind the scenes. We ignore everything else. Moreover, this so-called group battle won't happen,” Green Dragon answered.

“It won't happen?” Julio felt helpless. He had no idea where his boss got this much confidence from.

Lake Ty had now become a heroes' assembly

ground. Would things really be peaceful?

“Right, there’s that saying, ‘Great Sky of the East, Half City of the West’. The conflict between Tyr Summers and the Half City of the West is coming to an end. If the Great Sky of the East hadn’t been busy working on that huge project, they’d have taken action by now.

“In today’s battle at Lake Ty, have someone keep an eye on the Great Sky Group. They will be the next biggest threat,” said Green Dragon.

“Yes, boss!”

After hanging up, Julio massaged his temples again. He still felt mild hostility toward Tyr. Perhaps it was because Tyr had caused him too much trouble since his

arrival in Strego City. Or perhaps he assumed that Tyr's capabilities weren't worth Six Doors' attention.

“Tyr Summers, our Six Doors only advocates powerful people. If you're truly worthy of our organization's regard, prove it to me. Either way, I, Julio Morgan, will never believe that you can match up to Clemence.”

Meanwhile, about twenty kilometers away from Lake Ty, there was a tall building. This building stood forty-six floors tall, and there was an office on the topmost level. The office was surrounded by large french windows and right in the middle of the room was a coffee table. Extravagant leather sofas were placed around the coffee table.

At that moment, there were seven people

inside this office. Six men, and one woman. Their ages ranged from over thirty to under sixty years old. None of them looked like a regular person.

Sitting on the sofa in the center was a man in his forties. Dressed in a black suit, the man was slightly chubby with his hair slicked back, exuding the aura of a monarch.

This man was Sky Sullivan!

He was the man bearing the title 'Great Sky of the East', and also chairman of Great Sky Group. This building they were in right now was Great Sky Group's headquarters!

Chapter 589 Great Sky Group

A woman was sitting beside Sky Sullivan. This woman was in her thirties but her figure and appearance were very well-maintained. Despite being over thirty, her skin was just as supple as a young woman's.

Also, a woman of her age had an air of maturity, so she was quite a stunner. Barely any men could resist the charms of such qualities. However, here in Strego City, no one dared to hit on this woman.

Her name was Lilia Gibson, one of the six directors of Great Sky Group. She also had another unique identity that even Sky had to show her respect for.

Great Sky Group was the largest corporation

in Strego City. Among the first-rate elites of the southern region, the other elite tribes existed in the form of families, while only Great Sky Group existed as a group of companies. In addition, they only had a history of ten years.

It was difficult to imagine what kind of skills and tactics Great Sky Group's leader possessed, to be able to develop a once unknown little company into its humongous scale today. All within the short span of ten years.

It could even overpower Strego City's number one elite family, the Jones, by a stretch, securing their status as one of the top few first-rate elite tribes in the southern region. The Great Sky Group was a frightening existence.

Serving under Great Sky Group's Sky Sullivan, there were the Three Aces, and the Six Directors.

The Three Aces were the three greatest fighters who guarded the corporation. Since ancient times, martial arts had always existed in the Celestial Empire. But as modern cities developed rapidly, these martial arts communities were gradually buried under the sands of history.

Yet, these martial arts fighters never disappeared. Instead, they still existed in modern cities in various unique ways.

For example, West Suez's Canonteign Mansion was a community of martial arts fighters. And the people whom The Little Scholar, Dickson Watt, challenged were all

martial arts fighters.

Great Sky Group's Three Aces were considered top-notch experts in this community—James Martin, Dean Young, and Jason Garcia!

All these years, the Three Aces had fended off almost eighty percent of external attacks on the group, making Great Sky Group indestructible.

Besides the Three Aces, there was also the company's board of directors. This board was the company's decision makers. With Sky as the chairman, the Six Directors under him had just as much authority as he did.

Lilia Gibson, Elias Sullivan, Benjamin Lloyd, Wilson Davis, Finn Thomas, and Jude Sanchez!

These six people were Great Sky Group's Six Directors.

At the moment, the Three Aces were absent in the office, but all six directors were there. There was an odd atmosphere in the room.

Sky swept a glance at everyone before he spoke, "I'm sure you've all heard about what happened to the Southern Business Association and the Saxton family.

"After the Saxton family, it was the Jones family. Now, even the Golden Temple's abbot has been forced to take action. This Tyr Summers surely doesn't mean well."

The directors nodded. "Clemence's invitation to Tyr Summers for a duel at Lake Ty is quite a move. Whether Tyr Summers

wins or loses, his name is sure to be well-known in Strego City after this battle.”

“If Tyr Summers loses, he couldn’t possibly live. But...” Sky replied.

“Chairman, do you perhaps assume that Tyr Summers can defeat Clemence?” asked Director Finn. He was shaking his head, clearly skeptical of Tyr’s capabilities.

“Who knows. After all, there will always be someone better. Although Tyr Summers is young, it has become a common sight to see youngsters who are insanely strong.

“James and Jason have gone over to watch. They will report the battle’s details to us after that, so we can have a better understanding of this Tyr Summers,” said Sky.

“If Tyr Summers really wins, do we attack?” Benjamin asked.

Immediately turning serious, Sky said, “I’ve assembled you all here today to specially inform you that no matter who wins the fight, you have to hold yourselves back. Before that project happens, stay put and don’t cause any trouble.”

The six directors became solemn as well.

Just then, Elias, who was in his thirties and dressed in a full suit, stood up and said, “But if Tyr Summers really defeats Clemence and takes down the Jones family, his next target is definitely our Great Sky Group. Shouldn’t we strike first to gain the upper hand?”

“Shut up,” Sky warned.

“Brother...”

“Don’t call me that when we’re in a meeting. Sit down.”

Elias was Sky’s younger brother. He had a hot temper and no notable capabilities, but was very courageous and ruthless. Had he not been related to Sky by blood, Elias wouldn’t have been able to become a director in Great Sky Group.

“That is all. Meeting adjourned. Each one of you better remember what I just said. Before that project kicks off, behave yourselves,” Sky urged again.

The directors said nothing but nodded in silence. Indeed, compared to that project, everything else wasn’t worth mentioning!

At that moment, the perimeter outside the cordoned area of Lake Ty was packed with people.

Most of them were citizens of Strego City. Quite a few of them had no idea what they were doing there, while a portion of people had heard the rumors so they came here to be nosy. However, it was impossible to see anything outside the cordon lines.

Many prominent figures had also arrived and been waiting inside the cordoned area. These people were either representatives of first-rate elite tribes, or they were renowned fighters of Strego City and the southern region. The Jones family was also here.

It was drizzling outside. Under a viewing pavilion nearby, Juliet Jones was seated

inside, while Jaren stood beside her. Behind them were a group of the Jones family's higher-ranked officers.

There was another group standing outside the pavilion. These were all people of the Scion Alliance. Possessing influence and authority within Strego City, supplemented by their connections with Juliet, they were allowed to watch this battle.

This place wasn't the promised battlefield. Instead, it would be on an island about eight hundred meters from here. Many speedboats were prepared beside the lake's shore, and Juliet's group was about to board the boats to head to the island.

Their destination was a natural island only about several thousand square feet wide. There were quite a number of similar islands

on Lake Ty, and many of them now had villas built on them. But this particular island was still deserted.

At that moment, about fifty meters from the island, a small boat was floating on the lake's surface all alone. Sitting on the boat was a monk with a long white beard, holding a fishing rod in his hands.

This monk was Clemence.

Chapter 590 The Battle Begins

Under the drizzling rain, Clemence sat in the boat, holding a fishing rod as he stared fixedly at the fishing rig. He looked like a statue.

Speedboats and other watercrafts began heading toward the island, and their loud engine sounds reverberated in the sky. This commotion caused the lake surface to stir and brought on waves. Yet, Clemence remained indifferent as he sat there, as if these people around him didn't exist.

In fact, he didn't intend to pay them any mind either. Clemence valued peace, and if he had inner peace, he could shut out every disturbance from the outside world.

For now, there was only one person on his mind—Tyr Summers.

From the shores of Lake Ty, a speedboat was heading toward the island, carrying Tyr and Carson Yorke. Both men wore leisured expressions, as if they weren't here to fight but to tour instead.

“I think you should have brought the Wolf's Den members as well. That would be more reassuring,” said Carson.

“There's no need to,” Tyr answered.

“But Clemence is not an easy foe. Even if you manage to defeat him, what if you get hurt and there's an ambush?”

Carson's worries weren't baseless.

Juliet Jones was definitely here to take Tyr's

life in today's battle. Even if Clemence wouldn't kill, that didn't mean Tyr could survive. Once Clemence heavily injured Tyr, Juliet would definitely take the opportunity to eliminate him. Hence, there must be many experts lying in ambush on that island right now.

“Clemence can't harm me,” Tyr answered with confidence. “After today, Strego City's Jones family will become my Regal Palace's asset.”

Tyr said no more and focused his gaze on Clemence instead.

Meanwhile, Juliet and her group had arrived on the island.

Once they got ashore, Juliet asked Dragon Jones and Jade Jones, “Is everything in

order?”

Ever since that incident with Zarah Jones, Dragon and Jade were frightened by Juliet's actions. They now served her like loyal dogs, constantly keeping her company.

“Don't worry, Young Miss, everything is in order. We've hidden thirty top-notch elites in the crowd. Once Master Clemence defeats Tyr Summers, we will have him done away with immediately,” said Dragon.

“Young Miss?” repeated Juliet, turning to Dragon with an indescribably dark expression on her face.

Frightened by her, Dragon immediately readdressed her, “Lady Juliet.”

“Hahaha!” Juliet laughed menacingly. “Tyr

Summers must be destroyed.”

Simultaneously, the large Scion Alliance group caught up to them. Juliet was currently in the spotlight. Wherever she went, the crowd ahead would open up a path for her.

Not only did she now represent the Jones family, but she was also the leader of the Scion Alliance. With her current authority, only the Great Sky Group could match up to her now in Strego City.

Tyr's speedboat had just reached the island's shore. Zeppelin Wayne's and Dickson Watt's speedboats arrived after Tyr's. Besides Dickson and Zeppelin, Connie Yorke was here as well. The lass had insisted on coming.

At first, Carson was strongly against the

idea. After all, they weren't here to have fun, so why should a little lass get involved? But alas, Carson couldn't win against Connie, so she was allowed to tag along.

The moment they met, Connie held up her tiny fist at Tyr to cheer him on. "Big Brother Tyr, I'll be cheering you on."

Tyr was too speechless to even deal with her.

The group entered the island and coincidentally ran into Juliet's group.

As their eyes met, Juliet's gaze looked apprehensive. Although she tried to feign composure to make it seem like she wasn't scared of Tyr, the dread he caused her had long been engraved into her bones. No matter how Juliet tried to fake it, she was still terrified of him.

“Tyr Summers, with Master Clemence taking you on personally today, you’re destined to leave for the netherworld. My father, brother, and second uncle will be avenged,” said Juliet.

Following her words, various voices called out from around them. Some of the people even had bloodshot eyes, looking impatient and wanting to charge at Tyr right now.

“That’s right, Tyr Summers. You’re dead meat today. You killed our Jones family’s patriarch, young master, and second master. Our family will make you pay.”

“Yeah! This Lake Ty will be your burial ground.”

Tyr was amused. It seemed like Juliet had

quite the skills to be able to grasp the Jones family in her hands so quickly. She had also pushed the blame onto Tyr. If Tyr really lost today, Juliet could no doubt take control of the Jones family. What a clever woman.

Tyr couldn't be bothered to explain since someone else would be doing it for him later. Juliet shall be allowed to stay cocky for a little while longer.

Turning away, Tyr walked in another direction to an open space where his duel with Clemence would take place.

The audience all gradually arrived, and this small island was now packed with several hundreds of people. It looked crowded with chattering voices everywhere.

Tyr was currently waiting at the duel's

location, but Master Clemence was still fishing on his little boat. Many people were waiting for the fight to begin, but Master Clemence seemed at ease as he continued staring at his fishing rig.

“We’re all here already, so why won’t that monk come over?” Seeing Clemence acting aloof on the boat, Connie couldn’t help but feel annoyed. “That monk is really putting on airs. How dare he make my Big Brother Tyr wait? What’s he acting cool for?”

“Be quiet.” Carson shot Connie a glare.

The girl stuck her tongue out at her father before walking toward Dickson. “I say, blockhead, you were in such a hurry to come over, for fear of missing the battle. But you should know that you’re wrong now. That monk is still acting cool over there. Do you

want to call him over?”

“I have a name. It’s Dickson Watt.”

Dickson was annoyed by Connie’s way of addressing him. He had told her to stop calling him that many times now, but Connie wouldn’t listen to him.

“I can’t beat that monk,” said Dickson, shaking his head.

Connie pouted. “I said to call him over, not for you to go and fight him.”

“Then, why can’t you do it?” Dickson asked.

“I’m a girl!”

Connie was so close to being annoyed to death. She turned to leave, fuming and thinking she never wanted to see this man

ever again.

Chapter 591 Battle At Lake Ty

Tyr Summers wasn't in any hurry. He merely stood there, waiting for Master Clemence to come over and fight him.

Soon, ten minutes passed, and suddenly, there was a movement at the fishing rig. As Master Clemence pulled the fishing rod back, a crucian carp was pulled out of the lake's water. He carefully unhooked the carp before setting the animal back into the water.

Finally, Clemence put down his fishing rod. Standing with one foot on the boat, with a slight push upward, he leaped into the air. There was about seven meters in distance between his boat and the island, but

Clemence easily got ashore and walked towards Tyr.

This huge battle anticipated by many was finally about to begin. The lively surroundings immediately fell silent as everyone focused their gaze on the battlefield, waiting for Clemence's duel with Tyr.

As Clemence walked over to Tyr, Tyr could distinctly sense the detached aura on the monk's being.

As expected of the Golden Temple's abbot, having practiced martial arts since a young age, he had now achieved an otherworldly strength that belonged only to himself. This monk was worthy of Tyr's attention.

“It is said that monks don't eat meat. So,

why were you fishing?” Tyr asked. His tone sounded like he was chatting with an old friend.

“It’s only a hobby of mine,” Clemence answered with a smile.

Then, he came up to Tyr. “I once promised the Jones family’s old master that whenever their family faced a life-threatening situation, I would provide my assistance. Who knew that a young man not even in his thirties could force the Jones family into such a predicament.”

Tyr smiled. “Master, we can cut the crap. Since you want to battle me at Lake Ty today, I, Tyr Summers, have come here to do just that. Let’s begin.”

Clemence’s gaze immediately turned sharp

and dangerous. “Then, please excuse me. In today’s battle, victory shall decide the survivor.”

Having said that, Clemence channeled energy into his hands, and with a leap, he pounced at Tyr with lightning speed.

“As expected of a long-renowned abbot in Strego City. Since coming here to the Celestial Empire, I’ve never truly used any strength. Today’s battle will be good exercise,” Tyr commented.

With a clench of his fist, Tyr sensed a surge of oppressing power flow out of his body.

Clemence’s hand was coming down at him. Taking a step back, Tyr counterattacked with his fist. Following a dull sound, Tyr’s fist collided with Clemence’s palm.

Clemence's hand seemed strong and firm, but Tyr felt as if he had struck a ball of cotton. Quite a bit of his strength poured out immediately. Tyr was baffled. During his confusion, Clemence closed in on him and landed a palm strike on his chest.

The crowd immediately cheered. "Great!"

With the first exchange, Tyr seemed to be at a disadvantage. There were even people clapping, enjoying his setback.

Since this was Strego City, and Clemence was a locally-famous abbot, this place was considered Clemence's turf. As an outsider, Tyr was not welcomed by the citizens here, so when they saw him being attacked by Clemence, the crowd was definitely ecstatic.

Juliet's lips curled upward slightly, and she

had a satisfied glint in her eyes.

“Tyr Summers, weren’t you really strong? Today, we’ll show you just what a genuinely strong person looks like. With Master Clemence taking action, you’re dead meat.”

Having said that, Juliet turned to Jaren with a smile. “Jaren, it’s a pity that your master doesn’t kill. Otherwise, I’d love to see how he kills Tyr Summers.”

However, Jaren didn’t respond. Lately, he seemed to be troubled and his attitude toward Juliet was no longer like before.

Juliet was aware of his thoughts. Perhaps he was reluctant to see the person she had become. Or perhaps, Juliet had always been this way and Jaren had been trying to change her the whole time. Only, as time

went on, he realized it was impossible for him to change her.

In the crowd, several experts were discussing the fight. Many of them were praising Clemence and saying that Tyr didn't know his place. However, there was a tiny amount of people who felt that things weren't as simple as it seemed.

At that moment, Tyr and Clemence's battle had officially commenced. Be it strength or speed, both fighters went to the extreme, exchanging blows swiftly. If this scene could be recorded, with special effects added, it could definitely be described as mind-blowing.

In Clemence's attacks, there was tenderness in strength, and strength in tenderness. Every move and skill was executed with the

air of a grandmaster.

Meanwhile, Tyr's attacks were mainly aggressive. He didn't have a specific style or pattern, and there was nothing to read from his movements.

The fight grew fiercer. While it continued to drizzle, the dust around their feet still managed to dance in the air.

Just then, Clemence executed a Shaolin long fist combination, forcefully throwing off Tyr's rhythm as he rained down punches on Tyr's chest, pushing the younger man back.

“Why did it turn out this way?”

Upon seeing this, Carson and Connie felt their hearts getting stuck in their throats. Since the beginning, Tyr had suffered one-sided attacks from Clemence. This was

completely different from the impression Carson's group had of Tyr. Something like this was impossible.

“Dad, do you think Big Brother Tyr has been poisoned by that monk? Otherwise, how could he be attacked one-sidedly? This is unusual!”

Even to this day, that scene of Tyr taking down Northriver's Sword Freak in just a few moves continued to play in Connie's mind. Back then, Tyr was just too awesome, completely different from what she was seeing now. Carson had no knowledge of fighting, so he too had no idea what was happening.

“Dad, it must be an odorless poison!”
Connie exclaimed.

“Be quiet,” Carson snapped at her before

turning to Zeppelin. “Can you tell what’s going on?”

“I can’t.” Zeppelin shook his head. “But that Clemence is indeed very strong. I’m no match for him.”

“Do you mean Tyr is in trouble?”

“Logically speaking, he shouldn’t be!”

Boom!

Just then, there was a dull sound. Clemence’s hand turned into a fist and smashed heavily into Tyr’s chest.

Tyr was sent flying back like a kite with a broken string, falling into the ice-cold lake water. There was a great splash when he fell in. When he stood back up, he was completely drenched, while half of his body

was submerged in the lake's water.

“Clemence, beat him to death! Kill him!”
yelled Juliet, clenching her fists in
excitement.

Clemence didn't disappoint her after all. Tyr
Summers was no match for him.

Chapter 592 Fifty Percent Of Strength

After Tyr fell into the water, Clemence didn't hesitate, charging at him. Tyr slammed his hand onto the water surface and a wave splashed up, forming a water wall in front of him.

Clemence scoffed and threw a punch through the water wall, aiming for Tyr. Tyr dodged his attack and the two continued their fight in the lake.

The audience around hurried over to the shore, feeling nervous and excited.

Although both fighters were slightly slower fighting in the water, their speed was still remarkable. The lake stirred from their

attacks, and the waves and splashes seemed like special effects. In the blink of an eye, they exchanged several dozens of blows, both equally matched.

Among the crowd ashore, a man with a muscular build and a stern face said, “This is Tyr Summers who forced the Jones family to this extent?”

“Why do I get the feeling that with his capabilities, it seems impossible for him to push a first-rate family this far?”

This man was James Martin, one of the Three Aces of Great Sky Group.

Standing beside him was a man in his forties, dressed completely in white. He had a slender figure, vaguely looking like a priest. This man was Jason Garcia, also one

of the Three Aces of Great Sky Group. It was said that his previous profession was indeed a priest.

“Brother James, you’re still too green. That Tyr Summers has been holding himself back from the start,” Jason answered.

“What?” James frowned slightly. “He’s battling Clemence, so how dare he hold back? Brother Jason, are you mistaken?”

“I’m not.” Jason took a deep breath before adding, “He’s intentionally trying to fool us. This guy won’t be an easy opponent. If my assumptions are correct, Clemence will be going down soon.”

“How... How is that possible?” James still felt incredulous. After all, no matter from which angle he observed, Clemence clearly

had the upper hand.

Jason patted James on his shoulder and urged, "This is about enough. There's no need to continue watching. Let's go."

James was perplexed. "But the battle isn't over yet. Are we just going to leave?"

"It is over."

Having said that, Jason simply left for the speedboat waiting nearby. James followed closely behind him.

Just as they stepped onto the boat, there was a loud booming sound and Tyr's punch unscrupulously smashed into Clemence's chest. The monk was sent flying, and the crowd went wild.

What was going on? Hadn't Clemence been

overpowering Tyr? Why did he suddenly expose such a huge loophole to Tyr, allowing the younger man to send him flying with a punch?

This situation looked exactly like when Clemence had sent Tyr flying earlier. However, when Tyr suffered that attack, he hadn't seemed injured in the slightest. Meanwhile, those with sharp eyes had noticed how blood was trickling down the corner of Clemence's mouth as he was thrown back.

Splash!

Clemence fell into the water with a huge splash. His body was submerged underwater for three seconds before he managed to get back up.

“You... You actually...”

Clemence felt an excruciating pain in his chest. The strength of Tyr's punch had far exceeded his anticipation, to the extent that when Clemence looked at Tyr again, he felt as if he was now evaluating a stranger.

With his lips curled into a devilish grin, Tyr went over to Clemence. "Playtime's over, Master Clemence."

After that, Tyr threw another punch at him.

In a flurry of panic, Clemence reached his hand out to grab Tyr's fist. He intended to reuse his tactic earlier of countering strength with tenderness, to reduce the impact of Tyr's punch.

At first, the force of Tyr's punch had indeed been reduced, but immediately after that, Tyr continued to push his fist forward.

Clemence felt a wave of electricity surge into his palm, traveling through his arm, up to his shoulder, and finally, there was searing pain.

Crack!

“Argh!!!”

Clemence couldn't resist yelling out as every bone in his arm was shattered by Tyr. Before he could even react, Tyr had grabbed his other arm.

“You're actually quite amazing for being able to draw out fifty percent of my strength,” said Tyr.

“Fifty percent?!”

At that instant, Clemence felt lost. Did this mean that Tyr had only been using half of

his strength the entire time?

Amidst his anxiousness, Clemence asked out of reflex, “Who exactly are you?”

“Tyr Summers, of course,” Tyr answered casually. “The man who will soon take over the southern region.”

Tyr exerted force into his hand again, and another wave of cracking sounds came from Clemence’s arm. But Tyr held back, only dislocating the older man’s arm this time. Perhaps it was out of consideration for his influence in Strego City, or maybe it was because Clemence was an abbot. Hence, Tyr had no intention of killing him.

Also, in their duel earlier, Tyr could sense that Clemence too had no intention of killing Tyr.

“You’ve lost, so you can’t ever get involved with the Jones family again. Otherwise, I’ll destroy your Golden Temple.”

Having said that, Tyr rained down several blows on Clemence, with every punch dealing massive damage until the abbot couldn’t fight back anymore.

The entire island fell silent at once. Only sounds of the chilling breeze could be heard around them.

“What’s... going on?”

Many people were gaping, staring incredulously at the duo. Clemence, who had been overpowering Tyr earlier, had been countered, and everything happened so fast that quite a few of them didn’t manage to register what was going on.

By then, James and Jason had boarded their boat.

Startled by the scene, James exclaimed, “Big Brother Jason, you were right. How could you tell?”

Jason smiled. “Brother James, although you’re stronger than me, you’re thuggish. You’re not as attentive as I am.”

“Then, why did Tyr Summers conceal his strength at first?”

“Who knows? Maybe he didn’t want to show off too much. Maybe he wanted to show Clemence some respect. Or maybe, he wanted to play dumb. Whatever it is, Brother James, he is a dangerous man and we mustn’t let our guard down,” Jason answered.

After that, Jason instructed the driver to start the boat and they swiftly left for the lake's shores, leaving a trail of waves behind them.

Simultaneously, floating on the surface of the lake was another boat. There was a group of men in tunic suits on board, with Julio Morgan in the lead.

Chapter 593 I Lost

Ever since Tyr's battle with Clemence began, Julio Morgan had been watching from his boat.

He had been wearing a disdainful grin the entire time, assuming that he was right—that his superior, Green Dragon, had overestimated Tyr, and that Tyr wasn't worthy of Six Doors' high regard.

Julio was even ready to start a video call with Green Dragon to tell the latter that he had misjudged Tyr.

However, in just a few short seconds, Julio was utterly baffled. He managed to catch the subtle hints from this battle, and realized how the Golden Temple's abbot, Clemence,

who was famous in Strego City, was no match at all for Tyr Summers.

“This... is impossible.” Julio held his breath, as if he was watching something as shocking as an asteroid colliding into Earth. “How could this Tyr Summers be so insanely powerful? I’ve underestimated him this whole time!”

When Julio looked at Tyr again, the hint of contempt had now disappeared from his eyes. In its place was newfound respect. Respect for a powerful fighter!

Meanwhile, Tyr kept forcing Clemence back with his continuous punches

His final punch simply sent the older man flying back until the monk fell heavily onto the island’s shore. A huge wave crashed

onto Clemence's body. Following a vomiting sound, he sprayed out a mouthful of blood.

“Abbot!”

From among the crowd, two bald monks rushed over, and Jaren had subconsciously run over too.

“I lost!”

Those simple words left Clemence's lips before he sprayed out another mouthful of blood.

The crowd went into an uproar. The renowned Master Clemence of Strego City had actually lost. He didn't manage to leave a legacy like how his senior, Harrison, did by defeating Sachin Taylor at Dunham Lake. Instead, he ended up losing to a young man

barely in his thirties, Tyr Summers.

With the support of his two disciples from the Golden Temple, Clemence got up and turned towards a tiny boat not too far away. Before he left, Clemence glanced at Jaren, who was back with Juliet Jones. With his gaze, he was silently asking if the younger monk wanted to leave with him.

However, Jaren had no intention of doing that.

Instead, it was Juliet who became anxious. She couldn't accept such an outcome. “Master Clemence!”

After hearing her call, Clemence turned back. His face was pallid, with blood still hanging at the corner of his lips. “I'm sorry, Miss Jones. I've tried my best!”

“But...”

Juliet wanted to say more, but with the support of his disciples, Clemence had boarded the boat and left the island!

Clemence’s hasty retreat might have caused some to assume that he was afraid of death, that he was worried Tyr might change his mind and take his life. But there were also people who understood that Clemence was reluctant to stay and get involved with what was to happen next.

Because the next event wasn’t something he could suppress anymore.

Indeed, Clemence had tried his best. Since he couldn’t defeat Tyr, he could only look out for the Golden Temple now. The young man had told him not to get involved with

the Jones family anymore, and that was as much respect as Tyr was going to show Clemence. If he continued to interfere, the Golden Temple may very well perish.

To Clemence, Tyr was like Sachin from ten years ago. In fact, he was even worse than Sachin!

Riding the waves, the tiny boat headed not for the shore, but instead went further away from the bustling city.

Sitting cross-legged on the boat, Clemence looked around and sighed. “Back then, Brother Harrison said that Strego City and the entire southern region would face a life-changing event ten years later. It looks like that day is finally here!”

Meanwhile, Juliet was furious. Her eyes were

borderline spitting fire when she looked at Tyr and Carson's group.

“Send out the command, have them killed,” Juliet said to Dragon Jones and Jade Jones.

Yet, the both of them hesitated.

“What are you standing there for? Kill him!” Juliet slapped Dragon hard across the face. “Although Tyr managed to defeat Clemence, he's injured as well. Surround his group and take them down!”

In an instant, more than thirty people rushed out of the crowd, each of them being top-notch fighters. Bearing weapons, they glared maliciously at Tyr's group.

The audience subconsciously retreated to a safe corner when they became aware that it was time for the Jones family to settle their

score with Tyr. That battle with Clemence was only the first half of the show. Since Clemence couldn't resolve their dispute in the first half, this next half was up to the Jones family.

“What? Trying to turn this into a life-and-death struggle?” Tyr picked away the seaweed on his clothes then crinkled his eyes at Juliet, smiling. “Juliet Jones, do you really think you can defeat me with these men of yours?”

“Hmph!” Juliet scoffed. “Tyr Summers, my Jones family is still a first-rate tribe in the south. Even if we fall, we're still stronger than an average nobody. You will die today.”

“Is that so?” Tyr chuckled. “Do you really want me to die so badly?”

“First, you killed my brother, then my

father, and finally my second uncle. Do you think I'd still want to let you live?"

"What a shameless woman." Tyr slapped a hand over his forehead as he shook his head. "Juliet Jones, you killed Kendall Jones with your own hands, plotted your father's death, and as for your second uncle, Kace Jones, you hired international mercenaries to deal with him.

"How could you push all the blame onto me? This is very unkind of you."

At this, everyone was stunned.

Dragon subconsciously asked, "Lady Juliet, is this true?"

Juliet slapped him with the back of her hand. It was Dragon's third time being slapped by Juliet today. But no matter how furious he

was, Dragon dared not show it.

“Are you an idiot?” Juliet snapped. “Can’t you tell that Tyr Summers is just trying to sow discord? How could I, Juliet Jones, do such an inhumane thing?”

Dragon retreated to the side, while Juliet bellowed, “What are you all standing there for? Kill them now!”

The thirty Jones family’s experts surrounded Tyr’s group.

Zeppelin Wayne drew his Dragon Blade that he constantly carried around with him, while Dickson Watt got into a fighting stance, ready to take out his Knight’s Rod as well. However, Tyr merely smiled at them, shaking his head.

Just then, a speedboat was speeding over

from the lake's shore to finally stop at this island.

“Juliet Jones, the game's over.”

When that voice called out, everyone present was dumbstruck.

Chapter 594 Game Over

It was like a bolt from the blue for Juliet Jones as she stared incredulously in that direction.

“Kace Jones? How is this possible?” she asked in shock.

Kace and the God of Gamblers, Jermaine Leonard, got off the speedboat with Harvey Charles in tow.

“Juliet Jones, not only did you kill your brother and scheme against your father, but you also sent international mercenaries after me. We’re all your closest relatives! How can such a venomous woman like you exist in this world?” declared Kace.

Standing beside Juliet, Jade Jones and

Dragon Jones were shocked. “Juliet, it really was you.”

“B*stard!” Juliet threw out another slap but Dragon swiftly dodged it. “Kace Jones, weren’t you already dead?”

“Hah! Had it not been for Mr. Summers, I’d have died from your schemes,” Kace scoffed. “Juliet Jones, surrender now.”

“Hahaha! Kace Jones, you’re now in cahoots with Tyr Summers, aren’t you? So, you’re a traitor to the Jones family. I never sent anyone after you. You made all this up to slander me. You were bought over by Tyr Summers!”

Even now, Juliet was still trying to fight back.

Smiling brightly, Jermaine held out a phone

and played a recording. It was a recording of a conversation between the Stormbringer Mercenaries and Juliet, revealing the dealings both parties had with each other.

Once this recording was played, each member of the Jones family looked grim. Even Juliet was stunned. Never in her wildest dreams did she expect that the Stormbringer Mercenaries would sell her out.

Dragon and Jade were the first to lead a protest against Juliet.

“Juliet, how dare you hire mercenaries to kill your second uncle!”

“You must have planned your father’s and brother’s murders too, didn’t you?”

“Juliet, how can you be so vicious?”

Gritting her teeth in fury, Juliet shouted, “Are you all idiots? Can’t you tell this is just a setup by Kace Jones and Tyr Summers? I, Juliet Jones, am the head of the Jones family. Hurry up and kill them all.”

However, none of the Jones family members listened to Juliet’s instructions.

Dragon and Jade scoffed. “You were the one who murdered Zarah Jones’ family too, weren’t you?”

“Nonsense!” Juliet retaliated.

Just then, a man in black clothing walked out of the crowd. He was Juliet’s bodyguard. “Yes, she did kill them!” he said.

“You...” Juliet stammered.

“Juliet Jones, stop trying to make excuses.

You were the one behind all these incidents. We've always been protecting you from the shadows, so we know everything you've done. You plotted everything.

“You killed your brother with your own hands and plotted your father's death. You wanted to eliminate all competition, so you can take the Jones family's throne. You were the one who instructed us to kill Zarah's family. Admit to your sins!” the bodyguard revealed.

“You... How dare you betray me!”

Juliet rushed over to kick this person, but the man easily dodged her and added, “Juliet Jones, you only have yourself to blame for not treating us like humans.”

At this, the bodyguard went over to Kace

and said, “Second Master, please rid the Jones family of pests.”

Dragon and Jade quickly switched over to Kace’s faction as well. “Second Master, please rid the Jones family of pests.”

Soon, the other Jones family’s higher-ranking officers began criticizing Juliet as well. Having been high and mighty no too long ago, Juliet was now the target of scorn.

Tyr was watching everything unfold with an apathetic expression. Then, he laughed!

“No. You guys can’t be this way,” muttered Juliet, repeatedly shaking her head.

She was finally panicking! At that moment, it was as if the world had betrayed Juliet. Only Jaren was left, still staying by her side.

Seeing the situation turn sour, Jaren

grabbed Juliet's hand to leave. "My lady, let's go!"

"Seize them!" Dragon bellowed.

The group of Jones family's experts who had initially surrounded Tyr immediately turned to besiege Jaren and Juliet.

Juliet looked baffled. Everything happened so fast that she wasn't mentally prepared. Jaren was holding onto her with one hand, while fighting away the experts who charged at them with the other. He wanted to help Juliet escape.

Jaren was indeed very strong, but he could only do so much on his own. Moreover, the Jones family's experts weren't weaklings, so it wasn't impossible for them to break through.

“That monk is quite strong. It’s hard to imagine how a heartless woman like Juliet would still have a monk this loyal to her. Should we go over and help?” Jermaine asked.

Tyr shook his head. “This is the Jones family’s internal dispute. Why should you join in?”

“True. Then, I’ll just stay here and watch.”

By now, after unleashing all his strength to continuously force the Jones family’s fighters back, Jaren was now close to the shore.

“Brother Jaren, bring Sister Juliet over here.”

Many speedboats were parked by the shore. There was a large group of people waiting

beside the watercrafts that belonged to the Scion Alliance of Strego City.

The person who had spoken was a young man dressed in branded clothes. His name was Bran Wesley, a young master of the prominent Wesley family in Strego City.

Just then, Juliet who had been in a daze finally regained her senses. “Hehehe, I’m not ruined yet!”

True enough, she wasn’t ruined yet. She still had her identity as the leader of Strego City’s Scion Alliance. Even if none of the families in the Scion Alliance could compare to the Jones family, if Juliet could band them up together, they could definitely match up to the Jones family.

Juliet could still take back what belonged to

her.

Gritting his teeth, Jaren let out a roar as he tossed caution to the wind. Taking Juliet with him, he dashed towards Bran.

“Protect Miss Juliet. Take her away,” said Jaren, pushing Juliet to Bran’s group.

Turning around, he prepared to fight the dozens of Jones family’s experts who had charged at them. Jaren’s eyes were now bloodshot. He already planned to lay his life down today. Just like he had promised Juliet previously, even if it cost his life, he would protect her.

However, just as Jaren was about to engage in a life-threatening battle, Juliet’s piercing scream sounded from behind him.

He abruptly turned to witness a scene he

never thought he would see.

A dagger had appeared in Bran's grasp, and he stabbed it into Juliet's abdomen without hesitation. The other members of the Scion Alliance gathered around Juliet and began pummeling her continuously.

Blood kept spluttering from Juliet's mouth. With widened eyes, she stared at Bran's group in disbelief. "W-... Why?!"

Chapter 595 Why Did You Rescue Me But Not Her?

“Hahaha! Juliet Jones, you never treated us like humans. And why is that?” said Bran Wesley, letting out a menacing laugh.

The other members of the Scion Alliance burst out in laughter as well.

They were all young masters and young misses, born to well-known families. They were proud wherever they went, but before Juliet, they were reduced to being dogs.

They had been annoyed with Juliet for the longest time, but due to fear of her authority, none of them dared to fight back.

Now that Juliet had lost her power, the Scion Alliance feared her no more.

“Juliet Jones, you can go to hell now.”

“Ahh!!!”

When Jaren witnessed this scene, it was as if he had gone mad. That instant, his battle prowess increased greatly. He took down quite a few of the Jones family’s experts before staggering as he ran towards Juliet.

Bam, bam, bam!

Like a steel hammer, Jaren’s punches threw back the Scion Alliance.

Sensing a hint of danger, Bran subconsciously took a step back. However, Jaren grabbed him by the collar with reddened eyes.

Bang!

With a punch, Bran was smashed to the ground. And then, Jaren began raining down punches onto his head. Jaren didn't hold any strength back with each fist thrown. By the time he stopped, Bran's skull was evidently crushed and his face was caving in.

Juliet managed to force out some words, "Jaren! You... killed someone... Hahaha, Jaren, you actually killed... for me!"

"I'll take you away," he replied softly.

Carrying Juliet in his arms, Jaren boarded the speedboat. There was a member of the Scion Alliance on that boat. He was at a loss as to what to do, looking stunned and frightened after witnessing what just happened.

"Start the boat," Jaren ordered.

“I... I!”

The young master could barely speak. He had no idea what he should do. Not until Jaren grabbed him by the throat.

“I said, start the boat!”

The Jaren right now was too terrifying. This supposedly pure and innocent monk looked even more horrifying than a demon. But there was only a fine difference between angels and demons anyway!

“O-... okay!”

Jaren released his grip and the young master coughed violently as he fumbled around to start the boat.

Dragon Jones and Jade Jones panicked. “Sh*

t! After them!”

The Jones family’s experts scurried over to the boat to chase after Juliet.

Yet, Tyr suddenly called out, “Stop!”

Dragon frowned at Tyr. “Our Jones family is dealing with pests. Why is it any of your business?”

Tyr’s expression darkened. Without a word, Jermaine Leonard went up and kicked Dragon down.

Sensing an unfavorable situation, Kace Jones quickly commanded, “Everyone, stop!”

Since Kace had spoken, the Jones family’s experts stopped giving chase.

Jermaine turned to Tyr and asked, “Why did

you let them go?”

“Juliet Jones won’t survive,” Tyr answered. “As for that monk...”

At this, Tyr paused for two seconds before continuing, “I wanted him to join Wolf’s Den. But now, that plan seems impossible.”

“He has great potential,” said Jermaine. He had also noticed Jaren’s capabilities from his fight earlier. “He could even become a second Dark Shura.”

“Haha!” Tyr merely laughed without answering.

He had no idea why he wasn’t going to be ruthless this time either. Maybe it was because he had no grudges against Jaren!

The boat carrying Juliet and Jaren didn’t

head for the lake's shore, but went further away instead. It sped away at first, but after realizing that no one was pursuing them, the boat slowed down.

Juliet's lips were covered in blood, and the dagger was still stabbed into her abdomen.

"Jaren, you've broken a religious precept again! I never thought you would kill for me!" said Juliet, suddenly grinning. It was a smile that even Jaren had never seen before.

The world was now against Juliet. Everyone wanted to take her life. In her final moments, the only person who stayed beside her was Jaren. He held onto Juliet tightly as tears streamed down his cheeks, falling onto her face.

"My lady, stop talking. I'll protect you. I

definitely will!” Jaren choked out through his tears.

“I’m... dying. Jaren, I’m cold. Hug me tighter ...

“Jaren, I asked you before if you liked me. If you’ve ever felt affection for me. Can you tell me the answer now?”

Jaren kept quiet!

But then, Juliet began laughing again. As she chuckled, she started coughing violently until blood trickled down the corner of her mouth.

“Jaren, you... felt affection!

“If there is a next life and we meet again, I wish that you won’t be a monk, and I won’t be some young lady of a rich family.

“Jaren, hold me tight. Thank you for always staying by my side. Thank you... good... bye!”

Juliet’s eyes widened and her hands fell to her sides, lifeless.

Jaren’s mind immediately went blank. “No... No...!!!”

He kept caressing Juliet’s face, wiping away her blood. He repeatedly called out her name but she could no longer respond to him.

In Jaren’s mind, memories of the times he spent with Juliet played out. Since the moment he entered the Jones family, every single memory unfolded like a movie. The scene of Juliet latching onto him while they were both in the pool stung him the most.

“Juliet...” Jaren embraced Juliet tightly,

crying silent tears.

This monk had fallen in love!

The young master who had been driving the boat was frightened by this scene. Because Jaren was now emitting an extremely petrifying aura, very similar to that of a demon's. Sensing an undesirable turn of events, without caring that they were in the center of the lake, the young master jumped off the boat.

The speedboat now became a lone vessel, floating at the heart of the lake. Jaren hugged Juliet's corpse as his body continued to tremble.

'Ten years passed, but there wasn't a word of goodbye. The world has now lost a flower. For this, I asked my God, why did He rescue

me, but not her?

‘These lingering feelings were sowed since our past lives.

‘Has the young monk turned back? His voice was now hoarse from chanting the Sutra.

‘She was forever gone from this world because God didn’t save her!

‘The wind was still blowing, taking someone’s time away. She tied up her long hair and put away her wooden fish. She was no longer under God’s care. After a few more summers, your eyes are still red. But she is no longer here!

‘The morning bell chimes and the world carries on. I lowered my head and smiled, no longer able to see your long hair. I smiled and asked my God, You’ve rescued

thousands and billions of people.

‘So, why did You rescue me, but not her?’

Chapter 596 Inner Demon

It was still drizzling under the cloudy skies. With its engine stalled, the speedboat floated alone on the lake, drifting wherever the waters took it. Jaren kept holding onto Juliet Jones' dead body, allowing the vessel to take them to god knows where.

Juliet Jones could be considered the most ruthless person of her generation in Strego City. For the sake of power, she would strive madly using underhanded tactics.

In contrast to her, Jaren was a pure man, loyal to his God. It was hard to imagine how two people who were polar opposites managed to stay together for so many years.

But again, there was only a fine difference

between angels and demons. Jaren was an angel, while Juliet was a demon. From a different perspective, they were quite closely related. Now that Juliet was dead, not even Tyr Summers knew whether Jaren would remain an angel or deprave into a demon!

After living their time on earth, once a person returned to the ground, everything they left behind in the mortal world would become but a fleeting past. The value of a person's death could be as light as a feather, or as heavy as a mountain. Some people were celebrated and their names lived on forever, while some remained notorious, a target of scorn even after death!

Juliet was neither of these. But after her death, there would be a monk in this world

who missed her dearly. His life might even change from now on.

Meanwhile, on the other side of Lake Ty, Clemence's boat was gradually drifting in the direction of the Golden Temple.

Clemence was sitting on the deck with his face pallid and his expression dark. His grim expression didn't stem from losing to Tyr. As a monk, Clemence was indifferent to fame. Since his skills were no match for his opponent, the loss was inevitable.

His stern countenance came from speculation that a demon would soon be born. And when that time came, who knew how many people would suffer under this demon's claws? There were far too many humans with demons in their hearts. Clemence couldn't possibly get rid of them

all, but this demon was his own disciple.

“Master, why didn’t we bring our Brother along just now?” asked a monk in his thirties, confused as to why Clemence didn’t bring Jaren along with them.

“We won’t be able to.” Clemence sighed. “Two polar opposites exist in your brother’s mind. If he committed to his faith, he could achieve awareness. But now, his mind is in chaos.”

“Then, how will Tyr Summers deal with Juliet Jones?” asked the monk.

“Juliet Jones will die, and the Jones family will fall,” Clemence answered. “However, this is the path a tribe must take as it deteriorates. Our Golden Temple won’t be able to help. Moreover, we’ll soon be busy

with that event!”

At this, Clemence waved his hand and a fist full of fish feed magically appeared in his hand. He sprinkled them into the lake and said, “Let them be!”

For the next few days, news of Tyr defeating Clemence at Lake Ty swept over Strego City like a tornado.

Having been a famous abbot in Strego City for so many years, no one expected that Clemence would lose against a young man in his twenties. Many people discussed Tyr’s background and wondered how he became so strong.

Yet, despite his name being spread through the city like wildfire, most people didn’t know what Tyr looked like. Hence,

compared to celebrities, he still paled in comparison.

For instance, the White Snake crew was now exceptionally famous in Strego City, and the female lead, Snow Fenner, was also popular in this area. If Tyr and Snow were to appear on the streets together, many people would rush over to get Snow's autograph and ignore Tyr altogether.

During the afternoon, this autumn rain grew heavier. The dark skies became a depressing sight to see.

Inside the building of Great Sky Group's headquarters, the Six Directors were either smoking cigars or drinking coffee on the sofas.

Sky Sullivan was standing in front of the

large french windows, observing the dark clouds. His mood was currently unpleasant.

After a while, Sky finally asked, “How did Clemence lose?”

Standing behind him were James Martin and Jason Garcia. James was a brute who only knew how to practice martial arts, so questions like these gave him a hard time.

It was Jason who answered, “When Tyr Summers fought Clemence, he held back from the start. With his true strength, he might even be able to defeat three Clemences. Of course, this is only my assumption. No one truly knows at this point.”

At this, everyone’s pupils dilated. Among the Three Aces of Great Sky Group, Jason

had the keenest eyes, so his assumptions were almost always spot on.

Everyone knew how strong Clemence was. The old monk was not only the abbot of the Golden Temple, but he was also an eminent monk in Strego City. Just these titles were enough to prove his power.

“Do you mean that with you, James, and Dean Young combined, you might not even win against Tyr Summers?” Sky asked.

Jason nodded slightly. Although he couldn't be sure, that was his estimate.

A vicious glint flashed in Sky's gaze, but it was fleeting, disappearing almost immediately. “What background does this guy have? Why is he appearing at such a crucial time?”

Elias Sullivan stood up and said, “Brother, I found some information. Tyr Summers is here to expand Autumn Field into the southern region’s market, so he might not be after the same things as us.”

“I’ve told you before not to call me Brother during meetings!” Sky snapped.

Frightened, Elias quickly said, “Yes, President.”

“If he’s only here for Autumn Field Group, he won’t be a threat. But how could Autumn Field Group have any conflicts with the Jones family?” Sky turned to his younger brother, looking disappointed as always. “Tyr Summers was targeting the Jones family. And now that the Jones family’s guardian also lost to him, he’ll no doubt

take control of the family.”

Sounding irritated, Elias grumbled, “Our Great Sky Group has been battling the Jones family for the past few years. We’ve greatly reduced their forces and worn them down.

“Our company was supposed to harvest this fruit, but this Tyr Summers just jumped in and took advantage instead. F*ck!

“We can’t just let this go. He might have greater ambitions than the Jones family. President, I think we need to take action quickly, or else we won’t get the chance to.”

Sky lit a cigarette and took a long draw before saying, “This Tyr Summers has come at such a bad timing.”

Chapter 597 It'll Be All Right On The Night

One of the directors, Benjamin Lloyd, spoke up, "The latest update is that Riverdale Province's Carson Yorke has arrived to join up with Tyr Summers.

"There's also movement from Astral Province's Quintus family. They've sent quite a few men over in secret, probably for a greater scheme. Perhaps after taking down the Jones family, their next target will be our Great Sky Group."

Elias Sullivan couldn't resist cursing, "F*ck this! Where did he get the nerve to challenge our Great Sky Group? If we don't show him hell, he'll think we're just pushovers.

“President, leave this to me. In three days, I’ll have Tyr Summers and his people get out of Strego City.”

Having said that, Elias turned to leave haughtily, but was stopped by Sky Sullivan.

“Stand there!”

“Brother!” Elias urged.

“Don’t f*cking call me Brother,” Sky roared. “Have my words fallen on deaf ears? Sit down.”

“Damn it!” Elias grumbled under his breath, “The fire’s coming our way and...”

Sky gave Elias a tight slap across the face. Realizing how furious his older brother was, Elias stopped talking.

Then, Sky turned to sweep a glance at the other directors. “Do you all have the same thoughts as Elias? Are you guys thinking of provoking Tyr Summers to give him a warning?”

None of them answered. But this silence basically equated to acquiescence.

Only Lilia Gibson spoke up, “There’s not much time until that event. And before it happens, I think we should all hold ourselves back.

“Although this Tyr Summers’ motives are blatant, a powerful outsider is no match against us locals. We need not pay him any mind for now.

“Moreover, once that job is done, why should we need to deal with him at all? To

risk destroying our plan just for temporary pleasure isn't a responsibility anyone can take.”

Lilia's words made everyone realize how grave this decision was.

Indeed, before that event was complete, Great Sky Group shouldn't get into any conflicts, especially with a strong enemy whose strength was unknown. In such cases, to ensure the success of their plan, they mustn't act on urges.

“James!” Sky called out.

“Yes, President.” James Martin went over to Sky.

“Keep an eye on Elias. If he dares to act rashly and provoke Tyr Summers, break his legs!”

“Understood.”

Among Great Sky Group’s Three Aces, James was number two in terms of strength. He had a unique trait—his loyalty to Sky. James would do whatever Sky ordered him to. Even if the emperor was blocking Sky’s way, James would lunge at him without hesitation.

Elias’s pupils mildly dilated. Despite being annoyed, he said nothing. He had indeed intended to meet up with Tyr, but now that James was watching him, Elias wouldn’t dare to be reckless. Because this guy didn’t care if Elias was Sky’s younger brother.

Walking back to the windows, Sky said, “Each one of you listen up, put matters regarding Tyr Summers aside. Before that

event is over, put everything aside. Do you understand me?”

The Six Directors nodded. “Yes!”

No one dared to disobey Sky's orders, because that event was just too important to Great Sky Group. Moreover, if that project went smoothly, why should they need to fear a mere Tyr Summers?

No matter what Tyr came to Strego City for, to Great Sky Group, it wasn't worth their time.

Three days later, at Dunham Lakefront's villa district.

In the evening, inside the yard of a mansion, Tyr was sitting across Carson Yorke as they

drank tea. At one point, the atmosphere was heavy.

It wasn't until Tyr was halfway through the tea that he finally spoke up, "According to the saying 'Great Sky of the East, Half City of the West', it means that Strego City's structure was divided into two, with the Great Sky Group and the Jones family, both first-rate tribes of the south, to rule this place.

"Now that Kace Jones has revamped the Jones family and became the new patriarch, with Great Sky Group's capabilities, it's impossible for them not to find out that Kace is now a part of my strength.

"So, I'm curious, why hasn't Great Sky Group made any moves yet?"

From Tyr's perspective, ever since he

entered Strego City, he had dissolved the Southern Business Association, eliminated the Saxton family, overturned the Jones family, and finally fought that battle on Lake Ty. Each of these incidents was considered huge in Strego City.

With the Great Sky Group's authority, it was unthinkable that they couldn't find out Tyr's motives. So, why hadn't the company made any moves yet despite the Jones family's demise? This was illogical.

Tyr had assumed that Great Sky Group would take action. That way, he could use this as a breakthrough point and counter the group, annihilating them to shape himself as the only first-rate tribe in Strego City.

But now, Great Sky Group was conducting itself in a proper manner, and in turn, Tyr

couldn't find a breakthrough point. Since they weren't provoking him, it didn't make sense for Tyr to actively provoke them, did it?

Carson also fell into deep thought. After a long while, he finally spoke, "This is certainly very odd. A normal first-rate tribe couldn't possibly have such great tolerance. The threat is at hand, so how could they just sit still?"

"So, Uncle Yorke, do you have any plans?" Tyr asked.

Carson shook his head. "No, I don't. But I have a habit of believing that it'll be all right on the night. To cope with any changes by sticking to the fundamentals."

"Do tell." Tyr raised his eyebrows.

Carson answered, “Whenever I have no idea what to do, I just don’t do anything. Sometimes waiting is also a good strategy. Now that Great Sky Group isn’t taking action, we should stay still too.

“We can also take this opportunity to prepare ourselves. Be it my Yorke family, Astral Province’s Quintus family, or West Suez’s Canonteign Mansion, if we want them to enter our chess game, we need time for preparation, so this is the best chance.”

Tyr nodded. “That’s true. But I keep getting the feeling that something’s off. It feels like Great Sky Group is caught up with something important, so they don’t have time to care about us.”

“I have this feeling too.”

A malicious glint suddenly flashed in Tyr's eyes. "Say, Uncle Yorke, if Great Sky Group really is caught up with something, can we take this opportunity to attack them?"

"We can't." Carson simply shook his head. "Never underestimate a first-rate tribe of the south.

"Great Sky Group shouldn't be compared to the Jones family who can barely keep their 'first-rate' status. With our currently insignificant strength in Strego City, we can't win against them."

"Hehe, I was only joking," said Tyr.

Chapter 598 The Unusual Great Sky Group

Just then, a car appeared at the mansion's gates. Kace Jones got out of the vehicle and made his way to Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke.

"Brother Yorke, Palace Master," Kace immediately greeted them both.

Both men nodded in response, and Carson held up the teapot to pour Kace a cup of tea. "Have a drink."

"Thank you, Brother Yorke."

"How are things progressing in the Jones family?" asked Tyr.

Kace answered, "It's all progressing

smoothly. Juliet Jones was indeed competent. She eliminated all the internal competition and wiped out all the troublesome characters, so I don't need to do anything now at all.

“Now that I've become the Jones family's patriarch, the entire Jones family is under my command, so there won't be any problems.”

“Okay!” Tyr nodded. “The Jones family was only able to hold their position in Strego City because of its foundation and accumulated fame. Will it be tough for you to take over their complex businesses?”

Kace smiled. “It won't be a problem, Palace Master. Back then, I managed the Jones family's businesses for a long period of time, and after I've expanded my businesses

overseas in recent years, I now have more experience. These tasks are now effortless for me.”

“That’s good then.” Tyr nodded slightly, feeling satisfied with Kace’s performance. “Kace, how much do you know about Great Sky Group?”

At the mention of Great Sky Group, Kace immediately became serious. Now that he was a member of Regal Palace, he had a vague idea of what Tyr’s goal in Strego City was. Tyr’s final aim was not Strego City, but the entire southern region.

Hence, a battle with Great Sky Group was inevitable.

“Palace Master, this Great Sky Group is very mysterious and powerful!” said Kace.

“Mysterious and powerful?” Tyr’s interest was immediately piqued. After all, for Second Master Jones to describe them as such, it might help to answer some of their questions. “Let’s hear it.”

Kace elaborated, “This Great Sky Group has only been established in Strego City for a little over ten years. As for the exact duration, I’m not very sure either. This group started out as an unknown little corporation, so no one paid attention to them.

“But its growth was rapid. In just a few years, it became a large group in Strego City. And about five years ago, their strength and background were already comparable to a first-rate tribe’s.

“Palace Master, you’re also aware that the

birth of a first-rate tribe requires history and accumulated fame. However, this group went against logic.”

Tyr and Carson nodded, agreeing with Kace. A first-rate tribe didn't gain its status easily. For example, the Jones family had to eliminate many long-standing families in Strego City before they could obtain the status and authority they possessed today.

That being said, Great Sky Group's development was indeed insane. But compared to Tyr's Regal Palace in Rayne, this speed was nothing at all.

Kace continued, “Since Great Sky Group's capabilities became on par with a southern first-rate tribe's, they began attacking our Jones family.

“All these years, we have been battling each

other both out in the open and in the shadows. But Del Jones was a wretched man, he couldn't win against them.

“Hence, many of the Jones’ family’s businesses and properties were attacked and acquired by Great Sky Group. This was also the reason why they could develop into a high-ranking first-rate tribe of the south in recent years, while the Jones family was on the brink of losing our ‘first-rate’ status.

“One rises while the other falls. The Jones family is no match for Great Sky Group. Had it not been for you guys, in a little while more, they might have devoured the whole family.”

Tyr chuckled. “Then, I must have harvested the fruit they grew. But this is even weirder. I’ve clearly taken away what belongs to Great

Sky Group, so why haven't they done anything? Could they be afraid of me?"

Kace shook his head. "Although you're powerful, Palace Master, this seems highly unlikely.

"Because Great Sky Group is not a family, their higher-ranking officers are not a mix of good and bad like how families are. This group has Three Aces and Six Directors, and they're all very capable in terms of fighting and scheming."

"Three Aces and Six Directors?" Tyr repeated.

"That's right," said Kace. "The Three Aces are Great Sky Group's three strongest fighters. They can be considered anonymous figures of the modern martial

arts community.

“Their strength is not to be underestimated. All these years, the jobs that required underhanded tactics were all taken care of by the Three Aces.

“As for the Six Directors, save a few, the rest managed to keep the group in shape, and they’re involved in a wide range of industries. For example, tea leaves, silk, property, tourism... just to name a few.

“Many of the businesses have been developed to become leading corporations in the city, and it’s a remarkable feat!”

“Yeah,” Carson agreed. “A group enterprise like this only takes in talented elites since they’re allowed to choose. This is something a family tribe can’t compare to, because

most people in families are useless.”

“Kace, lately, do you sense anything odd going on with Great Sky Group?” Carson asked.

“I do!” Kace answered.

Tyr and Carson were surprised. “What is it?”

Kace answered, “I was born and raised in Strego City. Although my main businesses are overseas, I still have quite a few friends and spies within the city. Hence, I constantly hear news about Great Sky Group as well.

“For the past few years, Great Sky Group has been growing rapidly. Their methods are ruthless and high-profiled. Not only did they acquire many of the Jones family’s properties and businesses, but many other

local families and businesses were also oppressed and devoured by them.

“This group’s development path was like a greedy snake, continuously devouring others to grow itself. But about half a year ago, this speedy train of theirs suddenly came to halt for no apparent reason!”

“Suddenly came to a halt?”

This description was quite amusing. As if they understood something, Tyr and Carson said, “Can you be more specific?”

“That is, some of the businesses they rolled out were closed, and the sanctions they placed on some companies and families came to an abrupt halt,” Kace explained.

Chapter 599 Your Technique Is A Little Off

“For instance, the contest between them and the Jones family. For every month prior to half a year ago, they would create conflict with us. But now, they rarely have any clashes with us anymore.

“It’s like they’ve been trying to keep to themselves for the past six months. Even Elias Sullivan, the younger brother of Great Sky Group’s president, Sky Sullivan, has been lying low despite being notorious in Strego City for causing trouble.

“Also, Great Sky Group’s Three Aces used to love picking on and challenging families who came from martial arts backgrounds

and have many experts in their ranks. But now, even they have calmed down. I think something's going on because this is too odd," Kace Jones explained.

Tyr Summers said, "For the past eight years, Great Sky Group has been active on the offense, but since six months ago, they've suddenly become cowards, is that right?"

"Yeah, you can put it that way," Kace answered.

Turning to Carson Yorke, Tyr asked, "Uncle Yorke, what do you think?"

"Great Sky Group is probably preparing for something, so they're choosing to hold back for now!" Carson replied.

"That's right," Kace immediately agreed. "I have the same assumption as well. They

must be scheming something, but they're being so mysterious about it that we can't tell what they're up to."

At this, the three men lapsed into silence.

After a long while, Tyr spoke in a grave tone, "I have a feeling that Great Sky Group is plotting something huge!"

"How huge?" Carson asked with a chuckle.

"I can't be sure of the specifics." Tyr shook his head. "But no matter what they're plotting, I think we have to find out as soon as possible."

"Yeah. Only by understanding the enemy can you secure victory." Carson turned to Kace and said, "Lord Jones, we can only trouble you for such a thing."

Kace held up his hand in salutation. "The

Jones family used to have an intel department, but Del Jones was so useless that he was oblivious in utilizing such powerful resources. I plan to rebuild the intel department so, in the future, we can get news updates and information.”

“Great!”

After Kace left, Tyr continued having tea with Carson as they chatted. When it got dark, Tyr stood up, ready to leave.

“Why don’t you stay for dinner?” Carson asked with a smile.

“No thanks. Godmother isn’t here and your dishes aren’t to my taste.”

“Haha, run along then.” Carson waved Tyr away.

In two days, Tyr would also move into

Dunham Lakefront anyway, so there was no reason to keep him.

After leaving Carson's mansion, when Tyr passed by the mansion next door, he saw Zeppelin Wayne swinging his Dragon Blade in the yard, just like always. Meanwhile, there was someone standing outside, watching quietly. It was Dickson Watt.

"What are you doing?" asked Tyr, going up behind Dickson and patting him on the shoulder.

Perhaps because he was too focused on watching, Dickson was startled by Tyr. He turned around to reflexively throw out a punch but Tyr managed to catch it!

"Oh, it's you, Big Brother Tyr." Dickson retracted his fist.

“What are you standing here for? What? Were you thinking of fighting Zeppelin again?” asked Tyr.

“I do have such thoughts, hehe.” Dickson flashed an innocent grin at Tyr. “My hand’s itchy!”

Although Tyr didn’t interact much with Dickson, the latter had a straightforward personality, so Tyr could easily understand him.

Dickson was also a martial arts maniac. He had been challenging martial arts experts all over the Celestial Empire since the age of ten. Now that he came to the Yorke family and met up with this other martial arts maniac, Zeppelin, it was a given that Dickson would be itching to fight.

“You better not. His swordsmanship now specializes only in killing. It’s not suited for you. You might get killed in one slash,” Tyr advised.

But Dickson replied with absolute confidence, “Uncle Wayne can’t kill me. He can only break a few of my bones at most.”

“Why do you speak of having your bones broken like you’re only getting a haircut?”

Tyr was baffled, thinking that martial arts maniacs often had a few screws loose. “

Right, you’re here to watch Zeppelin practice his blade when you have free time. Aren’t you courting Connie anymore?”

“I can’t do it,” replied Dickson, sounding helpless. “She keeps going shopping, and when she does, she wants me to carry her

clothes and bags.

“Big Brother Tyr, I’m a future hero. My hands are for boxing. How can they carry bags instead?”

“Hehe, you seriously deserve to be single for the rest of your life,” Tyr teased. If he were a woman, even he wouldn’t like Dickson as well.

Tyr was now watching Zeppelin practice his blade in the yard. He had a nagging feeling that something was off, but he couldn’t put what it was into words.

Entering the yard, Tyr went up to Zeppelin. “Uncle Wayne, something’s off with your technique.”

Zeppelin stopped swinging his weapon. “What’s off?”

Tyr shook his head. “I can’t put it into words. But I feel like it’s lacking something. You haven’t felt unwell lately, have you?”

“Haha, how could I feel unwell? There’s only one style to this Reversal Blade. It’s impossible for me to go insane because of it,” Zeppelin answered.

“That’s true.”

Tyr scratched the back of his head without saying more. He only stayed with Zeppelin for a little longer before leaving the Dunham Lakefront district.

At the district’s entrance, a Red Flag had been waiting there for quite a while. No doubt, the occupant of this car must be someone from Six Doors.

Last time, Green Dragon had told Tyr that

once he settled things with the Jones family, Green Dragon would tell Tyr what Six Doors wanted from him. Now that the issues with the Jones family were resolved, it was time for Six Doors to keep their word.

Without hesitation, Tyr pulled the door open and got in. The person inside the car was a stranger to him, but he didn't mind it.

The Red Flag drove towards the coffee shop where Tyr and Green Dragon previously had a drink. However, the person waiting for him there wasn't Green Dragon, but Julio Morgan. Their first meeting had been unpleasant, where Julio showed hostility toward Tyr, so Tyr felt no need to show this man his good side.

“Where is your boss? I've told you before that you're not worthy of discussing

anything with me,” Tyr simply said, showing Julio no respect at all.

But to his surprise, Julio did not get mad this time.

Instead, he very politely stood up and saluted Tyr. “Mr. Summers, I was too insolent back then. If I’ve ever offended you, I hope that you can forgive me.”

Chapter 600 Japan, The Winner Becomes King

Tyr Summers was confused. The people of Six Doors were mostly arrogant, and what's more, Julio Morgan held quite a high position in the organization.

Had he taken the wrong medicine today? Why was he suddenly so polite? However, Tyr had no idea that while the Six Doors members were proud, they only surrendered to strong people.

Since before, Green Dragon had held Tyr in high regard, and this was the reason for Julio Morgan's hostility toward Tyr. Because Julio was judging a book by its cover. He assumed that Tyr wasn't competent enough

to be worthy of his superior's regard.

Hence, from the beginning, Julio scorned Tyr. However, after he had witnessed Tyr's battle with Clemence on Lake Ty, Julio finally became aware of his prowess. Tyr Summers was indeed worthy of his superior's regard.

And so, ever since then, Julio's attitude toward Tyr changed completely. Tyr was a powerful man, so Julio was willing to surrender to him.

This situation was quite similar to Wolf's Den. Every Wolf's Den member were proud individuals who only surrendered to those mightier than them.

Although Julio's attitude toward Tyr was different now, Tyr was still not fond of him.

As the Palace Master of Regal Palace, this bit of arrogance was necessary. After all, Julio had been insolent toward Tyr. Now that he was suddenly nice to Tyr, it didn't mean that Tyr should be nice to him as well, right?

“Since your boss isn't here, I'm leaving.” Without any intention to stay, Tyr turned to leave.

However, Julio immediately went over to stop him. “Mr. Summers, please wait. My boss has urgent business to attend to, so he asked me to pass you something.”

Tyr extended his hand. “Hand it over.”

Julio groped in his bag for a note and placed it in Tyr's hand. “This is what my boss wanted you to have. He said that what you want is in there.”

“A note? He’s really cocky.” Tyr felt speechless as he opened up the note.

Scribbled on the paper was a sentence: ‘Japan. The winner becomes king.’

“What does this mean?” Tyr stared at Julio, dumbstruck. “Was your boss a language teacher? Why is he playing word games with me?”

Julio answered, “Mr. Summers, my boss says to tell you that whatever commotion you cause in the southern region, as long as it doesn’t affect the citizens, our Six Doors can bear the responsibility for you.

“However, you’re not the only chess player in the southern region, so he hopes that everyone will stick to the rules.”

Tyr sensed a double meaning behind Julio’s

words. “What do you mean by I’m not the only chess player?”

“Hehe, Mr. Summers, you’re an intelligent man, so you’ll definitely figure it out. As for the message on the note, Boss says you might be able to get some hints. But if you truly don’t, once things in the southern region settle down, he will tell you.”

After saying this, Julio saluted Tyr and left of his own accord.

Tyr held onto the note in his hand, staying silent for the longest time. Then, a glint suddenly flashed in his eyes. “I’m not the only chess player... Does that mean there’s someone else who wants to conquer the south?”

Tyr couldn’t resist tying his assumption to

Great Sky Group. Through Kace, Tyr became aware that the company had been acting strange recently. Tyr was preparing to take over the south like it was a chess game, so perhaps, just like him, Great Sky Group intended to play this game too.

There were so many first-rate tribes in the south, but none of them stood out enough to become an existence similar to the super first-rate Summers family of the north. But that didn't mean these tribes didn't want to. Quite a few of them must have been preparing for many years now.

“I've underestimated this place after all.” Tyr smiled faintly. “Now I'm really interested to find out what Great Sky Group's plans are.”

As he spoke, Tyr inadvertently glanced at

the note in his hand. “Japan. The winner becomes king. Is this the goal you’re trying to attain after this chess game, Green Dragon? What exactly are you thinking?”

Tyr scrunched up the note before tossing it into the trash can. At times, Carson Yorke’s method was quite useful. ‘When you don’t know what to do, don’t do anything.’

When you can’t figure something out, stop thinking about it. Because someday, the answers and breakthroughs will come looking for you instead.

Meanwhile, after leaving the coffee shop, Julio got into his Red Flag. Once inside, he took out his phone to call Green Dragon.

The call got through and Green Dragon’s voice asked, “Did you give it to him?”

“I did,” Julio answered. “Boss, I was too blind to recognize a champion. You’ve chosen the right person. Tyr Summers might just be able to help us complete that mission.”

However, Green Dragon chuckled in response. “Tyr might not win this chess game of the south.”

Julio was confused. Hadn’t Green Dragon always been confident in Tyr and had great expectations for him? Why is it that now that Tyr had displayed his capabilities, Green Dragon’s confidence suddenly wavered?

“Boss, I don’t understand. You didn’t witness Tyr Summer’s battle with Clemence, so you might not know how

insanely strong he is. When he...”

But before Julio could finish, he was cut off by Green Dragon, “Tyr Summers is the Palace Master of Rayne’s Regal Palace, a legend overseas. But around the world, the place with the most hidden talents is still the Celestial Empire, so he might not win.

“We’ll let this be. As for Japan, whoever wins, goes.”

Julio grunted in response and added, “Boss, are you saying this because you realized something?”

“The day Great Sky Group has been waiting for will soon be here. He’s almost back,” Green Dragon answered.

“He?!” At the mention of this person, Julio was immediately riled up. There was even a

prickly sensation on his scalp. “Boss, you mean...”

“Shh!” Green Dragon hushed, as if it was forbidden to speak of this ‘man’ so casually.

“Boss, Great Sky Group has been acting strange this whole time. Could they really have ties with that person? Were the rumors true?” Julio asked.

Green Dragon said, “Before this incident comes to light, keep it a secret. Don’t try to investigate it because it won’t do you any good. You just have to keep it in mind.

“Although our Six Doors is a government organization that maintains the country’s order, this doesn’t mean we can behave arrogantly. Since ancient times, the martial arts world of the Celestial Empire is not

something the government can control.

“Julio, hold yourself back. What you need to do next is just to maintain order in Strego City. As for everything else, just sit back and enjoy the show.”