

## Chapter 601 Stalking Zeppelin Wayne

Back home, Winifred Zea was done preparing dinner. Lately, Winifred had been busy with Autumn Field Group. However, she and Tyr Summers were very in sync, in the sense that whoever got home first would prepare dinner, so that the other could come home to a hot meal.

A sense of routine was required in life, because the warmth of a family was needed everywhere.

After washing his hands, Tyr sat down with Winifred for dinner.

Winifred put a braised chicken thigh on Tyr's plate as she said, "The Southern

Commerce Chamber will be officially established tomorrow. There will be a charity dinner. Do you want to go with me?"

"When is it?" Tyr asked.

"Tomorrow night," Winifred answered.

"Sure!" Tyr answered easily. He had nothing else to do anyway, so he might as well go and take a look.

After dinner, Tyr and Winifred carried out their nightly routine before falling asleep in each other's arms. However, just as Tyr was about to drift into sleep, his phone rang.

Tyr was annoyed. Being disturbed during one's sleep was indeed a depressing matter. He picked up his phone to realize that it was Carson Yorke calling.

"Uncle Yorke, it's so late at night. Is



something up?” Tyr asked in confusion.

“Tyr, help me with something,” said Carson.

“Huh?” Tyr was lost. What was it that couldn't wait until morning? To suddenly call him up in the middle of the night was indeed baffling. “Did something happen, Uncle Yorke?”

“Well, it's not exactly a huge issue. It's just that I feel like something's wrong with Zeppelin,” Carson answered.

“What is it?”

Carson replied, “It's been a few days since we came to Strego City. Ever since the second night of our arrival, every night at midnight, Zeppelin would head out and come back by dawn.

“I asked him what he was up to but he

wouldn't tell me. Zeppelin and I have been pals for tens of years. He's never hidden anything from me before, so I feel uneasy.”

Tyr suddenly recalled how he noticed something odd with Zeppelin this afternoon while the older man was practicing his blade. But what exactly was wrong, Tyr couldn't put into words.

“Uncle Yorke, have you sent someone to follow him?”

“I've sent Jay after him but we lost his tracks the moment he left the door. If Zeppelin doesn't want anyone to find out, not many people can manage to follow him,” Carson explained.

“Has he gone out yet?” Tyr asked.

Carson answered, “Not yet, but he will be

soon. I had wanted to talk to you about this in the afternoon, but alas, I felt that there wasn't a need to. However, when I saw him so distracted at night, I kept thinking that something was off, so we might need to know what he's up to.

“Also, I have a feeling that Zeppelin was in such a hurry to follow me to Strego City not only because he wanted to watch your fight with Clemence, but also to settle the matter from ten years ago.”

“Alright, leave this to me,” said Tyr.

After hanging up, Tyr briefly explained the situation to Winifred before going out.

Upon arriving at Dunham Lakefront's entrance, Tyr was just in time to see Zeppelin coming over from a dark area. In a



flash, he hid behind a tree to conceal himself.

Zeppelin was now outside his mansion. Once he arrived at the district's entrance, he glanced around. When he was sure that no one was around, he proceeded to the street ahead.

Although it was deep into the night, cabs were still driving on the streets. However, Zeppelin showed no signs of hailing a cab, only following along on the sidewalk. He was walking casually, but whenever he reached a turning point, he would swiftly turn and disappear into the intersection.

This was a method specially used to avoid being followed. Those who were slightly incompetent might not be able to track Zeppelin this way. But Tyr was different. He

was a master of all trades, and although he rarely stalked anyone, it wasn't a difficult task for him.

Throughout the journey, Tyr followed closely behind Zeppelin. He was much more skillful than Zeppelin, so the latter couldn't possibly notice him.

About half an hour later, Zeppelin finally stopped in front of a building.

“Jade Rain Tower?” muttered Tyr.

When he saw the building's name, Tyr was dumbstruck. The structure's design was very vintage. It looked like a building left from the past.

After scanning the area, an assumption came to Tyr's mind. “Could this be...?”

Zeppelin stood in front of the building's

entrance for several seconds before he dived right into the premise.

“Zeppelin had a hobby like this?”

Tyr was tempted to laugh. After Zeppelin went in, he too followed Zeppelin inside.

The decor and environment inside were just as vintage. The place looked exactly like a scene from a movie. Strego City was initially an ancient city, so the entertainment premises here retained their vintage style.

Jade Rain Tower was three floors tall. There were streams of people coming in and out, and the atmosphere inside was amorous. This place didn't need an introduction. It was a brothel.

‘Zeppelin has been coming here every night to seek relief? Hahaha!’ Tyr was chortling



on the inside.

Previously, he had been discussing with Carson whether Zeppelin was only interested in blades, that Zeppelin's only wife was his Dragon Blade. But who knew that this guy was just acting decent. He was actually more open-minded than anyone else, and came to have fun at brothels every night.

Tyr suddenly had a thought. No wonder he felt like something was wrong with Zeppelin's practice but couldn't figure out what it was.

Now, Tyr understood it all. Yesterday, when he was watching Zeppelin swing his blade, the swing seemed weak. The vigor from before was gone, making his slashes look feeble. This issue most probably had

something to do with Zeppelin getting hooked on a place like this.

‘Old Brother Wayne, we brought you here to Strego City to fight a war, not for you to seek pleasure. Look at you, being in such a hurry to drain your energy. What will you do when the war comes?’

Tyr felt speechless and at the same time, confused. Logically speaking, this wasn't supposed to happen. Zeppelin wasn't a frivolous man. Instead, he was steadfast in everything he did, so it didn't make sense for him to do such a thing.

This was very unusual.

## Chapter 602 Strange Uncle

Since Tyr Summers was already here, he had to investigate the situation.

However, this place was huge. Zeppelin Wayne had just entered, and Tyr immediately followed behind. But once he was inside, Tyr lost Zeppelin's tracks.

“Where did he go?”

Looking at the tons of rooms on all three floors, Tyr was bewildered. If he searched each room one by one, how long would it take? Moreover, there must be certain activities going on behind the doors. If Tyr were to barge in, he would definitely be chased out of this place.

Just as Tyr was at a loss as to what to do, a



voice suddenly rang out from beside him, “Hi, handsome. From your nervous expression, it must be your first time here. You’re not shy, are you?”

Tyr turned around to see a young beauty dressed in a traditional lace dress, acting coquettishly as she tried to bewitch Tyr with her eyes.

“I’m looking for someone,” Tyr answered honestly.

“Hehe, of course you are,” the beauty said as she placed a hand on Tyr’s chest. “My name is Emerald. Were you looking for me?”

“Scram.” Tyr slapped Emerald’s hand away.

While this woman was indeed gorgeous and sensual, he felt no interest in her. In his eyes, there was only his wife.

Emerald was annoyed. “You’re really weird. If you’re not here for pleasure, what are you here for? To study? You’re just as weird as that strange uncle.”

“Strange uncle?” A thought suddenly came to mind and Tyr quickly asked, “Who is this strange uncle whom you’ve mentioned?”

“How should I know? I don’t even know his name.”

Emerald flipped a middle finger at Tyr before turning to leave, but he rushed over to block her way.

“What are you doing? Haven’t you had enough? Since you’re not interested in me, why are you stopping me?”

“Take me to this strange uncle you’ve

mentioned,” said Tyr.

“I’m very busy. Why should I...”

Before Emerald could finish, she saw Tyr take out a stack of red notes.

Immediately, her eyes sparkled. She snatched away the cash and said, “Handsome, I’ll take you there.”

Emerald suddenly became very enthusiastic. It was just as the saying goes, with money, you can do anything you like. She led Tyr up to the third floor, and during their journey, Emerald explained various things to him.

“Handsome, are you acquainted with that strange uncle?” she asked.

“Why do you call him a strange uncle?” Tyr asked in turn.



him.” Emerald replied.

“That room he’s staying in, who did it belong to?”

“Anyone can use it,” said Emerald. “But for the past few days, it was reserved by this uncle. He’s really rich and just paid up a hundred thousand dollars on the spot. How generous.”

“What about ten years ago? Who did the room belong to?” Tyr continued to ask.

Emerald shook her head. “Ten years ago, I was still in grade school. How should I know who that room belonged to? Moreover, Jade Rain Tower gets a new owner every few years, and they always renovate the place. Who remembers anything from ten years ago?”

Emerald answered, “Because he’s as strange as you. He has been coming to our Jade Rain Tower for many days, but he’s not here to have fun. He just sits alone inside a room, drinking tea until it gets bright outside.

“To me, this strange uncle feels like a scholar on television. A scholar who was supposed to head to the city for an exam but met his true love here, so he just stopped studying altogether, haha!”

Now that she mentioned it, this situation was indeed quite similar.

Tyr then asked, “Has any one of you approached him?”

“At first, we all tried, but he chased us away. For some reason, while he looks okay from afar, he’s quite terrifying when you’re near

At this, Emerald seemed to have come to a realization. She asked in shock, “Handsome, could this strange uncle be coming here to look for his b\*tch from ten years ago?”

“Sigh!” Tyr heaved a sigh. As expected of a woman in this industry. Anything that came out of her mouth sounded vile.

Soon, Emerald led Tyr to a room on the third floor. Through the window, he could certainly see Zeppelin sitting inside there.

“Handsome, do you have any other requests?” Emerald blinked at Tyr, subconsciously sticking her chest out. It was obvious she hadn’t given up trying to seduce him.

However, Tyr had no interest in her at all!

“I don’t,” he responded coldly before



entering the room.

Inside the room, Zeppelin was sitting alone at a square table, looking very lonely. His eyes seemed dazed with a desolate expression clear on his face. In Tyr's impression, Zeppelin had always been confident and full of vigor. But now, this man felt like a stranger to him.

The moment Tyr entered, Zeppelin's voice called out, "Who is it?"

As an expert, Zeppelin's senses were no doubt keen. His tone commanded authority, and when normal people heard it, they would only shudder from fright. Yet, Tyr was calm.

"It's me, Brother Wayne!" Tyr called out as he walked over to Zeppelin.

look like I'm visiting brothels for fun to you?"

"Not quite. Who comes to a brothel for tea? I heard from Uncle Yorke that about ten years ago, you came to Strego City to challenge a dual-blade user, didn't you? And you ended up losing."

"That's right." Zeppelin nodded.

"And then you met a lover here."

"Yeah."

Tyr suddenly chuckled. "Brother Zeppelin, if I'm guessing it right, your lover must be someone from this Jade Rain Tower. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here almost every other night."

When Zeppelin saw it was him, astonishment appeared in his eyes. “Tyr, why are you here?”

Sitting down across from Zeppelin, Tyr said, “I followed you here from Dunham Lakefront.”

“Followed me?”

“Is there a problem?” Tyr smiled. “Uncle Yorke asked me to look for you. He knows that you’ve been going out at night lately and that you’ve been absent-minded during the day. He’s worried, so he got me to look for you to ask what’s going on.”

At this, Tyr poured himself a cup of tea. “Brother Zeppelin, what’s going on? Do you have a habit of visiting brothels?”

Zeppelin shot Tyr an annoyed glare. “Do I



## Chapter 603 Charity Banquet

“But I just heard from someone here that Jade Rain Tower gets a new owner every few years, who usually renovates the place. It’s been more than ten years, so your lover must have left by now,” Tyr said.

“Hehe!” Zeppelin Wayne chuckled with a hint of bitterness in his smile.

Tyr continued, “I know you have a story. Do you want to tell me about it? This chess game of the south is about to begin, but your condition seems off. I’m worried that something might happen later.”

But Zeppelin shook his head instead. “Don’t worry, Tyr. I know my limits. There won’t be any problems. This room is where I met her

back then. I just want to sit here for a while.”

“Then, do you want to seek her out?” Tyr asked.

“No,” Zeppelin answered without hesitation.

However, when he said that word, Tyr could distinctly notice the trace of anger in Zeppelin’s expression. The older man seemed extremely reluctant to talk about this woman.

Now, this was contradicting. Since Zeppelin refused to bring up this woman, why did he come here to relive the memories of where they met?

“Did she disappoint you?” Tyr asked.

“Don’t ask, Tyr. I already said that I know my limits.” Zeppelin answered.

“Alright then!”

Seeing how Zeppelin was unwilling to talk, Tyr stopped asking. He wasn't someone who liked pressing for answers after all.

“There's still quite some time before dawn. Why don't I stay and drink with you?” Tyr offered.

But Zeppelin shook his head instead. “You better go home. You have a wife waiting for you, so you can't be staying out the entire night. Don't worry, I'm fine. After tonight, I won't come here anymore.”

“Why not?” Tyr asked. “Is it because I found this place?”

Zeppelin took a drink of his tea before answering, “No. I need to continue



practicing my blade. I already know where that person is.”

“Your lover?”

“No. The dual-blade wielder.”

Tyr shuddered inwardly. “Ten years ago, you lost to him. So, now that you’re back in Strego City, you plan to challenge him a second time?”

“Yes. Only by defeating him can I overcome this obstacle. Only then can I advance,” said Zeppelin.

Tyr stood up. “I won’t be disturbing you then.”

“Take care.”

As he left Jade Rain Tower, Tyr gave Carson

Yorke a call. He briefly explained the situation on his end and asked Carson not to worry too much. After that, Tyr hailed a cab back to the apartment.

By the time he got home, Winifred was asleep. Without waking her, Tyr gently embraced her and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Winifred woke up and went to the office. Autumn Field Group had now successfully expanded its influence into Strego City. Also, following the establishment of the Southern Commerce Chamber, there would be a charity banquet hosted tonight.

Winifred would be attending this dinner event as the chairwoman of the Southern Commerce Chamber, so she had to prepare herself well.

Meanwhile, since he was done with the Jones family, Tyr now had time on his hands. Without anything to do, he contacted Blair Zea through video call during the day, then played Sokoban for a while.

When it was near evening, Winifred called him. After hanging up, Tyr tidied himself up a bit before heading out.

The charity dinner was being held at Starlight City. Not only was Starlight City a large convention hall, it was also a famous auction house in Strego City. Starlight City's owner was named Ferguson Ford, known by the city as a generous man.

Ferguson had been in the charity business for almost twenty years, and the charity he raised through Starlight City managed to



try to flatter anyone, so no one would ever try to scheme against her during the banquet.

Winifred remained occupied but Tyr was free instead. At first, he tried getting to know the local dignitaries together with Winifred, but soon, he got bored. And so, Tyr found a spot in a corner to stand in as he held onto a glass of wine.

During this time, someone managed to recognize him. While Tyr's battle with Clemence was kept from the public, many people from Strego City's upper-class society had gone to witness the fight on the island in person. Hence, it was only natural for some of those people to be at this banquet.

They had wanted to approach Tyr, but the

help quite a few poor and rural areas.

Since the Southern Commerce Chamber's establishment, Ferguson joined their ranks with his Starlight City. Due to his influence in Strego City and the southern region, Ferguson ended up becoming one of the association's directors.

At about seven in the evening, the charity banquet officially began. Dinner was served in a buffet style which upper-class society nowadays was quite fond of.

Winifred was kept busy during the banquet. As the chairwoman of the Southern Commerce Chamber, she needed to be acquainted with many people during social events, and she had to converse with many local dignitaries as well.

With Winifred's status today, she need not

latter was obviously uninterested. Being sensible humans, they stopped pestering him after sensing his indifference.

A little over one hour into the banquet, Tyr was too bored, so he left the event hall to take a breather at the corridor outside. Soon, Winifred came out to join him.

“Honey, do you find this boring?” Winifred asked in an apologetic tone as she went over. “I was too busy just now that I couldn’t pay you any attention.”

Tyr responded with a smile, “Why are you worried about this? As the association’s chairwoman, you’re supposed to socialize. Don’t worry about me.

“Autumn Field hasn’t been in Strego City for long and its foundation is still unstable, so



there are many aspects that require connections to solidify its status. Hurry on inside and get in touch with the local dignitaries.

“The more people there are, the more options we have. In the future, we might need their help in many things.”

Winifred replied, “For the past hour I’ve gotten to know those who need to be known. I was getting bored as well, so I’m here to take a breather.”

“Hehe.”

The couple chuckled in unison and then said nothing as they watched the city’s night view.

Before long, a man in his fifties who looked very familiar approached them.

“Chairwoman Zea, so you were here,” the man greeted with a smile.

Winifred quickly nodded. “Mr. Ford, are you here for a break as well?”

Then, she introduced the two men, “Mr. Ford, this is my husband, Tyr Summers.”

## Chapter 604 A Little Too Much Donation

“So, this is Mr. Tyr Summers.” The man looked surprised and quickly extended his right hand. “Hello, my name is Ferguson Ford. I’m the owner of Starlight City.”

“Nice to meet you.” Tyr shook Ferguson’s hand.

Although he wasn’t acquainted with this man, Ferguson’s fame and his deeds left a positive impression on Tyr.

There were too many fakes in this world. During his days in Rayne, Tyr had seen many people who used charity work as a front to make and launder money. Tyr ended up shutting down many of these fraudulent



charity organizations.

However, Ferguson's vibe was different. At first glance, Tyr could sense that the older man was different from the fraudsters he had met. Ferguson was sincere in his charity work. Widely acknowledged as a generous man in Strego City, his reputation must have at least that much credibility.

The trio had a small chat, then Ferguson said, "President Zea, our event tonight is a charity banquet, so there will be a donation program coming up next.

"I hope that President Zea and Autumn Field Group can provide some support for the children in the poor mountain districts as well."

Winifred nodded. "I've made arrangements

for a donation. Following the Southern Commerce Chamber's establishment with Autumn Field as its leading corporation, we will definitely set a good example for the others.”

Ferguson held his hands up in salutation. “Thank you, President Zea, for your understanding. We will record each donation's proceedings and proof after that to make the transactions transparent.”

“I have absolute faith in you regarding this part,” Winifred praised.

Ferguson added, “Next up, we'll be having a charity auction as well. Every year, kind-hearted folks from around the country send their prized pieces to our Starlight City as a charity donation.

“After the necessary deductions, the raised

amount will also be donated to rural areas. President Zea and Mr. Summers can have a look to see if any pieces interest you as well. With this, you'll also be able to contribute to public welfare.”

“No problem.”

Both parties chatted for a bit more before Ferguson excused himself to prepare for the charity auction. Tyr and Winifred stayed outside for a little longer. Once the auction program began, they successively went toward the venue.

These charity auctions were hosted every two weeks in Starlight City. Coincidentally, today was one of the auction days. Hence, not only were the Southern Commerce Chamber members present, but wealthy individuals outside the association were



here as well for the auction.

But of course, the main focus of the day was still the Southern Commerce Chamber.

The auction venue was currently filled with people. Due to Winifred's unique identity, she and Tyr were seated in the first row, right in the middle of the hall.

Before the auction began, Starlight City would reveal the donations they had received at tonight's charity banquet. This was the donation program that Ferguson had mentioned to Winifred earlier.

After the accumulated amount of the charity banquet was revealed, it would then be reported by the media for the public to hear of.

While this action did seem rather fake, and

it would even be criticized by keyboard warriors to say they were showing off, that people who genuinely wanted to do charity would be discreet, and that there was no need to announce it so that everyone would know, but in fact, such actions were necessary.

Because, some people or corporations might indeed be donating for the attention, to raise their own reputation and impression. But at least they had genuinely donated. As long as it wasn't just for show, most of the public could accept such shows of generosity.

Whether or not they were doing it for their reputation, they had indeed contributed to charity. Moreover, such revelations could also attract more people to come forth and

donate. Only with this, could charity organizations continue to carry on.

Ferguson ascended the stage and gave the audience a deep bow to show his gratitude. “Thank you, everyone, for attending Starlight City’s auction event this evening, and also celebrating the establishment of the Southern Commerce Chamber.

“Our Starlight City is a proud member of the Southern Commerce Chamber as well, and I, Ferguson Ford, am honored to be able to become one of the directors of the association.

“Today...”

On stage, Ferguson began speaking in a sincere tone as he introduced the Southern Commerce Chamber and various charity



programs.

Tyr wasn't very interested, so he held up his phone to start playing games.

Sitting beside him, Winifred said, "Honey, for tonight's charity banquet donation, I've donated quite a huge sum under Autumn Field's name. Is that okay with you, darling?"

"You're fully in charge of Autumn Field, and this donation is a contribution to public welfare. As long as you have faith in Ferguson Ford, the donation amount can be up to you," Tyr replied with a smile.

"Thank you, honey, for understanding." Winifred smiled at Tyr, grateful for his consideration.

Meanwhile, Ferguson had begun

announcing the raised funds of this evening. It was a total sum of a hundred and sixty-three million.

Once this number was revealed, the venue went into an uproar. Everyone looked surprised and exchanged glances of disbelief. In the meantime, the media team on standby quickly jotted down this number, because it was indeed much higher than expected.

“Over a hundred million was raised at tonight’s charity banquet? This is too shocking!”

“Usually, charity banquets like these only raise about ten or twenty million. The best record they had was only about thirty million at most. How can there be so much this time?”

As the audience began discussing, the people outside the Southern Commerce Chamber were exceptionally shocked. Their mouths were gaping so wide that even a duck egg could fit inside.

Various voices of discussion sounded.

Someone explained, “Today is the Southern Commerce Chamber’s official establishment day. The corporations in the association have to donate a bit more to raise the association’s reputation.”

“That’s understandable, but this is a hundred and thirty million more than the usual amount. Do the association members think that money grows on trees?” said another person.

In fact, when Ferguson read out the names



on stage, he too was shuddering inwardly. For a charity banquet to be able to raise close to two million was indeed too much.

“Next, I would like to announce the contributing individuals and corporations,” said Ferguson through the microphone in his hand.

“Southern Commerce Chamber’s Vanke Real Estate donates six million.

“Southern Commerce Chamber’s Bodhi Steel donates three million.

“Southern Commerce Chamber’s Auric Apparel Group donates four million.

“Bliss Garden Group donates eight hundred and eighty thousand...”

## Chapter 605 Eight Fine Horses

Soon, Ferguson Ford was almost done reading out the contributor's names. At this charity fundraiser, members of the Southern Commerce Chamber had indeed donated quite generously.

But as the audience tabulated, even with the corporations' fair donations, the total was only about fifty million. So, where did the remaining hundred million come from?

Then, Ferguson read out the final contributor, "Last but not least, the president of the Southern Commerce Chamber, Miss Winifred Zea of Autumn Field Group, donates a hundred million!"

Boom!!!

A bomb seemed to have exploded inside the hall.

“Autumn Field Group donated a hundred million? Are they insane?”

“Even if it’s for their reputation, there’s no need to donate so much. How lavish!”

Under normal circumstances, as the leading corporation of the Southern Commerce Chamber, Autumn Field Group was undeniably expected to donate a larger sum to raise its reputation. A donation of thirty million would have been more than enough to cause an uproar in the south, but they had donated a hundred million instead.

This was mind-blowing!

There were only two possible explanations



for this. One, Winifred Zea must be a nutjob. Two, just like Ferguson, she might be sincere in wanting to contribute to charity.

By now, even Tyr who had been apathetically playing his Sokoban game gasped and almost dropped his phone.

“Sw-... sweetheart, you donated a hundred million?” Tyr stared incredulously at his wife.

“Yeah. Is there a problem, honey? You’re not going to blame me for donating too much, are you?” Winifred answered with a straight face.

When she said this, she was a little anxious, because now that she thought it through, this number was quite scary. However, she didn’t regret it. Winifred was a kind-hearted

below the stage.

Just then, on the other side of the venue, a middle-aged man dressed in a full suit was seated with his legs crossed. Several seats around him were empty, as if no one dared to sit close to him.

Being insufferably arrogant, this person was none other than one of Great Sky Group's Six Directors, Elias Sullivan. He was also the younger brother of Great Sky Group's president, Sky Sullivan.

“Hahaha! How hilarious. Is this Autumn Field Group mad? They actually donated a hundred million. Look at how Ferguson Ford is acting on stage. He must be over the moon on the inside. Ninety million out of that hundred must be going straight into his pocket,” Elias remarked.

woman, so now that she had met an altruistic person like Ferguson, she wanted to contribute to charity too.

“No.” Tyr rubbed the back of his head sheepishly.

Thankfully, he was a wealthy man. If Tyr had been a wretched man who lived on his wife’s earnings, he might have fainted on the spot from the donation amount’s revelation.

On stage, Ferguson bowed once more to the contributors. “On behalf of the poor children in the mountain areas, I would like to thank all of you for your generosity. Thank you for contributing to charity! Next up, is our auction event.”

There was a round of heated applause from



Beside him, Elias' assistant cum bodyguard, Huxley Ward said, "Mr. Sullivan, I heard that this Ferguson Ford really donates all the funds he raises to charity. There might not be any embezzlement involved."

Elias pouted. "Whether or not he steals, only he knows best. Say, how great would it be if that hundred million was donated to our Great Sky Group Foundation instead?"

Huxley smiled in silence, musing that if the money was really donated to Great Sky Group, there wouldn't be a single penny left.

"Mr. Sullivan, the 'Eight Fine Horses' painting by Master Vermeer will be auctioned off here tonight. Should we prepare a budget?" Huxley asked.

"Prepare a budget?" Elias scoffed. "Do I,

Elias Sullivan, need to budget for the things I want? When I offer a price, who would dare to fight me for it?”

“That’s true.” Huxley chuckled.

And so, the auction began.

Starlight City started displaying the items that would be auctioned off at tonight’s activity. As the items were being sold for charity, the starting bids were lower than the actual price of the pieces. Also, there was no reserved price placed, so this was considered a perk for the generous individuals by the charity organization.

However, during such auctions, many people wanted to get some exposure by doing charity, so whenever a piece was auctioned, quite a few people would join in

Graham's eyes sparkled with interest. "President Zea, our Autumn Field Group's branch is still new to this city, so we need something to help with our image.

"This 'Eight Fine Horses' would be most suitable. Also, our Autumn Field Group needs to leave an impression during this auction, so now that the grand finale piece has been shown, we have to obtain it."

"Yeah." Winifred nodded. "You're right. You'll be in charge of calling the price later. No matter how cheap or expensive it is, secure it."

"Understood."

Ferguson was currently introducing the Eight Fine Horses' origin and implications. In fact, this piece did not require any



the competition. With this, the final selling price would definitely exceed the reserved price, so there wouldn't be a loss.

Tyr wasn't interested in the auction either, so after the activity began, he picked up his phone to continue playing his Sokoban game. Winifred, Graham Davis, and the others were watching attentively, but as the auction went on, they didn't see any pieces they liked.

About an hour later, the grand finale piece was presented.

'Eight Fine Horses' was said to be painted by a famous modern artist, Master Vermeer. The painting symbolized advancement and being able to go the distance. Once it was brought on stage, the venue exploded into heated discussions.

introduction at all because it was already famous within the corporate world. Besides Winifred and Graham, a few others had also shown great interest in the painting.

Master Vermeer's Eight Fine Horses was worth twelve million, and the bidding started at eight million. Each increment would be one million. Based on the audience's interest, the final selling price was estimated to be at about fifteen million.

After the introduction and explanation of the rules, Ferguson started the bidding.

Immediately, many people raised their paddles. Graham was also one of them and he was ready to make an offer.

However, an arrogant and domineering voice suddenly called out, "I'm very fond of

this 'Eight Fine Horses'. Eight million, and I'm only going to offer this once. Act wisely."



## Chapter 606 The Best Breakthrough Point

“Of course, if there’s anyone present who doesn’t know who I am, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Elias Sullivan, one of the six directors of Great Sky Group.”

Immediately after he spoke, more than half of the audience turned to Elias in unison. Meanwhile, Ferguson Ford’s expression quickly changed as a dreadful feeling surfaced in his heart.

Voices of discussion sounded as many people recognized Elias. The man was one of Great Sky Group’s Six Directors. He was also Sky Sullivan’s younger brother, which made Elias the young master of this famous

corporation.

By being interested in the painting, he had basically staked his claim, so who would dare to go against him now?

At once, the crowd who initially intended to bid put down their paddles. None of the dozens of bidders dared to compete with Elias for this painting.

Elias nodded in satisfaction. Then, with Huxley Ward and a few other bodyguards in tow, he went over to Ferguson.

“Mr. Ford, I’ve won the bid for this painting. You don’t have any comments, do you?”

Elias commented.

Ferguson’s expression was dark. He never expected such a situation to happen out of nowhere.

“Mr. Sullivan, this ‘Eight Fine Horses’ is a piece by Master Vermeer, and he has donated this painting to our Starlight City in hopes of doing his part to contribute to charity. The painting’s actual market price is worth about twelve million,” said Ferguson.

“Does that have anything to do with me?” Elias narrowed his eyes. “I only know that I bid eight million for this. Now that no one is competing against me, this painting is mine.”

Elias Sullivan had always been this domineering, just like the wayward bullies in wet markets. He was using Great Sky Group’s name to oppress the other bidders here to walk away with the painting for eight million dollars. In theory, his actions



weren't illegal, but it was no doubt disgusting.

“Why is this person acting this way?” Winifred Zea was frowning hard, annoyed by Elias' behavior.

Graham also looked displeased as he answered, “President Zea, that Elias Sullivan is one of the directors of Great Sky Group. Since their company is deemed ‘Great Sky of the East’, our Autumn Field can't afford to provoke them.”

“But he can't bully others like this,” said Winifred.

She grabbed the paddle from Graham's hand, ready to go against Elias, but Graham immediately gasped and stopped her.

The Southern Commerce Chamber had just

been established, and Autumn Field Group hadn't fully secured its foundation in Strego City yet. For Winifred to personally step up and go against Great Sky Group was truly a foolish decision.

Meanwhile, Elias was getting impatient. Glaring fiercely at the auctioneer, he barked, "It's been so long and no one is offering to outbid my price. Why won't you let the hammer fall?"

On stage, the auctioneer was anxious. He was obviously flustered, because if he knocked down the gavel, Starlight City's auction event would not only lose several million, but they would also be disappointing Master Vermeer's goodwill.

However, if he didn't knock it down, he would be offending Great Sky Group's

young master instead, and that was something he couldn't afford to do.

Ferguson quickly said, "Mr. Sullivan, please have mercy. This painting..."

Before Ferguson could finish, Elias interrupted him, "Mr. Ford, you're the ones who set this price. I've bid accordingly and I'm the only one who offered. You can't be trying to go against your word now, are you?"

Ferguson was sweating profusely. With both fists clenched tight, he was reaching a boiling point, but he dared not be so harsh with Elias. His Starlight City was only a charity organization, while Great Sky Group's strength and background were on par with a first-rate tribe in the south.

It was like comparing a small boat to a large



cruise. For Great Sky Group to destroy Starlight City, they only needed to say the word.

Ferguson didn't mind losing his assets, but once the charity organization crumbled, many orphaned or sickly children would become homeless.

“Mr. Sullivan, please have mercy. The auction price of this painting will be used for building Project Hope schools and orphanages. There are currently many pitiful children without homes, shelter, and proper education!” Ferguson begged.

He was trying to use this reasoning to persuade Elias, but the latter smirked instead.

“What does the survival of those children

valuable. To hell with your stalling. Secure the deal now. Otherwise...”

In the nick of time, a rich and domineering voice called out, “Ten million!”

It was Tyr Summers.

Immediately, everyone turned to him. Tyr was holding up the paddle he had snatched from Graham. Graham and Winifred stared incredulously at Tyr.

Winifred quickly said, “Honey, you...”

“Since you like this painting, I’m buying it for you. What’s more, we can’t let a fly like this ruin a charity auction,” said Tyr.

Tyr was currently amused. Previously, he couldn’t find a way to get in contact with Great Sky Group, but who wouldn’t have

have anything to do with me? Ferguson Ford, know your place. If you don't hammer the gavel, I won't even give you the eight million," said Elias.

Ferguson immediately paled, not knowing what to do. He seemed to have aged another ten years.

With a pleading gaze, he turned to the audience below the stage. "Dear kind-hearted individuals, is anyone willing to offer more than eight million?"

Yet, no one dared to respond! Although many people were furious and outraged by how Elias was trying to take advantage at a charity auction, they all... only dared to be angry in silence!

Elias scoffed. "Ferguson Ford, my time is



thought he would receive such a great opportunity today? This Elias Sullivan was one of Great Sky Group's Six Directors, and Tyr just happened to be agonizing over the lack of a breakthrough point.

Wasn't this... the best breakthrough point?

Today, Tyr would get into a conflict with Elias to test Great Sky Group's limits. He wanted to know just what the company's schemes were.

There was another round of discussions and exclamations!

“Who... who is that guy? To think he would dare to go against Great Sky Group's Elias Sullivan in public!”

“He's sitting beside Chairwoman Zea. Could he be acting as per her instructions?”

trying to go against my Great Sky Group?”

“Is Autumn Field Group planning to go against Great Sky Group? Isn't that a little rash of them?”

As various discussions flew around, Ferguson was shocked, while Elias frowned hard.

“Brat, how dare you get on my, Elias Sullivan's, nerves?”

Tyr snorted. “Are you the emperor? You've already gotten on everyone else's nerves, so why can't I get on yours? Moreover, this is a fair competition. What are you getting riled up for?”

“You've got some nerve.” Elias then shifted his glance to Winifred, who was sitting beside Tyr. “This guy belongs to your Autumn Field Group. Is your company



## Chapter 607 And A Cent

After seeing Tyr Summers step up, Winifred Zea became courageous as well. “This is a fair competition, so why do we have to make it a corporate issue? Mr. Sullivan, aren’t you being a little too petty?” she said.

“You...” Elias Sullivan was seething.

Tyr spoke leisurely, “So will you increase your bid or not? If you don’t, this painting will be mine.”

The muscles in Elias’s face violently twitched before he smirked. “Alright then, if you want to play, I’ll play with you!

“Ten million... and one cent!”

The venue went into an uproar.

Ferguson Ford quickly commented, “Mr. Sullivan, each increment has to be at least a million.”

“I do as I please. Bite me,” said Elias, turning to look challengingly at Tyr.

Tyr raised his paddle once more, full of dominance. “Twenty million!”

“I...” muttered Elias.

Not only was Elias shocked, but Ferguson and the other people present were dumbstruck as well. This... was onefold more than the original offer! Elias had just talked about playing Tyr’s game, but once Tyr spoke up, it was an explosive offer.

For a moment, Elias had a feeling that he had gone too far to stop now. His face was

burning. While twenty million wasn't much to him, he shouldn't have to spend it like this. But now that he was set on challenging Tyr, he couldn't possibly shy away, right?

"Twenty million... and a cent!" Elias offered.

"Fifty million!" Tyr countered.

This was madness. Everyone was going insane as the hall erupted into commotion. Fifty million was just too terrifying. This painting was worth fifteen million at most, but the man was offering fifty million. Did he have too much money to burn?

Ferguson was also gaping, looking incredulous.

Meanwhile, Elias looked as if he had just eaten crap. He was aware that if he continued competing with Tyr, he would be



the one to lose face. Elias could afford fifty million dollars, but to lose millions for the sake of winning against Tyr wasn't worth it.

“How dare you go against me!” Elias was enraged as he glared daggers at Tyr and Winifred. “Do you know how to spell death?”

Tyr smiled. “What? You want to get rough?”

Feeling the blood rush to his head, Elias turned to Huxley Ward. Huxley was a remarkable expert who had served Elias for many years. While his battle prowess did not exceed Great Sky Group's Three Aces, he wasn't weak either.

If Elias ordered him to take action, Huxley would not hesitate. He turned and aimed a punch at Tyr.

“How dare you go against Great Sky Group's

Mr. Sullivan! You must... have a death wish!” Huxley exclaimed as he charged at Tyr.

Like an iron hammer, his fist fiercely smashed at Tyr’s head.

However... Bam!

Tyr got up and casually threw a punch back at Huxley. The two fists collided, and there was a cracking sound, followed by Huxley being thrown back before landing on the ground. His hysterical cries resonated within the auction hall.

With just one punch, Tyr had disabled Huxley’s entire arm!

The hall fell into dead silence, with only Huxley’s screams sending prickly sensations to one’s scalp.

Elias felt a chill run down his spine. He looked at Tyr and asked, “You... Who exactly are you?”

Tyr simply answered, “Tyr Summers!”

“You’re Tyr Summers?” Elias’s pupils mildly dilated.

He should have known that the person who could afford to sit beside Autumn Field Group’s president and had such immense power was none other than Tyr. After all, Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea were husband and wife.

The hall erupted into chaos. No one expected Tyr Summers, who dissolved the Southern Business Association, eliminated the Saxton family, and defeated Master Clemence at Lake Ty several days earlier, to



be this young. It was no wonder he dared to go against one of Great Sky Group's directors.

A person as insane as Tyr might really have no respect to show Elias.

Elias's expression was unsightly. He never thought that he would run into Tyr at this auction. Previously, Sky Sullivan had given them a stern warning that before the project was over, they were prohibited from creating conflict with Tyr's group. However, with Elias' reckless personality, he could never control himself.

“So, you're Tyr Summers. I was just about to look for you. And now that I've met you today, I...”

But before Elias could finish, Huxley

Clemence, but Great Sky Group's Three Aces were absolutely fearsome!

Tyr mused to himself, 'It looks like Great Sky Group really has a plan going on, so they don't want to cause any conflicts right now. Time is of the essence. We have to quickly find out what they're up to.'

After Elias left, the hall was still in heated discussions.

Ferguson quickly said, "Thank you, Mr. Summers, for helping us. If you're fond of this 'Eight Fine Horses', we can offer you this painting at the normal selling price."

Tyr stood up with a smile. "That won't be necessary. I called fifty million, so I'll pay fifty million. It's a contribution to charity after all.

endured his excruciating pain to quickly get up and interrupt him, “Mr... Mr. Sullivan. Don't be rash. The president has given his orders.”

Elias cursed out loud. Shooting Tyr a ferocious glare, he stormed out of the auction hall, fuming.

There was another round of commotion. Elias Sullivan had suffered a disadvantage at Tyr's hands, so why did he just leave like that? With his personality, he should have called for fighters to beat Tyr up. After all, Strego City had never seen the day where Elias swallowed his anger and walked away.

Moreover, even if Tyr was currently popular in Strego City, there was no reason for Great Sky Group to fear him. Tyr Summers was indeed powerful enough to defeat Master



“Mr. Ford, thank you for doing your part for the poor children in the rural areas all these years. If the world has a few more people who are like you, that would be great.”

Then, under everyone’s scrutiny, Tyr held Winifred’s hand and left the auction hall. As for what was to come, that would be left to Graham Davis to deal with!

After leaving the auction hall, Tyr and Winifred got ready to drive home. As Winifred looked uncomfortable inside the car, Tyr asked, “What’s wrong, sweetheart? You look anxious.”

Winifred answered, “Honey, that Elias Sullivan is one of Great Sky Group’s Six Directors. Recently, I’ve sent someone to investigate this corporation.

“While there’s the ‘Great Sky of the East, Half City of the West’ saying in Strego City, Great Sky Group is actually far more powerful than the Jones family. Now that you’ve offended Elias Sullivan at today’s auction, there will definitely be trouble.”

Tyr smiled. “Don’t worry. Or have you forgotten what I’ve come to Strego City to do? I want to have a conflict with Great Sky Group. Before this, I was concerned about not having a breakthrough point, but coincidentally, Elias Sullivan found us instead.”

“But honey...”

“No more buts.” Tyr pinched Winifred’s cheek as he grinned. “Just do what you need to do. Even if the sky falls, your husband will

**be here to support you!”**



this demon today to make him so irritated.

After Elias was done throwing a tantrum, he called for Huxley, “Huxley! Huxley Ward, get your \*ss over here!”

With one arm still in a cast and bandages, Huxley hurried over from outside the door. “Mr. Sullivan.”

“Gather some men. Gather them right now. I want Tyr Summers’ entire family dead tonight without a burial ground.”

The ‘men’ Elias had mentioned were none other than people of the underground community in Strego City. While Great Sky Group was a legal corporation, they definitely had connections behind the scenes. Otherwise, how could they have developed so quickly over the years?

## Chapter 608 The Enraged Elias Sullivan

Late at night, inside a luxurious mansion in the eastern part of Strego City, an enraged roar filled the night sky, followed by loud crashing sounds.

More than millions of dollars worth of decor were smashed in the mansion's living room, while the veins on Elias Sullivan's forehead kept popping. The man was seething with fury.

His servants were standing fearfully aside, looking frightened. Elias was such a moody person that once he threw a fit, even his servants might get caught in the crossfire. They wondered who had struck a nerve in

In addition, quite a few of the Six Directors had dealings with people of the underground society, especially Elias, who had subordinates over there.

Huxley was flustered by Elias' decision. "Mr. Sullivan, this won't do. The president has given orders that no one is to get into any conflict with Tyr Summers during this crucial time.

"If we go and give Tyr Summers trouble now, the president will definitely penalize us. Moreover, that Tyr Summers is quite strong. I heard that he even has a group of insanely powerful subordinates. If we go over, we might not be able to win."

Huxley was just done advising when Elias snapped harshly at him, "Shut up! There's



this rule in Strego City that only I, Elias Sullivan, am above everyone else.

“No one has dared to go against me. But this Tyr Summers actually had the nerve to offend me. For that, I want his whole family dead. Not only him, but I also want to deal with his wife, Winifred Zea.”

At the mention of Winifred, a malicious intention surfaced in Elias’ expression. “Speaking of which, that Winifred Zea is quite a beauty. I think she’s on par with Lilia Gibson, only younger, hehe.”

Elias had always been fond of Lilia, and this was no secret in Great Sky Group. However, Lilia’s identity was so unique that even Sky Sullivan had to show her respect. Hence, even if Elias had tenfolds of courage, he would never dare to act on his urges.

But now, there was a woman who could compete with Lilia in terms of looks. The devilish urges in Elias' heart would no doubt burn fiercer. Relying on his status and background in Great Sky Group, there was nothing he wouldn't dare to do.

Elias demanded, "Huxley, I don't care if you're willing or not, gather the men right now. Tonight, I want Tyr Summers' dead, and then I'll bed his wife!

"That man is powerful? He can take down a hundred on his own? Then, I'll get three hundred, five hundred, or even a thousand men! I refuse to believe that I, Elias Sullivan, can't take down a mere Tyr Summers here in Strego City."

"But, Mr. Sullivan..."

Huxley wanted to say something but was interrupted by Elias, “Did you not understand me? I said go!”

“Alright then.”

While Huxley was reluctant, he was still Elias’ subordinate, so whatever Elias commanded him to do, he could only obey. He turned to leave the mansion, ready to gather some men.

But then, a burly and steadfast-looking man suddenly entered the room. “Hold up! Get back inside!”

This man was none other than James Martin, one of Great Sky Group’s Three Aces. Despite his honest appearance, he was a dangerous man. Of the Three Aces, Sky trusted James the most, and other than



Lilia, none of the other six directors dared to go against James.

“M-Mr. Martin.” Huxley’s pupils dilated slightly as he stood frozen to the spot.

“Get lost.”

James shoved Huxley away, coincidentally pushing the latter’s injured arm. The excruciating pain made Huxley grit his teeth as cold sweat formed on his forehead.

Elias hurried over to James, feeling anxious.

“Mr. Martin, why are you here?”

Glancing around the trashed living room, James frowned slightly.

“Mr. Martin, that Tyr Summers is just too insane. He doesn’t think anything of our Great Sky Group at all. You probably haven’t

heard, but at Starlight City's auction today, he actually..."

Boom!

Before Elias could even finish talking, there was a dull sound from where James' fist smashed into Elias' chest. Although it wasn't a heavy punch, it managed to send Elias flying, throwing him into a sofa.

"Mr. Martin!"

"If you want to die, I can help you with that."

James' seemingly simple-minded countenance suddenly looked ferocious. That instant, the man exuded a terrifying aura, as if he had become another person entirely.

Elias shuddered inwardly. He would never

question whether this fool was joking with him. If Elias provoked James, the latter would no doubt take action against him. And so, a great sense of fear invaded Elias' mind.

“I'm sorry, Mr. Martin.”

James snorted. “If you dare to ignore the president's warning and provoke Tyr Summers at such a crucial time, when something happens that screws up the plan, even ten lives wouldn't be enough for you to repent.

“Elias Sullivan, I'm letting you off this once. If there's a next time, I'll smash your ribcage.”

Having said that, James left without looking back. It took Elias a long while to recover from his shock and fear.



of the project's smooth success, we are not to provoke Tyr Summers at such a crucial time to prevent any mishaps.”

“Mr. Sullivan.” Huxley hurried over to Elias.

“Are you alright, Mr. Sullivan?”

Elias lay on the sofa, rubbing his chest as his expression gradually turned menacing. “

Think... Let me try thinking some more. I can't just let things end this way.”

Even if James had put it so bluntly, Elias refused to give up. Speaking of which, although Elias was irritated, he did feel mildly guilty for breaking the rules and challenging Tyr at such a dire time.

But soon, another thought flashed in his mind.

“Huxley,” Elias called out.

“Yes, Mr. Sullivan,” Huxley responded.

“My brother has warned us that for the sake

## Chapter 609 Starlight City's Crisis

Huxley Ward nodded and said, "That's right, Mr. Sullivan. Let's put this matter aside for now. When that project is over, taking care of a mere Tyr Summers will be a piece of cake. We'll just let him be arrogant for a few more days before taking him down."

"Hehe..." Elias Sullivan began chuckling. It was a menacing laugh. "Oh, Huxley, Ferguson Ford has received so many donations tonight, and he must have earned quite a lot from that auction. Do you think he'll really donate the money?"

"Ferguson Ford is famous in Strego City for being a charitable man, so he probably



will,” Huxley answered.

“Hahahaha, even if he donates, he’d have to do it through our Great Sky Group’s foundation.” Elias roared in laughter as a plan formed in his mind. “I won’t touch Tyr Summers, nor Autumn Field Group. But if I attack Ferguson Ford, no one should be able to say anything, right?”

“Haha! We’re talking more than a hundred million dollars. If it was donated through the Great Sky Group Foundation, say, Huxley, how much profit do you think we’ll make?”

Huxley’s eyes widened slightly. He never expected Elias to be this shameless. If this donation went through the Great Sky Group Foundation, there might not even be a penny left, thanks to Elias. After all, the

reason the Great Sky Group Foundation was established wasn't for charity anyway.

"Mr. Sullivan, what are you planning to do?" Huxley asked.

"It's simple." Elias lit a cigar and took a draw of it before huffing out rings of white smoke. "Tomorrow morning, send someone to inform Starlight City that all donations they received last night must be presented through our Great Sky Group Foundation. Otherwise, they'll have to bear the consequences.

"Right, add another condition. From now on, all donations and earnings from auctions have to go through our Great Sky Group Foundation as well, no negotiations!"

Huxley gasped. Even he felt that Elias was

going too far. This was blatantly robbing Starlight City.

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The next morning in Starlight City, inside Ferguson's office, his assistant was reporting to him the donation sum they had received last night. Both of them were also discussing how they would issue the donations and where the money would be distributed to.

Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea's hunches were right. Ferguson was indeed sincere in his mission to do charity. Every donation Starlight City had received, after deducting the required fees, would all be donated away.

All these years, Starlight City had accumulated over five hundred million



clearly. There mustn't be any ambiguity," said Ferguson.

"Yes, Mr. Ford." His assistant quickly nodded. In fact, she was already used to the work, but the amount this time was too huge that a more complex process was needed.

"Alright, be more careful about this." Feeling pleasant, Ferguson lit a cigarette. "For the mountain districts in Cirrus Province, the children there are currently required to walk through a dangerous one-plank bridge to get to school. A portion of this donation can be used to build a bridge. Once it's done, name it 'Autumn Field Bridge'!"

"Understood, Mr. Ford," his assistant replied.

dollars of donation. Besides this, Ferguson had also contacted charity workers from other provinces all over the country, with plans to combine the legal charity organizations into a huge body. With this, they could grow in scale and help many more people with an increased range.

However, this project was currently at a planning stage. To officially carry it out would be extremely difficult, also requiring a lot of time and money. But Ferguson wasn't discouraged. He believed that if he kept working hard, one day, he would be able to make this dream come true.

“Lawson, because this is a huge sum, it has to be divided. I'm giving you a month's time to personally take care of this. Also, you have to record each distributed donation

“Alright, you can go on ahead.” Ferguson took a draw of his cigarette and then coughed violently.

His assistant quickly said, “Mr. Ford, you have to stop smoking. Your body can't take it. The doctor has also advised that you should take care of your health.”

Ferguson responded with a smile, “It's okay. I'm in a great mood now, so one cigarette shouldn't be a problem.”

“No,” the assistant remained firm. “Mr. Ford, you have to look out for your health. If anything happens to you, then the children in the mountain districts...”

Before the assistant could finish, Ferguson smiled and put out the cigarette between his fingers. He also took out the cigarette pack



and lighter from his drawer and tossed them into the rubbish bin.

“This should be enough, right?” he asked.

The assistant nodded with a smile. “Mr. Ford, I’ll be getting back to work then.”

“Go on.”

However, just as the assistant turned to leave Ferguson’s office, the room’s door was pushed open.

Starlight City’s public relations representative could be seen frantically running over to say, “Mr. Ford, something bad has happened. Great Sky Group...”

“Great Sky Group?” Ferguson frowned. “What is it?”

The representative answered, “Great Sky

Group's foundation demands that our Starlight City's gathered donations be transferred to them, for them to issue the donations. Their reasoning is that our Starlight City's area of assistance is too small, and the Great Sky Group Foundation will use the donation to help more people in need."

"Preposterous!" Ferguson flared up in anger. "Aren't they just trying to rob us?"

Ferguson's assistant also frowned hard. "Everyone in Strego City knows that the Great Sky Group Foundation is for money laundering. If Starlight City's donation is to be distributed through them, ninety percent of the funding will go into their pockets. How can we allow this?"

The representative added, "This request is

indeed too much. But Great Sky Group is too powerful, our Starlight City can't win against them.”

“We'll go to the officials,” the assistant said through gritted teeth. “I refuse to believe that with their title of ‘Great Sky of the East’, they can truly bend the rules. Their request is utterly unreasonable.”

“It won't work,” said the representative. “If the officials could take action, we would have gone to them a long time ago. According to legal procedures, they're not exactly breaking the rules.

“Also, with their background, they can easily get approval from the officials to merge Starlight City with Great Sky Group. When that happens, we'll lose any right to even speak up.”



The assistant was on her toes from anxiousness. She turned to Ferguson and asked, “Mr. Ford, what do we do?”

## Chapter 610 Taking Charge

Bending down, Ferguson Ford took the cigarette pack back out of the rubbish bin and lit a stick. His assistant wanted to stop him, but Ferguson waved her off. This time, she said no more and obediently stepped back.

“Mr. Ford, how do we deal with this?” the representative asked. “If we don’t comply with Great Sky Group’s request, it may bring about catastrophes to our Starlight City.”

Ferguson was silent for the longest time before uttering two decisive words, “Ignore them!”

“But, Mr. Ford...”

“There’s no need to say more. We won’t

compromise. Carry on with your work and leave the rest to me,” said Ferguson.

“Alright then.”

The representative and assistant left Ferguson’s office. Ferguson continued smoking the cigarette between his fingers, taking one puff after another until he finally finished it.

Then, he began coughing violently again. Suddenly tasting metallic liquid from his throat, Ferguson immediately held a handkerchief over his mouth. When he removed it, he saw a patch of blood on the fabric. Taking a deep breath, he hid the handkerchief in his drawer with distress in his eyes.

About half an hour later, Ferguson’s phone



rang. The caller ID displayed a strange number. While he had no idea who it was, he had a hunch who it would be.

Once the call was accepted, from the other end came Elias Sullivan's pompous voice, "Mr. Ford, your Starlight City just rejected my Great Sky Group's request. Are you trying to go against us?"

Veins were already popping on Ferguson's forehead. He was currently fuming with anger, but he didn't show it in his tone as he said, "Mr. Sullivan, our Starlight City is sincere in doing charity, and we already have sophisticated donation channels, so..."

Before Ferguson could finish, Elias barked at him, "Ferguson Ford, what do you mean by that? Do you mean that our Great Sky Group's foundation isn't sincere in doing

charity? Or are you just looking down on us?”

“Mr. Sullivan, I didn’t mean it that way...”

“Cut the crap. Let me tell you upfront right now. Not only does your current accumulated donation sum have to go through our Great Sky Group Foundation, but all future funds raised by Starlight City also has to be distributed via the Great Sky Group Foundation. Otherwise, I’ll have the entire Starlight City disappear from Strego City.”

“Mr. Sullivan...”

Toot, toot, toot...

Without giving Ferguson a chance to explain, Elias simply hung up.

That instant, Ferguson seemed to have aged

next two days, utilizing Great Sky Group's strength, he conducted a string of attacks and sanctions onto Starlight City. Be it through legal or underground means, Starlight City had no ability to resist the assaults.

Two days later, Elias prepared a one-sided agreement to forcefully merge Starlight City into the Great Sky Group Foundation, to turn Starlight City into a money-making tool for the association.

In two days' time, Ferguson had lost considerable weight. Sitting in his office, he kept smoking one cigarette after another until the room was filled with the choking smell of nicotine.

Beside him, his assistant Lawson could no longer watch him. She went over, snatched



several years. With his health already being bad, he was looking so much more haggard right now. Ferguson started coughing violently again. When he held the handkerchief over his mouth, there was another patch of blood.

Ferguson would never agree to Elias' absurd requests, because if he did, Starlight City would become a money-making tool for Great Sky Group. Ferguson would never allow such a thing to happen.

However, Great Sky Group was just too powerful in Strego City. The company was like a huge ship. By gently stirring up the waters, the waves created could smash Starlight City into pieces. Hence, Ferguson was truly at a loss of what to do now.

Elias hadn't been joking either. Over the

the cigarette from his hand, and stubbed it out in the ashtray, saying, “Mr. Ford, you shouldn’t smoke anymore.”

However, Ferguson merely sighed before taking out another cigarette and lighting it.

“Mr. Ford...”

“Lawson, please leave for now,” said Ferguson.

“But...”

“Please leave. Let me have some time alone. Don’t worry about me. I’m fine.”

Unable to win against Ferguson, Lawson left the office feeling helpless. She had only left one second ago when the door was suddenly pushed open again.

“I said, leave...”

Ferguson was starting to get annoyed, but instead, it was Winifred Zea who had appeared before him and confiscated his cigarette pack and lighter.

“Mr. Ford, I heard that your lungs are weak, so it’s better if you don’t smoke too much. Or better yet, don’t smoke at all,” said Winifred as she tossed the cigarette pack and lighter into the rubbish bin.

Seeing that it was Winifred, Ferguson immediately got up. “Chairwoman Zea, why are you here?”

Following Winifred was Tyr Summers. Ferguson quickly greeted him as well, “Mr. Summers, you’re here too. Quick, have a seat.”

Ferguson was about to pour some tea for



Tyr and Winifred, but Winifred quickly stopped him.

“Mr. Ford, you don’t have to be so courteous. With your health being this bad, why don’t you go to the hospital?” Winifred asked in concern.

Ferguson smiled. “I’m fine, Miss Zea. My lungs have been problematic for dozens of years. It’s an old illness. I know my body well.”

Winifred knew that Ferguson was a stubborn man, so she refrained from saying too much.

“Mr. Ford, about matters with the Great Sky Group Foundation, why didn’t you tell me earlier?” Winifred asked.

Ferguson was stunned. “Miss Zea, you’ve

found out?”

“Yeah,” Winifred answered. “For Starlight City to have met with such a huge crisis, you should have told me earlier.”

Ferguson shook his head. “Miss Zea, you won’t be able to solve this. Moreover, Great Sky Group isn’t a company you guys can handle. You don’t have to pay this matter any mind. I can solve it myself.”

Of course Winifred knew that Ferguson was just kidding. If he had the ability to resolve this matter, he wouldn’t be in such a state right now.

“Mr. Ford, you’re being such a stranger. Starlight City is a member of the Southern Commerce Chamber, and you are also one of the association’s directors. Now that

Starlight City is facing troubles, as chairwoman, I, Winifred Zea, naturally have to come forward.

“Moreover, this matter happened because of us. We never thought that Elias Sullivan would be this shameless to give you trouble instead. But don’t worry, Mr. Ford, we’ll be taking charge of resolving this issue.”



## Chapter 611 Straightforward

“But Miss Zea, this is Great Sky Group, with the title of ‘Great Sky of the East’. The Southern Commerce Chamber has only recently been established, while Autumn Field has barely built its foundation. You shouldn’t act rashly,” said Ferguson Ford.

Tyr Summers finally spoke up, “Mr. Ford, since my wife has already spoken, she can definitely solve this for you. There’s no need to say more. Let me take over.”

“Mr. Summers, you...”

Ferguson was aware of the commotion Tyr had caused in Strego City recently. Despite the Jones family’s incident being unknown to most people, just the incidents of Tyr

overthrowing the Saxton family and defeating Clemence at Lake Ty was enough to prove how powerful he was.

However, in the eyes of Strego City's dignitaries, Tyr still couldn't compare to Great Sky Group. After all, the company's fame was too frightening these past few years that fear was now etched so deeply within the citizens' minds.

In Strego City, Great Sky Group was royalty!

Yet, for some reason, when this declaration came from Tyr's mouth, Ferguson felt great confidence in the younger man.

"Mr. Ford, I can guarantee you that I'll be able to solve this issue, but I have a condition," Tyr said.

"Mr. Summers, please tell me," Ferguson

quickly replied.

“My requirement is that you have to follow my arrangements unconditionally.

Whatever I ask you to do, you will do it. I need your full cooperation.”

“No problem!” Ferguson answered almost without hesitation.

Now that Elias had forced him into a corner, he had no other options. If he could save Starlight City, forget cooperating with Tyr, Ferguson could even give his life in exchange.

“Alright then. Wait for my news tomorrow. As for the specifics, I’ll let you know soon,” said Tyr.

“Okay.”

After leaving Starlight City, Tyr and



Winifred drove back to the apartment. They were supposed to move houses today, but due to Starlight City's issue, it was delayed.

Inside the car, Winifred looked like she wanted to speak but was hesitant.

Tyr smiled. "Sweetheart, if there's anything you want to say, just say it. There's no need to hold back."

"I just want to know how you plan to solve this. Even now, I still don't have a clue," Winifred replied.

"Don't worry. I can definitely take care of this. Moreover, the existence of a tumor like the Great Sky Group Foundation will only bring about disasters, so not only do I want to solve Starlight City's problem, I also want to remove this tumor," Tyr said.

Winifred stared at her husband, shocked. “How do you plan to go about it?”

Tyr flashed a smile. “You’ll know when the time comes. Right, darling, I think that charity is a necessity. Be it for the company’s development or personal growth, I feel that it’s a must. Once this is all over, why doesn’t Autumn Field set up a charity foundation as well?”

“Sure.” Without even considering, Winifred nodded in agreement. “Actually, I had such thoughts before.

“Only, Autumn Field has been developing too fast, so I didn’t have time to explore this field. But ever since getting acquainted with Mr. Ford, I feel moved by his generosity. I believe that the world has karma, and that

helping others would in turn be helping myself.”

“Yeah.” Tyr nodded firmly. “Let’s do it then.”

In fact, when speaking of doing charity, it wasn’t because Tyr was exceptionally kind-hearted. He merely maintained a normal viewpoint, thinking that it wasn’t bad to help more people since he had the means to. Besides this, just like Winifred, Tyr believed in karma.

In recent years, he and his brothers had taken too many lives. While it might not be able to nullify his karma, doing good would at least help Tyr feel better.

That afternoon, Tyr called for the God of Gamblers, Jermaine Leonard, and then



contacted Ferguson. The trio met up at a hospital in the west side of the city. They stayed until the evening before leaving the place, and god knows what they had been up to!

The next day, at Great Sky Group Foundation's office, Elias Sullivan was sitting in his office, playing with an antique jade ring in his hand. This rascal was barely educated, but he surprisingly enjoyed collecting antiques and paintings.

In his office, many expensive antique pieces were placed around, and his walls were covered with paintings by great painters. Elias had mentioned before that although he didn't understand these items, they were expensive.

And because they were expensive, that was

why they were awesome! This was also the reason why Elias had been so infatuated with the 'Eight Fine Horses' painting by Master Vermeer during the auction at Starlight City.

The Great Sky Group Foundation had always been operated and taken care of by Elias. From this, it was easy to tell how biased Sky Sullivan was.

Among Great Sky Group's Six Directors, Elias was the least competent. Yet, this most profitable portion of work was under his care. For these past few years, the foundation had helped Elias earn quite a bit.

Elias was currently in a good mood, because Starlight City had informed him that they could no longer withstand Great Sky Group's oppression and had chosen to compromise.

Elias had the agreement prepared. Ferguson would be coming over to sign it, and when that happened, Starlight City would officially merge with the Great Sky Group Foundation. With this, from now on, the foundation would earn an additional several hundred million dollars every year.

Once this was all taken care of, Elias believed that many people in Great Sky Group would change their views of him. When he imagined how his older brother, who had always been disappointed in him, would praise him, Elias was oozing with delight.

“Mr. Sullivan, Ferguson Ford is here,” said Huxley as he pushed the door open.

“Bring him in,” said Elias.



“Understood.”

One minute later, under Huxley’s guide, Ferguson entered the room. Today, despite deliberately tidying himself up before leaving the house, he still looked haggard. Ever since this incident began, Ferguson had been losing his appetite and even becoming an insomniac.

“Yo, Mr. Ford. You’re here. Quick, have a seat.” Elias stood up with a smile. A smile that was filled with pretense.

Elias then proactively poured Ferguson a glass of water and said, “Mr. Ford, you must have been tired during your journey. Have a drink of water.”

However, Ferguson didn’t take the glass from Elias, nor did he sit down. Now that

things had come to this, there was no reason for Ferguson to continue acting. It was Elias who had forced him into this corner.

“Elias Sullivan, I’ve come here and I’m ready to sign the agreement. There’s no need for you to put on such acts. Let’s be straightforward,” said Ferguson.

## Chapter 612 How Much Do I Get?

“Oh... alright.” Elias Sullivan no longer had on a facade of cordiality. Setting aside the teacup in his hand, he twisted his jade thumb ring, grinning. “Mr. Ford, I know you’re reluctant, but you don’t have a choice.

“Don’t worry. I, Elias Sullivan, am not the kind of person who likes to do things in a hurry. So, you will just have to believe that as long as Starlight City merges with Great Sky Group, I will not treat you badly.”

“Cut the cr\*p. How much am I getting?!” Ferguson demanded.

Ferguson Ford’s straightforwardness left Elias gobsmacked, while Huxley Ward, who stood by, also paled.



Ferguson Ford was a well-known benefactor of Strego City. Even Huxley believed that he wanted to contribute to charity, but he did not expect such words to come out of Ferguson's mouth.

Something did not seem right to Huxley.

However, Elias did not think that way. He had switched up his strategy in a blink of an eye, so Ferguson had also accordingly changed the way he conducted himself and responded.

After all, matters had developed to this point. If Ferguson continued to go through the motions of being virtuous, it would in turn cause Elias to think that something was out of sorts.

Elias continued, "Mr. Ford, what are you

trying to say? I don't think I understand what you mean.”

Ferguson chuckled. “Elias Sullivan, I've already shown you my cards. Why don't we drop all pretenses? How much am I getting?”

“It'll be a two-eight split. Two for you, and eight for Great Sky Group.”

“Too little!”

Ferguson turned to leave, but Huxley immediately stopped him.

Elias smiled. “Mr. Ford, let's talk about it. Why are you so anxious? How about a three-seven split? You should be aware that this operation still requires a lot of funds. Giving you thirty percent is by no means a small amount.

“And, if you dare step out today, you won't

receive anything. You should be able to realize my sincerity with this concession, Mr. Ford.”

Having said that, Elias turned around and sat back down on his seat as he fiddled with the jade band around his thumb. “You are a smart man, Mr. Ford. I also know you’ve earned a lot over the years.

“But when there is more than enough cake to go around, everyone should get a slice, so it can be everlasting.”

“Moreover, you have to believe in the might of Great Sky Group. As long as Starlight City merges with us, I can guarantee that we can earn more in the future. Think about it!”

Ferguson stood in place as he pondered for a while. Finally, he took a deep breath and



swiveled around to query, “Can you guarantee complete success with the Great Sky Group Foundation?”

“Hahaha,” Elias chortled. “Are you doubting our professionalism? I’m sure you don’t have to worry about it, Mr. Ford. You can rest assured that absolutely nothing will go wrong.”

“Words alone are not proof. If you want me to believe you, I demand to see exact details of the operations and procedures of the Great Sky Group Foundation. Elias Sullivan, I have no intention of being your scapegoat when the time comes,” said Ferguson.

He added, “My days are numbered, and I don’t want to be seen losing my integrity in my closing years.”

“Very well. I’ll take you through it now,”

replied Elias, standing up without thinking too much.

Huxley hurried to his side and whispered, “Mr. Sullivan, this is confidential information about our foundation. What if it gets leaked and things go south?”

“Oh, he doesn’t have the guts.” Elias smiled and patted Huxley on the shoulder. “I’ve had my eye on Starlight City for a while now.

“I don’t believe there are really any good samaritans in the world. It’s all under my control, you know. Now that I finally have the opportunity, I have no intention of letting it go.”

“But, Mr. Sullivan...” Huxley was still uneasy. “Are you sure nothing will go wrong?”

Elias beamed with confidence. “Do you think anyone dares to pit themselves against the Great Sky Group in Strego City? Unless Ferguson Ford isn’t afraid of his entire family dying out!”

Thus, Elias personally escorted Ferguson around the organization and explained their foundation’s operational procedures and workings. Furthermore, Elias had no reservations as he explained the ins-and-outs to Ferguson.

This was not merely because he did not believe that Ferguson dared to exploit him, but also because they had rigorously searched the man earlier. And when the time came for him to leave, Elias intended to give him a fresh new set of clothes. That way, it would be impossible for Ferguson to



videotape or record anything.

Even if Ferguson truly wanted to scheme, words alone are no proof. The absence of supporting evidence would not help his case.

This was the main reason why Elias could trust Ferguson.

After spending nearly an hour going back and forth, Ferguson finally understood the operation's process and heard various secrets about Great Sky Group from Elias' mouth.

If he had not witnessed it with his own eyes, even Ferguson Ford, who dedicated himself to charity for most of his life, would not have known that this charity fund would actually have such a variety of sophisticated practices.

On top of that, Great Sky Group was quite prudent and reliable. After more than a dozen processes before and after the turnover of the funds, there was no trace left behind.

Great Sky Group had exploited the foundation for all these years. Who knew how much charity money had been plundered?!

After the tour, Ferguson returned to the office with Elias.

Elias tossed a cigar to Ferguson and smiled as he crossed his legs, “Mr. Ford, now that you know what you need to know, how about signing the agreement?”

Instead of picking up the cigar that Elias threw at him, Ferguson picked up the pen on

the table. “I need to add an extra clause to this agreement.”

“What else do you want?”

By this point, Elias was more than a little impatient with Ferguson.

Ferguson chuckled. “I have no desire to lose my integrity. Once this agreement is signed, I will resign from all my positions in Starlight City. I’ll have someone work with you when the time comes, but I’ll still take the money!”

“Hahaha!” Elias guffawed. “Mr. Ford, you really care that much about fame?”

“It was not something easy to accrue. I don’t want it ruined. Is it not good to retire after having made my mark?”

“No problem, I’ll just add it.”



The truth of the matter was that the requirement was not a bad thing for Elias. In his opinion, Ferguson was an old fox who was not easy to deal with. But if he were to be replaced by someone else from Starlight City, then he would be more controllable.

Elias had been fretting about finding a way to directly boot Ferguson out of the game and assume complete control of Starlight City. He hadn't expected Ferguson to take the initiative to demonstrate his attitude, which saved him a lot of trouble.

After the signing, Elias wanted to keep Ferguson for dinner, but the latter gave a blunt refusal.

## Chapter 613 Something Serious Has Happened

Elias said nothing more.

He had someone buy a brand new set of clothes for Ferguson. Both inside and out, everything was changed. Then, they did a full body check on Ferguson with a metal detector to make sure there were no issues before releasing him from the Great Sky Group Foundation.

When Ferguson left the building, there was a Cadillac parked in a corner.

The one driving was the God of Gamblers, Jermaine Leonard, and the one ensconced in the passenger seat was none other than Tyr Summers.

After making sure there was no one following him in the vicinity, Ferguson opened the door to the Cadillac.

Getting into the car, Ferguson was the first to greet the two men, “Mr. Summers! Mr. Leonard!”

“You’ve worked hard, Mr. Ford,” said Tyr.

He was holding a cell phone in his hand. The phone screen was replaying video footage of Ferguson and Elias inside the Great Sky Group Foundation moments earlier.

The three of them shared kindred smiles then quickly sped off.

Half an hour later, they made it back to a hospital in West Suez, where they had resided since yesterday night. Everything



inside the hospital was prepped and ready. Ferguson did not hesitate, laying directly down on the bed as soon as he entered.

Tyr produced a set of acupuncture needles and took out a scalpel as thin as a cicada's wing. He was going to perform surgery on Ferguson.

The surgical procedure was performed on the eye, because last night, Tyr used his masterful medical skills to give Ferguson a high-tech implant on his cornea.

It was a very sophisticated retinal camera, a high-tech implant that had no name. This kind of thing was not in market circulation, and could only be bought by people with special identities.

To put it more simply and crudely, these

were manufactured to be used by high-ranking operatives from the outset.

Some lawless criminals could also purchase the camera through particular channels, then have it put to use at gambling tables. As long as the gambler implanted the camera, they would be nearly invincible at gambling.

Jermaine was the internationally-renowned God of Gamblers, and thus had no problems getting his hands on one. Of course, he disdained using that sort of thing to win at the gambling table. His God of Gamblers title was solely dependent on his own abilities.

To implant or remove the camera required a very high degree of medical expertise. It was impossible to find a doctor who could

perform this implantation surgery in Strego City or the entire South.

However, Tyr could do exactly that. His skills had been inherited from the Beggar King, especially in the usage of blades. It was perfect.

Hence, when Tyr obtained the retinal camera from Jermaine, he spent several hours implanting it into Ferguson's retina.

Ferguson visited the Great Sky Group Foundation earlier today to use the camera to obtain evidence of their various violations. Although this evidence may not necessarily be enough to convict them, once it was posted online, the foundation would be done for.

This was what Tyr had spoken of at the



beginning. He not only wanted to help Starlight City solve the problem, he also wanted to uproot the tumor that was the Great Sky Group Foundation.

Of course, he would certainly offend Great Sky Group by doing so, but he was not afraid, because this was the breakthrough that he was looking for.

Tyr spent nearly three hours completing the surgery.

“Mr. Ford, you’d better wear an eyepatch for the next month. This eye should not be exposed to light,” Tyr explained.

Ferguson nodded. “Noted.”

As Ferguson was leaving the hospital, he suddenly began to cough violently.

“Mr. Ford, am I correct in assuming you

done.”

Judging from Ferguson’s tone, he seemed to have a past that he couldn’t let go of.

However, Tyr did not pry. It would seem rude to ask too much.

“Mr. Ford, I’ll give you a prescription. Although it can’t cure your cancer, it has a good lung-moistening effect that can make you feel better. But you’d better stop smoking these cigarettes,” said Tyr.

Ferguson nodded. “Thank you, Mr. Summers. We’ve offended the Great Sky Group this time. As a dying man, I’m naturally not worried about their retaliation. But, Mr. Summers, I hope you will protect Starlight City.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Ford. That won’t be an

have lung cancer?” asked Tyr.

Ferguson did not attempt to conceal the matter and could only nod. “That’s right. It’s lung cancer. I’ve known for half a year now. My days are numbered.”

Tyr was moved. Ferguson was terminally ill, yet he still persisted on the frontlines to contribute to charity. What an admirable spirit.

Jermaine, who stood on the sidelines, sighed as he clapped his hand heavily on his forehead. “Mr. Ford, you will definitely be able to go to heaven, because you are really, truly mighty.”

Ferguson flashed a grim smile. “I’m not doing this so I can ascend to heaven when I die. I’m just atoning for the bad things I’ve



issue. I will not only protect Starlight City, but also make it flourish, I promise!” Tyr answered.

“Then, I’ll have to trouble you, Mr. Summers!”

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The next morning, Elias Sullivan was still lying in bed with the two tender and gentle women he had dated yesterday when his phone started ringing.

He furiously reached for the phone and hit the answer button. “Do you want to f\*cking die, Huxley Ward? How many times have I told you to not call me before nine?”

However, Huxley’s tone was urgent on the other end of the line, “Mr. Sullivan, don’t go back to sleep. Something bad has

happened.”

“What’s going on?” Elias’ heart thudded in his chest.

“Something has happened to the foundation. Ferguson Ford videotaped everything yesterday. Everything you said to him has been exposed online. Our foundation is finished.”

“What...” Elias’ head exploded with a buzz, going blank. “How the f\*ck is it possible that the foundation’s affairs were exposed online by Ferguson Ford?”

Elias refused to believe that it was true. At that time, he had purposely replaced all of Ferguson’s clothes. It should have been impossible for him to record a video. What was going on?

Moreover, did Ferguson really have that much courage to go against the Great Sky Group? Was he not afraid of retaliation?

“Huxley Ward, you should know me well. How dare you joke with me on such matters! Do you believe I wouldn’t throw you into Lake Ty to feed the fish?” said a furious Elias.

Huxley’s voice took on an increasingly anxious tone, “Mr. Sullivan, I wouldn’t dare to joke about such a thing. Go online and see for yourself. The internet is now spreading the word about the Great Sky Group Foundation.”



Foundation, deliberately carrying the momentum.

The Great Sky Foundation was thrust into the limelight for a time.

Elias was so exasperated that he swore, then ordered, “Delete it all. Have our public relations team do something and have them removed.”

Huxley tried to placate, “It’s no use, Mr. Sullivan. The foundation is done for. The evidence is so overwhelming that it’s impossible to refute.

“You did not believe me when I mentioned Ferguson Ford’s peculiarity at the outset. How are we going to explain to the chairman of the board now that something like this has happened?”

## Chapter 614 Protecting Ferguson Ford

“The officials have also started to investigate the foundation. At the same time, the charity donors who have been in contact with our foundation have begun to sue us. The situation has blown up,” said Huxley Ward.

The corners of Elias Sullivan’s lips twitched. He then switched on his phone to surf the internet. Sure enough, he noticed the videos on all the major forums. Many had over a million hits and thousands of comments.

Moreover, some self-publishers who aimed to garner traffic had already started to pen various articles bashing the Great Sky Group

“Shut up.”

Elias was so outraged that he smashed his phone into the wall. The current him was no different from a rampaging feral beast.

“You’ve done well, Mr. Ford. If this is the game you want to play, you can say goodbye to everything you love!” declared Elias.

Meanwhile, Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea had moved to a villa in West Lake. They had chosen a dwelling next to Carson Yorke’s. Concurrently, the two men were having tea in the gazebo of Carson’s villa.

“You were right, Uncle Yorke. If we don’t know what to do, then don’t make a move because it’ll come find us at the end of the day. I didn’t expect to find a breakthrough on the Great Sky Group so soon,” said Tyr.



Carson laughed. “Great Sky Group’s foundation is done for. They will most definitely shut it down in two days. It won’t just be the foundation. Great Sky Group itself will be greatly affected by the matter. You’ve executed quite a ruthless move.

“Great Sky Group’s many underground operations rely on this foundation. What happened this time is equivalent to directly plucking off a layer of the group’s skin.”

Tyr chuckled. “Uncle Yorke, have you noticed that no matter which family or group we deal with, almost every organization has a pig-headed teammate among them.

“If Elias Sullivan hadn’t taken the initiative to find fault with Starlight City, we wouldn’t

have been able to find such a good opportunity.”

“Elias Sullivan is indeed a fool,” Carson continued. “By taking this opportunity, we can also feel out the Great Sky Group’s bottom line.

“Kace Jones has yet to find out what they are planning. If they can still resist after this incident, then it means that the thing they are planning is indeed remarkable.”

“Well, we’ll just have to wait and see. But Elias Sullivan will definitely not spare Mr. Ford, so I have to arrange for someone to go over to protect him as soon as possible. I’ll get Stephen Cole and Matthew Collins to go over. It should not be a big problem,” said Tyr.

“Alright.” Carson nodded.

However, Zeppelin Wayne could be seen approaching the gazebo at that moment. “Leave the matter of protecting Ferguson Ford to me.”

Tyr and Carson both stared at Zeppelin in astonishment.

When he was still in Southriver, he didn't seem to be interested in anything but practicing his sword skills. Ever since they arrived in Strego City, Zeppelin seemed to have changed. He actually took the initiative to volunteer himself.

This matter was Tyr's own responsibility. There was no need for Carson's side to intervene. So, why did Zeppelin suddenly take the initiative to ask to be sent there?

“You've changed a lot since you came to



Strego City, Uncle Wayne,” Tyr couldn’t help but tease. “But I’m curious. The matter of protecting Ferguson Ford wouldn’t happen to have anything to do with Jade Rain Tower, would it?”

Zeppelin glared at Tyr. “It’s been a long time since I got to flex my muscles. I heard that there are many experts within the Great Sky Group, so I want to try my Reversal Blade.”

Both Carson and Tyr did not think this explanation was valid and felt that Zeppelin was hiding something. But, they also knew his temperament well. If there were things he was not willing to say, they would not be able to pry it out of him.

“Alright,” Tyr agreed.

Tyr believed Zeppelin had a reason for his

every action, and since the other party had already made an offer, then Tyr would not refuse.

Tyr continued, “If my estimation is correct, with Elias Sullivan’s temper, he will definitely make a move against Mr. Ford today. So, you had better go directly to his residence now.

“As for Starlight City, I’ll send my men from Wolf’s Den over to guard it. Elias Sullivan wouldn’t dare to mess around in broad daylight.”

“Alright!” Zeppelin acquiesced, then turned to leave.

Carson and Tyr watched Zeppelin’s back in silence.

Tyr said, “Uncle Wayne has changed ever

since he came to Strego City. Two people have changed him.

“One of them is the one from Jade Rain Tower, and the other is the dual-blade wielder who defeated him back then. Which one do you think has something to do with the matter today?”

“I have no idea. I used to think that this guy only liked blades. But now I see I still don’t understand him, despite having known him for years,” Carson answered.

In less than a day since the Great Sky Group Foundation had been exposed online, they had fallen from heaven to hell. At almost two o’clock in the afternoon, the foundation closed its doors.

Elias Sullivan had no choice but to hold a



press conference.

At first, he had wanted to take advantage of the press conference to clear his name, but under these circumstances, there was no possibility for the foundation's name to be cleared. In the end, Elias had no alternative but to apologize and announce that the Great Sky Group Foundation would be closed indefinitely.

If it were not for the fact that Great Sky Group had a large presence in Strego City, Elias would have long been removed after he released his statement.

After the press conference, Elias was unable to hold back his anger and wanted to have his men head to Starlight City to seek trouble, but he was eventually stopped by the other directors of the board.

The incident had greatly impacted Great Sky Group as a whole. If Starlight City suffered from an accident at this time, it would definitely put the group further into crisis if it were to be exposed on the net.

Elias would not publicly trouble Starlight City. However, he would certainly not be able to hold back behind the scenes.

At 8 p.m., five black cars sped down the highway.

In one of the vehicles, Elias kept fiddling with the jade band on his finger, the veins on his forehead rippling. He was angry, so angry that he was ready to commit murder.

## Chapter 615 The Fierce Zeppelin Wayne

Sitting next to Elias Sullivan was Huxley Ward, who was more than a little unsettled. “Mr. Sullivan, it has already come to this point. Won’t we make matters more complicated by going to deal with Ferguson Ford right now?”

“We’re almost sh\*t out of luck with the chairman. If we continue to fool around, he definitely won’t spare us.”

“Shut your f\*cking mouth,” snapped Elias.

Elias smashed the jade ring on his hand against the car window next to him. Perhaps the impact was too hard. The jade band broke on the spot.



nearly twenty years ago, and was considered a relatively famous residential area for the affluent in Strego City. However, following the vigorous development of Strego City over the years, the area no longer had much value.

Years earlier, Ferguson made money from his business and bought a villa here. But for some peculiar reason, he embarked on the path of charity. And after walking down that path, Ferguson's overall lifestyle changed. He became frugal and stingy, and dedicated most of his assets to charity.

Concurrently, Ferguson and Zeppelin Wayne were inside the lounge of the villa, sipping tea while seated on the couch.

The villa's décor was dated more than a decade old. The interior furnishings were

“You’re saying we only deal with Ferguson Ford after everything blows over? Are you kidding me?”

“Ferguson Ford knows that he has offended Great Sky Group. He may run away at any time. If I don’t have his whole family’s heads tonight, I won’t be able to sleep.”

The more Elias spoke, the angrier he became. The entire car was filled with his rants.

“The whole family will die. I will put an end to all of them. Ooooh!”

At approximately nine in the evening, the five black automobiles drove into a housing area in Strego City.

The strip of land had been constructed

relatively simple. In one corner, there were sandalwood shelves specifically used to display antiques, but they were long empty by that point.

Ferguson was fond of antiques, and had bought quite a few to put on display in the home in his earlier years. He subsequently brought them out to be sold as charity.

While drinking tea, Zeppelin looked around and asked, “This villa is quite big. Have you been living alone all these years?”

“Well, yes.” Ferguson nodded. “I live alone. Perhaps I prefer the quiet, which is why I didn’t hire a caretaker. I have nothing to do when I come back from work, so I clean up after myself.”

“You don’t have family?”



somewhat fraught. Despite knowing he would not live long, he would still inevitably be nervous if he knew his life was in danger. This was, after all, a natural reaction.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Ford. With me here, no one will be able to touch a hair on your head,” said Zeppelin, clinking teacups with Ferguson.

“I’ll have to trouble you in a moment, Mr. Wayne.”

“Rest assured.”

Putting down his teacup, Zeppelin subconsciously stroked the dragon’s head of the Dragon Blade at his waist.

The sound of footsteps came from outside. And soon, Huxley Ward could be seen leading a group of twenty men, taking

“Let’s not talk about it. Have some tea...”

When Zeppelin mentioned Ferguson’s family, the latter’s expression grew odd. Zeppelin realized that he had asked a question that he shouldn’t have asked, so he hurriedly changed the subject.

“My apologies.” Zeppelin waved his hand dismissively at Ferguson and continued to drink tea.

Zeppelin was not one for words, but for some unknown reason, he was more chatty when with Ferguson. This may be because Ferguson proved to be a good man, and Zeppelin admired him.

At that moment, the rumbles of cars could be heard from beyond the door. For a moment, Ferguson’s expression became

aggressive strides toward the villa's main entrance.

The two stray dogs that Ferguson had taken in were frantically howling at the door.

Huxley's face turned somber as two knives descended. The two stray dogs collapsed in a pool of blood.

“Ferguson Ford, your time is up.”

With a bloody knife in his hand, Huxley stepped in with nearly twenty men in tow. He wore a grim expression, particularly when he spotted Ferguson. His eyes were about to spew flames.

“You've got guts, Ferguson Ford. How dare you set up the Great Sky Group? Your death anniversary will fall on this day next year. Take him away. Leave no one alive inside



this villa,” Huxley barked.

At his order, twenty of his men charged furiously toward Ferguson.

However, at that moment, Zeppelin, who was seated on the sofa and drinking tea, slowly stood up. His right hand was still stroking the dragon-headed hilt on the Dragon Blade.

In the next second, the Dragon Blade was unsheathed!

A slash was heard, followed by a whistle. A man went hurtling out as if he had been hit by a speeding car.

The atmosphere... suddenly went eerily quiet.

Everyone was stunned. What kind of freak

was this? With one slash, he was actually able to cleave through with such astonishing might.

While all present were still in shock, Zeppelin had swung the blade in his hand and moved. His speed may have seemed slow, but on the contrary, it was quite intense. Each slash was seemingly the same, but the angles were extremely tricky. The average expert would not be able to dodge Zeppelin.

Of course, the strength of the Reversal Blade remained its greatest feature.

Zeppelin practiced only one move every day from morning to night. At first, he could do it more than ten thousand times a day.

However, over time, he became increasingly slower. Even so, the force behind the blows

grew ever more powerful.

Simply put, Zeppelin's skill today could split a person in two if he went all out.

Screams of misery resounded from all directions. One after another, men were sent flying, as if a truck was heaved into the crowd, crushing them with reckless abandon.

In just over ten seconds, Huxley Ward's twenty subordinates collapsed.

Most of them were members of the underground world in Strego City. They were indeed top-notch fighters known for their aggressive instincts. However, they could not handle someone whose every strike aimed for their lives.

In less than a minute, Zeppelin Wayne had



everyone overwhelmed. The rest who could no longer take the blows abandoned their armor and retreated.

At that moment, Huxley was also bewildered. “What... What is this? Why does this guy seem the same as Dean Young?”

He hadn't expected Ferguson to actually hire such an expert to protect himself. He didn't know who Zeppelin was because he had never seen anyone quite so formidable in Strego City.

## Chapter 616 Tell Dean Young That I Am Zeppelin Wayne

For a moment, Huxley Ward got goosebumps. He even felt the blade in his hands quivering. “You... Who are you?”

“Blade Maniac.”

Zeppelin Wayne uttered those two words succinctly before striding towards Huxley.

Hands raised. Swords swinging... Clang...

There was no fancy flourish when the Reversal Blade came down without the slightest delay. It wasn't quick. But it was oppressive.

‘Ah...’

Under the extreme duress, Huxley could not

help but cry out in his head.

He used the knife in his hand to block Zeppelin's slash. With a clang, Huxley stumbled back multiple steps. When he stabilized himself, he spurted blood from his mouth. He was missing half the blade that was in his hand.

To have been able to block an attack from Zeppelin, Huxley was clearly no weakling. However, just because he managed to parry one attack did not mean he could stave off the next one.

Zeppelin did not hesitate in the slightest. He swung his blade a second time, leading to Huxley recoiling to avoid the slash. With another resounding clang, the halved blade went flying. The one in Huxley's hands had been completely severed.



“Ahhh...”

Huxley was bereft of reason after the two attacks. Brandishing the half-broken blade, he rushed toward Zeppelin.

Thunk. Clang. Ring...

The sound of metal clashing continued to echo. Eventually, the broken weapon in Huxley’s hand snapped in two again. With the pair trading more than a dozen blows, Huxley finally had to yield.

Zeppelin struck out, hitting Huxley squarely in the chest. After which, the latter was sent flying out of the hall and crashing into the ground.

Ferguson Ford was likewise stunned by the sight. “What strength.”

He always knew Tyr Summers was an impressive man. But, Ferguson did not expect the men around Tyr to be as inhuman as he was. It was no wonder they dared to go up against Great Sky Group.

This was the level of resources that Tyr Summers had at his disposal.

Although Huxley's combat power was not the best of the best within the Great Sky Group's ranks, he was still considered one of their top experts. But, he had been beaten senseless by Zeppelin since the start.

Huxley was quite skilled to have been able to hold back Zeppelin's Reversal Blade for such a long time. In the past, Zeppelin was known as Southriver's Blade Maniac, and the well-deserved number one expert of Riverdale

Province.

Zeppelin's strength had improved by leaps and bounds after practicing the Reversal Blade, and his ability had now reached a very terrifying level.

Huxley spat out a mouthful of blood after being tossed out of the parlor. A few of his ribs had been shattered. He struggled to get up, but in the end, he was unable to do anything.

Elias Sullivan was seated in one of the vehicles a distance away, smoking a cigar. However, his cigar soon fell from his mouth to his crotch.

“What... What is going on?”

Elias was baffled. How and why did this happen?



The twenty men he had brought with him were now an army in disarray. Even his most formidable subordinate was lifeless on the ground.

This wasn't logical!

“Drive. Go. Get out of here!”

Elias felt his scalp tingle, sending chills down his spine. He knew that he had met an expert who was just like Great Sky Group's Three Aces. If he chose to not retreat here, he may as well have forfeited his life.

The driver was also taken aback. He intended to go, but was so frazzled that he forgot how to start the engine. By the time he managed to start the car, Zeppelin had already approached the vehicle.

Under the desperate circumstances, Elias

subconsciously felt for a gun from under the seat next to him. Pointing the muzzle of the gun at Zeppelin, he fired resolutely.

However, at the moment his finger pulled the trigger, Zeppelin's blade swung down.

There was a whimper. Blood splattered in all directions. Elias' hand that wielded the gun was cleanly severed.

“Ahhh...”

Elias shrunk back, stared at his bare wrist, and let loose a miserable scream. Truth be told, he felt no pain. He was merely stricken with fear to the point of collapse.

Resting the Dragon Blade on the window of Elias' car, Zeppelin watched the latter impassively.

Elias was thrown into consternation. He was

truly terrified at that moment.

“No. Don’t kill me. I was wrong,” Elias begged.

“I won’t kill you.”

Who would have known that Zeppelin would be that decisive?

“But, I need you to pass on a message,” he added.

“W... What message?”

“Tell Dean Young that at the same time tomorrow, I’ll be waiting for him at the Tempest Pavilion at the south of the city. I am Blade Maniac—Zeppelin Wayne!”

After saying these words, Zeppelin turned around and left without looking back.



“Blade Maniac, Zeppelin Wayne?”

Elias was confused and could not understand what any of it meant at all. But, he did not dare to ask anymore and fled!

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The following afternoon, inside the VIP ward of a private hospital in Strego City.

Elias' hand had undergone treatment overnight. The bleeding was stopped, and surgery was performed, but his hand could not be reattached. After waking up from his coma, Elias was so irritable that he seemed to have lost his mind.

Inside the ward, Sky Sullivan, as well as several directors of Great Sky Group, were gathered. Dean Young, one of the Three

Aces, was also present.

Last night, the driver had also heard Zeppelin's words, and had relayed them to Dean. Therefore, Sky had summoned Dean here as well.

Dean Young was in his forties. He had a lean figure with arms longer than the average person's. His body proportions made him look more like a monkey. At his waist were two curved moon-shaped scimitars.

He had a title in Strego City—Double Blade Dean Young.

Double Blade Dean Young was the dual-blade wielder who had defeated Zeppelin Wayne back in the day. He had used these same twin swords to score cross marks into Zeppelin's chest.

As such, the reason Zeppelin took the initiative to offer protection to Ferguson was now clear. It was because, by doing so, Zeppelin would be able to fight Dean again.

Elias was in a frenzy as he stared at his gauze-wrapped bare wrist. Due to his intense agitation, his bleeding, which had only just been stopped, once again spilled out, staining the gauze sanguine.

“Enough. Give me a break!” Sky roared in outrage.

Elias was taken aback by the sudden outburst. He had always been afraid of his elder brother since childhood.

Elias finally calmed. “Brother, you must avenge me.”

“You still have the nerve to speak.”



Sky casually picked up a teacup and haphazardly smashed it Elias' way.

“What did I tell you? I have repeated time and time again to not cause trouble at such a critical time, but you refused to listen. Now that it has come to this, who are you going to blame for this mess?”

## Chapter 617 Sky's Intention

Elias Sullivan disputed, "Brother, I did not provoke Tyr Summers! The incident at Starlight Auction House was a coincidence! I went not for Tyr Summers, but for Ferguson Ford."

"Did you know that Ferguson is on the Southern Commerce Chamber's board of directors, and that Tyr's wife, Winifred Zea, is the chairwoman of the association?" asked Sky Sullivan.

He continued, "Your assault on Ferguson was also an attack on the association. Did you think Tyr Summers would sit idly by?"

"Elias! I did not blame you on matters regarding the foundation but you... ! You

just kept going on! You actually went after Ferguson with the intent to kill! Did you think they would leave you alone? Zeppelin Wayne was acting on Tyr's orders!"

The more he spoke, the more furious Sky grew. He wanted to give his fool of a brother a good smacking.

James Martin, who was standing by the side, came up and said in an apologetic tone, "I am sorry, President, it was my fault. I should have been a little more vigilant."

"I do not blame you," replied Sky. "This idiot deserved it!"

Sky did not want to look at Elias anymore. If he wasn't his own brother, Sky would have pushed Elias off the building right now.

Turning to Dean Young, Sky asked, "Do you



know that Zeppelin Wayne?”

“Only bits and pieces. We seemed to have fought before, although I have lost count of the people I’ve battled. There were just too many of them,” Dean answered.

It had been over twenty years since Dean made his name as one of the best sword wielders here in Strego City. Along with that came countless challengers. Thus, it was not unreasonable for him to not remember who Zeppelin was.

Nobody else in the room knew Zeppelin’s actual identity, except for Lilia Gibson.

At the mention of his name, her face turned pale and her heart shuddered. The next second, however, any hint of nervousness disappeared from her face.

“Are you going tonight?” Sky asked.

“Well, he did issue a challenge. I have to go,” Dean replied.

Sky shook his head. “No, you cannot go. This is my order as the chairman of Great Sky Group!”

Before Dean could even reply, the bedridden Elias interrupted, “Why not, Brother? Things have come to this, so why should we put ourselves on the back burner once again?”

“Moreover, Mr. Young here never refuses challenges issued his way. How is he going to keep his reputation if you hold him back?”

“Shut up!” Sky smacked his hand across Elias' cheek, properly silencing his younger brother before continuing, “There are only

a few days left... I will not allow any mishaps to happen before that!

“Zeppelin is not an ordinary character. Even if you win tonight’s battle, you will definitely return heavily wounded. You cannot get injured before the thing happens!”

Dean understood the implications of his actions and the importance of various matters. He nodded. “Do not worry, I will stay put tonight.”

“Thank you for your understanding.” Sky gave Dean a hearty pat on the shoulder. “Once it is completed, everyone, including Tyr and Zeppelin, will die!”

The atmosphere in the room turned vicious and reeked of blood. Except for Lilia, as her



expression changed, once again.

It was evening when Tyr and Carson Yorke sat in the verandah having tea together. At the same time, they arranged for Ferguson to stay put in the villas of West Lake for his safety.

“Tyr, it worries me that Great Sky Group has not made a move, even with the meltdown over at Great Sky Group Foundation. I feel like they are planning something... something big, and it frightens me,” Carson said.

Tyr nodded. “I have no idea how they kept their cool even though Zeppelin severed one of Elias Sullivan’s arms. Something fishy is going on.

“Under normal circumstances, as a

prominent organization here in the south, Great Sky Group would have come after us and exterminated us while we are still weak and not yet at our full strength. Yet, what they're doing is the opposite.”

“There can only be two reasons,” Carson concurred.

“Which are?” asked Tyr.

“First, the Great Sky Group is too occupied to face us. Or, we are not worth their attention at all. Or perhaps, it is a combination of both.” Carson finished his tea in one big gulp. “We need to know what they are scheming, quickly. How are things over at Kace Jones' side?”

“He should be here soon,” said Tyr.

A few minutes later, Kace was seen walking

toward the verandah.

After exchanging pleasantries, he sat down and said, "Palace Master, I found some intel on what Great Sky Group is plotting."

Both Tyr and Carson were delighted. "What is it?"

Kace was a little thirsty, so he took a big gulp of tea before saying, "I reactivated the Jones family's intel system and got something out of it. The reason why Great Sky Group gave up on many of their ongoing ventures and projects was to receive a person."

"A what?" Tyr and Carson looked at each other in confusion.

A prominent group in the south, giving up most of their ventures and endeavors, all



just to receive a person? Who the hell was it?

Tyr immediately made his uncertainty known, asking, "Are you sure, Kace? Who is that person?"

"I do not know," replied Kace. "That was all I got from the intel system and after spending a lot of money. Great Sky Group kept their plans a well-hidden secret. We have no idea who that person is."

## Chapter 618 Tempest Pavilion

Carson sighed. “Whoever it is, this is not good news.”

Tyr nodded. “It is crucial for us to find out who that person is, as soon as possible. If I am right, it must be an extraordinary character for Great Sky Group to go to such great lengths.”

He was suddenly reminded of the character Superman. If Great Sky Group managed to bring in such a powerful character, things were going to get extremely tough for Tyr and his gang.

“We do not have much time. Kace, we need to know who that person is. You know what to do.”

“I understand, Palace Master,” replied Kace.

“I will find out as soon as I can.”

“Great.”

Tyr and Carson resumed their tea session after Kace left.

“Weird, I have not seen Zeppelin today. I wonder where he went? I don’t know why but he seems a little off nowadays,” said Carson.

“Well, we all have our secrets. He will reveal them to you when it is time for him to do so,” Tyr replied.

Of Zeppelin Wayne, Tyr was aware of some things about him, but not much. He was not worried though, as Zeppelin could be considered one of the most composed



individuals he had ever met, who knew what just to do under any circumstances.

Now that Tyr had been in Strego City for a while, while the Great Sky Group was occupied and with the demise of the Jones family, it was time to put his other plans into motion.

There were usually two sides to an issue. Things had gotten dangerous with Great Sky Group's plan, but Tyr was able to take the opportunity and call for reinforcements to Strego City.

Now, exceptional fighters and business leaders alike had arrived in Strego City. The once-empty villas of West Lake were now bustling with human activities.

As night arrived, it started drizzling.

According to the weather reports, midnight would see the coming of a thunderstorm. Just as reported, the downpour got heavier as the clock struck nine.

A taxi was headed for Tempest Pavilion, located in the south of the city. The driver seemed to be quite anxious. If it weren't for the lack of customers due to the downpour, he would not have accepted this one.

Said customer was a strange man. The moment he entered the taxi, he immediately took out the Dragon Blade and kept polishing it with a handkerchief.

The driver thought he was being robbed. But the passenger seemed to notice his fear and immediately flung a few hundred-dollar bills into the driver's seat.

If this was not a robbery, what the hell was

he doing?

The taxi driver kept glancing at his passenger through the rearview mirror. The strange man was extremely focused on the task at hand, as he muttered to himself even while he rubbed his blade again and again.

“It’s time for revenge, my friend.

“Are you excited to draw more blood, my friend?

“I can’t wait, my friend, can you?”

The driver was puzzled. Had he picked up a psycho?

Eventually, they came to a stop at Tempest Pavilion. How the taxi driver arrived unharmed was anyone’s guess.

“We are here, sir,” said the taxi driver, his



voice trembling as he announced their arrival.

Zeppelin stayed silent as he exited the car. Greatly relieved, the taxi driver slammed his foot on the throttle and sped away.

A flash of lightning illuminated the night sky as the rain got heavier. Holding on to his blade back-handedly, Zeppelin soldiered on. Every step forward brought back memories as the scenes played out in his mind.

It was a decade and a half ago when he battled Dean Young in the pavilion a mere ten meters away from where he stood now. In the end, Dean left permanent cross marks on Zeppelin's chest with his double blades.

All these years, both Sword Freak and Dean took over his mind and kept him wide awake

down on one of the red benches. He looked at his watch—it was a few minutes to eleven. Dean should be here any moment now.

Zeppelin's gaze was fixated straight ahead as he was reminded of what happened years ago, again and again. It was the same place, at the same time, with the same pouring rain. Yet, Zeppelin would never allow a repeat of history.

Tonight, he was going to return the big cross mark on his chest onto Dean's throat.

A bolt of lightning flashed across the sky as thunder rumbled in the distance. The rain kept getting heavier and soon, only the sounds of the storm were audible.

It was eleven o'clock, the time set by

at night, as he bided his time to finally overcome his nemeses. Now that Sword Freak was history, Dean became the last barrier to overcome.

It was a fighter's tenacity. Only when Zeppelin overcame it would his mind finally run free.

Ten years ago, this street was still relatively quiet, with Tempest Pavilion an obvious landmark here. It was six storeys tall and was considered one of the taller buildings back then.

Now, however, skyscrapers and office buildings had been erected like mushrooms after the rain along the street. The Tempest Pavilion had lost its original grandeur.

Walking into the pavilion, Zeppelin sat



Zeppelin.

Yet, the figure of a thin man with two blades on his back did not appear. Zeppelin frowned. He did not remember Dean to be a tardy man.

for his opponent to never arrive.

At four o'clock in the morning, Zeppelin finally stood up and walked toward the entrance of Tempest Pavilion. The rain did not seem to be stopping anytime soon, and all he felt was an overwhelming emptiness in his heart.

As he sheathed his blade, Zeppelin suddenly found his actions amusing. Maybe Dean did not remember him at all!

“Am I still not strong enough?” Zeppelin sighed. He looked at the other side of the pavilion and said coldly, “Come out, I know you are there.”

A silhouette emerged from the corner and slowly approached the pavilion.

It was a very attractive lady. Even though

## Chapter 619 Catherine Gibson

Perhaps Dean Young did not remember the exact time he fought with Zeppelin Wayne because it was a long time ago.

Ten minutes, a half hour, a full hour passed. It was midnight, but Dean still was nowhere to be seen.

One in the morning...

Two in the morning...

Three in the morning...

Dean was yet to appear.

The rain poured down the whole night, just as Zeppelin sat in the pavilion for as long as it lasted. He kept polishing his blade, only



she was in her late thirties, soon to be forty, her appearance betrayed none of her age. She looked like she was twenty-five years old at most.

She was Lilia Gibson, one of the directors of Great Sky Group.

Her eyes drifted slightly when she saw Zeppelin. “It has been a while, Zeppelin.”

Zeppelin, on the other hand, knew right from the beginning that there was a person, who had arrived before him, watching from a distance.

He knew it was her—his old lover from the Jade Rain Tower.

However, he did not expect them to be on opposing sides when they met again after all these years.

with hatred in his eyes. “Should I call you Lilia Gibson, or Catherine Gibson?”

“Catherine Gibson is dead,” Lilia replied without hesitation.

Zeppelin snickered. “Since she is already dead, why are you here tonight? You hurt me once, years ago. Do you plan to do it again?”

Years ago, Zeppelin’s life hit rock bottom after his devastating loss against Dean. It was then that he met Catherine and picked himself back up with her help.

He only had her in his eyes, and was willing to give up his pursuit of blade mastery just to be with her. Yet, when he decided to commit to the relationship, she rejected him. Even till now, he did not understand

He turned his back towards her, his voice betraying little emotion as he spoke in an indifferent tone, "Leave, quick. You are now one of the directors of Great Sky Group, making us enemies. I cannot promise I will not kill you if you stay any longer."

Lilia was startled. She did not expect Zeppelin's first words after finally seeing each other again after all these years to be so cruel. But perhaps, she had expected this to happen after all.

"I heard that a strange man went to the Jade Rain Tower for a few days continuously, and sat drinking tea throughout the night in a private room on the third floor. It used to be our place, but things have changed since," said Lilia.

Turning his head, Zeppelin looked at her



why.

It had rained on that day, just like tonight.

Zeppelin told Catherine that they should elope, leaving Jade Rain Tower and Strego City behind them. However, using various excuses that he was poor and a man without a future, she rejected his commitment.

Instead, she chose to stay at Jade Rain Tower. She could get anything she wanted there, but if she left with him, all she would have was love. Unfortunately, love wasn't enough to keep humans alive.

In the end, Catherine was a gold-digger. Zeppelin had it wrong from the beginning.

After leaving Strego City, he started practicing his blade skills intensively, and helped Carson Yorke conquer Riverdale

Province. Catherine had definitely been a big impetus for Zeppelin. He thought he could return stronger and show her the mistake she made.

Yet, she was now one of Great Sky Group's directors. The gap between them had widened, and not in Zeppelin's favor.

"Zeppelin, a lot of the things were not my decision..."

Before she could finish speaking, Zeppelin interrupted, "No use saying that now. You should not have come tonight, knowing that you were heartless back then."

"You still hate me, don't you?"

"Yes, with all of my life."

With his bloodshot eyes, Zeppelin looked

frightening, like a beast ready to pounce at its prey. Looking at him, Lilia's heart shuddered violently as her expression wearied.

"I didn't come here today to pick up where we left off," said Lilia. "There are some things, really important things, I need to tell you."

Zeppelin chuckled. "Catherine Gibson, I did not come here for you. Tell me, where is Dean Young?"

"He is not going to come, and you should not look for him either. Zeppelin, you are no match for Dean. Not then, not now. Please do not go looking for him."

Zeppelin frowned, he did not like what he heard.



That being said, Lilia had to continue, “Please listen to me, Zeppelin. This is for your own good, and your friend’s too for that matter. Whatever you do, do not provoke the Great Sky Group. You lot are nothing in front of them.”

Zeppelin snickered. “So, you came here to flex? Are you trying to brag about how powerful Great Sky Group is, or how capable you are now that you are one of the directors there?”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong!” Lilia protested.

“Leave now.” Zeppelin pointed to the entrance of Tempest Pavilion. Obviously, he did not want to continue the conversation.

“But Zeppelin...”

“Get out!”

Zeppelin’s sudden outburst had Lilia shivering in response.

## Chapter 620 Sachin Taylor of Dunham Lake

Lilia Gibson was dismayed at Zeppelin Wayne's reaction. She then proceeded to do something out of the ordinary.

Perhaps she had fallen too deep in love all those years back and still had feelings for him. Or maybe, she wanted to atone for the things she had done now that Zeppelin had returned to Strego City.

She took a deep breath and lunged forward at Zeppelin, hugging him from behind. His body shuddered as if jolted by a bolt of electricity, followed by a numbing sensation.

However, he pushed her away.

With tears in her eyes, Lilia took a few steps



back. “Zeppelin...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Zeppelin abruptly interrupted her, “Do not say my name. If you want to stay, fine. I am leaving.”

In the end, Dean Young did not come. Perhaps Zeppelin was nothing but an unimportant person to him. Zeppelin, however, believed that he would one day make Dean remember his name.

As for Lilia, his feelings for her had been shattered and wiped out years ago.

Startled, Lilia stood rooted to the spot, watching Zeppelin’s disappearing silhouette. “Zeppelin Wayne, listen to me! Leave Strego City immediately, do not fight the Great Sky Group.

“He... he is coming back!”

The downpour increased in intensity as Zeppelin quickened his steps. He did not hear what Lilia said to him. But, even if only for an instant, he suddenly felt shivers down his spine.

By the time he returned to the villas at West Lake, it was already dawn.

Carson Yorke had stayed up the entire night. He knew that Zeppelin had gone out to settle an old affair and understood that it was a dangerous outing. However, he chose not to ask any questions. There he sat at the doors, waiting for Zeppelin's return.

It felt like a father awaiting his son's return from school. Although Zeppelin was not Carson's son, he was his best buddy.

Realizing that Carson had been waiting the entire night by the doorstep, Zeppelin was touched. With a hint of resignation on his face, he smiled at Carson.

“Wash yourself and change into a pair of fresh clothes. There is breakfast on the table,” said Carson briefly as he moved to sit on the couch in the living room.

Not saying much, Zeppelin went off to do just as Carson ordered. He came out of his room, all freshened up, with a little item in his grasp. It was a piece of paper that fell out of his pockets while he was getting changed. Lilia had slipped it in when she embraced him.

Carson had prepared Zeppelin’s breakfast in the dining hall. “So, who did you meet



yesterday? The blade master or your lover?”  
he asked.

“I do not have a lover,” Zeppelin replied flatly. “Quick, call Tyr over. I have something to say.”

Carson’s heart dropped. “What is it, Zeppelin?”

“Tyr. I need him here too.”

“Sure.”

Immediately Carson dialed Tyr’s mobile number. A few minutes later, he arrived.

“What is up so early in the morning?” asked Tyr, sleepily rubbing his eyes as he took a big gulp of the oatmeal on the table.

“Look at this.” Zeppelin showed them the

paper. “The woman I was involved with years ago at the Jade Rain Tower is now one of the directors of Great Sky Group.

“She passed me this paper, though I have no idea whether the information on it is genuine. Decide for yourselves.”

Tyr read the contents written on the paper and frowned. “Is that why you were out the past few days?”

“No,” replied Zeppelin. “The man who defeated me years ago is Dean Young, one of the Three Aces of Great Sky Group. I wanted to challenge him again and waited for him at Tempest Pavilion last night. Who knew that Catherine Gibson would come instead.”

Tyr was startled. “I thought her name was Lilia Gibson. According to the intel,

anyway.”

“She changed her name.”

“Heh,” Tyr chuckled. “I can tell how conflicted you are right now, Zeppelin. Don’t act all high and mighty, I can see your burning passion for her.”

“Get lost,” Zeppelin retorted, a little unexpectedly. “Aren’t you surprised after reading what is on the paper, Tyr?”

“What about it?” Tyr smiled. “I had my assumptions some time ago that it was him. Right, what else did Lilia say to you?”

Zeppelin’s expression instantly turned somber. “She said that we are nothing compared to Great Sky Group, and urged us to leave Strego City immediately.”

“What do you say?” Tyr asked.



“I have no say in this. I will do whatever is needed of me. However, I will challenge Dean to a fight again, no matter the circumstances.”

“You will get the chance,” replied Tyr. He then looked at the paper and muttered to himself, “Sachin Taylor of Dunham Lake’s Golden Temple.”

Carson took a deep breath in and said, “Of course Great Sky Group was after Sachin, the devil of Dunham Lake. After all, they sacrificed so much!

“Years ago, he fought Master Harrison of the Golden Temple and was defeated. Since then, he was nowhere to be seen. Yet, the Golden Temple at Dunham Lake is written here. Could Sachin currently be at the

temple?”

“It is possible.” Tyr crumpled the paper into a little ball and smiled. “Now this is getting interesting. The devil of Dunham Lake, Sachin, himself is related to the Great Sky Group. No wonder they were able to flourish, interesting!”

“What do you think we should do next, Tyr?” asked Carson.

Deep in thought, Tyr stroked his chin and replied, “We definitely need more information. You folks wait here, I am paying the Golden Temple a visit.”

## Chapter 621 Golden Temple

Leaving the villa in his car, Tyr Summers drove to the Golden Temple. Multiple thoughts raced across his mind as he drove. He had never seen Sachin Taylor, although his infamy was well-known not just in Strego City, but the entire south.

Tyr's intuition told him that Sachin would not be easy to deal with.

He had seen countless extremely powerful characters throughout his time overseas. Even though they were defeated eventually, some of the victories came at a price.

Tyr even almost lost his life a few times. Not just that, Regal Place also came close to total destruction on a few occasions.



The same feeling he felt before appeared again now, an apprehension to the strong enemy he would soon be facing. He seemed to have bitten off a little more than he could chew, amidst his schemes and ploys to take over the south.

The Celestial Empire was as treacherous as places abroad, perhaps even more so, and was filled with many masters. In Sachin, Tyr saw a being worthy of comparison to some of the most powerful characters he had ever met overseas.

“And yet, this is only the south,” Tyr remarked. He started to feel the importance of what Carson Yorke told him previously.

The south, however strong and dominant it was, was no match for the all-powerful

between Sachin and Master Harrison of Golden Temple a decade ago once again escalated the temple's reputation.

In just a short while, Tyr arrived at the gates of Golden Temple by the mountain. The temple itself was separated into two areas.

The area right by the entrance was meant for regular visitors and tourists, anyone could come in and check out the interior. Meanwhile, the actual Golden Temple was situated at the back in a separate area.

The gates where Tyr stood right now was not the entrance he was looking for. Leaving his car at the parking lot before the gates, he went around it and came to a little side door. It was neither tall nor wide, and showed signs of deterioration. The door was easily a century old.

north, which was home to at least a few super-prominent families. If Tyr wanted to challenge the north, he first had to prove his worth by taking over the south.

After raining for an entire night, it finally stopped as the sun's rays shone through the clouds.

Strego City was a beautiful place and looked extra charming after the rain. From afar, Tyr could see the Golden Temple's magnificent Golden Pagoda standing right next to Lake Dunham.

Golden Temple was an extremely popular attraction here in the region. Years ago, when the martial arts community reached its peak, it was considered a behemoth in the community. Even with the decline of the martial arts community now, the fight



Tyr pushed the door and entered. It was early in the morning, so apart from a lone monk raking leaves in the compound, there was nobody else.

Seeing Tyr, the monk stopped his action and looked toward the uninvited visitor. “Sir, you came to the wrong place. The great hall is right over there by the main gates.”

Tyr shook his head. “No, I did not come to pray.”

The monk frowned, ever so slightly.

Tyr continued, “I came for Master Clemence, I need to see him.”

The monk’s frown deepened. “Sir, the master is feeling unwell and is not receiving any visitors today, please leave.”

“I do not plan to leave until I achieve what I came here for.”

“Are you looking for trouble?” The monk was a hot-tempered man. “Sir, this is a temple, not a place for your shenanigans. Please leave, otherwise things may not look pretty for you.”

Tyr laughed. “You are no match for me.”

“Insolent fool!” the monk roared, swinging his broom.

At that moment, the leaves on the ground were whipped up and went flying toward Tyr. The fallen leaves, fragile and weak, seemed to possess an energy of their own. Sharp as a blade, they went after Tyr like an arrow released from a bow.

Tyr took a step back, squinted his eyes, and

with a quick yet gentle motion, swatted the projectiles away with his right hand. Some of the leaves, after being smacked off their trajectory, embedded themselves deep into the surrounding mud walls.

Swinging his broom, the monk charged toward Tyr. A broom meant for sweeping the floors was now being swung around to the effect of a longstaff. Very powerful moves, with the ability to attack and defend, it was meant to fight against the strong.

Unfortunately, the opponent was Tyr.

Dodging the attacks in swift moves, using the slightest wrist movement, Tyr grabbed the bamboo stick on the end of the broom and broke it off. He slapped the stick onto the monk's wrist. The monk yelled out in pain as he released the broom from his grip.



Tyr caught the broom and swung it around...

The broom smacked hard across the monk's chest, intense pain was all he felt.

"Who... are you?" asked the monk, looking on in pain.

It had been years since the Golden Temple saw a strong character at its temple grounds.

Tyr did not answer as he dropped the weapons in his hands. The monk frowned and stood up immediately, intending to mount an assault again.

"Stop it! Let Tyr Summers in," a deep voice boomed from behind. It was Master Clemence.

"Tyr Summers?" The monk was

dumbfounded. “You are the one who defeated our master?”

Raising his eyebrows, Tyr remained silent as he trotted into the inner compounds of the temple.

From beneath the Golden Pagoda came the sound of bells. It was the temple’s routine to ring the bell daily. Under the pagoda, a muscular monk could be seen hitting the massive bronze bell with his head, over and over again. He was able to make the bell ring just like it would if it was hit by a regular hammer.

“Iron Head?” Tyr muttered under his breath.

Rumor had it that many martial arts forms in the Celestial Empire had become something just for show. However, genuine

martial arts never disappeared. It just got lost among the noise of modernization and globalization.

Next to the bell sat Master Clemence.

The battle at Lake Ty was only a few days ago, and he had sustained serious injuries then. Although, nothing about him now suggested that. Plenty of medicinal and healing methods rumored to have disappeared among the martial arts community seemed to exist as well.



## Chapter 622 Break Into The Golden Pagoda

Tyr Summers walked towards Master Clemence and sat down opposite him.

The monk hadn't stopped hitting the bell with his head. Clemence had prayer beads in his hand, and was fiddling with the beads one by one.

“Where is Sachin Taylor?” asked Tyr, getting straight to the point.

He didn't want to beat around the bush. He wasn't a Buddhist, so he wasn't used to the environment. In fact, Tyr didn't feel so good here.

Clemence pointed to the Golden Pagoda

next to him and said, “Under the Golden Pagoda.”

Since ancient times, there was a legend in Strego City that the Austere Tower was suppressing a thousand-year-old white snake named Agnes White. But Tyr didn't expect that the Golden Pagoda was actually hiding Sachin.

Tyr turned his head to look at the Golden Pagoda. It was nine storeys high, and each level was engraved with Buddhist patterns. It created an impression as if those dense engravings created a formation to suppress the demon beneath the Golden Pagoda.

“So, it's true that he is here,” said Ty, withdrawing his gaze. “What kind of person is he?”

Clemence gave a simple and straightforward

answer, “A demon.”

He continued, “A decade ago, Sachin came out of nowhere and made a name for himself in Strego City. Subsequently, he topped the city with absolute force.

“He was a madman who used all means to expose the martial arts community’s secret society beneath the modern city. He didn’t hesitate to exterminate families or clans to force some combat masters to come out from hiding to fight him.”

“Back then, the entire south was shrouded in terror. Countless combat masters died at his hands. He was a true devil who terrified the entire south.”

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Tyr said, “Since ancient times, people who practice martial



arts prefer to advance themselves through all kinds of challenges and battles. From what you said, this man was deranged for quite some time.”

“You can say that.” Clemence nodded. “After that, the entire southern martial arts society was horrified by Sachin. My brother, Master Harrison, had no choice but to take action and fight Sachin at Lake Ty.

“The fate of the entire southern martial arts society depended on the battle. Big Brother made a bet with Sachin. If Sachin won, Big Brother would kill himself, and the entire southern martial arts society would honor Sachin.

“But, if Big Brother won, Sachin would voluntarily walk into the Golden Pagoda and be suppressed for ten years. He must accept

the Buddha's help to cleanse his raging soul.”

“And then?” Tyr asked. “How exactly did it end?”

“Big Brother appeared to win that battle, but only on the surface level,” Clemence replied.

“How so?”

“Big Brother fought for the whole south. He put his life on the line. In the end, Sachin was defeated by a narrow margin.

“But the truth was, Sachin wasn't aware that Big Brother was ready and determined to die. Therefore, he didn't fight for his life and lost the battle. After Big Brother defeated Sachin and succeeded in sending him to the Golden Pagoda, he died the next

“That ten year limit, when does it expire?”

Tyr asked.

“In seven more days,” Clemence replied.

“So soon! No wonder the Great Sky Group never fought openly, because the time is near. What is that group’s relationship with Sachin?”

Clemence shook his head and said, “Ten years ago, Sachin rose to fame relying on his prestige alone, not an organization.

However, I heard that he adopted some foster sons.

“If I have to put it precisely, the relationship between the Great Sky Group and Sachin is possibly due to Sky Sullivan being Sachin’s foster son.”

Tyr stood up and lazily stretched his back.



day due to a mortal wound.

“That was what I meant by Sachin only lost on the surface. Big Brother was the one who lost the battle, because Sachin is still alive today, but my brother has gone to heaven. Don’t you think so?”

“That’s true,” said Tyr.

Propping up his chin with one hand, Tyr once again turned his gaze to the Golden Pagoda. Somehow, a vague illusion appeared before his eyes.

As though he saw some unholy aura being emitted from underneath, the Golden Pagoda was filling the air. The aura leaped towards the top of the pagoda and eventually converged into a giant skull symbol.

He then turned around decisively and walked to the Golden Pagoda. “I’ll go meet him!”

Master Clemence’s heart thumped, and he stood up fiercely. The monk over there, who was still hitting the bell, also stopped his movements instantly.

He jumped in front of Tyr to block his way. “Please stay. The Golden Pagoda is a forbidden place in the Golden Temple. No one can enter without permission.”

Tyr’s eyes turned cold. “You want to stop me?”

“This is my duty.”

“You aren’t capable of stopping me.”

Tyr was too lazy to talk to this monk. He

continued to pace forward.

Now that he had figured out that the Great Sky Group had been scheming to come to the Golden Temple to get Sachin, there was no need for Tyr to be polite. Since he had already come to the Golden Pagoda, he should go in and meet Sachin.

If possible, he wanted to take this chance to keep Sachin here, sleeping forever beneath the pagoda.

Meanwhile, the monk was rushing towards Tyr. He rammed his bald head, which was as tough as iron, into Tyr. His iron head martial style was true to its name.

Tilting his body to the side, Tyr put his palm against the monk's iron head, applying some strength to push the monk, causing



him to stagger backwards. The monk used both of his hands to slap the top of his iron head for a while. Then, once again, he came butting towards Tyr.

“Don’t make me...” Tyr warned.

Turning his palm into a fist, he smashed it on top of the monk’s iron head. Following a clanging sound, the monk flew backwards and fell heavily on the ground.

“No one can stop me from meeting Sachin.”

Tyr’s tone was icy cold, and his body was letting out a domineering aura. As he quickened his steps, his gaze fell on the pagoda.

“Stop... Stop...”

“Stand still...”

Suddenly, a large number of monks rushed out and surrounded Tyr.

All these monks were well-trained practitioners of martial arts, above the league of ordinary people. The Golden Temple had long been celebrated in the martial arts community. The combat masters trained in the temple were absolutely comparable to any southern gentry.

More and more monks rushed up from all corners.

Tyr's gaze gradually became sterner. "No one can stop me from going in.

"This is a religious ground. I don't want to kill anyone, but if you insist on blocking me, I don't mind sending you to meet Buddha."

brother, he voluntarily entered into the Golden Pagoda and stayed there for ten years. He might be known as a devil, but he was also a man who kept his word.”



With those words, Tyr continued to step forward. Initiating their qi, the monks rushed forward to face him.

Just as everyone was all set for a showdown, Master Clemence finally shouted out, “Stop!”

Under the order coming from their abbot, those monks finally paused their movements and retreated.

Four senior masters stood behind Master Clemence, they were old masters from Master Clemence’s batch—the elders of the Golden Temple.

“Benefactor Summers, Buddha is merciful. Please don’t make things difficult for us.

“Back then, when Sachin lost to my big

## Chapter 623 The Ten-Year Agreement Will Expire In Seven Days

“That devil was still a man of his word. The Golden Temple is a sacred ground to practice Buddhism. Naturally, we must keep our promise and obey the agreement.

“If you insist on breaking into the pagoda, you will have to step over the dead bodies of all three hundred monks of the Golden Temple.”

The hostility emanating from Tyr’s body gradually dissipated as he calmed himself down a little.

Master Clemence really meant his words. What he said wasn’t a jest. Every place had

its rules. If Tyr Summers insisted on forcing his way through, none of the monks would back off.

What's more, although Tyr was powerful, he couldn't take out all three hundred monks. Even Tyr did have such strength, he would not be stupid enough to slaughter all the monks of the Golden Temple. He was not crazy!

“Why so serious?” Tyr suddenly laughed. “I'm just kidding with you guys. ”

Even Tyr wussed out.

“The ten-year agreement will expire in seven more days. Sachin Taylor will no longer have anything to do with the Golden Temple as long as he walks out of the Golden Pagoda, right?” asked Tyr.



Clemence replied, “Once Sachin walks out of the Golden Pagoda, as the Golden Temple’s abbot, I will personally escort him out of the temple. As long as both his feet are out of the temple’s gates, everything that happens outside has nothing to do with me.”

Clemence paused for two seconds before continuing, “Benefactor Summers, you are not the only one who wants Sachin’s life in seven days’ time. Please wait for a few more days.”

“Not only me?”

Tyr was surprised, but soon came to his senses.

To put it into perspective, ten years ago, that demon had killed so many martial arts masters in the south. To force those masters

to fight with him, he had even threatened to exterminate their families.

Now that the ten-year agreement was coming to an end, numerous people wanted to seek revenge on him.

No wonder Great Sky Group was willing to pay such a high price to get Sachin. Under normal circumstances, it shouldn't have been such a big deal.

There would definitely be great bloodshed on the day Sachin comes out of the pagoda.

“Okay,” said Tyr.

With one final look at the Golden Pagoda, he turned around decisively and left the Golden Temple. By the time he returned to the West Lake villas, it was around ten o'clock in the morning.

Winifred Zea had gone to the company to work, so Tyr went to the villa occupied by Carson Yorke. At the usual pavilion, Carson was making tea while waiting for Tyr.

“What did the people at the Golden Temple say?” Carson asked.

Walking over to him, Tyr sat down and replied, “Lilia Gibson didn't lie to Zeppelin. Ten years ago, Sachin fought with Master Harrison from the Golden Temple, but he lost the battle. So, he willingly fulfilled their bet and has been locked up in the Golden Pagoda for the past ten years.”

“So, the Golden Temple's Golden Pagoda had the demon locked down. It gives me a feeling that a fierce, primitive beast is about to come out of its cage. Truth be told, we've



underestimated the south from the beginning,” said Carson.

Tyr laughed. “This is exactly the way our game for the south should be inaugurated.”

“What is the relationship between Sachin and Great Sky Group?” Carson asked.

“Their relationship isn’t clear at the moment,” replied Tyr, shaking his head. “But, what is certain is that in seven days, Sachin will come out of the pagoda.

“Great Sky Group will definitely devote all its resources to picking him from the Golden Temple. Sachin made too many enemies ten years ago. There will definitely be many people who want to kill him to take revenge.

“By then, there will be bloodshed outside of the Golden Temple.”

Carson's expression turned solemn. He asked, "Tyr, what are you going to do then?"

Tyr replied, "It would be best if we can let Sachin die in the Golden Temple. Once he comes out, our chess game for the south will be much more challenging. So, after seven days, I will take someone to the temple with me."

"Hmm." Carson took a sip of the tea in front of him, "Then, we can start preparing now. When the time comes, all the elites of the Yorke family and Quintus family can join forces to fight them."

"No need," Tyr denied Carson's proposal. "I'm the only one who has been exposed in Strego City. The Yorke family, Quintus family, and Wolf's Den all are in a semi-

hidden state.

“Although this matter is quite crucial, we don’t need to put all our cards on the table. Additionally, for a strong warrior of Sachin’s level, having more people won’t necessarily be helpful.”

“What would you like to do?” Carson asked.

“I’ll bring a few people over. When the time comes, I’ll personally ambush and kill Sachin,” Tyr replied.

After pondering for a moment, Carson finally nodded gently. “That’s okay, but, are you sure?”

Tyr laughed. “I haven’t met anyone in the Celestial Empire who can make me use my full strength. I hope that this Sachin can bring me some surprises.”



filled with seriousness.

It had been ten years. Sachin was finally going to come out of the Golden Pagoda and reappear in the martial arts community.

“Chairman, we are all ready. We are certain that Sachin will be safe and sound.”

The Six Directors and the Three Aces all agreed that they were ready for anything. Seven days from now, no matter how many fighters wanted to seize the opportunity to kill Sachin, they would be able to block their attacks.

Sky nodded slightly. Then, he looked over at Benjamin Lloyd, one of the six directors, and asked, “How is it going with the Moore Family of Alpon Province?”

The Moore family in Alpon Province was

Carson sighed profoundly. “Don't underestimate the Celestial Empire's martial arts community.”

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Meanwhile, a group of people gathered in an office at the headquarters of Great Sky Group.

The Six Directors, Three Aces, and its chairman, Sky Sullivan, were all present in the room. The atmosphere in the conference room was pretty gloomy. The air was filled with the smell of nicotine.

“In seven days' time, Sachin's ten-year period will finally expire.”

When those words came out of Sky's mouth, the expressions of everyone present was

also a top-ranking southern gentry family. Their heritage and strength were once ranked among the top-ranking powerful families in the south. In recent years, the development of the Moore family in the south had also advanced by leaps and bounds.

The Moore family head, Alec Moore, even made a vicious statement. He said, "Within five years, the Moore family will become the top supreme first-class family in the south."

The Moore family was a family with such great ambition. However, from Sky's words, it was evident that they were somehow connected with the Great Sky Group.

Benjamin, who was in charge of Great Sky Group's external operations, nodded and said, "They have all been contacted. The



Moore family have given us a guarantee that they will send their ace to cooperate with us on that day.”

“Their ace?”

Jason Garcia, one of the Three Aces, smiled faintly. “Auster Moore? If Alec is willing to send Auster over, we will be able to do everything right this time.”

## Chapter 624 The Traitor

Speaking of Auster Moore, the Three Aces of Great Sky Group grew solemn, for all of them thought highly of him.

No wonder they reacted as such, for Auster had a reputation. For the past decade, he had been known as the genius among geniuses in the entire south.

Auster Moore was less than thirty years old. Still, his capabilities belonged to the league of top-notch combat masters of the south. Plus, he also had a domineering title—the Southern Emperor.

The Southern Emperor, Auster Moore. His title was named after the heavenly son. It carried the meaning of his presence

resembling God's will, for he was the well-deserved best warrior of the new generation in the south.

At the same time, he was the reason why the Moore family had developed rapidly over the last few years.

This man was unusual from the moment of birth. The fortune-teller who read his fate had stated that Auster was not an ordinary man. Therefore, he named him Auster, for his power was comparable to God's!

Sky Sullivan said, "No matter who the Moore family will send to cooperate with us, we can't take this lightly."

"Yes." The Six Directors and Three Aces nodded their heads.

The long-awaited day was finally coming.



After discussing the matters, Sky lit a cigar and took several puffs in a row. His gaze moved back and forth between all the directors. Finally, it settled on Lilia Gibson.

Lilia's heart suddenly thumped from that meaningful gaze. Somehow, that look from Sky made her panic.

“The plan for Great Sky Group to welcome Sachin Taylor from the Golden Temple of Dunham Lake has always been a secret.

Long before this, I gave out orders to all of you that before this plan is completed, absolutely no problems should arise to complicate the plan.

“At the same time, I also repeatedly warned everyone to never let the cat out of the bag. Because the more people know about this,

the Golden Temple and attempting to force his way into the Golden Pagoda.

“What’s going on here?” Elias was the first to stand up with an angry face. “What the hell is going on?”

“Isn't that the same Tyr who defeated Master Clemence at Lake Ty? Why would he suddenly go to the Golden Temple to forcefully break into the Golden Pagoda? Could it be that Master Clemence told him about Sachin?”

Cursing, Elias continued, “Brother, that Golden Temple’s abbot didn’t keep his word. We should take our men to slaughter the entire Golden Temple now.”

Sometimes, even Sky had a hard time standing this idiot brother of his.

the more danger Sachin will face.

“But, why did someone break the ban and turn a deaf ear to my instructions?”

Hearing these words, the expressions of all those present became slightly paler.

Elias Sullivan, who had already been fitted with a prosthetic hand, was the first to say, “Big Brother, I’m not to blame for that previous incident. Now that that incident has turned a new page, you shouldn't mention it again.”

“Shut up,” Sky scolded. “I wasn't referring to that matter.”

Sky then turned on a projector at the back of the room, and a video was played. Everyone's hearts sank violently as they watched it.

The footage showed Tyr Summers going to



Smashing the remote control in his right hand on Elias' head, he said angrily, "Can you put your brain to use? If Master Clemence was the one who revealed this matter to Tyr, why would he use all his strength to stop Tyr from entering the Golden Pagoda?"

"That's true," Elias murmured. "Isn't that Tyr a bit cocky?"

"Does he really think that just because he defeated Master Clemence, he can be Sachin's rival? He was lucky that Master Clemence stopped him from entering. Otherwise, he would never be able to get out again."

"That's not the point," Sky snapped.

Jason Garcia, who was on the side, furrowed his eyebrows severely. "President, we have

someone watching the Golden Temple at all times. This video was taken by our informant at the temple, right?”

“That's right.” Sky nodded. “In the middle of his conversation with Master Clemence, Tyr mentioned the relationship between our Great Sky Group and Sachin.”

One had to admire the power of Great Sky Group's intelligence network. It wasn't surprising that they had an informant at the Golden Temple. After all, Sachin was still locked up in the pagoda. They needed an informant to know his status at all times.

Still, it was unbelievable that this informant could actually film the conversation between Tyr and Master Clemence.

“That is to say, someone provided the news

about Sachin to Tyr in advance. And that information is only known to all of us who are present here. It means there is a traitor among us.”

When such words came out of Jason's mouth, the atmosphere in the room became unusually depressing.

The group of people looked at each other. Some of them felt confused because they didn't believe that a traitor would appear among the Great Sky Group's Three Aces and Six Directors.

But, a few people already had the answer within their hearts.

Lilia was sitting against the window with a cigarette in her hand. Her face was emotionless. Meanwhile, both Jason and Sky



stared at her simultaneously.

Next, Dean Young, who had not spoken in a while, suddenly opened his mouth and said, “Last night, I went to the Tempest Pavilion. I had thought long and hard, but my brain still didn't manage to recall the memory regarding Zeppelin Wayne.

“Yet, my intuition told me that he will become a significant opponent in my life. But because of our plan to welcome Sachin in seven days, I didn't show myself to him. I just observed him from far away.”

At this point, Dean stopped elaborating. Everyone knew what he was implying beneath those words. He didn't need to say more. Those who should understand the meaning should get it by now.

Lilia finally stood up and said, “That's right.

Yesterday, I swung by Tempest Pavilion.”

“So, you are the traitor.” Elias stood up at once. His emotions were a bit agitated. “

Lilia, you are one Great Sky Group’s Six Directors. Why did you go to the pavilion?”

“I went to meet Zeppelin. We were lovers once, and I still think dearly of him now, so I wanted to meet him. Is there a problem with that?”

Elias’ face turned gloomy. He was kind of furious. He’d always had a fondness for Lilia, even though she was several years older than him. He had launched a wild pursuit of her for a long time, but was repeatedly rejected.

And now, Lilia actually went to meet another man at night. No wonder it made

Elias very unhappy.

“Lilia, you sl\*t! How dare you cheat behind my back?” Elias cursed angrily.

“Shut the f\*ck up.”



## Chapter 625 House Arrest

Coldly glaring at Elias, Lilia retorted in a cold voice, “What is my relationship with you? Why do I need your permission to do anything or see anyone?”

Elias was speechless. Indeed, his feelings for Lilia were one-sided, it was all wishful thinking on his part. She had never promised to be his, so who was he to question her?

“Lilia, your words are harsh to my ears. One day, I will have you...” said Elias.

“Shut up,” snapped Sky.

Blue veins stood out on Sky’s temples.

Without warning, he kicked Elias to the sofa

in front of everyone.

Next, he looked at Lilia and said, “I need an explanation from you.”

Lilia gently took a puff of the cigarette in her hand. “True blue will never stain. If you really suspect me of being a traitor, you can do whatever you want to me now.”

It was indeed true that Lilia was the one who had told Zeppelin Wayne about the Great Sky Group’s plan to get Sachin back from the Golden Temple of Dunham Lake. But, Sky had exaggerated the matter by calling her a traitor.

Lilia didn’t do it to betray Great Sky Group. She just wanted to let Zeppelin know that his side was no match for Great Sky Group, and wanted to get them to leave Strego City

And without the presence of concrete evidence, they wouldn't dare to touch her.

Because of Lilia's special status, none of them would dare to simply lay their hands on her.

“Lilia, are you the one who revealed our plan to extract Sachin from the Golden Temple to Zeppelin?” asked Jude Sanchez, another one of Great Sky Group's directors.

Lilia let out a laugh. “If you say so, then you've already made your judgement. Is it necessary for me to explain myself?”

“Lilia, don't act outrageously just because you are Sachin's disciple.” Jude stood up instantly. “If your master knew about this, you would suffer too.”

It turned out that Lilia's unique identity was



as soon as possible.

But, she didn't expect Tyr Summers, whose party Zeppelin was part of, to be so bold.

Now, not only had Lilia's attempt to make them leave the city failed, it had even backfired, causing Tyr to try barging into the Golden Pagoda. This turn of events was out of Lila's expectations.

And though Dean had witnessed her meeting up with Zeppelin at Tempest Pavilion, she didn't intend to explain herself. She was not so stupid as to admit that she had revealed the information to Zeppelin.

Anyway, Sky and the others were only suspicious of her now. There wasn't any hard evidence that she had betrayed them.

that of Sachin's disciple.

Rumour had it that Sachin had taken in many foster sons before being imprisoned in the Golden Temple. Yet, none of the rumors had ever included word of him having a disciple. But just because no one talked about it doesn't mean it wasn't true.

Lilia was indeed Sachin's disciple, and had followed him for quite some time.

Compared to Sky and the others, she had known Sachin far longer. As such, she knew her master very well. Even though she knew that Tyr had defeated Master Clemence at Lake Ty, deep down, she knew that Tyr would likely be no match for Sachin.

That's why she had urged Zeppelin to leave Strego City and stop the wishful thinking

about fighting with Great Sky Group or Sachin.

In Lilia's opinion, no one in the entire south of the Celestial Empire could rival Sachin.

With Lilia refusing to admit to the accusations, none of the people present could do anything about her. But since they had talked about this openly, it was not possible for Sky to let it go.

Sky said, "Lilia, I don't care whether you revealed our plans to Zeppelin or not. The more opponents show up on the day Sachin leaves the temple, the more danger he will face. Especially now that Tyr, who defeated Master Clemence, is one of the opponents.

"So, Lilia, do you understand what I mean by that?"



Extinguishing the cigarette in her hand, Lilia replied, “Sky, you’re making all this fuss just to put me under house arrest, aren’t you? Fine! Haha, then, we’ll let Sachin be the judge of this when he returns.”

Sky was merciless. He directly let his men come in and take Lilia away.

As Sachin’s disciple, though she hadn’t made a move in years, everyone was well aware of how powerful this woman was.

“James Martin, watch her closely,” Sky ordered.

James frowned. “Chairman, I am part of the main force for when the time comes to extract Sachin.”

Obviously, James didn’t want to take on this

tedious task.

On the side, Lilia let out a burst of laughter. “Sky, you know me well. There is no need for you to send someone to keep an eye on me. I won’t run, and it is impossible for me to run.”

“Okay.”

Sky didn’t want to say anything else. He called out and two black-clothed fighters came in from outside the door and took Lilia away.

It appeared that Sky had planned this out well.

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Lilia walked out of the conference room with the two black-clothed fighters

following her. Her expression became very glum as she left the room.

“Sky, you are Sachin’s foster son, while I am his disciple. The reason you put me under house arrest isn’t because I revealed our plan to an outsider, you’re just worried that I’ll steal your credit in front of Sachin, aren’t you? Hahahaha...”

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At midnight, in Autumn Field Group’s warehouse in the suburbs.

A wolf howl resounded in the night sky. The warehouse’s interior had been completely transformed into the same design of Wolf’s Den in Khanh City.

Inside the warehouse, a group of Wolf’s Den members were, as always, desperately



trying to advance themselves. In the last battle with Yarren of the Saxon family, a member of Wolf's Den had perished. This resulted in these guys being even more hardworking than before.

When they were in Riverdale's Khanh City, these Wolf's Den members perhaps only faced average fighters. They were like big fishes in a small pond. And now, they had come to this lake in the south under Tyr's leadership.

In this lake, there were all kinds of ferocious fish. These Wolf's Den members could only make themselves more vital to ensure that they weren't eaten by the bigger fish in this lake.

This society, in fact, was comparable to the classic game of Snake.

If you were weak, you would become the food of others. Only when you become strong can you devour others and become the biggest fish.

As such, the Wolf's Den members had to face a much more hostile environment in the future. It was likely that more of their members would die in the future too.

Therefore, following Tyr's instructions, Max Cheever had already started to recruit new members from all around the Celestial Empire. He had successfully taken in several new recruits during this period.

Now, including Torbert Octavius, Wolf's Den had a total of twenty-eight members.

his eyes closed, Torbert jerked awake and stretched.

“You do this every time you come over. Can't you try something new and fancy?”

Torbert said to Tyr with a hint of irritation in his tone.

Tyr laughed. “It's because I've always been inquisitive about this martial arts style of yours. After all, it was passed on to you by our master.

“Back then, Master passed his martial arts movements and medical skills to me so that I could call myself king overseas. So, I'm curious to know just how brilliant this Waddle Sleeping Fist he taught you is.”

“F\*ck off!” Torbert gave Tyr a push. “This Waddle Sleeping Fist is not as mighty as



## Chapter 626 If Necessary, I'll Team Up With You

Tyr Summers drove to the warehouse. Pushing the door open, he entered.

Seeing him come in, all the Wolf's Den members who were in the middle of training paused their moves and came over to greet him. But Tyr stopped them, signaling that they should continue with what they were doing.

Then, Tyr walked over a row of discarded tires in the corner of the warehouse.

Torbert Octavius was his usual self. He was lying on top of the tires, fast asleep. Tyr walked up to him and coldly smashed a fist into Torbert's head. Dodging the punch with

your Bian Que Needles. That old man was biased back then. He favored you more than me.”

Having said that, Torbert yawned again before adding, “What are you doing here in the middle of the night? You should be accompanying your wife at home instead of coming to Wolf’s Den.”

“In seven days, Sachin Taylor will come out of the Golden Temple. I want you to go with me to kill him,” said Tyr.

“Sachin?” Torbert was a little confused. “What the hell is that thing?”

It was not surprising that Torbert didn’t seem aware of the great Sachin. After all, when Sachin gained his fame in the martial arts community more than ten years ago,

Torbert, like Tyr, was just a teenager.

Although Wolf's Den relocated to Strego City, they spent the vast majority of their time in this warehouse. For that reason, it was natural for Torbert to not know Sachin.

“Speaking of which, this man should be a compelling character,” Tyr replied.

“The kind that even you are unsure of beating?” Torbert asked with surprise.

After all, in all their years of knowing each other, Torbert had never seen Tyr as serious as he was now.

“I'm not sure, but my intuition tells me that I can't let this Sachin leave the Golden Temple alive. Otherwise, this game that we are playing in the south will be as challenging as hell. Moreover, we may even



been brewing.

In the evening of the day before Sachin comes out of the pagoda, all the monks of the Golden Temple gathered in front of the Golden Pagoda square to meditate and recite sutras. Their action seemed to be a sort of ritual to help Sachin's soul to find peace. The monks did all that to purify the evil spirit.

But Sachin wasn't dead. He was almost out of his prison. For this reason, Master Clemence had nothing substantial to do, and could only hope that the chanting would be able to cleanse Sachin's evil soul.

Only, all these efforts would be in vain.

Below the Golden Temple was Dunham Lake. At this time, a small boat was floating

lose,” said Tyr.

“Okay!” In front of the cardinal questions of right and wrong, Torbert was always serious and earnest. “If necessary, I can team up with you.”

“Mmmmm.” Tyr nodded, then he gave two pats on Torbert’s shoulder. “When the time comes, bring the top ten of Wolf’s Den with you.”

“Alright.”

Tyr didn’t stay for long. After explaining all this, he directly left the warehouse.

Over the next few days, the entire Strego City was peaceful. Neither Tyr nor Great Sky Group took any action. Everything seemed to be harmonious. But everyone knew that under the calm and quiet, the storm had

on the surface of the lake. On the deck of the boat was a table. A man with a domineering aura sat in front of the table.

The man was Green Dragon. As one of the Four Gate Masters of Six Doors, Green Dragon was in charge of the department's affairs in the south.

But, Strego City had always been Julio Morgan's jurisdiction. Before this, Green Dragon had never showed up in the city. Not even when Tyr and Master Clemence duelled at Lake Ty.

But this time, Green Dragon was here. He came on the day before Sachin regained his freedom. His appearance was enough to indicate Sachin's importance. Even Green Dragon of Six Doors had to take him into account.



Julio stood at the boat's bow, looking at the monks chanting in front of the Golden Pagoda. He sighed. "From the news gathered by our department, a large number of combat warriors have secretly entered Strego City over the last few days.

"They are masters who had once disappeared from the martial arts community for years, such as Mantis and Thomas Ziegler.

"All these people were celebrated combat masters in the southern martial arts community for a long time. They hold a grudge against Sachin, so now that he is about to be free, all of them came running to kill him.

"Sometimes, I really don't understand these

Green Dragon's hand and said, "Boss, allow me."

Green Dragon didn't say anything but let Julio have the wine bottle.

Julio poured the wine for Green Dragon while saying, "Boss, now I finally get why you said that Tyr might not win this game in the south. Now that even the devil is out, Tyr will have a difficult time indeed.

"Before you mention something along the lines of survival of the fittest, I was thinking to myself, if Sachin wins, do you think he will agree with our plan?"

"Then, do you think Sachin can beat Tyr?"  
Green Dragon asked rhetorically.

Julio, who was pouring wine, suddenly stopped. He said, "Boss, this question is too

Buddhists. Do they really think that they can make that Sachin stop his evil deeds by meditating and chanting sutras? What a joke.”

Green Dragon poured Julio a glass of wine. He said, “Every man has his own unique way of doing things, but mocking other people’s beliefs is the last thing you should do as a human being. Anyway, come and have a drink.”

“Yes, boss.” Sitting across from Green Dragon, Julio picked up the glass of wine on the table and drank it in a gulp. “Thank you for the wine, boss.”

“One more.” Green Dragon poured another glass for his subordinate.

Julio hurriedly grabbed the wine bottle from



difficult for me to answer. I really cannot say. It's impossible to tell, as they are both top fighters from different generations.”

Green Dragon laughed. “If that's the case, then this game of chess in the south will be wonderful to watch, don't you think so?”

Green Dragon stood up and walked to the bow of the boat. He stared at the Golden Pagoda. It was not far away. He also managed to visualize Sachin, who was sitting inside the Golden Pagoda and looking back at him from a distance.

Julio stood up and followed behind Green Dragon. “Boss, there's one thing that I don't quite understand.”

“Go ahead.”

Julio said, “Although this Sachin is

powerful, he's all by himself. Besides, today's martial arts community is no longer the same one from a hundred years ago. No matter how powerful Sachin is, he's just one person.

“Suppose Great Sky Group really wants to dominate the whole southern martial arts community. In that case, they don't need to spend so much effort just to get Sachin, right?”

## Chapter 627 Open the Pagoda

“Even if Sachin Taylor is dead, Great Sky is still a first-rate tribe,” said Julio.

However, Green Dragon shook his head. “Indeed, Sachin alone cannot change the entire southern region’s structure. But you need to understand what ‘belief’ is.”

“Belief?!” Julio Morgan fell silent.

“Just like how the monks at the Golden Temple believe in Buddha, to Sky Sullivan and his group, Sachin Taylor is their god. He is their belief. With faith, humans might not be able to win every battle, but without it, they would definitely crumble,” said Green Dragon.

At this, he patted Julio heavily on his



shoulder and said meaningfully, “Young man, you have much more to learn!”

Having said that, Green Dragon picked up the wine bottle on the table and poured the contents into his mouth, bottoms up.

Tossing the bottle into the lake waters ahead, he narrowed his eyes at the Golden Temple. “It has been ten years, Sachin. I’m actually looking forward to your return!”

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The next morning, before the sky even began brightening, the parking lot in front of Great Sky Group’s headquarters was filled with more than ten Land Rovers. Before each one stood several burly men dressed in black suits and wearing sunglasses.

These people were the strongest fighters in

Great Sky Group. In addition, the tribe's Three Aces and Six Directors had assembled here as well.

Since half a year ago, Great Sky Group had stopped extending their influence outside and halted most of the businesses they owned. On top of that, Sky Sullivan had issued an order that no one was to cause any conflict at all during this time.

All of it was for this day.

For the sake of welcoming Sachin Taylor back, Great Sky Group would sacrifice anything. Because everyone knew that once Sachin returned, whatever the group had lost would be easily retrieved in a short amount of time.

“Get in.”

Heeding Sky's order, the near-hundred experts of the company got into the Land Rovers. Then, forming a straight line, the vehicles began driving toward the Golden Temple as the first rays of light shone over the lands.

Inside the car, Sky kept rotating two steel orbs in his hands. His expression was grave, with his eyes showing about thirty percent of excitement and the remaining seventy percent being anxiety.

Back then, the reason Sachin continued to slaughter and destroy his competition in the southern martial arts community wasn't because he wanted to become the region's number one. The man was ambitious. His true goal had been to shape his tribe into a super-first-rate tribe like the one in the



north.

Sky was Sachin's foster son. All these years, he had merely been the acting chairman of Great Sky Group. In actual fact, Sachin was the true head of Great Sky Group.

After ten years, Sky had long gotten used to his position as chairman of Great Sky Group, used to being the mightiest of them all. But now that Sachin was returning, Sky would be demoted to being the second most powerful, so he began to have thoughts.

However, it was only one thought. When this idea bubbled in Sky's heart, he immediately suppressed it because he dared not continue developing the notion.

Sachin Taylor was finally coming out of seclusion!

Leaning against his seat, Sky asked Benjamin Lloyd, who was beside him, “Have the Moore family’s people arrived?”

“They’re there,” Benjamin answered. “They will meet up with us at the Golden Temple.”

“Who’s leading them?”

“Auster Moore.”

Sky stopped rotating the steel orbs in his hand as his eyes lit up.

The fleet consisted of almost twenty Land Rovers. Thankfully, it was still early outside and there weren’t many people on the street. If the public saw so many luxurious cars driving in a single file, god knows how much commotion this would cause.

Simultaneously, at the Golden Temple, the

morning bell chimed. That iron-headed monk was knocking his sturdy head against the large metal bell to ring it.

However, the morning chimes today were slightly different from usual. They sounded hastier and longer!

Clemence had gotten up very early this morning. Or rather, he hadn't slept at all. This morning, he had changed into his abbot's robes and held the abbot's staff as he kneeled before Buddha's statue in prayer.

In the great hall, all three hundred disciples of the Golden Temple were assembled. Today was most definitely a unique and important day for them.

The Golden Temple had imprisoned a demon for ten years. For the past ten years,



this was the only thing the temple focused on. And today was the last day of this ten-year imprisonment.

However, due to their compassionate nature, none of the three-hundred monks felt at ease. If this ten-year seclusion had not helped Sachin rid the evil in his heart, once he left the pagoda, the martial arts community in the southern region would face another bloodbath.

Nevertheless, the Golden Temple had tried. What was to happen next would be out of their hands. Even when Harrison was still here, he could barely win against Sachin. What's more, Harrison was no longer here.

“Venerable Sir, dawn is here,” the four elders of Golden Temple announced softly as they approached Clemence.

Clemence got up, left the hall, and with the four elders and three hundred monks accompanying him, arrived at the Golden Pagoda.

Sunlight had been shining down this morning. But when Clemence and his people reached the tower, there was suddenly a gathering of dark clouds above the pagoda, blocking the sunlight away from this area.

The skies immediately became dark.

Clemence stood before the pagoda and glanced at the ominous clouds above.

Putting his palms together in prayer, he chanted 'Amitabha'.

The ten years had been fulfilled, and Sachin's release was imminent. Yet, dark clouds were hovering above them. This was not a

good sign.

The three hundred monks stood with Clemence at the square before the pagoda. Then, a wave of chanting could be heard, lasting for a full fifteen minutes. Finally, when the chanting was done, the square fell into silence. There were only whistles of the wind blowing, and sounds of the three hundred monks' beating hearts.

At that moment, every monk, including Clemence, couldn't help but feel anxious. Quite a few of them even displayed fear in their expressions. It was as if a peerless demon was about to awaken from its seal and burst out of the Golden Pagoda.

Just then, the large bell chimed once more. One of the Golden Temple's elders approached Clemence again and urged, “



Venerable Sir, it's time.”

Clemence heaved a deep sigh. Looking at the large doors ahead, he ordered, “Open the pagoda!”

## Chapter 628 All Hail Sachin Taylor

Two monks about 190cm tall with buff bodies jogged over to the doors of the Golden Pagoda. Following loud creaking sounds, the pagoda's doors were opened.

Immediately, a gust of wind swept over the Golden Temple as ominous clouds shrouded the skies once more, painting a demonic scene.

From inside the tower came the crisp clinking sounds of two metal chains being forcefully snapped apart. Then, the sound of metal chains rustling against the ground could be heard as a tall and muscular silhouette slowly emerged from the pagoda.

Before the man even appeared, just the

world.

Cling... Clang...

The metal chains as thick as a child's arm were dragging behind Sachin. These chains were not meant for holding down his limbs. At the front end of these metal chains, there were scythe-shaped metal hooks that were positioned at his shoulder blades.

After ten years, the metal hooks seemed to have merged with Sachin's flesh, so from afar, it looked like two metal chains were growing out of his shoulder blades.

These two metal chains hadn't been fastened by the monks of the Golden Temple. Had it been them who did so, they wouldn't have been so ruthless as to let the metal hooks pierce into Sachin's shoulder



sound of the slithering chains was enough to make many monks present hold their breaths. Out of fear, many of them refused to even look at the tower's entrance.

Finally, the man akin to a demon came out of the pagoda. Even if he had been imprisoned inside the Golden Pagoda for ten years, the man's build remained tall and striking. Despite having not seen sunlight for so many years, his gaze remained vigorous and enthusiastic.

Sachin Taylor was approaching fifty this year. Ten years ago, he was crowned as the most diabolical existence in the southern region's martial arts community. That resulted in his imprisonment in the Golden Pagoda for a decade.

Today, the demon returned to the mortal

blades.

This was a feature requested by Sachin himself. When the Golden Temple forged these two metal chains as per his request, he was the one who pierced the hooks around his shoulder blades.

Although Sachin was deemed a demon, in a way, he was a man of his word. A man among men. A loss was a loss, and he accepted it. After being defeated by Harrison at Dunham Lake, Sachin willingly had his shoulder blades hooked, and entered the Golden Pagoda to be imprisoned for ten years.

For a decade, the Golden Pagoda's doors had never been locked. Because if Sachin wanted to leave, with Harrison gone, no one could stop him. But Sachin never left. Instead, he

kept his word and willingly accepted his punishment.

Now that the ten years were up, Sachin Taylor was back!

Walking up to the pagoda's entrance, he slowly raised his head and looked at the dark clouds above the skies.

His lips curled into a relieved grin. "Ahh..."

Extending both arms, Sachin stretched, just like how the legendary monkey king did after being crushed under a mountain for five hundred years.

"It has been ten years. Finally... I'm free... Haaaa!!!"

There was an explosive roar and the entire Golden Temple quivered under Sachin's



domineering voice.

Up ahead, the three hundred monks were shuddering on the inside. This man was too horrifying. His roar seemed to have shaken the heavens, and the dark clouds above immediately dispersed to allow a ray of sunlight to illuminate Sachin's being.

Holding both hands up, Sachin grabbed the two metal chains and then slowly pulled the metal hooks out of his shoulder blades, bit by bit.

Followed by squelching sounds, blood splattered out. Even Clemence was frowning hard as he watched this scene.

Roar!!!

There was another ear-splitting roar. Both metal hooks were forcibly pulled out of

lost to Harrison. Now that the ten years are up, I have nothing to do with the Golden Temple anymore.”

Having said that, Sachin continued forward, heading for the temple’s gates. All three hundred monks held their breaths, not daring to even breathe too loudly.

Meanwhile, the Land Rovers were already waiting outside the Golden Temple. The vehicles’ doors were open, with almost a hundred people lined up outside them, waiting for Sachin to come out.

Finally, the temple’s gates opened, and Sachin, whose chest was still drenched in blood, slowly came out with the temple’s elders in tow.

“Godfather!” Sky called out excitedly. With

Sachin's body before they were tossed to the ground. Blood gushed out, dyeing his upper body crimson. Yet, there wasn't a hint of pain in his expression, as if the man had no pain nerves.

Stepping forward, Sachin began walking. The three hundred monks all backed away to form a path for him. Clemence, who was dressed in the abbot's robes, approached Sachin with his palms held together.

After greeting Sachin with an 'Amitabha', Clemence said, "Mr. Taylor, now that you have left the pagoda, we hope that you will leave your days of killing behind and..."

"Shut it, monk. You're not qualified to preach to me," Sachin simply interrupted Clemence. "I was willing to be imprisoned in this Golden Pagoda for ten years because I



the Three Aces and Six Directors behind him, he hastened over to receive Sachin.

Immediately, a chorus of greetings resonated in the sky.

“Congratulations, Godfather, on leaving the pagoda.”

“Congratulations, Sachin Taylor, on leaving the pagoda.”

When Sky noticed Sachin’s bleeding shoulders, he frowned hard and flared up in anger. “What have you monks done? How dare you?!” he yelled.

He seemed to have assumed that Sachin’s current state had been caused by the monks of the Golden Temple. He was even prepared to order the demolition of the temple.

But, Sachin stopped him. “Shut up. My

injuries had nothing to do with the Golden Temple. We're going home!"

Sky nodded at once. Since Sachin had spoken, he dared not say more. Sky ordered his men to open one of the Land Rovers' doors and got in after Sachin. After that, everyone returned to their respective Land Rovers. The vehicles started and the fleet returned to where it came from, leaving the Golden Temple behind.

Inside the car, Sky looked nervous as he sat beside Sachin, while the latter looked indifferent, studying the scenery outside. After not seeing daylight for ten years, the world was such an unfamiliar place compared to his tower cell. Sachin seemed to be curious about everything outside.

"The world has changed too much," he

commented, staring at the buildings around.

Ten years' worth of change was indeed too great, but Sachin's ambitions had never wavered.

“Godfather, is your injury okay? I've been too careless to not bring a doctor with me,” said Sky.

Sachin smiled faintly. “This small injury isn't worth mentioning. But to make a quick and full recovery, I have to obtain the Golden Creation Elixir left by the Blythe family. Only with that can I regain my greatest form.”



## Chapter 629 Midway Interception

“The century-old Blythe Pharmacy in Strego City?” Sky Sullivan was stunned. “But Godfather, the Blythe family was wiped out ten years ago.”

“That’s right. I was the one who destroyed them,” Sachin Taylor replied. “So, their Golden Creation Elixir belongs to me.”

Sky quickly asked, “Where is that elixir now, Godfather? I’ll send someone to retrieve it this instant.”

“There’s no such need.” Sachin waved dismissively. “The elixir is with the blind man. You won’t be able to get it. I’ll go personally.”

Leaning back into his seat, Sachin closed his

eyes to rest. “Right, why isn’t Catherine Gibson here?”

Catherine Gibson was Lilia Gibson. Sachin and Zeppelin Wayne addressed her as Catherine, but ever since she became one of Great Sky Group’s Six Directors, Catherine changed her name to Lilia.

“Godfather, do you remember how she met a blade-user named Zeppelin Wayne back when she was in The Jade Willow?” Sky answered truthfully.

Sachin nodded. “I do recall something like that. I remember that Catherine planned to elope with that blade-user, but was stopped by my men under my orders. What? Has the blade-user returned?”

“Yes, Godfather. Not only has he returned,

but a group of powerful outsiders has also appeared in Strego City recently. They've destroyed the Saxton family, taken control of the Jones family, and I think their next target is our Great Sky Group and the entire southern region," Sky reported.

"Oh?" A glint flashed in Sachin's narrowed eyes. "And their leader is that blade-user?"

"No. Their leader is a young man named Tyr Summers. He's barely in his thirties this year, but he managed to defeat Master Clemence at Lake Ty not too long ago."

"Tyr Summers... Below thirty years old..." Sachin seemed to have recalled something. "Could he be the one who came to the Golden Temple a week ago, trying to barge into the Golden Pagoda?"

Seven days ago, Tyr had visited the Golden



Temple with the intention of barging into the pagoda. He ended up being held back by Clemence and the others. While Sachin couldn't see what was happening outside back then, his sensitive hearing helped him figure out what was going on out there.

“That’s the guy,” said Sky. “I have no idea where this guy came from, but I can be sure that he bears no good intention. Moreover, at such a crucial time, Lilia disclosed information about us coming to receive you at the Golden Temple. Godfather, she has betrayed you.”

Sachin’s gaze suddenly became ice-cold. Just shooting a glare at Sky was enough to make the latter feel as if he had been shoved in an ice pit.

“Godfather, I...”

“Sky Sullivan, don’t think about trying to scheme or plot right under my nose. You know my temper,” said Sachin in a chilling voice.

Sky quickly explained, “I know, Godfather. I’m not intentionally trying to defame Lilia. You can ask her about this in person once you return.

“For your return from the pagoda, I was sure there would be dangers in the process. I was only worried for your safety because that Tyr Summers shouldn’t be underestimated at all.”

“Tyr Summers...” Sachin had never seen Tyr’s face, before but an image of the younger man had formed in his mind.

Sachin chuckled. At his level, people like

him no longer feared challenges. To them, formidable enemies were an amusement.

The car suddenly fell silent. Sachin closed his eyes once more to rest. The fleet of Land Rovers continued forward until they reached a forest.

Bam!

There was a loud sound. A large rock came flying out of nowhere and smashed onto the Land Rover's windscreen. The enormous rock weighed at least fifty kilograms, and after smashing through the windshield, the driver almost died from the attack.

The car stopped, and the entire fleet following behind it halted as well.

Sachin, who had been resting, immediately opened his eyes.



Sky quickly said, “Godfather, your enemies of the past must have come here to seek revenge. But don’t worry, I’ve made the necessary arrangements. We can take care of this trash.”

Having said that, Sky got out of the car.

At that moment, silhouettes began to emerge from the trees around them. There were Caucasian faces and Oriental faces. Each person was emitting a dense murderous aura.

Ten years ago, Sachin’s ambitions had set the entire southern region in flames, annihilating many tribes, so he had accumulated many foes. Even after he was imprisoned in the Golden Pagoda, during the earlier stages, many experts of the south

would head to the Golden Temple to seek revenge. However, they were all chased away by the monks of the temple.

Once these people learned of the temple and the monks' strength, they stopped trying to seek Sachin out. Thus, many people had been waiting for this day—for the ten years to be up.

The day Sachin Taylor was released would be the day of their revenge.

Most of the assailants present were experts of the martial arts community who had been hiding for many years. Meanwhile, some of the wealthy people who weren't physically strong had paid hefty sums to hire assassins and mercenaries instead. Their goal today was to avenge their deceased family and friends by murdering Sachin.

In front of the fleet, a bulky man about two meters tall appeared. Following beside him were a man and a woman. The three of them were in their early thirties. The man was holding a curved blade, while the woman was holding a sword.

The muscular man was nicknamed Tarzan, naturally originating from his impressive physical strength. The man was named Lancelot Fyre, while the woman was Lucia Fyre. The two of them were siblings.

Many years ago, their family was quite famous in the southern region's martial arts world. But their tribe was then eliminated by Sachin, and during that time, these siblings were away for training so they managed to escape that tragedy.

Once they learned that it was Sachin who



annihilated their family, the siblings began developing themselves incessantly. Now that Sachin had been released from the tower, they could seek their revenge.

It was Tarzan who had tossed out that large rock earlier. He was Lancelot and Lucia's good friend. While he himself had no grudge against Sachin, since his good friends wanted revenge, Tarzan was lending them a hand.

Letting out a ferocious roar, Lancelot charged forward. "Sachin Taylor, ten years ago, you massacred my entire family. Today, I will take your head and offer it to my family, so that they may rest in peace!"

Up ahead, the experts of Great Sky Group held out their readily prepared weapons and blocked Lancelot's path.

Sounds of metal clinking could be heard. Lancelot swiftly struck one of the experts' weapons away, and after two more swings, the expert was sent flying.

Simultaneously, everywhere around them, the other assassins and experts appeared as well. There were dozens of people in total, and the two factions immediately broke into a bloody battle in this tiny forest.

## Chapter 630 Sachin Taylor, Prepare To Die

Sparks flew and blades clashed as the sounds of gunshots played in the background. A well-built man with a fighting stance similar to a praying mantis dashed through the crowd of Great Sky fighters, sending them flying as he charged toward Sachin Taylor's Land Rover.

Following beside him was another man in a black trench coat who wielded a machete. Swiftly swinging his blade, he was also headed for Sachin's Land Rover.

These two men were Mantis and Thomas Ziegler, whose names were previously mentioned on Green Dragon's boat. Which



naturally, Sky had enough confidence in them to think nothing of these attackers.

Inside his Land Rover, Sachin was still resting his eyes. Despite there being so many people after him, he seemed to be the most relaxed of everyone present. It was as if what was happening outside had nothing to do with him.

Just then, with the assistance of many comrades, Mantis and Thomas reached Sachin's Land Rover.

“James Martin!” Sky could be heard calling out.

James, who had just ended the lives of two attackers, darted over at lightning speed.

“Before you lay a finger on Sachin Taylor, you'll have to go through me,” James

meant that both men were also once-famous fighters in the martial arts community.

Aside from them, the people here to take Sachin's life were all quite powerful. Even the mercenaries weren't half bad.

The crowd of almost two hundred people broke out into a fight in this tiny forest. Screams resonated in the skies and murderous auras filled the air. The scene was a bloody mess.

Yet, no matter how many experts had come to kill Sachin, Sky Sullivan's group was prepared to take them down. The men who came with Sky to receive Sachin today were the strongest fighters of Great Sky Group. These men were expert fighters belonging to a first-rate tribe in the south, so

announced as he stood before the Land Rover, guarding the vehicle like he was the God of War.

Thomas and Mantis exchanged glances, then following a low growl, they charged at James.

Even with two against one, James showed no signs of losing. As expected of one of Great Sky Group's Three Aces, his battle prowess was not to be taken lightly.

Thomas swung his exceedingly sharp blade at him, but James caught it by hand instead. Feeling a shudder, Thomas inadvertently tried to pull his machete back, but was surprised to find that his blade was caught in a tight grip. He couldn't retrieve it at all.

After that, the sound of metal clinking could



be heard. Using the force of his powerful strength, James simply snapped Thomas's blade in two.

"How is this possible?" Thomas gasped.

Before he could even react, James had thrown a punch at his chest. That immeasurably brutal punch sent Thomas flying back.

As James battled Thomas, Mantis swiftly went around them and arrived at Sachin's Land Rover.

"Sachin Taylor, prepare to die," he announced.

Readying his Mantis Punch, Mantis easily smashed the Land Rover's windshield before extending his hand into the car, reaching for Sachin.

Mantis was considered to be a one of a kind expert in the martial arts community.

Sachin had just left the Golden Pagoda and pulled out two metal hooks from his shoulder blades, so he was quite heavily injured. Under normal circumstances, it was impossible for Sachin to have any strength left, hence Mantis was confident in his ability to kill him during this time.

However, the instant Mantis reached a hand inside, Sachin, who had been resting, abruptly opened his eyes. He could be seen casually lifting his hand to grab Mantis' fingers.

A forceful wave of energy spread from Mantis' palm up to his shoulder, as if he had been struck by an electric current. Following several cracking sounds, Mantis then felt

every bone in his entire arm shatter.

“How... is this possible?” Mantis refused to believe it.

Wasn't Sachin heavily injured? Why was he still so strong?

At this point, Mantis didn't care anymore. Letting out an explosive roar, he opened the vehicle's door with his other arm, ready to pounce at Sachin.

“Sachin Taylor, go to hell!”

Boom!!!

There was a loud noise from inside the car, and then, Mantis could be seen flying out like a kite without a string. In the air, Mantis' chest was a bloody mess, as if he had just been viciously hammered several times by a



steel hammer.

Spluttering blood and bleeding from every outlet, before he even fell to the ground, Mantis lost his life...

This scene was witnessed by many of the attackers around, and immediately, quite a few of them broke out in cold sweat.

What was going on? Mantis had been a renowned, prominent fighter in the martial arts community for the longest time. How could he be killed so easily? Sitting inside that car was Sachin Taylor, but wasn't he heavily injured? How could he still be so powerful?

Many people began having doubts. In fact, quite a few of them were frightened of Sachin ten years ago. With his release from

the tower, they had wanted to take this opportunity while he was weakened to finish him off. But who knew that after ten years, not only did Sachin remain formidable, but he had also gotten stronger as well.

Upon seeing this, Thomas' eyes widened. The second he fell into a daze, James smashed a punch into his head.

One could vaguely hear the sounds of Thomas' skull cracking when he got hit. Blood flowed from his nose and mouth, and then, Thomas fell to his knees with a loud thud.

Simultaneously, on another side, several overseas assassins were trying to get close to the Land Rover. They had assumed that their request was fairly easy, and their

paymaster had announced that as long as Sachin died, each of them could get a reward of fifty million dollars.

Tempted by the enormous sum, the assassins were exhilarated. But when the battle began, they realized how difficult it was to earn this reward. Each opponent was stronger than they had imagined, especially the Three Aces of Great Sky Group. Each one was more insane than the next.

In addition to this, even Great Sky Group's directors like Benjamin Llyod and Wilson Davis were top-class fighters.

Finally, one of the assassins collapsed mentally. "F\*ck! We've miscalculated. These people are stronger than we imagined. We can't kill Sachin Taylor. Let's retreat!"



They had no grudge against Sachin, and even if it was for money, they needed to be alive to spend it. Now that the mission endangered their lives, many assassins were prepared to retreat.

However, these assassins had just taken a few steps back when a man dressed in long robes and holding onto a long sword blocked their way.

## Chapter 631 Heated Battle

This man was one of Great Sky Group's Three Aces, Jason Garcia.

“For having the nerve to attempt murdering Sachin Taylor, you lot must be prepared to die,” he declared.

The murderous aura was clear in Jason's expression. With a slight swing of his sword, he whipped out a chain of sword skills, defeating an assassin in the blink of an eye.

The remaining assassins widened their eyes at this. In desperation, they banded together to charge at Jason. Yet, there was no substantial effect. To Jason, these so-called international assassins were like powerless children before him. Each slash took down a

person. In the short span of several breaths, the assassins around fell to the ground under Jason's blade.

Meanwhile, on another side, Lancelot Fyre and Lucia Fyre had defeated quite a few of Great Sky Group's fighters. They were also aiming for Sachin's Land Rover.

Lancelot was quick with his blade and his swings were powerful. With every swing, he managed to send one of his opponents flying.

However, Lancelot's swing was suddenly blocked off by someone. There was a loud 'clang' and Lancelot felt his thenar webspace go numb. A large force sent him stumbling backward.

"Who is it?" Lancelot stabilized himself



before looking up ahead to see Dean Young standing there, looking apathetic as he brandished two blades. “Double Blade Dean!”

Lancelot was also a known blade user in the south, so of course, he knew of Dean’s title.

“Dean, you’re a top-notch blade user in the south. To assist a tyrant in his deeds, aren’t you afraid that it might taint your name?” said Lancelot.

Dean snorted a laugh, impervious to Lancelot’s words. Assisting a tyrant in his deeds? Was Lancelot really trying to use moral coercion at a time like this?

“We all serve different masters and have different viewpoints. What’s wrong with that?”

Having said that, Dean swung his dual-blades at Lancelot. With a slash, Lancelot was forced back, and while he was blocking his opponent's left blade, Dean swung his right blade at Lancelot's abdomen.

It was a clean cut and blood splattered out. Lancelot held a hand to his stomach as his face contorted in agony.

“Brother...” Lucia exclaimed.

Brandishing her long sword, she came over to help Lancelot block Dean's second slash.

However, that attack sliced through Lucia's sword, while Dean's other blade slashed her chest open. In just several breaths, the Fyre siblings were heavily injured by Dean, and Lucia's wounds were even fatal.

Upon seeing this, Tarzan became flustered.

He picked up one of the Great Sky Group's fighters, and using the man as his weapon, he tossed the guy at Dean.

“Lancelot, Lucia, are you guys okay?”

Tarzan asked as he looked at Lucia, who was on the verge of death, and Lancelot, who was bleeding profusely.

“Tarzan, we won't be able to kill Sachin today. We've underestimated Great Sky Group's strength. Leave us and run, quickly.”

“Are you kidding me?” Tarzan simply straightened up, shielding the Fyre siblings behind him and putting on the appearance of a gate guardian.

Dean narrowed his eyes. With both blades ready at his sides, he charged at Tarzan. “



Get lost!”

Tarzan let out an explosive and deep roar as he tried to use his body to fend off Dean’s blades. “If you want to cut my friends, you’ll have to do it over my dead body.”

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At that moment, several SUVs were parked messily at the back of this forest. Dozens of people were standing in front of the vehicles, including Tyr Summers, Jermaine Leonard, Zeppelin Wayne, Torbert Octavius, and the full team of Wolf’s Den members.

They had been there for quite some time. Ever since the battle in the forest began, Tyr and his group had arrived, but they didn’t rush over. By now, Matthew Collins and the other wolf cubs were impatient.

“Master, what’s going on? They’re almost done over there so why can’t we attack yet? How long do you want us to wait?” asked Matthew.

His heated blood was surging in his veins. He wanted so much to charge over there right now to show off his impressive muscle power.

“What are you getting anxious for?” Tyr shot Matthew a lazy glance. “The real show hasn’t even begun yet, so why are you so jumpy?”

“The real show hasn’t begun?” Matthew rubbed the back of his head in confusion. “But they’re almost finished.”

“This is only the beginning,” Jermaine said with a smile as he toyed with the deck of

golden cards in his hands. “If these were the only people who wanted Sachin Taylor’s life, there would have been no need for Great Sky Group to prepare six months in advance.”

Matthew looked startled. “You mean, there are people who aren’t here yet?”

Narrowing his eyes, Tyr swiftly scanned several areas around the forest. “The truly powerful foes normally only appear at the end of the show.”

On a huge tree in these woods, a man with a naked upper body was squatting on a tree branch like a monkey as he stared fixedly down below.

Hidden within some bushes was a man dressed in camouflage attire. He laid on the



ground with a rifle positioned before him, carefully adjusting his aim.

Also, on another tree was an old man dressed like a farmer. Taking off his straw hat, he drew a sickle used for reaping crops from around his waist...

There were at least a dozen people like them hidden within the forest. They were the real threats to Great Sky Group.

Tyr stretched lazily as he watched the battle in the woods. Finally, his gaze rested on Tarzan and Lancelot's group.

"Uncle Wayne, that's Dean Young, isn't it?" Tyr asked, pointing to the dual-blade user who was attacking Tarzan.

"That's right," Zeppelin answered.

Tyr nodded and continued, "That woman's

chest has been slashed open, she won't be able to make it. But the guy and that bulky man can still be saved. Can you hold Dean back for me?"

"I can."

Without another word, Zeppelin rushed over with his Dragon Blade.

Turning to Torbert, Tyr added, "I'm fond of those two. Go and save them for me."

"F\*ck! Have I really become your f\*cking nanny?" replied an annoyed Torbert, flipping a middle finger at Tyr before charging in that direction.

Over at the forest, Tarzan had been slashed six times now, but his will remained unbending. Despite his state, he was still giving his all to shield Lancelot and Lucia

without retreating, nor letting himself fall.



## Chapter 632 Long Time No See, Dean Young

At that moment, Lucia Fyre died from excessive blood loss. Lancelot Fyre held his sister tight. He could not cry, but from his facial expression, it was clear that he was in pain.

“Such a stubborn kid,” muttered Dean Young.

He felt a sense of admiration towards Tarzan, and was even tempted to let him go. However, they each had their own master’s orders to carry out. Dean could not afford to be merciful. Lifting his double blades, he prepared himself to end Tarzan’s life.

Just then, a figure suddenly flashed by.

Something shiny and strong slashed in front of Dean, making him step back.

Dean stopped his movements and frowned. “Who’s there?”

“Long time no see, Dean Young.” Smiling, Zeppelin lifted his Dragon Blade and pointed it at Dean. “Do you remember me?”

There was a hint of confusion on Dean’s face. It wasn’t until Zeppelin ripped open his shirt to reveal the cross-shaped scar on his chest that Dean reacted.

“So, it’s you...” Dean smiled. “Yeah, long time no see.”

“I have waited for this day for ten years. Dean, let’s fight now. How about that?” said Zeppelin.

Before Dean could even answer, Zeppelin

rushed towards him with his Dragon Blade in hand.

While Dean and Zeppelin were fighting, Tarzan could not hold out any longer and fell to the ground. However, just before he hit the ground, someone grabbed him. This person was none other than Torbert Octavius.

“Who are you?” Tarzan asked, pointing at Torbert in shock.

“Your lifesaver,” Torbert answered before easily lifting Tarzan onto his shoulder.

“Put me down. Save my friend,” Tarzan pleaded.

Without putting Tarzan down, Torbert looked at Lancelot and said, “That girl is already dead. If you want to avenge her, try



to stay alive, and we will help you.”

Having said that, Torbert then carried Tarzan towards the direction of Tyr and the others. On the way, quite a number of fighters tried to stop the pair, but Torbert easily defeated them all.

At that moment, it was as if Lancelot suddenly thought of something. Gritting his teeth, he picked Lucia up and followed behind Torbert.

At the same time, many figures suddenly appeared from all directions.

The man who had been squatting on a tree suddenly threw a bunch of flying knives, easily killing two of Great Sky Group’s men. He then leaped from the tree and joined the ongoing fight in the forest.

Meanwhile, the old man holding a sickle and disguised as a farmer made his move as well. Suddenly rushing out of his hiding spot, he slashed the chest of one of Great Sky Group's fighters, breaking that person's bones into pieces.

Also, Matthew and the rest of Wolf's Den joined the fight too. Each and every one of the members was like a hungry wolf, their blood was boiling and they were eager to fight.

"It's time," said Tyr, stretching as he got up and left with Jermaine in tow.

Tyr then met up with Torbert as the latter was leaving the battlefield, and passed a small, black bottle to him. "Put them in the car and apply medicine on their wounds,

then come help us. We must defeat Sachin today or we will have trouble in the future.”

“Okay.”

With that succinct response, Torbert picked up his pace and carried Tarzan to the car.

Meanwhile Lancelot, who was behind Torbert, was shocked and confused when Tyr and the rest of Wolf’s Den appeared. He did not understand how and where these strong looking people came from.

With Tyr’s group as well as the experts who had been hiding in the forest joining the fray, Great Sky Group’s men were having trouble fighting back.

Sky Sullivan frowned as he noticed the situation was getting out of hand. “Cease the fight, let’s leave!”



Sky then walked towards the Land Rover and opened the car door. “Godfather, Tyr and his people came, as well as a bunch of enemy families. You should get out of the car, I will protect you as we escape.”

Nodding his head lightly, Sachin slowly and calmly got out of the car. As soon as he did so, James Martin and Jason Garcia immediately rushed over. They flanked Sachin on either side to protect him.

At the same time, a few of Great Sky Group’s high-ranked fighters immediately rushed over as well and surrounded Sachin for added protection.

“Sachin is over there, full speed ahead!”

Immediately locking onto Sachin’s position, Matthew and the others rushed towards him

like madmen. However, before they could even reach him, over ten of Great Sky Group's men blocked their path.

Simultaneously, in the distance, the man with flying knives and the man wielding the sickle were rushing towards Sachin as a team.

These two people were strong, the fighters from Great Sky Group were nothing to them. Within a second, they had already broken through Sachin's line of defense and were about five meters or less away from him.

The veins on Sky's head were about to pop. He quickly ordered James and Jason to attack, "Stop them."

Just then, Sachin suddenly ordered, "Stop, let me do this."

at Sachin in anger. “Sachin, you still remember me. Today, I will send you to hell.”

Sachin did not recognise the other guy who wielded the flying blades. However, when that person saw Sachin, his eyes were unquestionably full of anger. This guy had bad blood with Sachin as well.

As per Sachin’s orders, James and Jason stood back. At that moment Elias Sullivan, Benjamin Lloyd, and the other directors of Great Sky Group came over.

Meanwhile, Dean and Zeppelin were still battling each other. Zeppelin was fighting with all his might against Dean, however, Dean was not paying attention to the fight. After all, he was here to protect Sachin, not have a sh\*tty duel with Zeppelin.



Sky, James, and Jason were shocked and taken aback.

“Godfather, you should leave this to James and Jason. You’re still injured,” said Sky.

“No... let me do this. It has been a long time since I’ve felt what it’s like to kill someone. I ’m excited.”

By the time he finished his sentence, Sachin had already walked towards the two men who attacked him.

With a smile, Sachin spoke to the man holding the sickle and wearing a straw hat, “If I remember correctly, you’re that farmer. I remember when I went to challenge you years ago, you did not accept the duel. So, I killed your brother, wife, and daughter.”

The old farmer’s eyes went red as he looked

## **Chapter 633 I Have Been Looking Forward To Meeting You, Sachin Taylor**

That was why, as Zeppelin and Dean were fighting, they were moving in Sachin's direction.

Just then, the man with the flying knives immediately started sending a row of knives flying towards Sachin, while the farmer rushed towards Sachin with the sickle in hand.

“It has been so long since I've killed someone. Ten years... it really, really has been a long time.”

Having said that, Sachin easily grabbed the flying knives headed for him, and quickly

dodged the sickle. As the rumors said, he moved at faster-than-light speeds. In an instant, he appeared in front of the man who threw the knives.

Before the man could even react, he realized that his neck had already been stabbed by a flying knife.

“This...”

The man’s eyes went wide. They stayed like that even in death, signifying how he could not understand how Sachin had killed him.

Pupils dilated, the farmer swung his sickle at Sachin. His swings were fast, but no matter how fast they were, they were nothing in Sachin’s eyes.

“With such measly strength, you want to kill me? Who gave you this courage?!”



Sachin roared as he broke through the farmer's swings and punched him in the chest.

Bang!

The farmer flew backwards, and he was dead before he could even hit the ground.

Sky, James, and Jason, who were behind Sachin, were all left speechless. Even though Sachin had been sealed in the Golden Temple for ten years, and was currently gravely injured, his strength was still extremely terrifying. Just like the devil.

At that moment, a man dressed in camouflage attire was crawling through the grass. Less than twenty meters away, his gun was aimed at Sachin. From a sniper's perspective, at this distance, one would have

a hundred percent chance of accurately sniping a target.

So, at first, the man was extremely confident. However, he suddenly lost his confidence and felt discouraged.

Taking a deep breath, he positioned his body accordingly. At this close distance, he did not need to calculate the speed of the bullet or any other such things. All he needed to do was aim at Sachin and pull the trigger, and Sachin would surely die.

“Sachin Taylor, I will send you to hell now.”

Gritting his teeth, the man pulled the trigger

...

Bang!

A loud sound that sounded like fireworks

was heard. Leaving behind a trail of smoke coming from the gun, the bullet shot through the sky, heading straight for Sachin.

The man watched through the scope, feeling like he could practically already see Sachin's head bursting into pieces. However, he suddenly froze! What he saw was not the bullet going through Sachin's head, but a flying knife coming towards him instead.

Bang!

Shooting straight through the scope and the sniper's eyes, the knife pierced all the way through his head and ended up embedded in a thick tree behind him. The sniper's body shook, and then proceeded to fall flat on the ground.

The bullet he had shot was aimed at Sachin,



however, it went right past its target and killed the fighter behind him.

From a distance away, Tyr and Jermaine had witnessed the scene.

“He was less than twenty meters within a sniper’s range, yet he could dodge that bullet. Boss, can you do that?” asked Jermaine.

Even Jermaine was shocked by what he had just seen. He did not expect that there would be someone like this in the south.

With his lips slightly raised, Tyr answered with absolute confidence in his voice, “Would you believe me if I told you I can catch that bullet?”

As he finished his sentence, Tyr lifted his fist and threw a punch, sending a strong

fighter flying over ten meters away.

At the same time, Matthew and the other Wolf's Den members were gathering towards Tyr. Torbert had even caught up to them. As a group, they sent countless fighters from Great Sky Group flying as they closed in on Sachin.

Sky felt pressured when he saw Tyr and the rest approaching like hungry tigers. "It's Tyr and his people, stop them."

They were coming over with great speed. Immediately, Benjamin Lloyd, Wilson Davis, Jude Sanchez, and the other directors of Great Sky Group stood at the front to block Tyr's group. At the same time, Dean had managed to escape from Zeppelin and rushed over.

With the major fighters of Great Sky Group

fling James away. As Jason and Dean witnessed this scene, they went numb. Why did they feel like Tyr was as strong as Sachin? The pair then tried to attack him along with the other Great Sky Group fighters, however, they were stopped by Torbert and Jermaine.

Tyr took this opportunity to approach Sachin, killing whoever tried to stop him along the way.

Eight meters... Six meters... Five meters...

When Tyr was about three meters away, Sky roared and tried to stop him. All Tyr did in response was throw a single punch. It was as if he was a battle god—no matter who was in front of him, he only needed one punch to defeat them.

As Tyr's fist was about to reach Sky, Sachin



gathered in front, they firmly stopped Matthew and the rest of Wolf's Den in their tracks.

“Clear a path for me,” Tyr ordered.

Torbert and Jermaine instantly rushed over with speed. Torbert knocked Jude aside with a single punch, while Jermaine flung out his golden playing cards. Having managed to rush over as well, Zeppelin swung his sword and easily sliced off an arm of one of the Great Sky Group's fighters.

“Stop him!” Sky roared.

James was the first one who stepped out in an attempt to stop Tyr.

“Scram!” snapped Tyr.

A single punch from Tyr was all it took to

immediately grabbed Sky away and threw a punch of his own.

Bang!

The loud sound tore a crack in the sky as the two strong fighters' fists hit each other. The amount of strength from both sides was tremendous.

Sachin pulled Sky back a few steps, while Tyr only retreated by one step. Tyr had won this round of clashing fists, but Sachin was still injured and could not assert his full potential.

When their eyes met, Sachin's held a flash of terror, while in Tyr's, there was a hint of surprise!

“So, you are Tyr Summers.” Sachin looked at Tyr. “The young man who defeated

Clemence and proceeded to raid the Golden Temple.”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded. “Sachin, I’ve been looking forward to finally meeting you.”



## Chapter 634 The Southern Emperor, Auster Moore

“Haha, you came to kill me today?” asked Sachin.

“That’s right,” replied Tyr, smiling while nodding. Without hesitation, he continued, “I want to rule the south, so you must die tonight.”

“Haha, young people nowadays have such courage and confidence. I like it. However, you cannot kill me today. I am very happy, you are the best present the gods have given me since I was released from the tower. Tyr, I look forward to meeting you next time.”

Having said that, Sachin then ignored Tyr. He turned around and calmly walked

towards the back, as if Tyr was of no consequence to him.

Frowning, Tyr was about to chase after Sachin when a figure suddenly flashed in front of Tyr and blocked him.

This figure looked like a young man around twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. He wore black clothes, had short hair, a handsome face, and was emitting a radiant aura. This aura did not match his age. He was not even thirty, yet he could emit such a glorious aura.

Next to this young man was a group of fighters. They were wearing golden battle suits, and each of them had a strong aura.

“The Southern Emperor, Auster Moore.”

While Tyr was still trying to figure out who

these people were, one of Sachin's pursuers said that name out loud in shock. The person's voice was full of terror.

“Sachin has connections with the Moore family! This is bad, behind him is the Moore family's Twenty-Three Golden Garrison.”

Auster Moore, the number one strongest fighter from the Moore family. They were one of the most prominent and famous modern families in the south. Every one of their fighters were talented and had received training since young. They were almost as strong as Tyr.

Meanwhile, the Moore family's Twenty-Three Golden Garrison was made up of the best of the best fighters in the family. They were even considered as the strongest group in the south.



Who would have thought that the Moore family was so closely connected to Sachin Taylor, to the point that they had even sent Auster Moore and the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison to pick him up after he was released from the tower.

“Stop them.”

At Auster’s order, the golden garrison immediately took action. Even though not even half of the garrison had come cover, they were still able to show off their tremendous combat powers that could make people go numb.

Around ten of these people were enough to stop Zeppelin, Jermaine, Matthew, and the rest of Wolf’s Den.

Tyr frowned. It was like he could see himself

in this Auster guy.

In a way, Auster and Tyr were indeed very similar. Their ages were similar, both were talented fighters, and both had the power to conquer the world. These types of people were called evildoers. Tyr was considered one, as was Dark Shura, and now Auster Moore as well.

On the other side, Sachin had already gone quite far under the protection of Sky and the rest. There were a few cars already parked in the distance, the ones that Auster had prepared for Sachin. Sky had already helped Sachin open one of the car doors.

At that moment, Tyr knew his operation of killing Sachin today would be a failure!

However, even though the situation had

come to this, he did not want to give up. Yet, before he could even go after Sachin, Auster had already attacked him.

Auster was known as the Moore family's top genius, and was even dubbed The Southern Emperor. This was no mere title. Tyr could feel the explosive strength in Auster's punch. Clemence's strength could not even be compared to this.

Tyr panicked as he watched Sachin getting into the car. In order to get rid of Sachin, he would first need to defeat Auster.

Immediately, Tyr did not waste any time and rushed towards Auster like a bullet.

The two clashed. Both of them had lightning fast speed. Their bodies were emitting so much explosive power that the people around them felt as if it was a tornado.



This scene shocked everyone in the area.

In a corner, some men of the golden garrison shouted out in shock, “Where did this guy come from, how can he be on par with Auster?”

No matter which fighter, Auster was revered by everyone in the Moore family. Even the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison thought of him as a godly existence.

Auster was currently twenty-nine years old, and he had made a name for himself when he was only thirteen. Even famous strong fighters in the martial arts community could not last even three moves against him.

If Sachin had not been sealed in the Golden Pagoda ten years ago, Auster had even planned to fight him. But now, a young man

named Tyr had appeared, who could match up to Auster's level. This Tyr looked younger than Auster as well.

At the same time, Torbert and Jermaine were very shocked as well. They knew Tyr's full potential and saw him as a real-life fantasy being. In their eyes, no one could beat Tyr.

However, at the moment, Auster and Tyr were on par with each other. His title as The Southern Emperor was not just for show.

Tyr and Auster sped up their attacks, both giving their all to kill the other. Right then, Tyr managed to break through Auster's defenses and immediately rained down a flurry of punches. His fists were pounding against Auster's chest non stop.

Bang, bang, bang...

Each of Tyr's punches could easily break a metal board, but even that wasn't enough to kill Auster. If he had been fighting anyone else, that person would already have been destroyed by Tyr.

Having been pushed back a few steps, Auster quickly tried to stabilize his body. Tyr's final punch managed to smash him until a surge of blood was about to come out of his mouth. Feeling the blood coming up his throat, Auster immediately gulped it back down.

Forcing himself to keep the blood from coming back up, Auster let out a roar as he threw a punch. It clashed with Tyr's fist, and Auster was pushed back a few steps, while Tyr hardly moved.

In the distance, Sachin had already left.



Noticing this, Auster looked at Tyr with a faint smile on his face.

“You’re strong, you’re stronger than me,” said Auster in a heavy voice. “However, the next time we meet, I will definitely be able to kill you.”

Auster then turned around and escaped.

Having noticed him leaving, the golden garrison stopped fighting with Wolf’s Den and followed him. These people were very organized, no matter if they were attacking or leaving, they left quickly and in an orderly manner.

## Chapter 635 Sachin Taylor Escaped

“Chase...”

The eyes of Matthew and the others were red. They were unsatisfied as Auster, Sachin, and the rest had escaped, and wanted to chase after them. However, they were stopped by Tyr.

“Stop,” Tyr ordered.

No one dared refute and they all halted.

“Master, are we just letting them escape? This will be a cloud on the horizon for us,” said Matthew.

Tyr stared at him in slight shock. “Since when did you learn idioms?”

When Matthew didn't reply, Tyr simply waved his hands and said, "There's no need to go after them, it's too late to do so anyway. Let's go back."

Tyr then turned around and left the battlefield.

At the moment, a few of Great Sky Group's men were still fighting against Sachin's pursuers. However, since Sachin had already left, these people had no need to stay here any longer. Actually, the battle had already reached a certain point. Many fighters had been killed by Great Sky Group's forces, and the remaining fighters were exhausted.

Great Sky Group could be considered the victor of this battle.

By the time Tyr returned to their cars,



Tarzan and Lancelot had already tended to their own wounds. Both men looked very weak, and Tarzan had long since fainted.

“You really want to keep them?” asked Torbert.

“Yes.” Tyr nodded. “Wolf’s Den needs people like them. I saw their potential. So, if you have time, find me more people like them.”

“I am not your babysitter.” Curling his lips, Torbert walked over to Matthew and pointed at Tarzan. “Matthew, your master found you a new toy. Do you like it?”

“Yes, I do, hehe...”

Tarzan’s strength was similar to Matthew’s, and their potential was about the same as well. Matthew had been having trouble

another Wolf's Den member took Lucia's body away. Lancelot was about to stop them out of reflex, but he suddenly thought of something and decided to retract his hand.

"Only by knowing when to let go will you be able to turn your anger into strength," said Tyr as he got into one of the cars.

Once they were back at Wolf's Den, Tyr helped Lancelot and Tarzan tend to their wounds. He then stayed in Wolf's Den for a while. In the evening, he left with Zeppelin and Jermaine and headed back to the villas at West Lake.

In the car, it was quiet for quite a while before Tyr finally broke the silence, "Uncle Wayne, how do you feel after fighting Dean once more?"

"Compared to last time, he's stronger now,"

finding someone to be his friendly rival, so this was the best present for him. Now that Tyr had found him a new practice partner, Matthew would be able to put in more effort when training.

“Let’s go back to Wolf’s Den. We need to help these two clean their wounds, otherwise they will die,” said Tyr.

“What about her?” Torbert pointed at Lucia, who was in Lancelot’s arms.

Tyr was silent for a while before turning his gaze to Lancelot. “From today onwards, your life is mine. Who is this girl?”

“My sister,” Lancelot replied.

“I will help you first bury her, then avenge her,” Tyr declared.

At the wave of Tyr’s hands, Ashblood and



Zeppelin replied.

“Do you have confidence?”

“No, I do not. However, I can get rid of him.”

“Okay.” With a final nod, Tyr dropped the topic.

From a corner, Jermaine asked, “What about Sachin? Also, what about Auster? Why did he give me a similar feeling as Dark Shura?”

“Sachin is like a mature tiger, while Auster is like a young and strong tiger. The both of them are not easy to go against,” Tyr said.

“You already clashed with them once, they are not your opponents,” Jermaine retorted.

Tyr continued, “Sachin was horribly injured.

As for that Auster, he never fought me seriously to begin with. Our fight this time was just a test. That's the real style of southern fighters. The fights are only going to get harder, and our next move will be more difficult as well."

Jermaine and Zeppelin got serious. "Then, what should we do next?"

"Just be prepared. With Sachin out of the tower, and the Moore family's intervention, a big fight will happen soon," said Tyr.

"Boss, are you confident in winning this fight?" asked Jermaine.

Tyr smiled. "In this universe, there is no such thing as a hundred percent guarantee. However, do you think this battle is far worse than our fight with Shadow Totem all

those years ago?”

At that, Jermaine sighed. Indeed, after experiencing so much, Tyr and the others had already developed an iron heart. After all, the battle with Shadow Totem had been such a tragic one. Having managed to overcome such a devastating battle, this battle in the south was nothing compared to that.

So, what did this battle even count for?

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At the same time, on a sixty-six storey building by the southern sea.

Green Dragon was holding a shirt with a big green dragon on the back, looking out at the vast sea. The waves were crashing, just like his racing heartbeat that was unable to slow.



Green Dragon did not know when he started to like standing at this spot and looking at the sea, nor did he know what he was thinking.

Just then, Julio Morgan's voice rang through the intercom, "Boss, Sachin Taylor escaped."

"Okay," Green Dragon answered calmly, not saying another word.

Shocked, Julio said, "Boss, your response is so calm. Do you not want to know what happened? Tyr and the rest went there, even Auster of the Moore family was present. Also ..."

Before Julio could even finish his report, Green Dragon cut him off, "The process is not important, what's important is the final

results.

“Once the battle is finally over, it will be Six Doors’ turn to deal with the aftermath. This battle will only get more extreme from now on. Julio, remember what Six Doors should do now.”

Julio quickly replied, “Understood, boss. Tyr and his group just left. Some of our people have already gone over. Don’t worry, there won’t be any conflicts, I know how to handle this.”

“That’s good.” Green Dragon then shut off the intercom. Standing in the same spot, he looked out at the vast sea again and took a deep breath. “Holy Tiger, your days of freedom are going to end soon.”

## Chapter 636 In The End, You Still Became A Traitor

In the east side of Strego City, there was a very large estate.

Its design was old, dating back ten years. No one had lived here all these years, however, someone came by every day to clean the place. That was why, even after ten years, the place was still spotless.

A row of cars drove up. Getting out of one of them, Sachin walked into the estate under the guidance of Sky and the others. This estate was where Sachin lived ten years ago, and it had been empty from the moment he was locked up in the Golden Pagoda.

Walking into the estate, Sachin walked



towards the direction of the living room. Even after ten years, this place had not changed one bit. A row of people followed Sachin into the living room. He took a seat on a tiger-skin chair, and a sense of familiarity hit him as he stroked the tiger's fur.

The voices of Sky and the other members of Great Sky Group rang out as they celebrated.

“Congratulations on your freedom, Godfather.”

“Congratulations on your freedom, Sachin.”

Sachin's face showed no emotion. At that moment, Auster and some of the members of the golden garrison came over.

“Congratulations, Sachin, for being able to see the sky again,” said Auster, bowing

respectfully.

He did not have any special respect for Sachin. Having reached an incredible level of power at such a young age, Auster had never thought highly of anyone.

“Moore family’s genius, thank you for helping me stop my enemies. After a few days, when I’ve finished some business, I will personally visit the Moore family,” said Sachin.

“Alright,” Auster replied. “Since my task is done, I will take my leave.”

“It looks like you are injured. Do you want to stay here for a few days to recuperate?” asked Sachin.

“There is no such need.”

Having said that, Auster turned around and

left the living room with the golden garrison members in tow.

From the moment Auster entered to the moment he left, his eyes remained locked onto Sachin. He didn't even spare a glance for Sky Sullivan, who was beside Sachin. Auster emitted a proud aura, as if, in all his life, this young man had never respected anyone.

Elias could not help but quietly mumble, “What are you so proud of, f\*cker!”

Even though he had spoken very softly, Auster, who was already over ten meters away, stopped in his tracks. He turned around and looked at Elias. Instantly, Elias felt like a monster had set eyes on him. He could not help but shiver.

From that glance, Elias realized how scary



this person was. He knew that if he said more, Auster would not hesitate to kill him on the spot. Perhaps for Sachin's sake, Auster showed some leniency. Without bothering Elias, he simply turned around and left.

Sky shot a glare at Elias. If the latter was not his own younger brother, Sky would have thrown that brainless guy into the sea to feed the fishes.

“Everyone, leave. Let Catherine have an audience with me.”

“Yes, Sachin.”

Everyone immediately left as fast as they could.

Not long after, Lilia walked into the living room. “Master, congratulations on leaving

the tower.”

Sachin looked at Lilia. After ten years, she was still the same shining person.

At the wave of Sachin’s hand, signalling her to approach, she quickly walked over to him. “Master, you still have fresh blood on your body. Why did you not ask the doctor to help you bandage your injuries?”

“You do it,” Sachin answered.

Lilia dared not disobey. Immediately bringing over a clean towel and some needles, she sewed up his injuries. His wounds were deep, they were still bleeding even now. A normal person would definitely need to go to the hospital.

However, Sachin was not a normal person—he was abnormal.

Since the earlier years when Lilia had been by Sachin's side, he would always get injured, and she would tend to his injuries. Ten years later, Lilia's skills had not diminished, nor would they ever.

She was fully focused as she helped Sachin bandage his injuries. She dared not lose her concentration... that is, until Sachin opened his mouth.

“That Zeppelin kid, he came to find you?”

Lilia's calm hands suddenly shook, and the needle she was holding stabbed into Sachin. He frowned.

“I'm sorry, Master, I hurt you.”

“Answer my question.”

“Yes... Master!” Lilia took a deep breath, she



dared not hide anything from Sachin. “

Master, he indeed came back. I went to see him at Tempest Pavillion.”

“You went to tell him that Sky and the others would come to the Golden Pagoda to get me, and also to tell Tyr to prepare to kill me?”

Heart trembling, Lilia immediately fell to her knees before Sachin. “Master, I did not have that thought. All I did was tell Zeppelin to leave Strego City, and to not engage into a fight with you, because they are no match for you.”

“So, in the end, you still became a traitor.”

Sachin suddenly stood up and grabbed Lilia’s neck, lifting her up into the air. His wound that she had just sealed opened again and

will he repay your feelings?”

Having said that, Sachin did not look at Lilia any longer and immediately left the living room. Outside, Sky and Elias were standing guard.

“Watch her. Without my permission, not even a strand of her hair is allowed to leave the estate,” Sachin ordered.

Eyes shining, Elias quickly replied, “Sachin, let me handle this. I promise I won’t even let a single hair of hers leave this place.”

Sachin glanced at Elias. Though he did not reply, his silence was considered an approval.

A happy Elias quickly thanked him, “Thank you, Sachin.”

When Elias happily walked into the living

blood spurted out.

“Catherine Gibson, you should know best what happens to people who betray me.”

“Master... I...”

Lilia’s face went red. She could feel herself losing her breath, but she could not fight back. Regarding this matter, she had indeed done something against Sachin. So, if he were to kill her here and now, she had no right to blame him.

However, Sachin let her go.

Lilia fell to the ground, holding her neck as she coughed. “I’m sorry, Master...”

“This matter cannot be solved with just an apology. However, I’m curious... Since you’ve betrayed me for this Zeppelin guy, how



room, Lilia was standing in the middle of the room. As Sachin had ordered this area to be her cage, she dared not leave it.

## Chapter 637 A Blind, Old Man

Elias Sullivan strode in with a wicked smile and glanced at Lilia Gibson. “Lilia, Sachin has given his orders. I will be the one guarding you from here on out.

“I knew that once Sachin returned, you wouldn’t be able to live such a leisurely life. Now that you’ve offended him, I’m afraid your days are numbered,” he gloated whilst smirking at Lilia. He used his fingertips to grab her chin.

However, Lilia slapped his hand away and followed up with a slap to his face. “Elias Sullivan, do you want to die?”

Holding his face, a look of anger and ferocity crossed Elias’ countenance. “You

watchdog. I don't mind. You can stand guard if you wish.”

Elias gritted his teeth and murmured in a cold voice, “Lilia Gibson, one day, I will make you lie in my bed like a proper wh\*re.”

Outside, Sky Sullivan was very displeased with Elias. If he weren't his brother, he would've had him killed.

Looking at Sachin, he cautiously stated, “That brother of mine has a reckless character, so please don't bother with him, Godfather.”

“The reckless die quickly,” Sachin casually remarked and then continued, “Where is the thing I wanted?”

Sky hurriedly fished out a box and handed it over to Sachin. “Godfather, I have it here.”



still dare to cross me, Lilia Gibson? Your death is imminent...”

Lilia snorted indifferently. “Elias Sullivan, don’t forget what kind of a place this is. More importantly, don’t forget your status. If you dare to act recklessly, we’ll see who dies first.”

Only then did Elias realize that this was Sachin Taylor’s mansion. A chill ran down his spine. He had been so carried away a while ago that he almost forgot what he was doing. He didn’t dare to do anything for a while.

“Lilia Gibson, from now on, I will be here to guard you. You are not allowed to leave this mansion without Sachin’s permission.”

Lilia harrumphed. “Feel free to be a

Sachin took the box and opened it. What was placed inside was not something particularly valuable. It was a phone—more specifically, it was a Nokia Symbian phone that had long been discontinued.

Back then, before Sachin entered the Golden Pagoda, the phone had been given to Sky for safekeeping.

For the past ten years, Sky would charge this phone every once in a while. If the hardware were to be damaged, he would also take the initiative to get someone to come over with pre-prepared hardware to replace it.

The purpose was to keep the phone running at all times. So that when Sachin came out, he would be able to use it.

Taking the phone, Sachin flipped through

the contacts list to find a specific number.

At this time, somewhere in the south, on top of a flyover, stood a poultice stand.

A blind man in black rags with matted hair and a stooped figure was sitting in front of the stall. Placed beside him was a banner with the words 'Quack Doctor', and also stating that he specialized in the treatments of difficult and miscellaneous diseases.

Speaking of which, in his early years, the blind man had been in the business of selling dog skin plasters.

A middle-aged man in a black suit walked up to the old, blind man. Looking at the plasters that were on display in front of the stall, he asked, "Can you really cure everything with this?"



“Bruises, lumbar strain, everything can be cured,” the blind man answered seriously. He did not look like he was fooling around with the man.

The man chuckled. “Is it really that amazing?”

“You can try it for yourself if you don’t believe me,” said the blind man while handing a pair of poultices to the man in front of him. “Where are you hurting, sir?”

The man smiled and accepted the ointment, and was just about to answer when the old man’s cell phone suddenly rang.

The moment the phone rang, the blind man’s body jolted to attention. Excitedly feeling for his pocket, he fished out a Nokia phone that had been used for more than ten years

and excitedly pushed the answer button.

“Godfather!”

“I’m back...”

“Understood... Godfather... The day I’ve waited for has finally come!”

The blind man was incomparably excited. There was no doubt that the one calling was Sachin Taylor. Sachin was now less than fifty years old, while this blind man looked as though he was more than sixty years old. However, he still referred to Sachin as his godfather.

The blind man hung up his phone. His unseeing snow-white orbs were filled with so much emotion that tears were flowing down his cheeks.

“A blind man can still use a cell phone. Did

and guess what? His wound healed in less than a week. Don't you think that's miraculous? Are you able to prepare a panacea like that, old man?"

The blind man froze as he decisively replied, "There is no such cure."

Then, he proceeded to wrap up his stall, but the customer grabbed the blind man's hand and smiled. "No, there is such a drug, and the prescription is in your possession," the man revealed as he reached for his blade and stabbed it toward the old man.

Although the blind man could not see, he could still perceive everything around him.

He instantly dodged the man's slash and took a step back. "People from the Southern Crypt Capital? You have been pursuing us for



you fake your blindness or something?” The customer teasingly stared at the elder, then tore open the ointment and took a whiff. “Blind man, I say, your medicine is not quite pure.”

“Hm?” The old man was stunned. “I sell medicine, not poison. What does it have to do being pure or having impurities?”

The man chuckled. “The Golden Creation Elixir sold by the Blythe family of Strego City back then was much purer than yours. It truly was capable of curing various bruises and complicated diseases.

“I hear there was a butcher who had a dispute with his peers. The two sides fought, but the butcher was stabbed. That man was bound to die that day.

“Then, the Blythe family’s elixir was used,

ten years, yet you still won't let us go.”

“Hehe... If you hand over the prescription, we will naturally not pester you anymore.”

“Come and get it if you can.”

The blind man scrambled to his side and grabbed the flagpole. He flung off the flag, and the flagpole transformed into a vajra lance.

On the bridge, the two figures clashed.

Half a minute later, the blind man pierced his assailant's neck with the lance in his hand, and with a smooth motion, flung the man into the river beneath the bridge.

Digging a handkerchief out of his possessions, he wiped off the blood on the head of the spear before re-hanging the flag

on it. Using his weapon as a crutch, he disappeared from the bridge without haste.



## Chapter 638 Ali

In an extremely remote quarry, dozens of topless men were hard at work in the middle of the night. There were several big men on guard, supervising the laborers and hounding them into working.

This was a black ore mine, run by a local group of unscrupulous people who were involved in the underground world. And the laborers were all vagrants they had recruited from various cities.

Many of these vagrants were delirious. They had been captured and brought here to do the hardest and most tiring jobs. If they were just slightly slow, they would be beaten. Out of the twenty-four hours in the

day, they worked for fifteen. The suffering was simply unbearable.

“Hurry up. Haven’t you eaten?”

The guard in charge was holding a whip in his hand. If anyone worked slow, he would unceremoniously whip them. He was extremely vicious.

A homeless man was so overwhelmed that he finally collapsed from fatigue.

The burly man in charge ran toward him and rained down a burst of punches and kicks. “You’re so useless. You eat and drink what is mine, yet you can’t stand doing a little bit of work? Piece of trash...”

Kicking the homeless man hard, the well-built man declared to the laborers around him, “You must finish loading these carts of

rocks for me today, or no one can eat.”

As he spoke, he glanced at a pile of rocks not far away, where a middle-aged man in his early forties stood.

He was broad-shouldered and had dark skin. At present, he was carrying piece after piece of boulders to the wheelbarrow. He was not only fast, but he was also strong. He alone would be able to do the work of two or three people.

“You pieces of trash should follow Ali’s example. Look how impressive he is. You should all learn from him,” said the burly man while approaching the aforementioned man.

Smiling, he slapped a hand on Ali’s shoulder. “Ali, you truly are worthy of being



our quarry's king of strength. You did a good job. Come, help me move a pile of steel bars to the barrow, then you can get off work for dinner. You get a chicken leg tonight.”

Ali turned his head to stare at the pile of steel, which totaled at least two tons. If he alone had to move it all, it was highly doubtful he would be done by midnight.

If it were any other day, Ali would have obeyed. If the supervisor told him to carry everything, he'd carry everything. But at the moment, Ali's eyes were looking over to the entryway of the quarry.

No one knew when the old, blind man had appeared, or how long he had stood there for. His milky-white eyes seemed to be staring straight at Ali.

“Ali, I’m speaking to you. Are you deaf?”  
Seeing that Ali did not answer, the guard was irked and pushed him. “Are you pretending I don’t exist?”

However, Ali suddenly crouched down and picked up a nearly eight-meter-long steel bar from the ground, instantly piercing the supervisor’s neck.

When the rest of the watchmen witnessed this, they all exclaimed in alarm as they waved the whips in their hands and rushed toward Ali. “What are you doing? Revolting?”

Ali pulled the bloody steel bar out of the guard’s neck, then looped it around his arm. It was a thumb-thick steel bar, but it was effortlessly wrapped around his arm as if he

were twining noodles.

Another guard whipped his leather whip at Ali, but the latter simply grabbed the whip and yanked it hard, instantly sending the other man flying. Then, he rushed at the group of supervisors. Every time the arm wrapped in steel bars punched out, one of the supervisors would be sent flying.

Within moments, all the overseers of the black ore mine fell in a pool of blood.

Ali stopped to look at the frightened laborers and murmured, "You're free to leave now."

However, everyone was in a state of stupefaction. No one dared to move at all.

Ali sighed. He had no intention of helping the laborers and only mentioned it in



passing. If they didn't want to escape, he would not force them. He had to leave today no matter what.

Arriving at the entrance of the mine, he joined up with the blind, old man.

“Godfather has come out from the temple,” said the blind man. “He called me this afternoon.”

“Hm.” Ali nodded. “It has been ten years. He has finally come out. Let's go. We'll wait for him at our old spot.”

“Okay.” The blind man inclined his head in agreement. “But before that, I think I must reveal our whereabouts to them.”

“The ones from the Southern Crypt Capital who want the prescriptions?” asked Ali.

“Yeah,” the blind man affirmed. “For ten

years, that pack of dogs has been hounding us for the Blythe family's Golden Creation Elixir's formula. Now that Godfather is out of the temple, we no longer have to worry. We won't have to hide in the east tonight. They can, by all means, send their men our way."

"Haha, it can be considered a gift to Godfather."

The two men bantered and joked around as they left the mine.

At midnight, in a city adjacent to Strego City, in a small town.

This town was underdeveloped. All the buildings in it had remained unchanged for the past three to four decades.

Concurrently, the blind old man and Ali

were seated in a small tavern in the town, nursing drinks. They had been there for the past three hours. It was now almost midnight. The entire town had long gone to sleep.

The owner of the tavern was also stifling yawns as he approached the two men. “Sirs, how much longer are you going to stay? I'm really sleepy and can't carry on.”

The blind man fished out a pile of cash and placed it on the table. “Take the money and go to bed. Don't mind us.”

There was nearly ten thousand in the pile. The tavern owner obviously did not expect the two people, who didn't look rich, to be able to offer so much money.

His eyes lit up as he hurriedly took the



money. “Is there anything else you’d like to order? I’ll have them prepared for you,” he offered with a smile.

“No need. If you don’t want to lose your life, you’d better leave your store now.”

“Lose my life? Are you two joking?”

However, just as the owner finished speaking, the sound of car brakes screeching could be heard from outside the tavern, followed by shuffling. Before he could even react to what was going on, an arrow pierced his chest.

The blind man retrieved the money from the dead owner’s hands with a sigh. “I did tell you to leave quickly.”

Then, he and Ali began to dodge left and right inside the tavern, evading the

incoming arrows shot from outside with extremely quick techniques.

## Chapter 639 Welcome Back, Godfather

The rain of arrows finally halted its rampage. The two men got up and walked out the door.

Several cars were parked outside, and in front of them, stood two dozen men dressed in black with a golden rose embroidered on their lapels. They were all armed with bows.

The leader of the pack wore sunglasses and a trench coat. He had a crew cut and looked very distinguished.

“I finally found you two.” The man took a step forward and smiled as he regarded the blind man and Ali. “Ten years. You’ve been guarding the Golden Creation Elixir’s



formula for ten years. That will end today.”

“Yes, it will be the final night.” The blind man sighed. “The Southern Crypt Capital has never bothered with the north or the south. Who would’ve thought you’d hunt us down for ten years for the mere formula of the Golden Creation Elixir? How cold of you.”

“Hahaha, the Golden Creation Elixir is a priceless treasure. Once mass-produced, the market value of our family-owned pharmaceutical factory will skyrocket. Ten years? Even if it takes two or three decades, we still have to get our hands on it.

“Well, let’s not dawdle. Hand over the formula, and I’ll let you two live.”

The blind man and Ali shared a laugh.

Without answering, they rushed up directly toward the group.

A bloody battle began, and it lasted for ten minutes. Ten minutes later, dead bodies were everywhere on the street in front of the tavern.

The man who had been brimming with confidence fell into a panic. The group of people were top-rate experts sent from Southern Crypt Capital. They had been pursuing the duo all over the world all these years.

They had long been convinced that the two weren't strong, and were just good at hiding. That was why they were not able to catch the duo even after a full decade.

Having just received news that pinpointed

their targets' whereabouts, Southern Crypt Capital sent their men out to prepare to tighten the noose. But they had not expected the position of hunter and prey to be switched.

“How could this be?” The man with the crew cut looked incredulous. He was flustered.

Ali flashed him a faint smile and raised his steel-wrapped arm. “This isn't something you foresaw, is it? The reason you found us tonight was because we leaked that information.”

“What...” The man with the crew cut drew in a breath. “You...”

“Hahaha!” The blind old man and Ali burst into raucous laughter.



“It has been ten years. If it wasn’t for the ten-year cat-and-mouse chase that you, the Southern Crypt Capital, initiated against us, it would have been difficult for us to spend these ten years waiting for Sachin Taylor.

“But now that he has returned, we don’t have to continue to be bored!”

The other man’s pupils dilated. “Sachin Taylor!”

At that moment, Ali had rushed up toward him at a fast pace. The man used his arms to protect his chest as a punch imbued with great strength came raining down. With a loud thump, Ali’s fist collided with the man. The impact sent him flying and had him landing on the ground with a dull thud.

Knowing that he was at a severe

disadvantage, the man hurriedly scrambled to his feet. With no motivation to fight, he turned around and made a break for it.

However, he only made it a few meters away before a row of people strode toward him from the opposite side.

The man stumbled and fell to the ground again, rolling by an individual's feet.

The other party crouched down, staring down at the man with interest. "Southern Crypt Capital has declined!"

"Who... are you?"

"Sachin Taylor!"

With that said, Sachin smashed his fist into the man's head. And with a loud thump, the man's head burst like a watermelon. The impact of the punch had created spiderweb-

like cracks on the ground.

The blind man and Ali looked excited as they approached Sachin and knelt before him. “It has been ten years. Welcome back, Godfather!”

Glancing at the duo in front of him, Sachin took a deep breath and murmured, “It has been ten years. You two have had it hard.”

“It is our honor to serve our godfather and relieve him of his worries.”

“Hahaha, get up.”

The group followed Sachin into the car and returned to the manor east of Strego City.

That night, the blind man and Ali each respectively produced one half of the recipe for the Golden Creation Elixir. After



combining them, they spent the night concocting the legendary Golden Creation Elixir with miraculous herbs.

Sachin had been chained by two iron hooks for ten years. His muscles had long since fused with the hooks. Before he left the temple, he had ripped the iron hooks directly from his body and was seriously injured.

With such a serious wound, it was uncertain whether the Golden Creation Elixir would work at all.

After the elixir was prepared, it was applied to Sachin's wounds. After suturing and bandaging his injuries, Sachin should not perform any strenuous actions over the next few days.

For the next week, there were no

movements in Strego City nor the south.

The news of Sachin Taylor's emergence from the temple had already spread in the south, but it didn't cause much of a commotion. But in the minds of those who understood, it was clear that this was the calm before the storm.

At West Lake's villa district, Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke stood side by side in a pavilion next to West Lake.

It had rained cats and dogs last night. As a result, the water level rose. Concurrently, the floods gave off an air of majesty.

"Sachin Taylor has been out for almost a week, but the south remains calm. No one knows exactly what their next move will be," Carson stated.

“It’s hard enough with just Sachin Taylor. Now that the Great Sky Group is getting involved with the Moore family, things are even more complicated. Uncle Yorke, have you finished making your preparations?” Tyr replied.

Carson nodded. “The Yorke family’s elites are already here. Peter Woods and the others from Northriver will be here in a few days.

“As for Astral Province’s Quintus family, the five zodiacs have arrived. Faron Quintus will also send a group of elites here. The West Lake villa district will be filled at this point.”

Tyr likewise inclined his head. “We will have a thousand experts on our side, but it’s still not enough for the final showdown.”

“If it were just the Great Sky Group, our



current numbers would be more than enough. But with the Moore family butting in, it is indeed lacking. We still have to think of other ways,” Carson agreed.

“Has Dickson Watt returned to West Suez?” Tyr queried.

Carson answered, “He left yesterday. This is a big game of chess in the south. All the first-class southern gentry will be involved in it, so the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez won’t be left to their devices.

“The good thing is that we have been maintaining a good relationship with the Canonteign Mansion, so having them join us can greatly improve our chances of winning.”

## Chapter 640 The The Indomitable Sachin Taylor

“Hm!” Tyr Summers nodded. “The Canonteign Mansion of West Suez shouldn’t be weak, right?”

“They’re very strong,” Carson Yorke answered. “And there are uncertainties about them.”

“Uncertainties?” Tyr seemed puzzled. “How so?”

Carson smiled in an enigmatic way. “You’ll find out soon enough.”

Gazing at the drifting lake, he added, “Tyr, this dispute will not only involve the underground world. Both the Moore family

and Great Sky Group have a strong standing in the business world. If war breaks out, I'm afraid the Southern Commerce Chamber will also suffer greatly.”

Tyr had long thought of that. “It's okay. Although I don't know much about running a business, there are many business geniuses within Regal Palace.

“Jim Zabinsky, one of the Five Kings of Regal Palace, once told me that doing business is simple. As long as you have a lot of money, you can be invincible in the market. And what we, Regal Palace, have is money.”

Tyr and Carson fell silent and did not continue the conversation as they stared at the lake's currents.

Meanwhile, in an estate to the east of Strego



City.

Sachin Taylor was comfortably ensconced in a tiger-skin chair. Next to him was a comely maid who was carefully helping him remove the gauze from his body.

Once the dressing was removed, it could be seen that the two wounds on Sachin's shoulder blades had fully healed. Although there were scars, he had been fully restored to health.

The nearby Sky Sullivan and James Martin were taken aback by the sight. This was the miraculous effect of the legendary Golden Creation Elixir. Sachin's deep wounds had actually healed from the inside out within a week.

Getting to his feet, Sachin stretched out his

muscles before striding out of the hall.

There was an open space adjacent to the swimming pool outside. Eight men of varying stature and age stood in the clearing, all brimming with an aura of vigor. These men, at first glance, were first-rate experts.

Sachin approached them.

The group of eight paid obeisance to him. “Godfather!” they cried out.

“Hm.” Sachin subtly inclined his head. “Begin.”

Hiss! Swish! Swoosh!

With a series of battle cries bursting through the air, the eight figures left behind afterimages as they all rushed up toward

hurtled away one after another.

Now that Sachin's wounds had fully healed, his strength was restored by eighty percent. But even only eighty percent of his full strength was hair-raising.

“Too weak. What have you lot been doing for the past ten years?” Sachin was displeased to see his own foster sons so lacking.

He jabbed a fist and sent another one of his foster sons flying. And then, Sachin glanced at the blind man, Ali, James Martin, and Jason Garcia, who stood on the sidelines.

“Come,” he ordered.

Everyone was stunned and found themselves unable to react.

Sachin let out an explosive roar, “Get over



Sachin.

The eight were just like Ali and the blind man. All of them were Sachin's foster children. Moreover, they were also first-class experts of the martial arts community. When compared to Ali and the blind man, they were no weaker than them.

The eight men united flawlessly to attack Sachin. However, any cooperation was futile in the face of the indomitable Sachin Taylor.

Sachin also shifted in that instant. With a punch no different from a launched cannonball, one of the experts was instantly sent flying.

Bang! Thud! Boom!

The sounds of collisions were incessant, and in just under a minute, the eight were

here!”

The blind man moved, and the flagpole that had not left his side transformed into a steel spear. At the same time, Ali waved his steel-bar-wrapped arm and rushed toward Sachin. James and Jason frowned, sucked in a breath, and also sprinted Sachin’s way.

In the blink of an eye, a large group of experts surrounded Sachin, who was like a lion in a frenzy, constantly shuttling between the men. The scene was akin to an angry lion mauling a pack of wolves.

Sky Sullivan, who had been silent, could only watch as a shiver ran down his spine.

Sachin Taylor’s combat prowess had already been at its peak ten years ago. Now that he had emerged from imprisonment in the

Golden Pagoda, his strength had not only not diminished, but was even more terrifying than it was ten years ago.

The battle lasted for nearly three minutes.

In the end, everyone was thoroughly pummeled. Only James Martin, Jason Garcia, and the blind man were barely standing. Even Ali was on the ground.

Howl...

Sachin's roar reverberated in the air and throughout the manor. It was as if he was airing out all his grievances of the past decade.

Sky approached Sachin. "Godfather, it has been ten years. You are still as full of valor and vigor as you were back then. Who can possibly compete with you in the south?"



Even Auster Moore of the Moore family won't be able to exchange blows with you."

Sachin hummed nonchalantly. "I once thought so too. But there is someone who has made me feel that feverish stirring inside. He's even more incredible than Auster Moore."

"Godfather, is Tyr Summers the person you're referring to?"

"That's right." Sachin nodded. "That young man is not a simple one. Tyr Summers is going to be the biggest obstacle in our game in the south."

Sky furrowed his brows. "Godfather, aren't you overestimating Tyr Summers?"

"Haha..." Sachin sneered at Sky but did not answer.

Whether he was overestimating Tyr or not, Sachin himself knew better than those around him. In fact, Sachin thought that he had underestimated Tyr.

Sky continued, “Godfather, now that you have recovered from your injuries, and those who were once your followers have also returned one after another, we can officially begin to act, right? Great Sky Group and the Moore family have long made our preparations for this game of chess.

“The Moore family is waiting for your word. And as for Great Sky Group, the Jones family should’ve been ours, but Tyr Summers has stolen them from us. No matter. Dealing with the Jones family and dealing with Tyr Summers is the same.

“When are you going to get this game on

the road, Godfather?”

“There’s no need to fret.” Sachin waved his hand. “Before this operation officially commences, I have to go and make sure of one more thing.”

Sky was puzzled. “What do you want to be sure of, Godfather?”

“I need to determine an uncertainty. Only when that factor is ascertained will my heart be at ease!” Sachin narrowed his eyes slightly. “Get ready. Then, accompany me somewhere.”

“Where?”

“The Canonteign Mansion of West Suez!”



## **Chapter 641 Who Are You? How Dare You Trespass Into The Canonteign Mansion?**

The next morning, inside the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez.

The current head and old master of the Canonteign Mansion, Demi Watt, was at an artificial pond, as usual. Holding a fishing pole in his hand, he stared intently at the fish in the pool.

Beside him stood Dickson Watt.

Dickson had been thoroughly reprimanded by Demi when he returned to the Canonteign Mansion two days ago. This was on account of his failure to court Connie Yorke, despite having stayed at the Yorke residence for

such a long time.

Demi was incensed by the matter.

“Grandpa... I...”

“Silence.”

Dickson wanted to speak but Demi continued to admonish, “You’ve brought shame to the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez. You are a man with a virile body, and you’re the Little Scholar of West Suez.

“You’re always boasting about how powerful you are, are you not? What? You can’t handle one girl?”

Dickson helplessly bemoaned, “Grandfather, it’s the twenty-first century now. You should change your old-fashioned ways.

“Nowadays, it’s all about having the freedom to find one’s true love, not arranged marriages. I’ve really tried my best. I can’t help it if Connie Yorke isn’t attracted to me.

“We should just forget about it in my opinion, Grandpa. How about I continue to train according to our forefather’s methods and restore our former glory?”

“You are seeking death,” said Demi.

Demi was so infuriated that he yanked up the fishing line from the pond and flung it at Dickson. Although the fishing line was thin, it danced like flowers falling from the sky in Demi’s hands. When it struck Dickson, the agony inflicted was worse than being struck by a whip.



Dickson continued to be lambasted by Demi, but the former dared not hide away. It was a rule. If Dickson dared to dodge, Demi would flog him harder.

“I’ll give you one more month, Dickson Watt. If you still remain unable to win her over, I will cripple you.”

Dickson’s pupils contracted. “Cripple...”

It was his greatest fear to hear his grandfather say such a thing. It was also his weakness. If it were not for his fear of Demi crippling him, he would not have gone through the trouble of courting Connie Yorke.

“I’ll try my best, Grandpa!” Dickson assured with a helpless look.

“It’s not about trying your best. You must marry her,” said Demi while flinging the fishing rod back into the pool.

“Yes, Grandfather.”

Dickson could not go against his grandfather, and could only grit his teeth and concede.

Continuing to gaze at the fish, Demi asked, “Sachin Taylor of Dunham Lake came out of the Golden Pagoda the other day?”

“Yes, Grandpa,” Dickson hurriedly answered. “There were many people who went to intercept him. The Yorke family, Zeppelin Wayne, and Tyr Summers were all there, but the operation failed.

“Grandpa, is Sachin Taylor that

intimidating?”

Demi sucked in a breath. It had been so many years since Dickson had witnessed his grandfather's melancholy.

“The south will be plunged into chaos,” said Demi.

“The south will be plunged into chaos?”

Dickson could not quite understand.

He was simply a martial arts nerd who only knew how to challenge martial arts masters from all over, and thus was completely ignorant of the current situation.

“What do you mean, Grandpa?”

Demi shook his head. “You'll find out soon enough, because Sachin Taylor is already here.”



“What?”

Dickson’s heart trembled. ‘Sachin Taylor is here? Here in the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez? What kind of joke is this?’

At that very moment, several luxury cars were parked before the main gate of the Canonteign Mansion. Sachin Taylor alighted as the car door opened, followed by Sky Sullivan, the blind man, Ali, James Martin, and a few others.

He stood in front of the entrance of the Canonteign Mansion, admiring the splendid and imposing lintel in his sights, and smiled. “It has been ten years since I visited this place. It’s still as imposing as it was back then.

“I just don’t know whether the people from

back then are still here.”

Taking a deep breath, Sachin stepped through the gates of the Canonteign Mansion. As soon as he entered, a line of guards who were responsible for guarding the gates intercepted his advance.

The Canonteign Mansion was not only a leading magnate family of the south, they were also once a titan of the southern martial arts community. Therefore, the guards were by no means weak.

A few guards stopped Sachin and the others in their tracks and asked politely, “May I ask who you’re looking for?”

“My name is Sachin Taylor. Please let your master know that I intend to take a trip to the Canonteign Mansion’s Scholar Tower,”

Sachin answered.

“Sachin Taylor... Scholar Tower?”

Several of the guards were taken aback. It was as if the words ‘Scholar Tower’ had struck a nerve.

The head of the group burst into rage and rebuked, “How dare you! You don’t even ask what this place is. How dare you come to the Canonteign Mansion to cause trouble? Get out of here right now.”

The reason why they reacted so strongly was because the Scholar Tower was a very special existence within the Canonteign Mansion. To put it bluntly, the Scholar Tower was a restricted area of the mansion.

It was said to be the place where Baxter



Watt, the Old Scholar, was located. Even the family head of the Canonteign Mansion, Baxter Watt's own grandson, Demi Watt, was not qualified to gain access even after several decades.

And now this man actually declared that he wanted to go to Scholar Tower. It was clear they were spoiling for a fight.

The gatekeepers of the Canonteign Mansion glared fiercely at Sachin Taylor and his party, and directly issued an order to expel them. In response, Sachin mildly shook his head. The blind man and Ali immediately rushed up from behind him.

Screams mingled with the sound of broken bones. In a matter of seconds, all of the guards collapsed in a pool of blood.

“Overconfident.”

The blind man and Ali retreated. With his hands behind his back, Sachin trampled on the bodies of the Canonteign Mansion's guards and strode in.

Having heard the commotion at the entrance, one after another, the mansion's experts began to swarm in. "Who are you? How dare you trespass into the Canonteign Mansion?"

When the experts noticed Sachin Taylor and his party breaking through the gates and forcing their way in, anger was written all over their faces. It had been years since anyone had the audacity to trespass into the mansion.

Sachin did not say a word, and still had his hands behind his back as he marched

forward. Meanwhile, the blind man, Ali, James, and the others who were by his side shifted.

Sachin was surrounded by the glints and flashes of cold steel. However, he had not bothered to squint. It was as though he was taking a stroll through the garden.

The blind man and Ali attacked in an inexhaustible variety of ways to pave a road for Sachin.

Just then, a white figure flashed by, while a voice rang out, “What kind of person dares to come to the Canonteign Mansion to cause trouble?”



## Chapter 642 The Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion

As soon as the words were spoken, a white figure appeared before Ali. A trace of fierceness flashed in Ali's expression as he blasted his steel-wrapped arm towards the white figure.

However, the white figure dodged the punch swiftly, and then slapped his palm on Ali's body from a tricky angle. The force was powerful and graceful. Ali felt a sharp pain in his abdomen, and was forced to reverse several steps backward.

The blind man's ears twitched a little, and the vajra lance in his hand stabbed at the white figure. But the figure drifted

backward, stopping after putting about five or six meters of distance between them.

The white figure was none other than Neil, the Savant, one of the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion.

At the same time, behind Neil were five other combat masters who were emanating overbearing auras. All five of them were walking towards the battlefield. Finally, they paused and stood beside Neil.

They were Herod—the Philosopher, Lothar—the Bookman, Pharris—the Mastermind, Lewis—the Eight Extremities Sage, and Elvey—the Brainiac!

Together with Neil, all six of them were known as the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion. They were the mansion's six

strongest fighters.

Two years ago, the man who bore the title of the Sage was killed in a fight. Since then, there were only five fighters left in the Six Aces.

But then, Lewis Quintus was brought to the mansion by Dickson Watt. After a multi-faceted assessment, Lewis was successfully promoted to become one of the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion. He was awarded the title of the Eight Extremities Sage.

The six men stood there like six great gods. The powerful aura stemming from their bodies was comparable to James Martin and the blind man on the opposite side.

Sachin Taylor stopped in his tracks.

Scanning through the Six Aces from head to



toe, he let out a laugh.

“Ten years have passed. Many old faces are gone, and a few new faces have surfaced. Yet, each generation of the Canonteign Mansion’s Six Aces are worse than the previous one,” Sachin lamented, with strong disdain filling his tone.

His attitude made the Six Aces very upset.

The Canonteign Mansion of West Suez had always been the titan of the southern martial arts community. Out of all the southern gentry, the Canonteign Mansion had been celebrated for almost a hundred years. The mansion was the most prolonged existence of a family among all the first-class gentry in the south.

During the 1910s to 1950s, under the

leadership of Baxter Watt, the mansion grew rapidly. Once domineering the entire north and south, even the magnificent Kingston City paled in comparison to the Canonteign Mansion. Back then, their power was incomparable.

Since the first generation, the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion had always been the most potent assistant beside Baxter. They also acted as the most vital representative of the combat power possessed by the mansion.

In the past, the Six Aces were far more powerful than today's prominent Twenty-Three Golden Garrison of the Moore family.

And now, in the face of Sachin's barefaced provocation, it was unsurprising that Neil and his group weren't happy about his disdain for them. Despite their feeling of

unpleasantry, still, the Six Aces did dread facing Sachin. They had long recognized the man in front of them.

A decade ago, this man had been locked up in the Golden Pagoda. Now, ten years had expired, and he had come out to cause trouble again.

“Sachin, it seems that ten years of suppression hasn’t dulled your hostility from back then. What do you want with our mansion this time?”

Although their hearts were filled with dread, being the Six Aces, they still wore their vigor on their sleeves. They were wary of Sachin, but not exactly terrified of him. If all Six Aces joined forces to fight him, it was possible for them to beat Sachin.

Sachin narrowed his eyes and smiled. “You



guys are not qualified to talk to me.”

As soon as those words left Sachin’s mouth, the blind man and the others beside him once again charged up towards the Six Aces. Adjusting themselves into the best fighting posture, the aces were ready to stop them.

However, before the battle initiated, an old but spiritual voice suddenly rang out, “All of you! Stop!”

Demi Watt, accompanied by Dickson, was walking over from the man-made pool.

At his command, the Six Aces paused their movements.

Sachin also narrowed his eyes and said, “Halt.”

Following Sachin’s order, the blind man and

the other fighters all came to a halt.

Meanwhile, Sky Sullivan walked to Sachin's side and whispered, "Godfather, we should seize today's opportunity to destroy the Canonteign Mansion in one fell swoop."

Sachin turned his head abruptly to Sky. His icy cold gaze made a chill run down the latter's back. Sky hurriedly retreated aside, not daring to say another word.

"Destroy the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez? Do you think I am a god? Sky, watch your tongue!"

Sachin's words harbored deep and meaningful implications. Indeed, today, with just a few people they brought with them, it was merely an illusion to exterminate this century-old family.

At the same time, there seemed to be another layer of meaning in Sachin's words. He appeared to be warning Sky to not try to pull his petty tricks in front of him.

"Yes, Godfather." Sky lowered his head. His heart was trembling, and inadvertently, a drop of sweat fell from the back of his head.

Just then, Demi took a step towards Sachin, who showed him a rare display of respect.

"Grandpa Watt, how have you been?" said Sachin with a smile, extending his hand.

"I eat well and sleep well. You don't have to worry about me. What is your purpose for visiting my mansion today? Did you come specifically to see if this old man is dead?" Demi replied, smiling in return.



“Haha, you are making fun of me.” Sachin tilted his head and laughed. “It was necessary to visit you, but I do have another purpose this time. I think you should know what I’m here for, right, Grandpa Watt?”

Demi frowned slightly.

Sachin continued to laugh. “Speaking of which, the Old Scholar once instructed me. Therefore, I can be considered as half his disciple. I am deeply missing my master after being locked up in the temple for ten years.

“Now that I have finally left the pagoda, I rushed here at once to meet him.”

This revelation of Sachin’s made all of the foster sons behind him quite surprised, or

even shocked! At the same time, the Six Aces' pupils also shrank slightly. Only Demi acted calmly.

Sachin was referring to Baxter, the last martial scholar of the Celestial Empire. A legendary existence that was comparable with God in the south half a century ago.

Sachin was less than fifty years old this year. But he revealed himself as a half disciple of the Old Scholar, which sounded rather incredible. Especially given that the two of them seemed to have lived at different times.

Moreover, now that Sachin had said that he came to pay a visit to the Old Scholar, what kind of joke was this?

If he was serious, the Old Scholar was still alive. In that case, he would be almost a

hundred and thirty years old by now. It was impossible for anyone to live up to such an old age.

But, Sachin's words weren't a groundless rumor. If he was trustworthy, did that mean that the Old Scholar, who was more than hundred and thirty years old, was still alive?



## Chapter 643 Scholar Tower

Sachin Taylor stepped forward and said, “Grandpa Watt, I’m now going to Scholar Tower to visit the master. My guess is you won’t refuse me, right?”

Demi Watt took a deep breath and remained silent.

Jumping out from the side, Dickson Watt angrily rebuked, “Scholar Tower is a forbidden place of Canonteign Mansion. Even my grandfather can’t go in. What gives you the right?”

Sachin swept his gaze towards Dickson, giving him the feeling of being stared at by a fierce beast. But, Dickson was fearless. He

even dared to stare back at Sachin.

Three seconds later, Sachin laughed out loud. “You are the Little Scholar of West Suez, Dickson Watt, right? I have seen you before.”

“Exactly!” said Dickson. “Scholar Tower is the place where my forefather went for peace of mind. No one is allowed to disturb him.”

“It’s not up to you,” replied Sachin.

Ignoring Dickson, he strode directly to Scholar Tower. He seemed to be quite familiar with the path. It was evident that Sachin had been to this place before.

“Stop it!”

Without saying another word, Dickson drew

out his Knight's Rod, which he carried with him at all times, and blocked Sachin. The Six Aces also stepped forward. Meanwhile, numbers of fighters within the Canonteign Mansion rushed over when they overheard the commotion.

“Hahaha.” Sachin remained smiling. Then, he swept a glance at Demi and said, “Grandpa Watt, do you really want to get to the point of daggers drawn and sabers rattling?”

Demi, who had been silent, finally spoke up, “Everybody, stand down.”

“Grandpa...”

“I said, stand down!”

Demi was fired up. Dickson and the others



didn't dare to say another word. They retreated to the side.

“I will personally take you there. But the others, please wait here.” Demi turned and looked at Neil, the Savant and the others. He continued, “All visitors are our guests. Take these friends who have traveled from afar for tea.”

“Yes!”

So, Demi took Sachin and walked all the way to Scholar Tower. Located at the innermost part of the Canonteign Mansion, it was a small and ancient building that had stood there for a hundred years.

The Old Scholar, Baxter Watt's, last appearance was twenty years ago before entering into Scholar Tower. After that, he

hadn't left the building since then.

He cut off all contact with the outside world and forbade meals to be sent in. Hence, he also classified the building as a forbidden place of the Canonteign Mansion. Without his permission, even the head of the family was not allowed to enter.

The Old Scholar hadn't eaten or drank for twenty years. Perhaps he had long since returned to heaven, right?

What's more, when the Old Scholar entered Scholar Tower, he was nearly one hundred and ten years old. And now, whether he was alive or not remained a mystery.

In front of the entrance to Scholar Tower, Demi kneeled on the ground and said a silent prayer, seeking permission to enter

the building. Sachin also showed unprecedented seriousness. Respect was written all over his face. Though he didn't kneel, he bowed and saluted.

Standing up, Demi said, "Please come in!"

"Thank you, Grandpa Watt, for paving the way for me!"

Saluting Demi, Sachin turned around and walked towards the main entrance of Scholar Tower. He placed his hands on the door and pushed it open with force. With a creak, the building's entrance, which had been sealed for twenty years, was pushed open by him.

It was dark inside the building, as if a gap had been opened, which directed the visitor to an unknown mysterious space.



Sachin stood at the door for about ten seconds before he stepped into Scholar Tower. With a click, the door closed once again.

Standing outside, Demi stared forward thoughtfully. It was unknown what was going through his mind.

Just then, carrying the Knight's Rod around his neck, Dickson walked towards Demi. "Grandpa, this building is the forbidden place of the mansion. Why should we let him in?"

Demi took a deep breath and said, "Pass down the order to raise the security level of Canonteign Mansion to level one combat readiness."

"What?" Dickson froze.

What did a state of level one combat readiness mean? Once the Canonteign Mansion entered into that state, it meant that the mansion had reached a critical point of life and death. It was hard to believe. Was today that day?

“Grandpa... that Sachin...”

“If Sachin is determined to lay his hands on the Canonteign Mansion today, there will be bloodshed.” Demi took a deep breath. Once again, he stared at Scholar Tower. “Sachin and the Moore Family of Aplon Province have long since joined forces.

“Both the Moore family and Great Sky Group were crazily scheming behind the scenes to set up a big game of chess. And this game would be initiated as soon as Sachin

came out of the pagoda. The entire south would be thrown into a reign of terror.

“But so far, Sachin and the Moore family haven’t dared to make any rash moves, and that is due to the uncertainty of our Canonteign Mansion.”

Dickson immediately got the picture and said, “Grandpa, this uncertainty that you’re talking about refers to our forefather, right? Sachin is afraid of him. That’s why he broke into Scholar Tower. He just wants to go in and see if Forefather is still alive, doesn’t he?”

“Yes.” Demi nodded. “If the Old Scholar is still alive, Sachin and the Moore family will have to consider carefully if they want to take on the whole south. If the Old Scholar is gone, I’m afraid that our mansion will face a



huge crisis today.

“Sachin, the demon who dominates the south, is only afraid of three people—Master Harrison of the Golden Temple, the old monk of Goddess Mountain, and the Old Scholar of the Canonteign Mansion in West Suez.

“But Master Harrison went to heaven ten years ago, and that old monk on Goddess Mountain has long since retired to the mountains. He pays no attention to the affairs of the outside world. Therefore, he is no longer any threat to Sachin.

“So, the only one that Sachin fears is the Old Scholar of Canonteign Mansion.”

Dickson took a deep breath and asked, “Grandpa, is this Sachin that terrifying? And

is Forefather still alive?”

“Sachin is a devil. I don’t know whether the Old Scholar is alive or not, but we will have the answer soon,” replied Demi.

After speaking those words, Demi went silent. He said nothing, and simply stared at Scholar Tower, waiting for Sachin to come out. On the other hand, Dickson went away to make the arrangements according to Demi’s instructions. The entire mansion had been elevated to level one combat readiness.

If the Old Scholar was really gone, then, there was a high chance that Sachin would launch an attack on the Canonteign Mansion today.

## Chapter 644 Always A Mystery

The Old Scholar was one hundred and ten years old when he entered Scholar Tower, and since then, he hadn't eaten or drank for twenty years. Common sense and logic dictated that he must have ascended to heaven by now, unless he had become an immortal by achieving the legendary state of Inedia.

But, that concept was sort of make-believe. As such, Dickson Watt and all the fighters of the Canonteign Mansion were nervous.

From the moment Sachin Taylor entered Scholar Tower, Demi Watt had been guarding the door, not budging an inch. It was unknown what Sachin did after he



entered the building.

He had gone in more than an hour ago and had yet to emerge.

Within this hour, the Canonteign Mansion had entered the state of level one combat readiness. All the fighters were ready to fight at any time. Plus, many more of their peripheral forces were on the way, rushing towards the mansion.

Sky Sullivan and the others who were drinking tea in the courtyard also felt the changes. The atmosphere of the entire mansion seemed to become oppressive for a while. Even the air was so thick with tension, it could be cut with a knife.

“The entire Canonteign Mansion has imposed a curfew. Are they coming at us?”

asked James Martin.

Eyes narrowing slightly, Sky replied, “They are afraid.”

“Are we really going to make a move today?” Jason Garcia queried as he walked over.

He looked around for a while and felt that the situation was not that good. After all, this was West Suez, the Canonteign Mansion’s territory.

Thus, logically, Sachin shouldn’t be so reckless. Even if his combat power was more incredible than God, he shouldn’t make such a crazy decision.

But, Sachin had brought a large number of combat forces with him this time. So, one

cannot rule out the possibility that he wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to cause trouble for the Canonteign Mansion.

Everything hung on Sachin's final decision.

Currently, there was only one question on everyone's minds—was Baxter Watt, the now nearly one-hundred-and-thirty-year-old legendary last martial arts scholar of the Celestial Empire, still alive?

If he was, then all of Great Sky Group and the Moore family's plans would have to be adjusted!

Another hour had passed. Now, it was evening. Black clouds had obscured the sun, and the entire sky had become somewhat gloomy.



The closed door of Scholar Tower opened with a creak. Sachin walked out from inside with his hands behind his back. After coming out, Sachin consciously closed the door of the building.

Demi was still waiting at the door. At this very moment, he became a little nervous.

“You have come out?” Demi asked.

“That’s right.” Sachin nodded his head.

“Did you see the Old Scholar?”

Sachin smiled. “You want to ask me whether the Old Scholar is still alive, right? Grandpa Watt, if you really want to know, you can go in and see for yourself.”

After saying that, Sachin left with a big smile

on his face.

Behind him, Demi closed his eyes and took a long breath. Many times, he had wanted to enter Scholar Tower to find out, but he always held back in the end. Because every time he tried to enter, a memory of his grandfather always replayed in his mind.

It was the memory of the words the Old Scholar had said to him before entering Scholar Tower.

At that time, when the Old Scholar was about to enter the building, everyone thought he knew that his time had run out. Therefore, he wanted to use Scholar Tower as his tomb and sleep in it forever.

From then on, Scholar Tower had become the forbidden place of the Canonteign

Mansion. After all, to go there was akin to visiting the Old Scholar's tomb. But, Demi was always reluctant to believe that the Old Scholar had died.

Because back then, before he went in, the Old Scholar had specifically said to him, “When the time comes, I will come out.”

This sentence was the pillar that supported Demi. He always believed that his grandfather, Baxter, would come out from Scholar Tower one day.

He kept waiting... waiting... waiting for a full twenty years, but the Old Scholar didn't come out.

Everyone knew in their hearts that the Old Scholar may be long gone. Even Demi himself thought so. But he didn't go in to



find out, because not knowing allowed Demi to hold on to the hope that his grandfather, Baxter, was still alive in the world.

If he was alive, he would be one hundred and thirty years old by now!

As Sachin left Scholar Tower, he saw the changes within the mansion on his way. He felt that there were at least a hundred pairs of eyes staring at him intently. Yet, Sachin remained emotionless, not caring the slightest bit.

“Godfather...”

Seeing that Sachin had come out, Sky, the blind man, and the others all came towards him at the very first chance they got.

“Hmmp.” Sachin nodded his head. “Let’s

go.”

“Go?”

Sky and the rest were stunned. Sachin was leaving the mansion. He wasn't intending to take on the Canonteign Mansion. Could it be that the Old Scholar was still alive?

Immediately, everyone's faces went slightly pale!

“Godfather, is Baxter...?”

“Shut up.”

Sachin didn't seem to want to talk much. He just walked directly towards the direction of the Canonteign Mansion's main entrance. On the way out, a large number of fighters were eyeing their group. Things had come to the point where there was no need for them

to be polite with each other.

Demi was followed by Dickson Watt. Behind them were the Six Aces of the Canonteign Mansion.

They watched as Sachin and his group left the mansion. The moment when Sachin's footsteps completely stepped out of the threshold of the Canonteign Mansion, Demi's taut nerves were finally able to relax a bit.

“Old Master, Sachin and the others have left. Could it be that the Old Scholar is...?” Neil, the Savant trailed off, leaving the rest unspoken. He wasn't sure how to continue his words.

In their eyes, the Old Scholar of West Suez's Canonteign Mansion had always been a god-like existence. Thus, gods and spirits cannot



be speculated about at will.

“I don’t know.” Demi shook his head. “Lift the state of combat readiness.”

Then, he went back to the man-made pool, took his fishing rod, and continued to fish as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, Sachin and his group who left the mansion had returned to their cars. Sky and the blind man were in the same vehicle as Sachin.

“Godfather, are we really not going to do anything? Is that Baxter still alive?” Sky asked.

“Sky, you know my character. If I didn’t answer your question the first time, you shouldn’t ask it a second time.”

Sky's heart thumped a little. He answered, "Yes, Godfather."

During this time, Sky had a not-so-good feeling that there seemed to be some gap between Sachin and him. The realization made him feel a little uneasy.

## Chapter 645 Commencement Of The Plan

During the time when Sachin Taylor was locked up in the Golden Pagoda, Sky Sullivan had done his best to serve the Great Sky Group. Later, to welcome Sachin out of the tower, he also contributed all his energy to make the plan work.

He was supposed to be the most significant contributor. Still, there was no black and white in such matters, especially when it came to appreciating Sky's contribution.

Sky turned his head and looked out the window. Inadvertently, a trace of sinister intention flashed in his eyes.

The vehicle started and left West Suez



behind. A full moon hung high up in the night sky.

Sachin, who had closed his eyes to recuperate for a long time, abruptly opened his eyes. Putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out an old-fashioned Nokia phone.

The phone number lying quietly in his contact list for years was finally dialed by him. The phone rang more than ten times in a row.

Finally, an elderly man's voice came from the other end, "Sachin, after ten years, this phone finally rang."

"Hahahaha. Old Brother Moore, I trust you have been well since we last met?"

The person on the other end of the call was

none other than Alec Moore, the head of a powerful, first-tier family. He was an ambitious and ruthless character.

“Yes, I am fine. It took you ten years, a full decade, to make this call.”

“Old Brother Moore, guess where I am now.”

Alec replied, “On the way to the Canonteign Mansion, or on the way back to Strego City. Other than that, I can’t think of a third place where you might be located.”

“You only fear three people from the southern martial arts community. Master Harrison of Golden Temple, the old monk of Goddess Mountain, and finally, the Old Scholar of Canonteign Mansion.

“However, Master Harrison passed away ten

years ago. And the old monk retired from the martial arts community, so he's not worth mentioning. The only one who can turn the tables would be the Old Scholar. Sachin, is he still alive?"

Sachin was silent for a moment. Then, he smiled and said, "It's time to initiate the plan!"

Sky, the blind man, and the others in the car were all stunned by Sachin's words. On the other end of the call, Alec was quiet for nearly ten seconds.

Eventually, Alec let out a long breath and said, "The Moore family has already prepared everything. What about you guys?"

Sachin turned his head to Sky, who was next to him.



Sky hurriedly answered, “Great Sky Group has readily prepared everything for quite some time too. Whether it’s a trade war or hand-to-hand combat, we are ready for both.”

“Did you hear that?” Sachin asked Alec from the side. He had switched the call to loudspeaker mode earlier on.

Alec let out a thundering laugh. “In that case, this big game of chess will start tonight.”

Sachin narrowed his eyes as he said, “In a short time, two supreme-level giants will be born in the south—the Moore family in Aplon Province, and my Sachin Hall!”

**Sachin Hall!**

Those two words were like a sharp knife, fiercely stabbing into Sky's heart. Sachin was talking about Sachin Hall instead of Great Sky Group. Indeed, the group had always belonged to Sachin. It was an undeniable fact.

But, Sachin's plan to set up Sachin Hall was unheard of by Sky. Why was that?

Inadvertently, deep down, a trace of anger and resentment brewed in Sky's heart once more.

It was true that Great Sky Group had been established with Sachin as the backbone. But it was Sky who took care of the group from the beginning. Thus, he had poured countless blood, sweat, and tears into Great Sky Group.

With Sachin's announcement of establishing Sachin Hall, was he trying to take away all the fruits cultivated through Sky's hard work?

It was alright to take it away, but Sachin was going too far by replacing Great Sky Group with Sachin Hall without a word beforehand. Wasn't this a little too much?

Many thoughts ran through Sky's head, but he didn't dare show the slightest hint of dissatisfaction on his face.

Because it was Sachin, the man whom Sky could only look up to, who had done this to him. Even if he spent his whole life trying, he could never match up to that man. So, Sky could only hide his thoughts and hold them in. There was no room for him to refute.



Finally, Sachin had finished his phone conversation with Alec. They reached an agreement with a few simple words. The plan had been initiated.

The great bloodshed of the south had officially begun.

That night, the Moore family started making their moves. They had been making preparations for years. The entire south was made up of dozens of large and small forces, while the first-class giants consisted of seven or eight parties.

Over the past decade, the Moore family had been expanding at an unusually rapid speed. Many large and small families had been annexed by them.

As for the families that could not be annexed

within a short period, the Moore family had long made various arrangements within their families, functioning as ticking time bombs.

Once the Moore family pressed the remote control, these bombs would blow up. By combining forces with Strego City's Great Sky Group, they would destroy those families within a few days.

Both the Moore family and Great Sky Group were the top-ranked powerful families in the south. When they united their powers, the force was as strong as a hurricane!

Within a single night, many powerful families and large groups in Aplon Province had fallen. Whether it was a trading war or hand-to-hand combat, all were crushed by the Moore family.

The same thing happened with the Great Sky Group. Overnight, all their preliminary plans had been initiated. Just like a massive cruise that splits waves on the ocean, many families were crushed in the south, but none of them dared to squeak.

And all of this was just the beginning.

Over the next week or so, more and more southern families fell under the combined pressure of the Moore family and Great Sky Group. Even the first-class giants such as the Miller family, the Gonzalez family, and others choose to submit. They simply couldn't withstand the joint forces of the Moore family and Great Sky Group.

In just a week's time, the south's power distribution that had been stable for an



entire decade was wholly reformed.

Over at the West Lake villas, Carson Yorke and Tyr Summers had long been listening to this type of news, to the point that they now felt numb to it all.

Almost every day, Kace Jones reported to them that a southern family had fallen, been directly wiped out, or subjugated by the Moore family and Great Sky Group.

And in the face of all this, Tyr and Carson did nothing.

In other words, they didn't need to do anything because all this has long been a foregone conclusion. Both the Moore family and Great Sky Group had laid out this plan for years. Meanwhile, Tyr and his group only planned the southern chess game for less

than a year, so, as expected, they couldn't change a thing.

“Oh well, we really did underestimate the south.”

Tyr and Carson sat at the pavilion while enjoying tea and playing chess against each other.

Such a situation wasn't out of their expectation. Still, when the series of events really happened, anyone would have some difficulty in accepting it.

## Chapter 646 I, Tyr Summers, Have Never Lost

With the two first-class giants joining forces, their influence spread across almost the entire south. In just a week, many first-class giants had fallen, one after another.

This achievement was due to more than just Great Sky Group and the Moore family's early preparations and scheming. In a way, it also demonstrated the profound heritage and strength of these two first-class magnates.

“And now, the great game of chess in the south has officially begun.” Placing a black piece on the chessboard, Carson Yorke smiled bitterly. “It's just a pity that it was



the Moore family and Sachin Taylor who started this great game, not us.”

“Yeah.” Tyr Summers put down a white piece. “It wasn’t just you and I who were interested in this game, they were too, and they have planned this years ago. Riverdale Province is also part of the south, is there anything wrong over there?”

“Once this war starts, no place can escape its ripples. But Riverdale is too far away, so it doesn’t have that much of an impact. Thus, the Moore family and Great Sky Group’s strategic plans weren’t directed at Riverdale Province,” Carson replied.

Carson placed another black piece on the board while saying, “Tyr, the Southern Commerce Chamber is taking a massive hit, right?”

“Yeah.” Tyr nodded unabashedly. “This time, the Great Sky Group and the Moore family’s game involved more than hand-to-hand combat, but also a trading war.

“When they started the game a week ago, the Southern Commerce Chamber suffered a massive impact. Many members of the chamber also took huge hits. From the next day onwards, many of them stated that they wanted to quit their membership of the chamber.

“Until yesterday, the entire Southern Commerce Chamber was scarred and battered. Autumn Field Group was also affected, and is now in a precarious state. Under the continuous attacks from Great Sky Group, the Southern Commerce Chamber may disintegrate at any time!”

“The chamber was established by the local officials. Now that Great Sky Group is recklessly attacking it, have you contacted Six Doors and informed them about it?” asked Carson.

Tyr smiled and replied, “This is exactly the outcome desired by Six Doors. Whoever gains the upper hand will gain their support, which is why the officials have stopped stepping in.

“Thanks to Six Doors’ decision, I no longer need to hold back either.”

“What did you do?” Carson stared at Tyr in surprise, as if he just thought of something.

Tyr said with a smile, “I don’t know how to do business, nor do I know anything about



business warfare. But I do understand a simple rule of thumb—he who pays the piper calls the tune.

“This time, Great Sky Group carried out an all-round strike against the Southern Commerce Chamber and Autumn Field Group. Both parties suffered one defeat after another and had a hard time fighting back. Because Great Sky Group had a large amount of funds from the Moore family, they went all out in attacking their targets.

“If this continues, the Southern Commerce Chamber will disintegrate, and Autumn Field Group will collapse completely. The group is my wife’s heart and soul. How can I let her efforts go up in smoke?”

Tyr had a poised smile on his face as he continued, “Out of all the unofficial

organizations and groups in the world, excluding GPE, I cannot think of any organization richer than my Regal Palace.”

“So?” Carson asked.

Tyr replied, “So, yesterday, I contacted Regal Palace’s headquarters and asked them to prepare fifty billion for me within a day’s time.

“My wife can use these funds to fight against Great Sky Group and the Moore family. If fifty billion is not enough, then I will add another fifty billion. If it’s still not enough, then I can double it up to a hundred billion!”

Carson currently had a front row seat to this show of Tyr’s wealth. It left him shocked and speechless.

If that much money was given to Winifred Zea to fight a trade war with Great Sky Group, it was unquestionable which party would win the battle, right?

Yes, the Southern Commerce Chamber and Autumn Field Group were now facing a crisis. Still, even if both organizations collapsed, with so much funds on hand, they could quickly turn the tide at any time.

Carson took a deep breath and said, “Tyr, with the strong financial support of Regal Palace behind us, there is no need to worry about the business war.”

Tyr laughed. “If we want to compare who has more money, I, Tyr, am not afraid of anyone. However, in this game for the south, the business war is merely a tiny part of it.



The final battle, which determines the winner, will be hand-to-hand combat.” 1

“How confident are you?” Carson asked with a smile.

“I, Tyr Summers, have never lost.”

Carson burst out in laughter. “Tyr, I appreciate that confidence of yours. Tonight, Peter Woods from Northriver City will arrive in Strego City with his elites. I would like you to send someone to pick them up.”

“Send someone... pick them up?” Tyr narrowed his eyes, “Uncle Yorke, logically speaking, Peter and the others should have arrived long ago. Why did you delay it until tonight? Who do you want me to send for the task?”

Also narrowing his eyes, Carson laughed again. “You know it well in your heart.”

“Hahaha, indeed, when it comes to scheming, if Uncle Yorke won the spot as runner up, no one would dare call themselves the champion. Great Sky Group has been out in full force, whereas we held back for a full week.

“Tonight, it’s about time for us to come on stage and let them witness a little bit of our greatness,” said Tyr as he moved another white piece, directly slaying one of Carson’s knights.

“Uncle Yorke, it seems like you are destined to lose the game. I shall excuse myself now.”

Leaving the villa area of West Lake, Tyr

drove directly to Wolf's Den.

It was late in the evening. Just like any other day, the sound of wolves howling resonated all around Wolf's Den. Meanwhile, the inside of the warehouse was filled with an ear-piercing growling sound. ①

Tyr pushed the door open and walked in. He had already gotten used to the craziness of these Wolf's Den members, so he didn't intend to bother their training. Instead, his gaze was directed at a corner of the warehouse.

The monstrously-built Tarzan and Lancelot Fyre were standing there with bewilderment in their eyes. They stared at the Wolf's Den members who were pushing themselves to the limit to advance themselves.

Both men were famous martial arts fighters



in the southern martial arts community. They had previously trained themselves day and night to seek revenge on Sachin Taylor.

All this while, both Tarzan and Lancelot had thought of themselves as the kind of people who worked very hard. However, when they came to Wolf's Den and met this group of tireless psychos, they realized that compared to these people, they were far behind when it came to hard work.

Approaching Tarzan and Lancelot, Tyr smiled at the pair and asked, "You two have been here for a few days now. How do you find it?"

## Chapter 647 Farmer and Butcher

After more than a week, Lancelot Fyre and Tarzan's injuries were no longer a big deal. However, their wounds were still deep enough to prevent them from participating in dramatic physical exercises.

As such, both Lancelot and Tarzan stayed in this corner of the warehouse. They only got to watch the Wolf's Den members training on the opposite side.

In just a few days, the two of them felt that their worldview had been strongly subverted.

Every day, a series of question marks emerged in their heads.

What was this place?

Where in the world did these people come from?

Why was there such a place in the world?

When Lancelot and Tarzan saw Tyr Summers approaching, the hint of bewilderment in their eyes quickly disappeared.

“This place was established by you?” asked Lancelot.

“That’s right,” answered Tyr, nodding.

“I really didn’t expect this. You appear to be so young, yet you were able to establish such an incredible place,” Lancelot said.

Tyr replied, “Many, many incredible things happened to me. After a while, you will



understand more of it. How does it feel here?”

“Very good.” Both Tarzan and Lancelot nodded at the same time.

“Tyr, I heard that you’re from Riverdale. Why are you here in Strego City?”

Tyr’s answer was simple and straight to the point, “To conquer the south.”

Then, Tyr tapped on Tarzan and Lancelot’s shoulders. “I know you guys have a few doubts in your minds. For example, how is a young fellow like me capable of fighting with Sachin Taylor? But tonight, I’ll let you guys witness the strength that I, Tyr, possess.”

Having said that, Tyr walked to the center of

the warehouse. He clapped his hands and said, “Stop! All of you.”

At Tyr’s command, all those Wolf’s Den members who were frantically training stopped immediately.

“Get ready. All of you have a mission tonight.”

As soon as the words left Tyr’s mouth, the entire warehouse echoed with the Wolf’s Den members’ excited cheers.

Lancelot and Tarzan looked at this group of people in amazement. It was hard for them to imagine what made the Wolf’s Den members have such a vigorous fighting spirit.

At midnight, eight SUVs carrying nearly

thirty Wolf's Den members departed from the warehouse. They drove all the way to the western suburbs of Strego City, where there was a highway leading into the city.

At this time, a dozen black sedan cars were speeding on the road. After getting off the highway, these vehicles entered the city via the western suburbs.

The passenger in one of the cars was Peter Woods. He was gently rubbing his temples with his hands. Next to him sat Sean Lewis and Cameron Zachs.

All three of them were once the buddies of Yannick Lloyd, the ex-Northriver King.

During the battle between Southriver and Northriver, Peter and Carson had joined forces to defeat Yannick. As such, Peter had been crowned the new Northriver King.



Peter was not to be blamed for betraying Yannick back then. It was Yannick himself who had gone overboard!

Holding a cigar in his hand, Sean asked with a hint of doubt in his tone, “Second Brother, is it realistic for King Yorke and Tyr to take the entire south?”

In fact, from the beginning, when he received Carson’s message, Sean was somewhat repulsed by his order. Carson was asking them to pick out the elites of Northriver and support him in Strego City.

Sean didn’t believe that Tyr and Carson had the abilities to fight with the first-class giants in the south. After all, that idea sounded unrealistic.

“Don’t underestimate King Yorke. Even

more so, don't underestimate Tyr," said Peter, gently rubbing his temples a few times.

He added, "From the Quintus family in Astral Province, to the Saxton family and the Jones family in Strego City, you guys should know by now that the things Tyr and King Yorke have accomplished are not something achievable by ordinary people. The two of them have done something which can't be done by ordinary people."

"But, Second Brother, this is the entire south we're talking about!"

"That's right, the entire south. Sean, Cameron, we have fought for so many years. Isn't the real reason behind our efforts because we want to see the scenery of the south from the highest place?"

“That is exactly the opportunity King Yorke sold to us at the beginning—the opportunity to soar to greatness.”

At this point, Peter’s eyes were fiery with determination. “Although we can’t call our clan in Northriver potent, we are definitely not weak. We mustn’t let anyone look down on us, especially with this trip to Strego City.”

“Right!”

The car drove along the western outskirts of the city. It then headed towards the direction to enter the city.

Just then, two figures could be seen standing side by side on a small mountain slope ahead. They were two middle-aged men who



were probably in their early forties.

However, they were dressed and styled in a somewhat peculiar look.

One of them had a stout build and a bald head. He was carrying an axe on his shoulder—the kind of ordinary axe used to chop down trees in the countryside. Though the axe was quite ordinary, it gave an extraordinarily fierce impression when it was carried on the shoulder of this bald man.

The other one was a bearded man. His hair was fluffy and greasy, and there was a pig-killing blade hanging on his waist. He looked like a pig-killing butcher.

Their names pretty much suited their looks. The one carrying the axe was called Farmer, and the one with the pig-killing knife was Butcher.

They were the foster sons of Sachin Taylor. Previously, at his estate, Sachin had overpowered eight of his own foster sons all by himself, and Farmer and Butcher were among them.

“They’re coming,” said Butcher, watching the car coming his way. He kept scraping the blade of his pig-killing knife with his thumb.

“Humph.” Farmer nodded. “These people are the foreign aid Tyr called in from Riverdale. He dreamt of fighting our Sachin Hall with these men. Muahahaha, they really don’t know their own strength.

“Now that our Sachin Hall has already conquered half of the south together with the Moore family, it’s about time to let that Tyr and Carson have a taste of our power.”

Then, Farmer raised the axe in his hand and gave out an order, “As per Sachin’s orders, today, we will end all of these people.”

“Roger that!”

Suddenly, dozens of people appeared behind Farmer and Butcher. Some even started to set up roadblocks on the road in front of them to stop their opponent’s car.

Suddenly, the tyre of the leading vehicle in Peter’s entourage burst, causing the driver to immediately stop the car. All the vehicles following behind also braked.

“What’s going on?”

Sean frowned, while Peter and Cameron were the first to open the car door.

“Someone came to rob and kill us.”



“Everyone, get out of the car. Brace yourself with the momentum of our Northriver.”

The group of elites from Northriver City opened the car doors and stepped down from their cars.

Then, they saw Farmer and Butcher on the opposite side of the road, walking towards them with dozens of Great Sky Group fighters in tow.

Without any prior communication, Butcher gave a direct order, “Finish them off.”

The fighters behind him instantly rushed up towards Peter and the others like a tidal wave.

## Chapter 648 It's A Trap

Peter Woods also gave out an order, "F\*ck, it's the fighters of the Great Sky Group! Go teach them a lesson!"

The Northriver fighters behind him drew out their own weapons at once and lunged forward.

A battle between a hundred people was then kicked off, which was comparable to a battle between two armies in ancient times.

Although there were only a hundred people in this battle, it let out a momentum worthy of a thousand armies.

Both sides were equally strong. Although Peter and his fighters came from a prefecture

-level city in Riverdale, this group of people was once able to go toe-to-toe with Carson Yorke.

Since Carson unified Riverdale, the Yorke family's status was elevated into the district's most powerful family. Likewise, the people brought by Peter today were also worthy of the title of powerful family fighters.

Butcher and Farmer were Sachin's foster sons. The fighters they brought with them were the elites of Great Sky Group, a first-class magnate family. As such, they were considerably strong.

At first, the fight was neck and neck. But, it didn't take long for Great Sky Group's advantage to emerge.

There was no doubt that Butcher and Farmer



were very seasoned fighters. When they struck, none of their opponents could get close to them. Plus, the fighters on their side outnumbered Peter's warriors. Soon, many fighters on Peter's side were killed.

In the meantime, Farmer was continuously waving the axe in his hand. With each swing, a fighter was killed.

These two men cooperated well with each other, and they made a clean sweep of all obstacles in their path as they approached Peter Woods and Sean Lewis.

Clang!

A clanging sound rang out when the blade in Sean's hand was chopped off by Butcher's knife. It was then followed by Butcher landing a slash on Sean's chest.

This man was one of Sachin's foster sons. Although he was not as powerful as the blind man and Ali, he could definitely overpower the likes of Sean and Cameron. ①

Without his blade, Sean was sent flying two or three meters backward before falling heavily to the ground.

At the same time, Farmer also swung the axe in his hand at Cameron Zachs. Tom tilted to the side and dodged the attack, managing a narrow escape from Farmer's axe. The axe smashed into the car instead, and the powerful strike destroyed the car hood.

“With this strength of yours, how is it possible for you to fight with Sachin Hall? Are you guys a joke?” Farmer held up the axe in his hand and laughed loudly.

With another swing of the axe, he chopped at Cameron and sent him flying backwards.

By now, the great battle was nearing its end. Nearly half of Peter's group was already lying on the ground. Those who remained and still managed to stand were at the brink of an emotional breakdown.

With blood still dripping down his chest, Sean shouted at Peter, "Second Brother! Run!"

Then, Sean teamed up with Cameron to protect Peter, and prepared to evacuate from the place. However, in this situation, there wasn't any way to retreat at all.

"Running away? If you run, we can't complete our task. We will be punished when



we go back,” said Butcher.

Wickedly licking his blood-covered blade, he looked at Peter and his group as if they were dead meat.

“This is just the beginning. Next, whether it's Tyr Summers or Carson Yorke, all of you have to die.”

After issuing that stern warning, Butcher lunged as swiftly as lightning, to the point where he turned into a blur as he moved towards Peter's group.

Butcher was indeed capable of killing all three of them.

However, at the moment when he pulled out his blade, he heard a clang. A figure suddenly blocked his knife with a greyish blade. It was

the collision between both weapons that had resulted in that clang sound.

Although Butcher didn't retreat, he felt a numbness in the space between his forefinger and thumb.

The figure took a step back, then straightened the grey knife in his hand.

“Who are you? Where did you come from?” asked Butcher, somewhat baffled.

While he was still dazed, several more silhouettes suddenly appeared next to the figure. Each one had outstanding strength. Teaming up with the figure with the grey knife, who had launched the first attack, at least three fighters attacked Butcher simultaneously.

Boom, boom, boom...

Continuous punches rained down on Butcher like a storm. Though he was much stronger than each of these people, he could not compete with the joint efforts of so many fighters.

Instantly, Butcher felt somewhat dizzy from those attacks. He saw a tall man standing before him. Another punch from the tall man sent Butcher flying away.

“You’re that man, Tarzan!”

Landing on the ground, Butcher felt as if his body had been hit by a truck. With much difficulty, he staggered to his feet and stared at Tarzan incredulously.

Tarzan was not the only one present, but also Ashblood, Jamie Sunder, Martin



Jakeman, and Fiona Jennings. All of them were members of Wolf's Den.

Jamie let out a low roar, then yelled, "Kill them all!"

Once again, all five of them jointly attacked the severely-wounded Butcher. It didn't require much effort for them to finish him off, and he was soon left lying in a pool of blood.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Farmer was also a bit confused with the situation. He didn't understand what was going on.

Obviously, their team had been about to win the battle. Yet, suddenly, this group of crazy people appeared. Every one of them seemed like a psychopath. They simply rushed up and fought. Every move they made was

meant to kill.

Every one of them looked so ferocious. Unsurprisingly, the fighters of Great Sky Group were no match for them.

A terrifying thought flashed through Farmer's mind. The next second, he was panicking.

This was a trap. The so-called Peter and the others were just bait. The other party had already expected that Sachin would send people to stop and kill Peter's group tonight.

Sachin had intended to show Tyr and Carson his strength, but their opponent had envisioned this, so they had prepared in advance. The arrangement was meant to be a slap in the face for Sachin.

“Damn it! This is bad.”

Realizing that his side was at an disadvantage, Farmer didn't intend to stick around. Forcing back several Wolf's Den members with an absolute strong force, he prepared to flee the place.

However, at this time, a blade suddenly came at him. Farmer automatically resisted the attack with the axe in his hand. Still, a second blade followed, and so did a third.

After three blades, Farmer was forced to pause. When he saw the man opposite him, a shocked expression emerged on his face as he shouted out the man's name, "Lancelot Fyre!"

"Sachin's dog, I will split you up alive today," Lancelot snorted coldly, rushing towards Farmer with his blade.



A battle between the two parties broke out.

After a minute, as a result of his vigorous moves, the old wounds on Lancelot's body were reopening. Having suffered another blow of Farmer's axe, his shoulder bone was shattered.

Meanwhile, Farmer had been pierced by Lancelot's three blades. Each of the cuts was a fatal wound. Falling to the ground, he perished.

## Chapter 649 Defeat

The battle was nearing its end. Sachin Taylor's people, led by Butcher and Farmer, were beaten soundly. It was a massive loss.

Throughout the night, Tyr Summers sat in a jeep observing the battle without ever leaving the vehicle. Through the jeep's windshield, he could see everything happening on the battlefield.

The outcome of the battle was never in doubt. Sachin's people were wiped out, while Peter Woods' band of fighters lost half of their forces by the end of the battle. Yet, the members of Wolf's Den suffered only light injuries.

This was merely an insignificant contest of

strength between Tyr and Sachin.

Sachin had plenty of foster sons. Including Sky Sullivan, Ali, and the lot, there were at least a dozen of them. Butcher and Farmer were actually the weakest among them all.

Their demise meant nothing to Sachin.

After Sachin's visit to the Canonteign Mansion a week ago, Great Sky Group and the Moore family finally began their campaign in the south. Previously, they were busy dealing with the gentries of the south, and had neglected Tyr and his people.

Now that things were settling down, Sachin wanted to assess Tyr's abilities. Even though he sent out two of his weakest foster sons, it was considered respectful on Sachin's part.

Peter and his people stood no chance against



Butcher and Farmer. Yet, they did not expect the arrival of the Wolf's Den members.

Tyr and Carson Yorke had figured out that there was a plot to ambush Peter earlier on. With Wolf's Den's strength, Tyr countered Sachin's ambush and annihilated his people. Or perhaps, this was the reason why Carson had delayed Peter's arrival.

Anyway, it was Tyr and Sachin's first contest, with Sachin coming out as the biggest loser of the night.

Over at Sachin Manor the next morning.

Sachin was having breakfast, while beside him sat Lilia Gibson.

Although she had been placed under house arrest, Sachin did not limit her movements

within the manor. On the contrary, he treated her pretty decently.

She had always been around him ever since she became his disciple. Back then, she was tasked with the job of serving Sachin and providing for his daily life. Which she was again doing at the present.

After seeing him finish his oatmeal, Lilia immediately refilled Sachin's bowl.

He took a big spoonful and looked at her. “You probably hate me for keeping you here, don't you?”

Lilia shivered. “Of course not, Master. That incident was my mistake.”

“Was it?” Sachin smiled. “Lilia, you are close to forty years old, am I right?”

“Yes, Master, I will be forty in six months’ time.”

“Then, have you thought of starting a family?”

Lilia’s expression abruptly changed as she hurriedly said, “No, Master. I want to stay by your side and serve you till the end of my life.”

“Lilia, you have changed. I know exactly what your thoughts are.” Sachin shook his head.

“Master, I...”

“I know you cannot move on from Zeppelin Wayne. Do not forget that he is on Tyr Summers’ side.

“Last night, I sent people to ambush a team



from Riverdale coming to Tyr's aid in Strego City. It was my first battle with him. Unfortunately, I was defeated.”

Lilia's pupils contracted. She never expected to hear Sachin, a being even the devil was afraid of, admitting to his own defeat.

“Lilia, nobody else sees it as clearly as I do. Our, both the Moore family and I's, biggest obstacle to complete domination of the south lies not in the Lund Family of the Cascades nor the Cantonteign Mansion in West Suez. It is Tyr Summer instead.

“There will be a battle between Tyr and I soon. When the time comes, there can only be one winner.

“When that day arrives, you will meet Zeppelin again, but on opposing sides. Will

you kill him if I order you to?”

Lilia did not reply. After all, it was an unanswerable question.

Sachin laughed and looked at Lilia with an amused expression. “You are months away from your forties. As you are my disciple, I have the responsibility to look for a man who can take good care of you. Mark my words, Lilia.

“Whoever he may be, he can never be Zeppelin Wayne.”

Lilia could not believe what she heard. She sat petrified as Sachin continued chewing on a piece of brownie.

“Come in,” ordered Sachin.

Sky, Elias, and the rest of Sachin’s foster

sons entered.

They already knew of Butcher and Farmer's annihilation at the hands of Tyr last night. Immediately, they came over to Sachin Manor, wanting to inform Sachin of the bad news.

Each and every one of them was in a rage, and could not wait for Sachin's order to take down Tyr Summers.

However, they had arrived late at night and Sachin was already fast asleep. They dared not disturb his good night's sleep, so instead, they waited outside his door right until now.

“Godfather, Butcher and Farmer are dead. Now that we are in an alliance with the Moore Family, we were able to take over



most of the south. Strego City is our base, and I think it is time for us to do some cleaning up,” said Sky as soon as he entered the room.

Sachin shifted his gaze over and said, “Are you ordering me around?”

Sky’s expression changed abruptly as he quickly explained, “I dare not, Godfather. Yet, what happened yesterday is not something to be overlooked!”

“That was all it took for you lot to get riled up? Tsk!” Sachin chuckled.

The group of foster sons looked around, shifting their gaze around the room awkwardly. There were many things they wanted to say, but seeing Sachin’s response, it was wiser not to speak now.

Sachin stood up and gave himself a quick patdown. “For ten years I was imprisoned in the Golden Pagoda! I have got to do something to wash away the bad vibes I am carrying with me,” he muttered.

“What do you mean?”

Nobody understood what Sachin was getting at. Shouldn't this be the time to gather their forces and wipe out Tyr Summers for good?

## Chapter 650 To Marry Dean Young

Although, nobody dared question Sachin Taylor's decision.

“Elias, I heard you have always liked Lilia, am I right?” asked Sachin, looking at Elias.

Elias' face lit up. He did not see Sachin's question coming at all.

On the other hand, Lilia Gibson was horrified. Was Sachin planning on marrying her off to that rascal? Of course, he was going to torment her.

Elias nodded. “Yes, I love her with every fiber of my being! If I become her husband, I will do everything I can to make her happy!”

He looked at Lilia, unable to hide his hideous



and scheming expression as he began fantasizing.

“Master, please...” Lilia put on a pitiful expression and looked Sachin’s way, begging him to have mercy on her.

Yet, he did not even take a peek at her. Instead, he laughed.

“Lilia is my disciple, I have the responsibility to find her a good husband. Whoever becomes her spouse, becomes my foster son as well. Today, I will decide the groom from you folks,” Sachin declared.

Lilia broke out in a cold sweat. No matter how reluctant she felt, there was nothing she could do to change Sachin’s mind.

Meanwhile, Elias smiled in expectation. He

had begun fantasizing about how their wedding night would go down.

“I hereby announce that the person to marry Lilia is...”

Sachin pointed his finger at Elias. Just as Elias was about to get down on his knees to thank Sachin, the man himself suddenly moved his finger away and pointed it at Dean Young.

“Dean!”

Everyone in the room was dumbfounded. Elias looked on wide-eyed as his expression froze. The groom wasn't him, but Dean Young instead!

Lilia was shocked as well. That man was at least eight years older than her, why would

Sachin do such a thing?

Suddenly, a thought appeared in her mind. There was a reason behind Sachin's decision.

Dean did not expect it either. "Sachin, this..."

As discussions broke out among the occupants in the room, everyone was visibly shaken, including Sky, who frowned.

Elias did not foresee the brutal toil of emotions he went through. It was clear that Sachin had wanted him to be Lilia's husband. Why did he change his mind at the last moment? As anger boiled in him, Elias wanted to publicly reprimand Sachin for his antics. He had lost all reason.

"Sa..."

Before he could speak, Sky managed to yank



him away. He was also in a mess as he understood what Sachin was getting at.

Elias took a deep breath and with great effort, managed to calm himself down.

“Sachin, I do not understand. There are no feelings between Lilia and I,” said Dean.

“Shouldn’t you be calling me Godfather?”

Sachin looked straight into Dean’s eyes.

“But, Sachin!”

“Do you refuse?”

Without delay, Dean got onto his knees. “Godfather!”

Sachin’s voluminous laughter rang across the room as James Martin and the blind man joined him in laughing. However, Lilia and

the rest thought otherwise. Sachin's farce of a decision seemed out of place, but everyone understood the message behind his actions.

Looking at Lilia, Sachin asked, "Lilia, Dean is a wonderful man. Won't you agree to the marriage?"

Lilia took a deep breath. Did she have a choice?

"I will, thank you so much, Master!"

"Wonderful!" Sachin laughed. "Since it is decided, the wedding will happen tomorrow, right here, officiated by yours truly."

Immediately, James, the blind man, and the rest congratulated Lilia and Dean, wishing them a wonderful marriage. Elias stood in the shadows, struggling to contain his

intense rage.

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Over at Elias' residence, screams of anger and sounds of things breaking were heard. He was, at the moment, no different from an enraged beast, wishing only to harm everything in its way.

“Damn it! Damn it!”

Elias was truly outraged, for Sachin had played him well.

Why did he ask Elias that question if he had already decided who was going to marry Lilia? Was Sachin trying to embarrass him?

Elias could not accept the truth. His animosity toward Sachin deepened.

“Damn it! Damn it!”



He finally returned to his senses after destroying every single object in his villa.

After a lengthy silence, with enough time to consider ridiculous ideas, and a deep breath later, he took out his cell phone. He punched in a string of numbers and without waiting for long, the call was quickly picked up.

A deep voice rumbled from the other end of the phone, “What is up, Mr. Sullivan?”

“The man you arranged previously was useless. He could not even snipe a target a mere twenty meters away. Are you guys legitimate?” said Elias.

The man chuckled. “We underestimated our target, but there will be no next time.”

Elias’ expression darkened. “Good, I will

give you another chance to correct your mistakes. You...”

However, before he could finish speaking, the man instantly declined his offer, saying, “Sorry, Mr. Sullivan, you are not allowed to order us around more than once. Unless this is your brother’s idea.”

“I can pay you however much you want!”

“This has nothing to do with money!”

The call was terminated.

“Screw this!”

Elias was obviously even angrier than before.

## Chapter 651 The Wyvern

On Elias Sullivan's forehead, veins bulged as if they were going to pop out anytime soon.

At that moment, Sky Sullivan entered with a nasty expression on his face.

“Bro...”

Before Elias could finish his sentence, he was greeted with a hard slap across his face instead. Sky did not hold back, leaving a bright red mark on Elias' cheek.

“You... why?” asked a stunned Elias.

Sky did not answer. Instead, he did it again. Two slaps across Elias' face.

“On your knees!” ordered Sky.



Trembling in fear, Elias immediately knelt down. “I...”

“You foolish brat, good-for-nothing moron!”

Sky kicked Elias multiple times, as hard as he could. One would be easily forgiven for thinking that Sky was actually attempting to murder Elias.

The younger of the duo lay on the floor, rolling around and shielding himself from more hits while constantly crying out for mercy. This went on for a good few minutes before Sky finally stopped. He took a big drag on his cigar as he calmed down.

Battered and bruised, with bloodshot eyes, Elias remained on his knees.

“Who asked you to contact them?” Sky

glared at Elias furiously. “Are you looking for death?”

The fear in Elias’ eyes disappeared, to be quickly replaced by rancor and malice.

“I cannot take the humiliation! What about you? Sachin Taylor is obviously going after us with his actions, can’t you see it?”

“My brother, you spent the past decade growing Great Sky Group into a formidable presence. Not forgetting the effort you put in to ensure Sachin’s trouble-free and safe release from the Golden Pagoda. What did you get in return?”

“Are you going to stand idly by while Sachin takes over Great Sky Group and turns it into Sachin Hall?”

“Shut up!” Sky kicked Elias again. “The

truth is, you are infatuated with Lilia Gibson! She will never be yours, quit it!”

“I truly love her.”

“Damn it!” The veins on Sky’s forehead popped out. “You are looking for death, Elias.”

“Leaving Lilia out of the issue for a second, I am upset that you are being treated this way. All these years, you sacrificed the most, yet, what did you get in return from Sachin? He is outrageous, we cannot sit by any longer!” Elias retorted.

“Silence!” Sky roared, continuing to take drags of his cigar.

After a long silence, he slowly exhaled the smoke and said, “Elias, you have to leave Strego City now. You are not to return



without my orders.”

“Why?” Elias was stupefied.

“I want you to leave Strego City immediately. There is no way I am letting our family, the Sullivans, die off without leaving any descendants behind.”

“No... I am not leaving!”

“Get out, now!”

Once again, Sky kicked Elias hard in his shins, before helping him up from the ground. The fury and rage in Sky’s eyes were replaced by a tenderness only seen between siblings.

“Elias, listen to me, your brother. You need to leave now. Any later and you will lose the chance to escape.”

“I cannot leave you behind! What will happen to you?” Elias’ tone turned serious as he continued, “Sachin must have realized something. Ignoring other issues, just your failure to prevent Lilia from meeting Zeppelin Wayne was enough to raise Sachin’s suspicions. I will stay!”

Sky raised his voice again, “Shut up! This is an order, you are to leave immediately!”

At this point, a towering figure entered the room. He was James Martin, one of Great Sky Group’s Three Aces.

“Chairman.”

Sky gently nodded. He patted James’ shoulders, a little more forcefully than usual, and said, “Both Jason and Dean are actually Sachin’s people, so you are the only

one I can trust now, James.

“Take Elias with you and leave Strego City now! If I am gone, please, never come back!”

James frowned. “Chairman, is this necessary?”

Sky took a deep breath and explained, “Sachin is a smart character. The truth will reveal itself soon, and there can only be one survivor at the end of tonight. The Sullivan family cannot die out now, please!”

“Chairman, I will stay!” James insisted.

“No!” Sky refused James’ request. “There are too many powerful characters around Sachin, your presence will not make a difference, so please!”

“But, Chairman...”



“Do you want me to get down on my knees and beg you?”

Left with no choice, James finally agreed. Dragging Elias with him, they left the villa and sped away in a car.

Sky was the only person left. He looked around at the wreck created by Elias before finishing his cigar in a few quick drags. Inhaling deeply, he took out his cell phone. The call was picked up and the same deep voice rumbled from the other end.

“This is Sky Sullivan.”

“Noted,” came the reply.

“I want The Wyvern in full action tonight. If Sachin is successfully assassinated, half of Great Sky Group’s assets will be yours to

take.”

“Sounds good.”

A brief exchange concluded the deal.

The Wyvern was an exceptional sniper squad, made up of retired marksmen from around the world, the best in their countries. They had arrived in the Celestial Empire a year ago, brought in by Sky with an obscene amount of money. Their purpose here was simple—to kill Sachin.

After all, humans were a selfish bunch.

Sky spent the past decade toiling in blood, sweat, and tears, growing Great Sky Group into the beast it was today. And he understood that everything would be for naught when Sachin was released from the Golden Pagoda.

He was not completely loyal to Sachin. On the contrary, he wanted him dead. Only then could Sky lead the Great Sky Group however he wanted without fear.

Many things he did leading up to Sachin's release, including the commitment to secrecy, were done only for show. For he knew that many among the Three Aces and the board of directors were actually Sachin's servants.



## Chapter 652 Impossible

Sky had known of Lilia Gibson's outing to warn Zeppelin Wayne about Sachin's release. However, he did nothing to stop her, because he wanted Tyr Summers to neutralize Sachin when the time came.

At the same time, there had been a sniper hidden in the woods—the one who pulled the trigger twenty meters away from Sachin. He was a member of The Wyvern.

Under normal circumstances, with both Tyr and the sniper hot on his tail, Sachin should not have survived.

Yet, he lived. Sky Sullivan had greatly underestimated his capabilities.

After that, Sky pretended like nothing ever

happened. He became more vigilant, and devoted himself to Sachin instead. Being a smart person, Sky's maneuver could easily deceive any ordinary person. It was carried out perfectly without any visible flaws.

Success meant that he could go after the top job. On the other hand, failure meant that he could stay put as one of Sachin's right-hand men and act as if nothing ever happened.

Then again, he had also underestimated Sachin's wit. Although there was nothing obvious on Sachin's end, various little actions here and there were sufficient to show that he was aware of Sky's insurgent attempt.

Sachin's inaction was intentional, and his earlier humiliation of Elias Sullivan was a testament to his growing impatience with

Sky.

“Godfather, do not blame me for this is only human nature. You are exceptional, dodging a sniper bullet fired from a mere twenty meters away. However, we will see if you can repeat that feat with ten snipers aiming at your forehead!”

Having said that, Sky cackled hideously, his laughter ringing through the entire villa.

Lilia and Dean Young’s wedding was to be held at Sachin Manor. It was not publicized, as Sachin made a fuss about maintaining its secrecy, for reasons much to anyone’s guess.

With the wedding set to be held the next day, frankly, there was not enough time to prepare. As such, the manor was bustling with activity tonight, with all available



manpower utilized to their fullest extent.

Lilia sat in front of a dressing table in a brightly decorated room, looking at her reflection in the mirror, seemingly a little lost.

It was dark outside, and soon, a tailor-made wedding dress would be delivered to her for fitting. If changes were needed, the tailor would get to it immediately.

Ever since Sachin announced the news, Lilia was extremely lost, not knowing what to think or feel. To say she was behaving like a zombie, mindless and directionless, was not an understatement.

She stared blankly at herself in the mirror. Approaching her forties, she was still as beautiful and charming as ever.

Her eyes filled with tears. She was going to be married, but not to the man she yearned for. More than a decade ago, Sachin had forced her to leave Zeppelin. Now, she was once again being subjected to her master's madness.

The servants and maids were currently busy decorating the manor.

Meanwhile, Sachin sat at a table in the garden, drinking wine. Opposite him sat Dean, who had also felt lost ever since news of the wedding was announced.

“Am I treating you poorly by marrying Lilia to you?” asked Sachin.

Trembling, Dean hurriedly explained, “Of course not, Godfather. It is my utmost honor to become the husband of a

wonderful lady. I am eternally grateful for your trust and confidence!”

“I am glad you understand.” Sachin raised his glass. “Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

As their glasses touched, a loud crackle was suddenly heard.

A bullet shattered the glass in Sachin’s hand and headed for his heart. However, with a slight lean of his body, he dodged the shot.

“What on earth?”

Three hundred meters away, a sniper could be seen lying on his stomach. He was on the ground, hidden in a bush of flowers. A mere three hundred meters away and a flawless shot, failure was out of the question.



Plus, he had aimed for Sachin's heart, who was not aware of the shot. How could he have missed?

"I failed," the sniper whispered into a microphone on his collar, "Get to it, quick!"

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Multiple gunshots rang out simultaneously as bullets came flying towards Sachin from various directions.

Over in the garden, Dean quickly moved aside. He was safe as he was not the target.

Instinctively, he screamed, "Godfather!"

A total of five bullets were headed for Sachin

from five different directions. No matter how strong a person was, it was near impossible to emerge alive from this encounter.

Yet, it seemed that Sachin was well aware of the danger and instantly determined the bullets' trajectories. In the blink of an eye, he swiveled his body and managed to evade the bullets. However, there were limits to his nimbleness, as a bullet found its way into his shoulder. A stream of blood spurted out.

“Are you alright, Godfather?” asked Dean, looking at Sachin's wound in horror.

Yet, Sachin didn't seem the least bit bothered. He even laughed. A peal of laughter so eerie that Dean shivered when he heard it.

“Alas, you have revealed your true self. Sky Sullivan, I would have died if it wasn’t for my good fortune. Now that you have done it, do not blame me for what happens next,” said Sachin.

It sounded like he had intentionally taken the hit. To Dean’s horror, Sachin reached his finger into his shoulder and forcibly removed the bullet from the wound.

Even the sniper was stunned. With so many shots fired, only one managed to hit his target in the shoulder. Impossible!



## Chapter 653 The Demise of Sky Sullivan

Plus, there were supposed to be more than five snipers. What happened to the rest? Why didn't they pull the trigger?

“What is going on? Where are the rest? We only have one chance of killing Sachin Taylor, why didn't anyone shoot?” the sniper whispered anxiously into the microphone, only to hear an unfamiliar voice speaking.

“Look behind you, fool,” said the voice.

“What on...” The sniper turned his head back, only to see an expressionless Jason Garcia holding a dagger in his left hand. “You...”

Before the sniper could react, Jason flicked his wrist, slitting his victim's throat in one swift motion.

At that moment, Sachin's foster sons appeared in various places—on rooftops, on treetops, by the hillside—as they lurked forward in the darkness and took away the rest of the snipers' lives.

The members of The Wyvern, eleven of them to be exact, lost their lives almost simultaneously.

Seeing as how his men were already stationed before The Wyvern arrived, Sachin seemed to have expected the assassination attempt.

A full moon hung high up in the sky.

Smoking a cigar, Sky Sullivan sat amidst the

mess in the villa, waiting for news from The Wyvern. The time came, but his cell phone did not ring. That was all he needed to know what had happened. He took a deep breath and lit another cigar.

Two men entered the villa—the blind man, with a silver pike in his hands, and Ali, his arms wrapped in steel wire. Like grim reapers, they moved into the hall and stopped five meters away from Sky.

Sky smiled bitterly.

“Godfather was attacked just now, and was shot in the shoulder. Fortunately, he is safe,” said Ali.

“It was The Wyvern, acting under my orders.” Sky laughed softly.

The blind man pointed his pike at Sky. “Why



did you do this?”

“He would have done the same. Both you and I know how Sachin thinks.” Sky smiled.

The blind man replied, “If you were loyal to Godfather, things would have been much better for you. Sky Sullivan, you never wanted him to leave the Golden Pagoda, am I right?”

“What use is there to talk about things now? I, Sky Sullivan, toiled in blood, sweat, and tears all these years to build Great Sky Group into what it is today. It makes no sense for Sachin to come and take it for himself, just like that!

“Old man, Ali, it is what it is. I lost because The Wyvern failed to kill Sachin. Since he sent you here to take my life, bring it on!”

Ali clenched his fist and walked towards Sky in huge strides. Concentrating all his force onto the tip of his fist, Ali sent it straight at Sky's chest.

Suddenly, Sky reacted. He parried the punch with his own fist and sent Ali flying instead.

“What is going on?”

Vision was a little rattled, while Ali struggled to keep his balance as he shook his arms a few times.

“Sky Sullivan, there is more to you than meets the eye.”

Sky chuckled. “Do not forget that I am also Sachin's foster son. How can I be weak?”

Swiftly, he grabbed a katana hanging on the

wall. “My life is yours for the taking, only if you can, of course.”

Sky charged towards the blind man and Ali, furiously swinging his katana. With the katana in hand, he was a changed man. The blade moved gracefully and swiftly, and was very efficient in its slashes.

Seeing the abrupt change in their perfectly-envisioned scenario, the blind man and Ali quickly teamed up to fight Sky. Sounds of metal clashing rang out in the hall.

The battle lasted a good ten minutes.

If it weren't for this fight, the attackers would never have known just how strong Sky actually was. However, there was only so much he could do, especially when fighting against multiple opponents on his



own. Eventually, Sky's katana was knocked out of his grip by Ali, using his steel wire.

Taking the golden opportunity, the blind man thrust his sliver pike into Sky's chest, sending it clean through his body.

Even in death, Sky's eyes remained wide open, with blood gushing out of his mouth. It was a hideous sight to behold.

“Such trouble!” said the blind man. Withdrawing his pike, he wiped the blood off his weapon using a clean handkerchief.

Turning to Ali, he asked, “Are you okay?”

Ali had sustained five severe slashes, and all five wounds were gushing blood as they spoke. However, judging from his expression, he did not seem to be in pain.

“I am fine, all I need is the Golden Creation

Elixir and a few days of rest,” replied Ali.

“Let us go, then.”

They exited the hall, limping as they walked. A dozen of Sky’s bodyguards looked on in horror.

“Clean up the hall. After tonight, Great Sky Group is no more. There is only Sachin Hall now.”

Over at Sachin Manor, the atmosphere was of festivity and celebration. It was decorated with vibrant colors and fun ornaments. With his wounds treated and the Golden Creation Elixir applied, Sachin sat in the center of the hall.

The blind man and Ali entered and bowed to Sachin. “Godfather, it has been done.”

Gently nodding, Sachin quickly waved his

hand and said, “Get your wounds treated, you both did a great job tonight.”

Vision and Ali immediately took their leave, leaving Sachin alone in the hall. He stood up and strutted towards the door. Raising his head, he looked at the full moon and inhaled deeply.



## Chapter 654 It's You?

“Sky Sullivan, I would have been okay even if you did nothing as Lilia divulged our secrets. But why did you hire a hit team to take me out? Isn't it enough to be the second-in-command?” Sachin's lips curled upwards into a bizarre smile.

At the same time, a black car had been waiting at the highway exit of Strego City for quite some time. In the car sat two men. They were both Sachin's foster sons, and were ranked among the five best fighters amid them all.

Their gazes were fixated on the exit as if they were waiting for something to happen. However, their target did not appear, even

though they waited for over an hour.

“What is up? It is very late now, why aren't they here yet?”

Obviously getting impatient, one of them started sucking on a piece of toffee candy.

“Something is wrong. Elias Sullivan is not leaving Strego City at all!”

These two had been tasked to kill Elias on Sachin's orders. They did not expect Elias to avoid using the one and only exit leading out of Strego City.

“It makes no sense! Sky Sullivan was set on fighting Godfather, and arranged for Elias' escape. Knowing him and his timid personality, he would have fled once the chance came. But why did he not leave?”

“We have to inform Godfather, now!”

In fact, Elias had not left the city. Even though he was usually a good-for-nothing brat, he still understood a thing or two. Somehow, he knew that his brother was going all out today, which meant that they had crossed the point of no return.

Knowing Sachin, he would not have allowed Elias to escape Strego City alive. And he knew that he would be ambushed if he tried to flee. Of course, James Martin was with him and would have no problem safely escorting him out of Strego City.

After all, the Three Aces of Great Sky Group were no ordinary people. James, ranked second among the three, had the strength and capability to defeat even some of the best fighters Sachin had.

Yet, Elias chose to stay put in Strego City.



He drove aimlessly around the city in the darkness, while James sat in the passenger seat with his eyes slightly shut.

“Elias, this is your last chance to escape, are you sure you want to stay?” asked James.

“Not at all,” replied Elias. His face was twisted into a grim expression and his hands trembled constantly.

“My brother is dead, killed by the blind man and Ali. Not only that, Finn and Wilson are dead too.”

Both Finn Thomas and Wilson Davis were part of Great Sky Group's Six Directors, and were absolutely loyal to Sky. Having ordered Sky's death, Sachin would not have allowed those two to live either.

“When the sun rises today, Great Sky Group

will be known as Sachin Hall. Benjamin and Jude are Sachin's men. All these years, they have been monitoring my brother, watching his every move. I am very sure that they played a huge role in uncovering my brother's plans.

“Soon, they will oversee the organization that used to be Great Sky Group.”

Elias laughed maniacally.

“For ten years, my brother toiled for Great Sky Group, only for his efforts to be seized by someone else. Such irony!

“But this is a winner-takes-all situation, there is nobody we can blame. Now that my brother is dead, how can I, Elias Sullivan, live on ignobly?”

James looked at Elias, surprised at his

ardent demeanor, given that he was usually a vile and timid person.

“Wherever your brother pointed to, there I would go and fight. Now that he is gone, I promised him to keep the Sullivan lineage alive. Elias, please, you have to leave Strego City,” said James.

“I will not.” Elias shook his head. “You are free to leave if you want, James. But I will stay and avenge my brother.”

“Revenge?” James laughed. “Are you trying to clash with Sachin head-on? Pardon my frankness but you are nothing compared to him.”

James’ words were extremely demotivating to hear, but they were the truth.

Putting aside Elias, a good-for-nothing



brat, even James, being one of the top fighters out there, did not stand the slightest chance against Sachin.

Elias lapsed into silence as he kept driving his car around in the darkness.

“Where are you going, Elias?” asked James.

Elias broke into a hideous grin and said, “You are right, James, I am no match for Sachin. Someone else is, though.

“I cannot wait a moment longer. I am not staying in Strego City to fight Sachin head-on, I’m staying because I want to see his demise with my own eyes.”

James suddenly thought of something. “Are you going to see Tyr Summers?”

Just then, Elias slammed his foot down on

the brakes and the car came to an abrupt stop.

They had arrived at the Tempest Pavilion!

In it, sat Zeppelin Wayne, holding his Dragon Blade. He seemed to have been waiting for a while.

Elias and James exited the car.

Realizing that these two had come instead, Zeppelin frowned. "It's you?"

Instinctively, he unsheathed his Dragon Blade and pointed its tip at Elias. "Is it not enough that I ripped one of your arms off? Are you here to provoke me again?"

The atmosphere was tense. Looking on solemnly, James clenched his fists and stood in front of Elias, shielding him from

Zeppelin. At this point, he would not hesitate to battle Zeppelin if Elias' safety was threatened.

Instead, Elias sidestepped James and approached Zeppelin.

“We have our own masters, Zeppelin. What happened was not our own decisions, I do not blame you. You're right, I used Dean's name to call you here. I know that I could not have done it using my name,” said Elias.

In fact, Zeppelin had come to the Tempest Pavilion because he had received a note with the words ‘Battle at Tempest Pavilion tonight, Dean Young’ written on it.



## Chapter 655 Up To You

Upon receiving the message, Zeppelin Wayne came to the Tempest Pavilion immediately.

One big reason he came to Strego City in the first place was to challenge Dean Young to a rematch. Which meant that he would jump at any chance to battle Dean.

Yet, instead of Dean, it was Elias Sullivan whom he saw after arriving. It was infuriating, to say the least.

Elias looked at Zeppelin, unafraid of the massive blade in his hand. “Relax, Zeppelin. Although Dean is not here tonight, I promise you, it will not be long until you can fight him.

“I called you here tonight for your own good.”

“For my own good?” Zeppelin looked at Elias, amused.

They were enemies from conflicting factions, yet, Elias, being a notorious character on the other side, came over and extended an olive branch. What did it mean?

“Elias Sullivan, James Martin, what the hell is going on?” asked Zeppelin.

“We are not Sachin’s people anymore, but instead, his greatest enemies. As the saying goes, the enemy of your enemy is your friend, so please let me finish what I have to say,” Elias replied.

Zeppelin frowned as Elias continued, “My

brother is dead, killed under Sachin's orders. Great Sky Group does not exist anymore, instead only Sachin Hall."

"Sachin Hall!" Zeppelin's heart leaped.

"I came here tonight to tell you something, Zeppelin."

"What is it?"

"Lilia Gibson, or Catherine Gibson, as you knew her, is getting married soon. And her husband-to-be is none other than... Dean Young. The wedding will be held tomorrow at Sachin Manor."

Zeppelin's expression froze.

This was a joke, wasn't it?

Suddenly, Zeppelin felt as if a thousand



knives had stabbed his heart. The anguish was unbearable. Even though he thought he had moved on from Lilia, perhaps even coming to resent her in the process, the news of her marriage still hurt him very much.

And the groom was Dean, out of all people.

It took a while for Zeppelin to return to his senses.

Charging toward Elias, Zeppelin lifted him up by his shirt collar and grunted, “This is one of your little tricks, eh? Catherine would never marry Dean!”

Elias chuckled. “I have told you what I know, it is up to you whether to believe me or not.

“I did not come to help you, rather, I want

you and your comrades to kill Sachin and avenge my brother's death. As I said, you decide whether my words are worth believing in.

“That is all, so long!”

Swatting away Zeppelin's hand, Elias left, quickly followed by James.

As James sat down in the passenger seat, he asked, “Where are we going next?”

“I will not leave Strego City. After all, I want to see Sachin die in front of my very own eyes,” replied Elias with a laugh.

“It will not be long until Sachin finds you,” said James.

Elias shook his head. “I am not afraid. With my brother's death, I am now nothing. If

you are worried, James, you can leave. I am the one Sachin is going after. Moreover, with your ability, it will be a breeze for you to leave Strego City.”

Shutting his eyes and taking a deep breath, James replied, “I promised your brother that I would protect the Sullivan line. I see you are adamant about staying, let me stay with you.”

Elias turned his face toward James, revealing a never-before-seen solemn expression, and uttered the phrase ‘thank you’ seriously.

James smiled and did not speak again.

Over at Tempest Pavilion, Zeppelin remained silent as he stared at the silhouette of the car leaving, watching it



until it vanished at the corner of a block.

His mind was in a huge mess, and all he could think of was Lilia.

Even after returning to his villa and spending all night practicing his moves with the Dragon Blade, he could not sleep. As dawn arrived, he sat down in front of a sharpening stone and started sharpening his blade.

Only when the sky turned completely bright did he finally stand up with the blade gleaming in the sunlight. He stared at the direction of the sun and took a deep breath. Immediately after, he found a piece of black fabric and proceeded to wrap the Dragon Blade in it.

Just as he exited the front gates, he bumped

into Yoshua Murray.

“Mr. Wayne, where are you off to this early in the morning? You look tired, did you not sleep well last night?” asked Yoshua.

With a strange expression on his face, Zeppelin replied, “I trained till late at night. I am going to get some breakfast, do you want some?”

“I am good, thank you.” Yoshua waved his hand. “I have five more kilometers to go before I get some breakfast down the road.”

“Of course.” Zeppelin nodded and left the West Lake villas.

As he stated at Zeppelin’s disappearing figure, Yosua felt like something was wrong. He knew that the cloth-wrapped thing hanging on Zeppelin’s back was the Dragon

Blade. Why would a person bring his weapon out to breakfast?

Then again, Zeppelin was known to be extremely absorbed in his craft, so it wouldn't be unusual to see his blade always with him.

Winter came, but Strego City was spared the extreme cold found elsewhere in the country. After the period of rainy weather, it was now bright and sunny.

Over at Sachin Manor, everyone was in a good mood, with the festive atmosphere working its magic.

The wedding was going to be held today, but since it had not been publicized as per Sachin's orders, only his foster sons and the executives of Great Sky Group were in



attendance.

With the death of Sky Sullivan, Great Sky Group ceased to exist, and was replaced by Sachin Hall.

Not just that, Finn Thomas and Jude Sanchez were also found dead in their homes. Lilia and Elias aside, Benjamin Lloyd and Wilson Davis were the only ones left of the original Six Directors of Great Sky Group.

Then again, they were Sachin's men from the beginning, and were now tasked with overseeing the business side of Sachin Hall.

The manor was decorated lavishly and everything was ready for the wedding. Even though the guests of the wedding consisted only of the people in Sachin Hall, it still commanded a pretty large turnout.

Dean was fully dressed, all ready to marry his bride.

## Chapter 656 Exchanging Vows

Having only his blades as company for most of his life, Dean Young never expected to marry a woman. Lilia Gibson was a true beauty. Even though Dean had no prior feelings for her, he was still thrilled to become her husband.

Also, Sachin Taylor had arranged the marriage to force the Sullivan brothers into exposing themselves, among other intentions. Whatever it was, it did not matter anymore.

With Lilia being his wife, Dean would not allow anyone else to set their sights on her, not before he trashed them up.

Lilia's room was decorated with a merry



look.

She had donned the wedding dress that had been modified and fitted to her body size. It was difficult to describe Lilia's unparalleled beauty. The wedding dress only served to enhance her curves and features, raising her allure to the next level.

She sat in front of the dressing table, staring blankly at her reflection in the mirror.

For a woman, her wedding could be described as one of the most important moments in her life. For most of them, it was a joyous occasion. However, Lilia felt numb, perhaps a little suicidal even.

Funnily, she hid a little knife in her dress, as shown in movies. If Dean did anything unsightly toward her tonight, she promised

herself she would make a huge scene out of it.

“Miss, today is your big day, you should be happy!” said a young chambermaid as she helped put makeup on Lilia’s face.

Yet, Lilia remained unchanged. To marry a man who was not the one she yearned for was a huge torment, to say the least.

Watching the young chambermaid through the mirror, Lilia was reminded of scenes from years ago. A dozen years ago, Zeppelin would do the same thing for her at Jade Rain Tower.

However, nothing in the world would ever go smoothly.

A thought flashed across her mind.

‘Will he come today?’

Immediately, she realized the absurdity of that thought. Putting aside the fact that the wedding had not been publicized, would Zeppelin come if he knew that she was going to become someone else's wife?

No. His attitude back at the Tempest Pavilion was sufficient to show her what she needed to know. All he had was resentment, stemming from the moment she brutally abandoned him.

Yet, Zeppelin did not know that it had all been Sachin's doing. Back then, he did not allow Lilia to leave with Zeppelin. If she insisted, Sachin would have killed them both. Lilia knew her master very well, and believed that nobody on earth could truly escape from him.

It took a long time for her makeup to be



done. Since the beginning, the mood in the room was dismal, with a tinge of sadness.

Someone pushed open the doors and asked, “Are you ready?”

“Coming!” the young chambermaid replied, quickly placing the veil on Lilia’s head. “Bring the bride out!”

“I can do it myself,” Lilia politely declined the young chambermaid’s offer of assistance and walked out, expressionless.

Applause rang out from the crowd as processional music started to play.

Seeing Lilia, with her beautiful face and curvaceous figure, slowly walking down the aisle, Dean smiled.

Sachin sat on his throne, exuding a

dominant aura. His gaze was fixated on Lilia as he broke into a sly grin.

As the music kept playing, the crowd once again clapped when Lilia arrived in front of Dean.

The pastor spoke, “Are you ready to exchange your vows?”

Through the veil, Lilia could barely see Dean’s silhouette as a tear fell from her eye.

“Yes, I am,” Dean replied in gusto.

Lilia did not answer.

“Are you ready to become husband and wife?” asked the pastor, slightly raising his voice and looking at Lilia.

Again, she remained silent.

There was an awkward silence as the crowd looked on in eagerness. Sachin frowned.

The pastor was a little anxious. He looked at both the bride and groom and decided to proceed with the next item on the agenda.

Speaking loudly, he said to the groom, “Dean Young, do you take Lilia Gibson to be your lawfully-wedded wife, to live together in marriage? Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, be faithful only to her, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” said Dean firmly.

“Lilia Gibson, do you take Dean Young to be your lawfully-wedded husband, to live



together in marriage? Do you promise to love him, comfort him, honor and keep him for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, be faithful only to him, for as long as you both shall live?”

Lilia’s lips remained shut. She could not bear to utter the phrase.

Murmurs were heard from the crowd, and Sachin’s frown deepened.

What was Lilia trying to do?

## Chapter 657 Steal the Bride

It was almost time for them to seal the marriage. Lilia's last hope had been shattered. Unable to stop thinking about the man she yearned for, she felt a sharp pain in her heart.

However, as she prepared to exchange marriage vows with Dean, she did not know that the man she was longing for in her heart had arrived.

In front of the manor, Zeppelin was walking in, carrying his Dragon Blade wrapped in a black cloth.

There were a few guards standing in front of the manor. As soon as they saw Zeppelin walking over, they immediately tried to stop

him. “Who are you? This is private property, do you have an invitation?”

Of course, Zeppelin did not have one. He said, “I do not have an invitation, but I must go in.”

The guards looked at each other, thinking that this person must have gone crazy. Did he not know where he was? This was Sachin Taylor’s estate. Did he have a death wish?

Immediately pushing Zeppelin back, the guards threatened to chop his leg off if he did not leave. As a guard pushed Zeppelin’s chest, Zeppelin grabbed him by the wrists and twisted them. A loud crack was heard as the guard’s wrists snapped.

The guard instantly screamed in agony. When the other guards saw what happened,



they quickly tried to use their electric batons against Zeppelin. However, these people were no match for him. It did not even take ten seconds for Zeppelin to knock all the guards out.

At the moment, Zeppelin could hear music coming from inside the estate. He took a deep breath and walked inside.

A bunch of people then quickly rushed over to him, including two of Sachin's foster sons. Though, these people did not attack Zeppelin. Rather, they lead the way towards the wedding ceremony.

This odd reaction did not bother Zeppelin. Having thought for an entire night, deliberating about whether to come today or not, he was now no longer thinking too deeply about anything.

Even though Lilia had deeply wounded his heart, he still could not forget her, especially when she was about to be wed to his mortal enemy. So, after a night of thinking, Zeppelin realized he could not escape his fate.

Today, no matter what, he would not allow anyone else to marry his woman.

“The couple may now exchange rings!”

When Zeppelin arrived at the wedding hall, it was time for Lilia and Dean to exchange their rings and vows.

Looking at Dean and Lilia, Zeppelin took a deep breath and said, “Catherine Gibson, I do not permit you to marry anyone else but me.”

As soon as he spoke those words, everyone

in the hall immediately stared at him. In an instant, the hall burst into a heated discussion.

Who was this guy?

What was he trying to do? Had he gone crazy?

This was Sachin's territory, and Sachin himself had arranged this wedding. Who was this guy who was so bold? Was he here to steal the bride?

The entire hall went crazy as Zeppelin walked towards Lilia with his Dragon Blade on his back.

The groom, Dean Young, frowned. He did not expect Zeppelin to be so bold as to really show up to steal his bride. Under her veil, even Lilia was shocked. She started



breathing faster.

That voice... that voice was Zeppelin's.

He really came?

Lilia felt as if she was dreaming. This situation was originally just a dream for her, and she had never expected it to become a reality.

Zeppelin had really come for her. The man she was thinking of had really come to steal her, the bride, away.

Lilia's heart was beating extremely fast. Tears had already started flowing out of her eyes. However, after a moment of excitement, she started feeling worried and scared.

What was this place? This was Sachin's

estate, Sachin Hall's main camp. Having come alone, could Zeppelin even try stealing her away?

Since Zeppelin was able to walk into the hall completely unharmed, it was obvious that Sachin had already predicted his arrival and prepared for everything.

Sachin, who was sitting on his throne, narrowed his eyes as Zeppelin walked forward. He raised his hand to stop the others from rushing towards Zeppelin and attacking him.

It was obvious that Sachin wanted Zeppelin to reach his destination.

At Sachin's signal, everyone backed off and made way for Zeppelin.

As Zeppelin walked towards Lilia, all his

eyes could see was her. Having already lifted her veil, Lila was staring at Zeppelin, her makeup long since smudged by her tears.

Stopping in front of her, in front of everyone, Zeppelin pulled Lilia's hands and said, "Leave with me."

The entire hall burst into a heated discussion once again. This guy was too crazy. He dared come and steal the bride, the bride of Dean Young, no less.

Dean's mouth twitched slightly. Even though he had anticipated that this would happen, he still felt anger burning inside him.

Zeppelin wanted to bring Lilia away. However she stood still, not moving a single step.



“Are you not willing to go with me?”

Zeppelin frowned.

Lilia just shook her head. “Zeppelin, I am happy that you came for me. However, you should not have come today. Just go. I am already Dean’s wife, I cannot leave with you today.”

“What?” Zeppelin felt bitter in his heart.

‘Ten years ago, she rejected me. Does she still intend to reject me now?’ he wondered.

“Catherine, you...”

“Go away! Scram!”

Lilia tried to break free of Zeppelin’s grasp, but he refused to let go.

It was clear to everyone that Lilia was doing

this to protect him. Indeed, Zeppelin should not have come today. Now that he had, he would not be able to leave alive. In reality, even if Lilia wanted Zeppelin to leave now, it was already too late.

Dean's cold voice rang out, "Let go of my wife."

Flinging Zeppelin's hand off Lilia, he then pulled her back to his side.

Seeing this, Zeppelin's body emitted a heavy aura, dripping with bloodlust. "Do not touch my woman."

With a howl, Zeppelin threw a punch at Dean, who dodged it and threw a punch of his own in return. After that simple clash, the both of them stepped back.

"Since it has come to this, let's add the hate

we had in the past to this new animosity we have towards each other, and deal with this once and for all,” said Zeppelin.



## Chapter 658 Dean Young VS Zeppelin Wayne

Zeppelin immediately took his Dragon Blade off his back. Removing the black cloth covering it, he gripped the sword in his hand.

“Zeppelin, no...” Lilia wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

From the moment Zeppelin stepped into Sachin Manor, it was already too late to turn back.

Right then, Sachin stood up from his chair and raised his hands. The bustling hall immediately fell silent. Sachin then grabbed something from the side of his chair—Dean’s double blades. He threw them at their owner, who easily caught them in his hand.

Narrowing his eyes, Sachin said to Dean, “Protect your own wife.”

Holding the blades Sachin threw at him, Dean’s body emitted a heavy bloodlust. As he looked at Zeppelin once again, there was eagerness in his eyes.

Ten years ago, Dean and Zeppelin had an epic duel. Zeppelin had lost, and Dean had used his double blades to carve a cross-shaped scar on Zeppelin’s chest. In order to avenge himself, Zeppelin had worked hard for ten years, training intensely just so he could one day have a rematch against Dean.

However, neither Zeppelin nor Dean expected that their rematch would be in this setting.

“I spared you ten years ago, but you do not

know how to treasure it. Today, you dare try and steal my wife? On my honor as Double Blade Dean, I must send you to hell.”

Having said that, Dean proceeded to rush towards Zeppelin with his double blades in hand.

Zeppelin’s expression was stiff as he held his sword tight.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Dean continuously slashed his swords at Zeppelin, each slash was full of power. As Dean’s blades clashed with Zeppelin’s Dragon Blade, the latter was pushed back a few steps.

These two were some of the best sword fighters in the south. Ten years ago, their sword skills were considered godly in the



south. Even now, after ten years, the skills of both men had not diminished. In fact, they had improved so much that their strength from ten years ago could not be compared to now.

In an instant, the entire hall was filled with sounds of swords clashing.

Zeppelin and Dean both had extraordinarily fast swings, and each swing they executed was perfect. Their fight looked as if it was a scene from a martial arts movie.

Dean's double blades swung smoothly—it was as if they were dancing beautifully in his hands, both man and sword were one.

Though Zeppelin had carried the title of Blade Maniac for all these years, and despite him putting all his strength into swinging

his Dragon Blade, he was still not as strong as Dean.

After all, Dean was the top swordsman in the south.

After over ten clashes, Dean had managed to injure Zeppelin. Blood flowed from his wounds, staining his shirt crimson red.

Lilia felt a stab in her heart. She instinctively shouted, "Zeppelin, leave quickly! Don't fight anymore!"

However, Zeppelin refused to leave, even if staying would cost him his life.

Ignoring his injuries, Zeppelin lifted his sword once again and ran towards Dean.

Dean narrowed his eyes and looked at Zeppelin as if he was a dead person. "After

ten years, you still have not improved much,” he said confidently.

The moment their blades clashed, Dean knew that Zeppelin was no match for him.

“Ten years ago, I left a scar on your chest. Today, I shall leave the same scar on your heart!”

Dean then jumped up high, aiming his blades at Zeppelin’s head.

Zeppelin felt as if a mountain was about to fall onto his head and break his skull. In a panic, he used his blade to block his head. However, he only managed to block one of Dean’s blades, while the other blade swung past his neck.

As Zeppelin quickly stepped back, Dean’s sharp blade scratched his neck slightly. Even



though it was just a slight cut, when Zeppelin tried to wipe his neck, his hands were stained with blood.

This scene was too horrifying. Zeppelin had almost lost his life.

Everyone watching felt anxious, and no one dared take their eyes off the fight.

Meanwhile, Sachin was sitting on his throne with his hands under his chin, calmly observing the fight. As for Lilia, she felt even more nervous after Zeppelin got injured. She even started sweating till her back was drenched in sweat.

Landing back on the ground, Dean was slightly astonished. He thought that he would be able to easily kill Zeppelin with that move, and hadn't expected his

opponent to dodge it.

“You won’t be so lucky in the next strike,”  
Dean declared.

With a loud roar, he positioned his blades in a cross formation and rushed towards Zeppelin. This crossed-blades skill was one of Dean’s signature moves. It was also the same move that had allowed Dean to carve a scar on Zeppelin’s chest ten years ago.

Zeppelin’s pupils shrank. He could feel his body going stiff, and he felt a sense of panic in his heart. Ten years ago, he had lost to this technique. Now, it was time for him to stop the attack. Whether he would succeed or not depended on his next move.

“Reversal Blade!” Zeppelin roared.

Slowing down, he stood still and steady.

Even though Zeppelin's speed was slower than before, as if by magic, Dean's speed slowly started to slow down too.

Clang!

Zeppelin swung his sword hard. It clashed heavily with Dean's double blades, creating a loud clashing sound and creating sparks in the air.

Dean was pushed back a few steps, and there was now only half a blade in his left hand. “How is this possible?”

Everyone was shocked. Zeppelin's sword managed to break one of Dean's blades. Just how much strength had Zeppelin put into the swing to make such a terrifying slash? That slash was enough to break through Dean's crossed-blades skill.



A baffled Dean quickly took a few steps back. Meanwhile, Zeppelin continued to slash his sword towards his opponent. In the end, after about seven to eight slashes, Zeppelin managed to slash one of Dean's shoulders.

Blood splattered everywhere, yet, Dean had a cunning expression on his face. "As expected, you do have talent. I'm surprised you could break through my crossed-blades skill.

"If we were fighting ten years ago, I would have lost to you by now. However, while you were improving yourself for the past ten years, so have I."

## Chapter 659 Zeppelin, Watch Out

“Zeppelin, that move of yours is the strongest move you have, right? However, the crossed-blades skill is not my most powerful skill... hahaha...”

“What?”

Zeppelin’s pupils shrank as he looked at Dean once more. He could feel the power from his opponent’s swings, and it was way more powerful than before. Zeppelin felt uneasy.

At the same time, in the West Lake villa area.

Wanting to discuss something with him, Carson had gone to Zeppelin’s villa early in the morning. However, when he arrived,

Zeppelin was not there. At first, Carson assumed that Zeppelin had gone out to get breakfast, so he waited for him. But even after waiting for over half an hour, Zeppelin was still nowhere to be seen.

Just then, Yoshua, who had just finished training, saw Carson sitting in the yard. He came over and greeted, “King Yorke, are you waiting for Mr. Zeppelin? He’s still not back?”

“Yeah.” Carson nodded. “Yoshua, do you know where Zeppelin went?”

“I don’t know,” replied Yoshua, shaking his head. “When I saw him this morning, he told me he was going out to buy breakfast, but I found it weird.

“He said he was going to buy breakfast, but



why did he bring along his Dragon Blade? And he did not look good, it was as if he had stayed up all night.”

“What did you say?” Carson felt uneasy, he could sense that something wasn’t right.

Carson immediately dialed Tyr’s number and told him everything. After listening to Carson, Tyr also felt that something wasn’t right. Neither of them knew where Zeppelin went, but it was easy for them to guess.

Zeppelin had come to Strego City for only two reasons—one was Lilia Gibson, and the other was Dean Young.

Therefore, the reason why Zeppelin had gone somewhere this early in the morning might have something to do with those two, and they were both people from Sachin Hall.

Tyr immediately called Kace, who then utilized the Jones family's information network to find out what was going on in Sachin Hall. He particularly focused on anything related to Dean and Lilia.

The Jones family's information network had been very powerful back in the day. But because Del Jones was a trash leader, such a good information network went to waste.

When Kace regained control of the Jones family, he reinstated the information network. Even though they were not as good as other information sources, they could find out most things about the happenings within Strego City.

Twenty minutes later, Kace had all the information Tyr needed, and proceeded to

call him back.

Over these past two days, two big things had happened within Great Sky Group.

The first was that Sky Sullivan had betrayed Sachin. He sent assassins to attack Sachin, but in the end, Sky was defeated and killed. As of this moment, Great Sky Group no longer existed in Strego City. There was only Sachin Hall.

And the second thing was that Sachin had personally arranged for Dean and Lilia to wed. Today was the day they would exchange their vows of marriage.

Of the two incidents, the first one seemed more serious. However, to Tyr, the second one was more shocking and serious.

“Dean and Lilia are getting married today.



So that's why Zeppelin went out with his Dragon Blade and hasn't come back. He only has one goal... to steal the bride!" Tyr felt as if he had been punched in the heart. "F\*ck, something bad is happening."

Tyr then immediately ran over to Carson's place. After a discussion, the two of them brought some people along with them to Sachin's estate.

At this time, Dean and Zeppelin's fight was coming to an end.

Even though Zeppelin managed to break through Dean's crossed-blades skill, it did not mean that he could defeat his rival.

Swinging his one remaining sword at lightning-fast speed, it only took five swings for Dean to fling Zeppelin's Dragon

Blade aside. Since Zeppelin lost his sword, he had no way of blocking Dean's attacks.

Zeppelin could practically see himself getting sliced by Dean's sword.

'After ten years of training vigorously, I still lost in the end,' thought Zeppelin bitterly.

In reality, Zeppelin was almost at Dean's level. But in a fight between strong fighters, even a small difference in power could cost someone their life.

"You can die now!" Dean declared, a cunning expression on his face.

He put all his strength into his final swing, ready to take his opponent's life. Zeppelin would not be able to dodge this swing.

Suddenly, just the blade was about to hit its

target, Lilia screamed from the side, “  
Zeppelin, watch out!”

She then immediately rushed over and stood  
in front of Zeppelin, shielding him.

Splat!

As the sword sliced, fresh blood splashed  
onto Dean’s face...

The entire hall was quiet.

Dean’s sword had not sliced through  
Zeppelin, but through Lilia instead. That  
swing had slashed open her chest, and she  
spat out fresh blood onto the floor. As blood  
poured from her mouth, she was in  
excruciating pain. The pink makeup on her  
face instantly turned crimson red.

Everyone was stunned, including Zeppelin



and Dean. Even Sachin who was sitting on his throne was shocked.

A few seconds later, everyone regained their senses.

“Catherine.” Zeppelin’s eyes were wide, and he had a distressed expression on his face.

He never expected this to happen. In order to save Zeppelin, Lilia had sacrificed her life, using her own body to block Dean’s blade.

Feeling like his entire world had crumbled, Zeppelin immediately pulled Lilia into an embrace. “Catherine...Catherine...”

As she lay in Zeppelin’s arms, blood was still spewing out of Lila’s mouth. She found it hard to breathe.

“Zeppelin, I could not go with you back then

because... Sachin... he... he didn't let me..."

"Stop talking, Catherine. I know, I know your sufferings. I know you could not help it."

Seeing how she was obviously in great pain, Zeppelin did not want her to speak anymore.

Yet, she insisted, "No, I need to speak.

"Thank you for coming to me today! Dying in the arms of the person I love, I am already ... satisfied!"

## Chapter 660 Challenge Letter

“Zeppelin... I... I’m cold. Hug... hug me tight ...” Lilia could not finish her sentence.

Her entire body went limp. In her last moments, she was smiling happily. Her entire life had been miserable, but being able to die in the arms of the person she loved was a blessing for her.

“Ah...” Zeppelin hugged Lilia’s corpse tight.

At that moment, he felt as if his sky had gone dark. Zeppelin could not stop the tears from flowing out of his eyes as he sobbed in sorrow.

Dean’s blade had slipped out of his hand and fallen to the floor. He felt a stab in his heart



as he realized that had just killed his newly-wed bride with his own hands.

“Lilia...” Dean muttered, walking towards her.

But, Zeppelin stopped him, shouting, “Stop! Do not come over! Stay away from my wife!”

Zeppelin took a ring out of his pocket. Ten years ago, he had prepared this ring.

Wanting to leave Strego City with Lilia, he proposed to her with that ring. At the time, Lilia had rejected him, and Zeppelin left Strego City feeling dull.

He once threw the ring away, only to frantically retrieve it the very next day. Since then, he always kept it on him.

Zeppelin had once hated Lilia, but at the same time, he never stopped loving her.

Now, he slid the ring onto Lilia's ring finger. In this moment, he really hated himself. He'd had the chance to give her the ring earlier, but chose to distance himself and push her away.

All he wanted was to put the ring on her finger and say a simple 'I love you'. But it was too late now. She was gone.

Even though everyone here had high standings in Sachin Hall, after witnessing this scene, no one knew what to do.

Dean was standing still in a corner, not knowing how to react.

It was then that Sachin stood up and ordered, "Dean, kill him!"

Though Lilia had died, her mentor, Sachin,

did not say a word. This devil did not take life seriously. Even the death of his disciple or foster sons could not evoke a reaction from him.

Dean closed his eyes and took a deep breath before he bent down to pick up the blade he dropped. He did not dare defy Sachin's order, and at the same time, he agreed that Zeppelin needed to die.

If Zeppelin had not come today, Dean would already have a beauty in his arms by now. However, in the end, not only did he kill his own wife with his own hands, his newly-wed wife ended up in someone else's embrace.

Wanting to break Zeppelin into pieces, Dean lifted his sword and swung it at the man's head.



At this time, Zeppelin had lost all desire to live. To him, there was only Lilia, and with her gone, pain and sadness were the only things left for him now.

Lilia had died. She was the person Zeppelin loved most, and the only woman he had ever loved. With her gone, he felt as if he had no reason to live any longer.

As Dean's blade was about to slice Zeppelin's neck, a golden needle flew over. Even though the needle was small, it packed a huge punch.

Clang!

Dean's sword was flung out of his hand and he took a step back.

Everyone was stunned, even Sachin stood up

from his seat. Sachin looked calm, but there was panic in his eyes as he immediately stared at the person who shot the needle.

That person was none other than Tyr Summers.

There was no one by Tyr's side, but outside the hall, it was a battlefield.

This was Sachin's main base, even Tyr could not guarantee he could leave alive if he came alone. Which is why he hadn't. Carson, Jermaine, and the Quintus family's Five Zodiacs were here with him.

However, they had been stopped in front of the estate. Tyr was in a rush, so he straight up barrelled through the bodyguards and ran inside. Meanwhile, Carson and the others were beating up the guards back

there.

“Everyone, stop!” Sachin commanded.

Everyone immediately obeyed his order and the battle stopped.

Tyr walked towards Zeppelin, who was still holding Lilia in his arms. Taking a deep breath, Tyr then walked towards Sachin.

When their eyes met, it was as if there was lightning shooting from both men’s eyes.

Finally, Sachin smiled, while Tyr’s lips quirked into a faint smile as well.

“Young man, do you wish to fight me?” asked Sachin.

“I do not.” Tyr shook his head. “It’s just that we don’t know each other. If I didn’t bring some people with me, I’m afraid I



would have been shot in the head.”

“Hahaha,” Sachin laughed. “When we had a small clash near the Golden Pagoda the other day, I admired your strength.”

“Really, I don’t think it’s something worth admiring,” said Tyr, rubbing his forehead lightly. “Sachin, since things have already become like this, there’s nothing to say. If I wanted to bring Zeppelin away, would you stop me?”

Sachin shook his head. “This b\*stard destroyed my disciple and foster son’s wedding, and she died because of him. Do you think I would agree to your request?”

“You definitely won’t agree.” Tyr went silent for a moment before continuing, “I hate troublesome things, there is no point

for us to continue this fight any longer.

“How about this? Let’s set a time for us to fight. What do you think?”

“Yeah?” Sachin’s expression was stiff as he added, “That would be interesting.”

Tyr then threw a flying knife. The knife’s speed was as fast as a bullet, it created a golden light as it flew through the air, directly towards Sachin.

Reaching out, Sachin stomped his foot as he grabbed the knife out of the air, causing the ground beneath him to crack from the force of his stomp.

There was a paper on the flying knife that said ‘Challenge Letter’.

It was a challenge letter from Tyr to Sachin.

It had been many years since someone dared to challenge Sachin as Tyr just did. Looking at the letter, Sachin could feel the blood in his body boil.

“Time?” asked Sachin.

Tyr said, “Let’s battle after a month. We’ll have a month to prepare, and then, we will fight.”



## Chapter 661 One Month Later, The Battle At Nameless Island

Sachin did not reply immediately. All he did was look at Tyr as he held the challenge letter in his hand. Tyr narrowed his eyes, and the two men's eyes met again.

Suddenly, the entire atmosphere in the hall was stiff and quiet.

That is, until a voice rang out from a corner, "Sachin Taylor, you are the devil of the south. Don't tell me you're scared of a challenge letter from a junior. This does not match your personality."

That voice belonged to none other than Green Dragon from Six Doors.

Protected by Julio and a group of people

from Six Doors, Green Dragon walked over and stopped next to Tyr.

Green Dragon lifted his head and smiled at Sachin. “Long time no see.”

“Yes, it has been ten years. Little brother Green Dragon, you have not changed at all.”

Only Sachin was qualified to call Green Dragon of Six Doors little brother, no one else dared to do so.

Still smiling, Green Dragon said, “Indeed, I have not changed, but I still got older. “Sachin, let’s cut to the chase. Will you accept Tyr’s challenge letter?”

Sachin smiled. “Since even you are talking about it, do I even have a choice anymore? The location...”

“I will set the location,” said Green Dragon.

“This time, your fight will shake all the prominent families in the south.

“The condition of the battle is that you guys cannot affect the daily lives of the ordinary people. Therefore, this time, Six Doors will interfere and choose a battlefield for you guys.”

“Where?” Tyr and Sachin asked at the same time.

Green Dragon replied, “Around thirty meters away from West Lake, there is a nameless, deserted island. In a month’s time, you guys will battle on that island. Winner takes all...”

“Alright,” Sachin and Tyr immediately answered without hesitation.

This method was indeed the best way to



protect the south. Six Doors would keep their promise and give the best solution for Tyr and Sachin.

After everything had been settled, having no reason to stay, Green Dragon and the others left.

Right then, Carson and the rest walked in.

Carson walked towards Zeppelin and tried to get him to stand up. "Let's go, Brother."

However, Zeppelin remained unmoving, still holding Lilia's body tight. It was as if he had lost his soul.

"Brother!" Carson's voice was full of helplessness.

Tyr took a deep breath and asked, "Can I bring this woman along with me?"

Sachin did not make it difficult for Tyr and the rest and said, "Of course, you can."

Tyr walked over to Zeppelin and tapped the older man's shoulder. "If you want to avenge her, train hard in this one month. I believe she would not want to see you being this hopeless."

At that moment, Zeppelin felt as if something had shook his heart. He stopped crying and lifted Lilia's corpse into his arms, then carried her out of Sachin's estate.

That night, Zeppelin found an area with mountains and a river to bury Lilia. He then spent the entire night drinking wine beside her grave.

Meanwhile, Tyr and Carson were standing outside, watching Zeppelin. They did not

know how to comfort him, all they could do was hope for him to stop moping on his own.

After this incident, Tyr and the others knew that Zeppelin would only spend the rest of his life with his sword.

By the time Tyr arrived home, it was already three in the morning.

Winifred was not in bed, but sitting on the sofa instead. She had intended to wait up for Tyr, but because she was tired from work and due the fact that Tyr had still not returned by midnight, she ended up falling asleep.

The door opened and Tyr walked in. When he saw Winifred sleeping on the sofa, he felt an inexplicable feeling of love in his heart.

Carefully walking in front of her, Tyr was



about to carry Winifred into their room when she woke up. As soon as she saw Try's face, she immediately screamed in fear.

“Ahhhhh!” Winifred screamed loudly.

A shocked Tyr quickly hugged her and said, “My wife, what happened? My wife... it's me.”

Winifred looked at Tyr with tears in her eyes. “Hubby, is that you? Is that really you? You were...”

“I was what?” Tyr was confused, “My wife, did you have a nightmare?”

Winifred then snapped out of her confusion and said, “I had a nightmare, I dreamt that someone killed you. When I hugged you, your entire body was full of blood. I was scared... really scared...”

Winifred's face was full of fear. It was

obvious that this dream of hers had shocked her until she could not tell it apart from reality.

Tyr hugged Winifred tight. “My wife, that was just a nightmare. Nightmares are the opposite of reality, so you do not need to worry. I am fine and will always be fine.”

Winifred buried her head into Tyr’s embrace. “Hubby, I am very scared. How can I live without you? I am so scared that I will lose you one day.”

“No, that will never happen.” Tyr took a deep breath and hugged her tighter.

Winifred’s worries were not because she was overthinking, Tyr was indeed in a worse situation than before. Any woman would be worried about her husband in this situation.

However, Tyr did not have a choice. He could not help it that things had gone this way. All Tyr could do now was become stronger, he had to continue to grow stronger and stronger. Only when he was stronger could he protect the people by his side.

After Tyr comforted Winifred for a while, she finally calmed down.

“My wife, you must be tired from work. Do you have enough pocket money?” asked Tyr.

“Yes,” Winifred answered, “Thanks to the tens of billions of dollars you gave us, the incidents with the Southern Commerce Chamber and Autumn Field Group have been settled.

“The next thing we will do is go all out on



Great Sky Group and defeat them. I am confident we will win this battle.”

Seeing Winifred’s confidence made Tyr smile. It was exactly what he needed.

“However, my wife, you do not need to be so stressed anymore.”

“Why?” Winifred did not understand.

Tyr said, “Great Sky Group has been disbanded, it has become Sachin Hall now. Sachin Hall will not focus on the business field, so their stocks will be greatly weakened.

“After a month, I will make Autumn Field Group take over Sachin Hall’s stocks.”

## Chapter 662 Winifred Is Expecting

Winifred Zea did not understand the meaning behind Tyr Summers' words and could only stare dumbfounded.

Beaming, Tyr picked up Winifred from the couch and carried her into their room. “Come on, my sweet. It’s getting late. Let’s go inside and rest.”

After a full-blown bout that lasted approximately two hours, Tyr and Winifred cuddled up and fell asleep.

When they awoke from their slumber, it was already well into the day.

Opening her eyes, Winifred sat up in bed in a feverish hurry. She was about to make a

break somewhere when Tyr caught her and held her back.

“Honey, you were up so late last night. You’re not allowed to go to work today,” he said.

“But...”

“No buts,” Tyr replied in a commanding tone. “From now on, you have to listen to me. The body is the essence to revolution.”

“But, hubby...”

“I told you, no going to work.”

“I’m not going to work. I just want to use the bathroom.”

Tyr was rendered speechless. He was a tad embarrassed as he let go of Winifred, who then rushed off as fast as she could.



Shortly after, Tyr heard retching coming from inside the restroom. Startled, he hurried in. The sight of Winifred puking her guts out made his blood run cold.

He hurried to pat his wife's back and asked, "Honey, what's wrong with you? Is everything okay?"

"It's okay. I'm better now. I may have just caught a cold." Winifred patted her chest, feeling slightly better.

Tyr, on the other hand, touched her forehead. She didn't seem to have a fever. He then prepared congee for her. However, after just one sip, she made a beeline for the washroom to throw up once more.

Tyr's heart stuttered as he thought of something. "Could it be..."

He hurriedly tagged along to the bathroom. When Winifred was done heaving and came out, Tyr held her face in his hands lovingly and kissed her.

Winifred glared at Tyr. “What are you doing?”

“Hahaha,” Tyr chortled as if he were a child who got a perfect score on an exam.

Afterward, he took her hand and began to take her pulse. And then, Tyr guffawed again.

“What’s wrong with you? You’re laughing like a psycho. Are you that happy that I caught a cold?” Winifred stared at Tyr with resentment and pouted.

Tyr, however, hugged her and exclaimed, “

Honey, we've accomplished Blair's task.  
Hahaha.”

“What?”

Winifred was unable to react, but a few seconds later, a trace of amazement could be seen reflected in her eyes.

She was pregnant. She and Tyr had worked so hard for such a long time, and now, she was finally expecting.

Tyr excitedly held Winifred in his embrace.

That morning, they made a trip to have Winifred thoroughly examined at the hospital. Yes, she was indeed pregnant and had been carrying for nearly a month. It was just that the two had been too busy to pay attention to it.

Just as they left the hospital, Tyr received a



call from Carson Yorke.

Yesterday, Tyr had handed a letter of challenge to Sachin Taylor. The final showdown would commence a month later on a nameless island. So, to stand a chance of defeating Sachin in the confrontation, Tyr and the others had to thoroughly prepare within a month.

Carson had called in to discuss what was to be done next.

“Uncle Yorke, I’m occupied today. I mean... I’ll be busy for the next three days. All discussions can be done three days from now.”

Carson, who was on the other end of the line, was befuddled. “What’s wrong with you? Have you been possessed?”

“I’m not possessed, Uncle Yorke. Winifred is pregnant. I have to get her settled first.”

“Winifred is expecting?” Carson froze for a split second, then chuckled. “Pregnant? Congratulations, Tyr. All right then. We will discuss everything three days from now.”

Tyr and Winifred then returned home when the former suddenly spoke, “Pack up, my dear. We’re returning to Khanh City today.”

Winifred was flabbergasted. “Are you kidding? Why are we going back to Khanh City?”

“I’ll send you back to have your mom and dad take care of you. From now on, you’re not allowed to do anything,” Tyr answered.

Winifred snorted a laugh. “Tyr, why are you

acting like a child? I haven't been pregnant for that long. There's no need to get so nervous.

“It's just pregnancy. When I was pregnant with Blair, I was still running around at eight months. How can I leave when I have my hands full with the company?”

Winifred's words had stabbed a knife straight into Tyr's heart. She had once suffered many grievances—especially when she was still pregnant with Blair. It was hard to imagine how she managed to pull through.

Holding his wife in his arms, Tyr declared decisively, with absolutely no room for negotiation, “I owe you so much, my love. So now, I must give you the best. There's nothing to negotiate this time. You must



return to Khanh City to recuperate.

“As for the company, I’ll arrange for someone to go over and take care of it for you.”

Even though Winifred was reluctant, she could only compromise when Tyr switched into his domineering president mode.

That morning, Tyr contacted Regal Palace and had them send a very powerful team to Strego City.

The man leading the unit was a business prodigy named Lucas. He had been serving as the CEO of a large company under Regal Palace, and brought the organization nearly ten billion in net profits. His team even managed to rank globally.

It was more than enough to have Lucas’

team manage Autumn Field Group's branch in Strego City. They were a brilliant business unit who had toyed with numerous large international corporations. How could Benjamin Lloyd of Sachin Hall possibly outplay them?

No one from Regal Palace had ever been recruited to help Autumn Field Group. This was because Tyr wanted to grant Winifred free reign. Only by taking matters into her own hands would she be able to lead Autumn Field Group onto the international stage, and become a true business queen.

However, Tyr made an exception this time because his wife was pregnant. He had to let her go home to wholeheartedly nurture the bundle of joy. Nothing must go wrong.

Thus, Lucas and his team hurried to Strego

City from abroad. Once Winifred had provided them with an overview regarding the relevant matters, she and Tyr returned to Khanh City together.



## Chapter 663 The Visit To The Canonteign Mansion

Tyr and Winifred had spent an extended period of time in Strego City because they were hard at work, which led to them not returning to Khanh City for a long time. And because of that, their interactions with Blair were limited to video calls every night.

Blair was ecstatic when she learned of her parents' return. As soon as Tyr and Winifred walked through the door, she attached herself to them like putty and acted like a charming baby to be coddled.

That was always the case with children. It did not matter how long a child had not seen their parents. As long as they returned,

nothing else mattered but the desire to be with them.

Helen Cole and Jacob Zea had already prepared a table full of food, and were elated to learn the news of Winifred's pregnancy. The family had a joyous dinner that evening.

At bedtime, Blair cuddled up between Tyr and Winifred, constantly stroking her mother's belly and chattering to her younger sibling. The couple could only laugh at the sight of Blair's earnest expression.

“Blair, your brother is not fully formed. Wait a little longer. Once he's bigger, why don't you tell him a story?”

“Okay!” Blair nodded resolutely. “But Mom, Dad, are you sure the one sleeping in here is

a brother? Is there a possibility that they will be a sister?”

Both Tyr and Winifred were taken aback. They did not expect such a young child to be able to ask such questions.

“Well, do you prefer a younger brother or younger sister, Blair?” Tyr asked.

Blair pondered for a moment before answering, “Why not both?”

“Hahaha.” Tyr pressed a kiss on his daughter’s cheek. “If the one inside Mommy’s belly is a younger brother, then he and Daddy will protect Mommy and Blair in the future.

“If it’s a sister inside Mommy’s tummy, then Daddy will protect all three of you.”

Tyr remained in Khanh City for



approximately three days. And those three days were pleasant and filled with warmth.

If it were possible, Tyr wanted to just be an ordinary man who lived an uneventful life with his wife and daughter. Alas, that life was destined to be unattainable. He still had many things to do and countless goals to be accomplished.

One always had to compromise in this world. This was a road of no return. Once you set foot on it, you could only move forward. There was no stopping.

Three days later, Tyr returned to Strego City.

“How is Winifred? How bad is her nausea?” asked Carson as he poured a cup of tea for Tyr.

The pair were once again sitting in the

gazebo.

Tyr chuckled. “She’s holding up.”

“I had Jay Blade and Connie sent back to Riverdale Province. The girl is such an unruly child. She was reluctant at first. It wasn’t until I lectured her that she relented,” said Carson.

Tyr nodded. “The battle against Sachin Taylor that takes place in a month will indeed be dangerous. Uncle Yorke, why don’t you return to Riverdale? Everything has been finalized here. We’re just waiting for the final showdown.”

“Are you giving me the cold shoulder for having no martial arts skills?” Carson squinted at Tyr.

Tyr smiled and shrugged. “It’s not that. It’s

just that you have a family to return to.”

“Aren’t you the same?” Carson drained his cup of tea. “So, for the sake of our families, we absolutely must not lose this battle, Tyr.”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded. “We won’t lose. I, Tyr Summers, have never once lost.

“Once we eliminate Sachin Taylor, the south will finally settle down. However, it’ll still take a while to integrate the south after the pacification. That’s where you come in, Uncle Yorke. What you should do is stand atop the summit and enjoy the view. I reckon it isn’t too bad.”

Carson chuckled. “To be honest, I don’t actually want to be King of the South.”

“That’s not going to work.” Tyr shook his head. “The King of the South must be you.



You know I can't remain in the south all the time, and after the decisive battle, I will owe Six Doors a favor.

"It's highly likely that they will use this favor to get me to go to Japan."

"Japan? Why?" Carson found the matter perplexing.

"I don't know," Tyr replied. But, I do have a hunch that while we are playing this game of chess in the south, Six Doors is, likewise, doing the same. And all of us are their pawns."

Carson sucked in a breath. "I don't care what Six Doors' intentions are. It's too early for us to discuss the matter. Tyr, in the battle that will take place on Nameless Island in a month's time, Sachin Taylor won'

t be our only opponent.”

Tyr agreed, “Yes, besides Sachin Taylor, there will also be the Moore family. The pressure we are facing is immense. With our strength at present, it would be a pipe dream to go against them.”

Carson stood up. “Pack up, Tyr. We must push on without stopping to gain an advantage.”

“Haha, do you reckon it’ll be fine for me to bring a few men from Regal Palace with me?” Tyr queried.

Carson narrowed his eyes as he replied with a smile, “You tell me.”

“Of course not,” Tyr self-mocked. “Since the rules of this chess game have been set, no new pieces can be added. Otherwise, Six

Doors would be more than displeased.”

“Let’s go.” Carson patted Tyr’s shoulder. “There’s not much time left. We must depart for the Canonteign Mansion in West Suez.”

That afternoon, Tyr and Carson traveled to West Suez. It was nearly dusk when they arrived.

Knowing of Carson’s arrival, Demi Watt had given the order to prepare dinner.

Demi Watt and Carson Yorke could be considered good friends, despite the great difference in their ages. They had such an amicable relationship that they decided to arrange a marriage between their descendants as early as twenty years ago.

On the table sat a large poached fish. It was one of Demi’s favorites. He had even caught



it himself from the man-made pool.

“My young Carson, we have not seen each other for so many years. We must take advantage of this opportunity. This old man will drink with you,” said Demi joyfully.

A reunion after numerous years. It was only natural that Demi was delighted. He seemed so much more spirited.

Carson chortled. “Of course. Today, we must drink until we are thoroughly drunk.”

Then, Demi glanced at Tyr, flashing him a smile. “Young Tyr is truly worthy of being a dragon amongst men. If my useless grandson had a tenth of your talent, I would have died without regret.”

Tyr chuckled. “Master Watt, you are too kind. Your grandson, Dickson, is also a

young hero. He's far from ordinary.”

“Hahaha, he's just messing around,”  
replied Demi.

Dickson Watt happened to walk in at that moment. He muttered in displeasure, “Grandpa, you're still belittling your own grandson? I'm still the Little Scholar.”

“Silence.”

## Chapter 664 The Four Emperors

Demi Watt glared at Dickson Watt. “You can’t even handle a girl, yet you dare to be cheeky with me. Hurry over and toast our guests.”

Dickson came over and offered wine to Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke. “Uncle Yorke, Brother Tyr, come, let us toast.”

“Haha, alright.”

As they drank, the group of men only discussed small household affairs at first. The important matters were not addressed. After three rounds of drinks, Carson and Tyr finally shifted the subject to the main topic.

The main reason they came to the



Canonteign Mansion was not to catch up with Demi Watt, but to get the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez to step in and work with them to deal with Sachin Taylor and the Moore family.

“Master Watt, we issued a declaration of war to Sachin Taylor three days ago. Green Dragon of Six Doors has stepped in personally to assign us the venue of the battle. It’ll be at Nameless Island of Dunham Lake,” said Tyr.

“This battle is not just a war between us and Sachin Taylor. It will also involve the entire southern gentry. All of them have to participate,” he continued.

Demi inclined his head slightly. His entire being had suddenly gone stern.

He drained the wine in his glass and stared

at Tyr with a fixed gaze, before finally speaking, “Young Tyr, can I ask you some questions before we talk about this?”

“Feel free to ask me anything, Master Watt,” Tyr replied.

“Who are you?”

Those three simple words made the atmosphere in the room stagnate.

Tyr fell silent for a while before saying, “I was originally the third young master of the northern gentry Summers family. Due to personal reasons, I was expelled from the family ten years ago. Destitute, I wandered to Khanh City.

“And then, I met a master by coincidence. He taught me all his skills and took me overseas. I created an organization named

Regal Palace in later years, and became its head.”

Narrowing his eyes, Demi continued to probe, “Regal Palace. How does it compare to the great families of our country?”

Tyr pondered for a moment before answering, “Regal Palace is influential and widespread overseas, with many large conglomerates and powerful families under its banner. When compared to our domestic powers, they can overwhelm one part of the royal family.”

The so-called royal family was a family that was far superior when compared to the top-tier magnate clans in the north. If one were to regard the entirety of the Celestial Empire, such a family could be considered to have nearly ten thousand members.



And what Tyr Summers meant was that Regal Palace could not only match up to the royal family, it could crush it.

The power of Regal Palace was indeed frightening.

“Impressive!” Demi unstintingly gave Tyr a thumbs up. “To have accomplished such achievements at your age, color me impressed.”

Tyr made an obeisance. “Master Watt is exaggerating.”

Demi continued, “But Tyr, since you have such impressive achievements, why didn’t you stay overseas to develop? Why did you return to engage in these meaningless disputes?”

“My wife and daughter are here. I wanted to

return to their side. Besides, having been driven out of the northern Summers family, there are still many unresolved grudges. The Summers family is a northern superpower. If I want to go against them, I need capital here,” Tyr replied.

Demi stroked his white beard with his hand and smiled. “That is true. The crouching tigers and hidden dragons in the Celestial Empire are not inferior to the ones overseas.

“Although you are the head of Regal Palace overseas, the resistance is too great to rope Regal Palace in to fight against the Summers family. Starting from the south is indeed a very good choice.

“So, Tyr Summers, the south is the root of my Canonteign Mansion. Are you so certain that we will stand on your side? Give me a

reason to lend a hand.”

Tyr was slightly taken aback. “You should know this yourself, Master Watt. The Canonteign Mansion has no ambitions. You just want to have it peacefully anchored to West Suez.

“With the gap between the north and south, it’s only a matter of time before the south forms a superlative magnate family like the one up north.”

“It doesn’t matter whether it’s Sachin Taylor or the Moore family. They both desire to establish themselves as the superior magnate family in the south. And once they succeed, their next target will definitely be the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez.”

“Hahaha,” Demi chuckled. “What about



you?”

Likewise, Tyr laughed. “Master Watt, isn’t the answer already obvious? I’m just a transient of the south. You said yourself that I’ve achieved a lot. Naturally, I don’t really give a damn about these families.

“I fight in the south because I want to give myself some capital. Not to mention, the situation has been changing. Perhaps when I finally go against the Summers family, the south will be useless.

“So, when the south finally forms a transcendental family, the leader will not be me.”

“Then, who?” asked Demi.

Tyr glanced at Carson, who was by his side. “It’s only natural that it’ll be my Uncle Yorke.

If Uncle Yorke were to become King of the South, it's improbable that he would neglect the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez.

“And he's willing to marry his daughter off to your grandson. The Yorke family will one day be part of the Canonteign Mansion.”

“How eloquent,” Demi exclaimed.

Carson also poured himself a glass of wine as he roared with laughter.

It was already certain from the beginning that the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez would stand on Tyr's side. The reason Demi had asked was because he wanted to clarify certain matters.

“One last question.”

“Do speak, Master Watt.”

Demi picked up his glass of wine and took a sip. “You said you met a master who gave you all this. And that master was a beggar.”

“That’s right.” Tyr nodded.

“Is he the Beggar King?”

Tyr was stunned as he stared at Demi nonplussed. “Master Watt, you know my mentor?”

“Hahaha, that’s right.” Demi guffawed, his tone filled with admiration. “To be able to prop a young man up to such terrifying heights in such a short period—only the Four Emperors are capable of that. I can’t think of anyone else but them.”

“Four Emperors?” Tyr was puzzled.

Astonished, Demi asked, “Don’t you know



the Four Emperors? Did your master not tell you?”

Tyr shook his head. “I truly have not heard of them. I wonder what kind of existence these Four Emperors you’re referring to are, Master Watt.”

Demi answered, “The Four Emperors of the Celestial Empire are the most powerful people in the Celestial Empire’s martial arts community. Have you ever read The Legend of the Condor Heroes? The Four Emperor’s existence is like that of The Five Greats from the story.

“And your master is one of the Four Emperors, the Beggar King.”

## Chapter 665 The Lund Family of Devon Province

Tyr Summers drew in a breath of cold air. He had not expected that old beggar to have such a terrifying identity.

Although Tyr still could not quite grasp what the Four Emperors of the Celestial Empire's martial arts community were like, he was aware of The Five Greats of The Legend of the Condor Heroes. They were the most powerful existence in that piece of media.

Thus, from Demi's words, Tyr could ascertain that his master, Beggar King, was a man who had reached heights no one else could.

It was not difficult for Tyr to accept. After all, he understood how strong his own master was.

“Master Watt, is there anything else you’d like to ask me?” Tyr asked.

“There’s nothing more.” Demi shook his head. “I know enough.

“But, you must not underestimate Sachin Taylor, Tyr Summers. Even if everyone in the Celestial Empire were put into consideration, that southern devil is still a very terrifying existence.

“Sachin also has many foster sons under his wing. Each one of them are top-tier experts who are not easy to deal with.”

Tyr strongly agreed with Demi’s views,



adding, “That’s why we came to ask for the Canonteign Mansion’s aid.”

Demi said, “With the Yorke family and the Canonteign Mansion by your side, you do have a certain degree of certainty. However, you mustn’t forget that there is still the Moore family on Sachin Taylor’s side.

“The Moore family has been secretly cooperating with Great Sky Group over the years, frantically developing its power and nibbling away at a large number of southern families. They have become so formidable that they are now as mad as a March hare.

“They and Great Sky Group launched an attack against the entire south some time ago, and developed their potential to its absolute peak.

“Now that the Moore family has joined

forces with Sachin Taylor, we have less than a thirty percent chance of winning against them.”

Tyr also turned solemn as he probed, “Just what kind of existence is the Moore family for you to fear them, Master Watt?”

Demi alluded, “The horror that is the Moore family is comparable to the terror that is Sachin Taylor.

“The Moore family has the Four Vajra and the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison. All of them are top experts in the southern martial arts community. Each one is capable of taking on an army on their own.

“On top of that, the Moore family has a son of heaven by their side. And that one is even more difficult to deal with.”

A scene flashed in Tyr's mind in that instant. It was the incident of him clashing against Auster Moore at the Golden Temple.

The man was about the same age as him. Although his strength was comparable to Tyr's, he was definitely not one to be underestimated.

“Auster Moore, also known as the Southern Emperor,” said Dickson Watt, draining a glass of wine.

His tone turned irascible as he continued, “But Grandpa, besides Auster Moore, there are still Louie Lund and I, who are the south's important figures of the younger generation. We haven't even fought, so how could it be clear who's stronger?”

“You and Louie Lund combined are no



match for Auster Moore.” Demi unceremoniously struck his grandson as he added “So, Tyr Summers, we must bring someone to our side before this showdown.”

“Who?” asked Tyr.

“The Lund family of Devon Province,” replied Demi. “Ever since the Great Sky Group and the Moore family kicked up a fuss some time ago, those who remain standing in the south are the Canonteign Mansion, the Lund family of Devon Province, the Moore family, Sachin Taylor, and the Jones family.

“But the Jones family has long been defeated. So, only the lot of us will remain the main force in the upcoming decisive battle.

“Only the Lund family of Devon Province

has yet to stand in the crossfire. So, you must rope them over to our side.”

“Alright!” Tyr nodded. “What kind of existence is the Lund family of Devon Province?”

Demi answered, “Devon Province is near the sea. The predecessor of the Lund family of The Cascades was a fisherman.

“There was social unrest in the past. Pirates ran rampant and ravaged the local fishermen at sea. And then, these fishermen banded together and fought against the pirates. The battle lasted for nearly a decade before they finally subjugated the pirates.

“Since then, the Devon Province had themselves the Lund family. The head of the family, Master Lund, has a total of nine

sworn brothers. Each one is a man of iron bones, and an expert. They are known as the Ten Keels of the Lund family at Devon Province!

“They are similar to the Canonteign Mansion. Since the battle to end piracy at sea, they have been trying to keep their acre of land and are aloof to worldly matters.

“But now that you have dished out a game of chess here in the south, all the top gentry are now forcibly involved in this game. With the way this game is played, no family would be able to stand unaided.

“Therefore, the Lund family of The Cascades will become the key to whether we succeed or fail in this battle.”

Both Tyr Summers and Carson Yorke



stiffened with solemnity.

“So, the Moore family has made a move against the Lunds?” Tyr asked.

“When the Moore family united with Great Sky Group to launch an attack against the south, most of the southern gentry were affected, but the Lund family of Devon Province was not attacked,” Demi answered.

“This would indicate that the Moore family and Sachin Taylor have been thinking of absorbing the Lund family since the beginning,” he added.

Tyr sighed. “The Moore family and Sachin Taylor are savage wolves with ambitious designs. If they win, I’m afraid they will turn on the Lund family immediately after. Master Lund is no fool. He would not agree

to cooperate with them.”

Demi chuckled. “It’s just a different stance. Tyr, when compared to the Moore family and Sachin Taylor, I’m afraid the Lund family is more likely to think that you are the ambitious wolf.”

Tyr was taken aback. “That’s true. I’m just an outsider after all.”

With that, Tyr stood up and paid obeisance to Demi. “Thank you for your advice, Master Watt. I know what my next move should be. I will personally make a trip to Devon Province and convince the Lund family to join our side.”

Demi advised, “The third leader of the Lund family, Otis Lane, is good friends with Neil, the Savant, of the Canonteign Mansion. I’ll

have him accompany you there.

“Otis Lane’s reputation is high amongst the Ten Keels of the Lund family. Use this connection as a pathway to improve your chances of winning.”

“Okay. Thanks a lot, Master Watt.”

“Haha, you’re welcome. Now that we’re in the same boat, helping you is also an attempt at helping myself.”

With that said, Demi lifted his wine glass. “Come, let’s not say any more. Today, we drink until we’re thoroughly drunk. Let’s have another round.”

Dickson, who had been sidelined, spoke up, “Grandpa, I want to go to Devon Province with Brother Tyr.”

“Nonsense. What use would you be there?”



Demi chided with a frown.

Dickson whipped out a notebook and flipped it earnestly. “Grandpa, Louie Lund of the Devon Province’s Lund family is proficient in the Eight Extremities, and is also a leading figure of the younger generation in the south. I want to fight him.”

## Chapter 666 Liquor Deity, Demi Watt

“Fight... What the f\*ck do you mean fight?!”  
Demi Watt continued to chastise his grandson, “Are you not done? If you don’t manage to wed Connie Yorke within a month, I’ll cripple you.”

Dickson Watt’s pupils contracted. What he feared most was his grandfather saying those exact words.

Carson Yorke sighed. “Connie is also so unreasonable. I must educate her properly when I return.”

Demi hurriedly implored, “You can’t blame Connie on this matter. It’s my kid who’s useless.”

“Grandpa, I...”

Dickson still wanted to fight for something, but in the end, Demi refused to agree to his request. Perhaps there was another reason besides Demi wanting Dickson to focus only on Connie Yorke.

Dickson was Demi’s only grandson. He didn’t want his grandson to get involved with Devon Province before it was clear whether they were friend or foe. If something were to happen to his grandson, he wouldn’t be able to take it.

In the end, Dickson could only resentfully put away his notebook.

Tyr Summers inadvertently skimmed over Dickson’s notebook and found that it wasn’t just Louie Lund’s name that was recorded



inside. Auster Moore was included too, and even Tyr's own name was listed in it.

'So, even I'm on the list of people the Little Scholar wants to challenge.'

There were way too many martial arts lunatics in this world. Dickson Watt's obsession and dedication to the subject was in no way inferior to Zeppelin Wayne.

After finalizing everything, Tyr did not say anything more.

Demi had a high tolerance for alcohol. Since they were here, Tyr and Carson also had to accompany the older man on his drinking spree.

The men drank till it was the dead of night. Demi acted as though all was right in the world. The white wine sitting before him

was no different from water to him.

Carson and Dickson had long been rendered unconscious. Only Tyr continued to hold on. Tyr's alcohol tolerance was a feat to behold. When he was overseas, he could down five bottles of vodka and stay sober, so he was always very confident in his own abilities.

However, Tyr had finally seen what it truly meant to be a liquor deity.

He had drunk so much that he had double vision. Yet, Master Watt, who sat across from him, remained spirited.

“Tyr, I have not met a young man like you in a long time. This old man is happy today. How about another barrel?”

The barrel that Demi spoke of was fifteen kilograms!

Tyr drew in a breath. He had not experienced the feeling of dread in years. But he was terrified right at that moment.

“Master Watt... I... I... can’t...”

With that, Tyr also collapsed, falling headfirst into the ground.

Demi sighed and shook his head. “Ah, that’s no fun. I was just getting started, and you’re all out like a light.”

Tyr and Carson slept in the next day, only rising in the afternoon.

The booze they had drunk the night before was a grain spirit brewed in-house in the Canonteign Mansion. It was unlikely to cause hangovers, but it was certainly an intoxicating beverage.



After waking up, Tyr felt sore and weak all over. It was almost as if he had gone through a brutal battle lasting multiple days in a row.

After that, Tyr and Carson rested for another night in the Canonteign Mansion.

Carson returned to Strego City the following morning, while Tyr departed for Devon Province with Neil, the Savant, one of the Canonteign Mansion's Six Aces.

The Six Aces of the Canonteign Mansion were the six strongest warriors of the mansion. Neil, the Savant, was their leader. The man was already in his forties but still radiated a sense of poise. He must've been a heartthrob when he was younger.

On the plane, Neil kept flipping through

some materials. His brow furrowed after reading through the information.

“Brother Tyr, it’ll be rather difficult for us to go to Devon Province and convince the Lund family to join us in our partnership,” said Neil.

“Hm?” Tyr was taken aback. “How so?”

Neil replied, “The showdown is scheduled for a month later. It’s only if we manage to rope the Lund family to our side that our odds of winning are equal. But it seems the Moore family has come to a similar conclusion.

“According to the credible information we have, they already sent some people to Devon Province two days ago.”

“Who did they send?” Tyr asked.

“The second young master of the Moore family, Xylo Moore, and the Southern Emperor, Auster Moore,” Neil answered.

“Auster Moore is also there!” exclaimed a surprised Tyr.

Auster Moore could be considered the Moore family’s ultimate weapon. They would not typically send their greatest asset out this way. Seeing that they had gone out of their way to send Auster to bring the Lund family over to their side, the Moore family clearly knew what they were doing.

However, Tyr felt doubtful. “Since this is just to draw them to their side, isn’t it rather inappropriate for the Moore family to send Auster Moore over? It’s not like they’re there for a fight. It’s not necessary to send



such a powerful person over, right?”

Neil sighed. “Isn’t it obvious? The Moore family has long planned to have two strings to their bow.

“If the Lund family is willing to cooperate with them, so be it. But if they aren’t willing to cooperate, I’m afraid the Moore family will directly obliterate the Lund family.”

Tyr sucked in a breath. The Moore family handled matters the same way Sachin Taylor did. How ruthless.

Smiling at Tyr, Neil spoke with meaningful eloquence, “Brother Tyr, if we don’t manage to bring the Lund family to our side, would you scheme to take them out the way the Moore family is doing?”

Tyr fell silent for a moment before

answering, “Perhaps!”

Sure enough, it was all a matter of one’s position. If Tyr and Neil failed to bring the Lunds over to their side, the next best option was to have them disappear off the face of the earth.

While Tyr was complaining that the Moore family handled matters too ruthlessly, he did things the exact same way.

“However, I have a life-long friendship with the Lund family’s third leader, Otis Lane. Although we don’t know how the Moore family will go about this, I still have a certain degree of certainty that we will succeed, Brother Tyr,” said Neil.

“Well, I’ll be counting on you from here on out then, Brother Neil.”

The plane flew from West Suez to The Cascades. It was already dusk by the time they left the airport.

That night, Tyr and Neil scouted Devon Province to locate a sea view hotel to reside in. The next morning, Neil went out. Tyr stayed by his lonesome in the hotel, awaiting news from Neil. To avoid complications, Tyr remained indoors and did not go anywhere.

Neil finally rang up Tyr when the day got darker, saying that he had made an appointment with Otis Lane. They were to meet at a seafood restaurant by the sea at eight that night!



## Chapter 667 Otis Lane

After receiving the news, Tyr Summers packed before heading to the seafood restaurant they had agreed to meet at. When he arrived, Neil, the Savant and Otis Lane had yet to arrive.

So, Tyr booked himself a private dining room and waited for them there. Standing in front of the window, he looked out at the restless waves of the sea. Suddenly, he felt as if the things that were troubling him no longer affected him.

It was about time for the night tide to swoop in. The massive waves were hitting the shore continuously. There were some tourists by the beach, enjoying the wash of

the waves. Some families were busy picking up shells and having fun by the beach.

Looking at such a scene, a glimpse of yearning and envy appeared on Tyr's face.

Perhaps it was due to what happened to Zeppelin Wayne and Lilia Gibson earlier on. The incident helped Tyr understand how difficult it was for two love birds to be together.

It had become a luxury for people like them to have an ordinary life and stay with their loved ones for a lifetime.

On the shore, a young newlywed couple was strolling hand in hand on the beach.

Occasionally, an incoming wave would crash into them. It was so strong that it caused the feeble girl to almost fall down.

The boy next to her hurriedly took her into his arms. The couple had a good laugh, their sweet and joyful giggles echoing.

Perhaps, the girl was pregnant and they would soon become a family of three.

Perhaps, they were worried about making ends meet or being burdened with the cost of formula and diapers for their children.

Eventually, the little ones would grow up, and the couple would think about what schools to send their children to, and how many classes to enroll the kid into.

The daily necessities... the tedious, trivial everyday life would make them anxious.

They would have to pay off their mortgages and car loans, and would complain about all kinds of pressures that came with life, but



their hearts would always be at ease.

Because when night fell, when they dragged their tired bodies to bed, the most important person in their life would sleep next to them. They wouldn't have to agonize about their partner waking up in the middle of the night, and there was no need to worry that their beloved would have nightmares.

Never have to fear that one day, the person they loved most would suddenly leave their side.

Life was beautiful and straightforward. A mediocre, ordinary life was not necessarily bad. On the contrary, it was the dream life of many successful people.

Tyr had no idea when this sentimentality had caught up with him. It was probably

because he had Blair now, or maybe it was triggered by Winifred's pregnancy.

He felt like he was becoming more and more cowardly. In the past, he wouldn't have thought twice about putting his life on the line to accomplish something. But now, images of his family always involuntarily emerged in his mind whenever he wanted to risk his life.

For the sake of his family, Tyr appreciated his life more now. He didn't dare to picture how sad his wife and daughter would be if he really went away one day.

“Sigh...”

Tyr took a deep breath. It was somewhat rare, but he lit up a cigarette and took a deep puff.

Just then, the door of the private dining room was pushed open. Neil entered, followed by a middle-aged man in his forties. Wearing a suit and glasses, the man exuded an elegant, scholarly temperament, giving off a sense of knowledge and wisdom.

He was none other than the third leader of the Lund family from Devon Province—Otis Lane.

In fact, Tyr's hunch was accurate. Otis was indeed a resourceful man. He also happened to be the best brains among the Ten Keels of the Lund family.

The Lund family was made up of fishermen. They lived by the sea; therefore, their people were adamant and united.

Most of the people in the family weren't



very educated, but Otis was an exception. He was a graduate of a prestigious university. Later, he was recruited by Master Lund. Otis was the mastermind behind the fight between Master Lund and pirates.

Because Otis was familiar with the art of war, he personally commanded many massive battles at the sea. Eventually, those pirates were defeated.

If it weren't for Otis, Master Lund wouldn't have been able to eliminate the pirates.

Therefore, Otis enjoyed a high reputation in the Lund family, and he also managed many of the family's ventures.

Otis and Neil became good friends because they were alumni who graduated from the same university. After graduation, Otis joined the Lund family of Devon Province,

while Neil served the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez.

More than two decades had passed, and the once school buddies had now become significant people in two first-class families in the south. This cooperation almost felt like it had been predestined from twenty years ago.

“Brother Tyr, allow me to make the introductions,” said Neil. “Meet Otis Lane, the third leader of the Lund family from Devon Province.”

Pointing at Tyr, Neil added, “Brother Otis, this is the Brother Tyr I told you about.”

Neil had gone out for the whole day, but he only managed to get Otis to join them by evening. Needless to say, Tyr could guess

why—Neil must have spent a full day to convince Otis.

Although the two of them were old friends, which side the Lund family would choose to stand on would impact the future of the entire family. Therefore, even Otis wouldn't dare to take any risks by making a hasty decision.

So, Neil had spent all day analyzing the stakes for Otis. He also explained what Tyr was capable of and what he intended to accomplish next.

As brainy as he was, Otis spent a long time contemplating after listening to Neil's words. Finally, in the evening, he gave a reply to his old friend. Otis was willing to side with Tyr, but he also emphasized that this was only his personal view.



Grand Master Lund was one who had the power to make the final call in the Lund family. Even Otis was unsure of whether he would be able to convince him to side with Tyr.

Tyr took the initiative to walk towards Otis and extended his hand. “Hello Mr. Lane, I’m Tyr.”

Otis was quite friendly. He knew very well that he wasn’t qualified to put up a front before Tyr.

He extended his hand towards Tyr at once while smiling and nodding. “Brother Tyr, you are much younger than I thought. Heroes do indeed rise from the youth. I’m quite astonished by your achievements.”

Tyr chuckled. “You are too kind, Mr. Lane.

Come, please have a seat. I have prepared a banquet. I don't know what your preferences are, but I can always place additional orders if there's anything you'd like to have.”

Otis sat down with a smile. He said, “We're in Devon Province. I should be the host to entertain you, the guest, and the one to say those words.”

## Chapter 668 Leave One's Fate To The Gods

“Devon Province is located by the sea. There are several popular seafood dishes around here, and the taste isn't bad. Do you want to give it a try, Brother Tyr?” asked Otis.

“Haha, of course.”

So, Otis Lane ordered several famous local dishes and invited Tyr Summers and Neil, the Savant to dig in.

Not long after, the dishes were served.

Meanwhile, Tyr also specially asked the waiter to send a bottle of good wine over. The three drank for a while. The atmosphere in the room seemed rather pleasant.

Tyr toasted with Otis and said, “Mr. Lane, I



think Brother Neil must have mentioned the purpose of our visit to you.”

Otis finished his glass of wine. His expression also became somewhat serious at Tyr's words.

He said, “To be honest, before your arrival, the Moore family already sent someone over. Word of the big duel which will take place in a month's time on Nameless Island of Dunham Lake has spread throughout the south.

“Although you have the support of the Canonteign Mansion, I'm afraid that compared to the Moore family and Sachin Hall, your odds of winning the fight seem rather bleak.”

Upon hearing those words, the expressions

of Tyr and Neil turned slightly murky.

The meaning of Otis' words was apparent. Now that the war between Tyr and the combined forces of Sachin and the Moore family was unavoidable, both sides had reached a situation where only one party could walk out of it alive.

The future of the entire south hung on this battle. The Lund family of Devon Province could not stay out of it. At this time, all the southern first-class giants had picked a side, except the Lund family, whose vote was significant.

The Lund family needed to make the right choice. Otherwise, the wrong decision would bring an end to them.

“The representatives of the Moore family

were Xylo Moore and Auster Moore, right? Who did they reach out to?” asked Tyr.

Otis replied, “They approached Zain Lund, the second leader of the Lund family. Now that Master Lund is in his sixties, his health has deteriorated due to illnesses, as well as injuries from his early years.

“For years now, he has rarely asked about the family’s affairs. Therefore, many things are being taken care of by the second leader.

“The Moore family reached out to the second leader from the beginning, which made him more inclined to cooperate with them. After all, the odds on this chessboard are brighter for Sachin and the Moore family.”

Tyr was silent for a moment before he said, “



Mr. Lane, I won't deny that the current situation does favor Sachin. But I do hope that you won't underestimate me.

“What's more, I believe you guys are also very clear about how rooted and powerful the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez is in the south.”

Otis nodded. “This duel is about military force. In terms of military force, no family in the south can match the magnificent Canonteign Mansion. Also, as the master of Regal Palace, you, Tyr, should not be taken lightly too.

“But Tyr, the Four Vajra and the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison of the Moore family are different from what they used to be. Not to mention, there's also Sachin, the southern demon. They aren't necessarily

inferior to you.

“So, if the Lund family cooperates with the Moore family, we are a hundred percent confident that we will be able to defeat you guys. If we choose to cooperate with you, it will be a fifty-fifty chance at best on whether we can defeat Sachin and the Moore family.

“In that case, it’s really not hard to guess which side the Lund family is going to choose.”

Otis was simply being honest with them. There was sincerity in his words as he confided in Tyr. And he was right.

The situation of the game was evident. If the Lund family bet on Sachin’s camp, there would be no doubt that they could win the

game. If they chose Tyr, it would be a fifty-fifty chance at best.

In this case, even a fool would side with Sachin.

Neil said, “Brother Otis, I think you guys know very well what kind of existence Sachin and the Moore family are. If you choose to cooperate with them, you’d be walking into the lion’s den.

“Even if you really win this war, so what? I’m afraid the Lund family will face an even greater predicament in the future. They won’t be satisfied with a tripartite situation.”

Otis laughed. “Of course. But Old Brother Neil, both Sachin and the Moore family are still considered southerners, while Brother Tyr is from overseas.



“Regal Palace is such a bigwig from overseas, how can I be sure that they won't suddenly turn on the Lund family after the battle?”

Tyr, who was on the side, replied directly, “I won't. I can assure you of that.”

“Oh, who can say what will happen after the war? What's more, the Lund family is not a softie. When the time comes, even if Sachin and the Moore family want to make a move on us, nobody can tell who is more potent and weaker among the three forces,” said Otis.

He added, “Moreover, there is a saying that two tigers cannot live on the same mountain. Sachin and the Moore family could end up getting into a fight. As such, it'

s meaningless to talk about this now.”

“That’s true.” Both Tyr and Neil nodded their heads in agreement.

Neil poured a glass of wine for each of them and said, “Brother Otis, we’ve been friends for many years. Whether the Lund family sides with us or not, our brotherhood will always remain the same. Come, let’s drink to this!”

“Cheers!”

All three of them raised their glasses and drank the wine in a gulp.

After finishing his drink, Otis said, “I’m definitely siding with you on this. But there are a total of ten leaders in the Lund family, so my support alone is not enough.

“This is a life or death decision for the Lund

family. We can't be too hasty in reaching a verdict. If you want the Lund family to stand on your side, at least half of the Ten Keels must agree.”

Tyr and Neil nodded. “Brother Otis, among the Ten Keels, how many do you think you can convince?”

“I am certain that I can persuade the fourth and eighth leaders now, but that's far from enough. If you can give me a few more days, I will try my best to do this,” Otis assured.

Neil nodded again. “Thank you so much for going to all this trouble, Brother Otis.”

“We have been brothers for years. Naturally, we don't want to be in rival camps for this battle. Hopefully, we can fight side by side when the time comes,” Otis replied.



Having said that, Otis poured another cup of wine and stood up solemnly. “Brother Neil, if I can't turn the tide this time and we really end up on opposite sides in this war, please don't go easy on me.”

Neil also stood up with the same serious expression on his face. “If that day comes, I won't blame you, even if I die at your hands.”

“It's the same for me... Cheers!”

“Bottoms up...”

The two clinked their glasses, then gulped down the glass of wine.

Tyr looked at the two and smiled helplessly.

Perhaps this situation was the best

interpretation of one can't always do what they like when deep in the game. It was somewhat similar to wars between countries in ancient times. Many brothers fought for their own camps, and even biological brothers would stand in sharp opposition in war.

But whether it was Neil or Otis, neither of them wanted that day to come.

If such a day truly came, they would leave their fate to the gods.

## Chapter 669 Dickson Watt Is Here

After that, the three of them didn't continue to discuss further on this issue. Things had come to this stage—success or failure was in Otis Lane's hands.

They drank until ten o'clock at night before they called it a day. Tyr and Neil took a cab back to their hotel, while Otis was escorted back to the villa by his own bodyguard. They had drunk a lot tonight, but it paled in comparison to the previous drinking session with Demi Watt.

Back at the hotel, Tyr and Neil stood before the window and looked out at the churning seawater.

After a long time, Neil let out a long sigh, as



if he had something on his mind.

“Old Brother Neil, what is on your mind?” asked Tyr, who was more relaxed. His mood seemed to be completely unaffected.

“Brother Tyr, Otis is right. Given the current situation, nobody will be foolish enough to side with us. I’m not too optimistic about the battle!”

“Indeed.” Tyr nodded. “Can you think of any other way?”

Shaking his head, Neil replied, “For now, it’s all up to Otis. If he fails, we’ll have to think of other methods. At the moment, I can’t think of any other way to convince the Lund family to join us.”

“Haha...” Tyr laughed, an endless chill bursting out of his eyes.

Neil's pupils shrank slightly. "Brother Tyr, if the Lund family is determined to side with the Moore family, what will you do?" he asked.

Tyr said unabashedly, "The family will either be a friend or an enemy. Anyway, there are more than twenty days to go. If the Lund family decides to become our foe, I will make it impossible for them to participate in the upcoming big showdown."

Neil drew in a breath of cold air. "But the Lund family is a first-class southern giant, you want to ..."

Before Neil could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Tyr, "Six Doors has determined the venue for the duel and made the arrangements. Indeed, we have to follow

the rules.

“I won’t destroy the final chessboard. But everything else other than that, I won’t go by the book.”

Having said that, Tyr patted Neil's shoulder and added, “If it really comes down to that, I will keep Otis alive.”

After saying those words, Tyr turned around and left the room. Meanwhile, Neil stood silently in the same place for a long time. Finally, he drew in a deep breath.

Tyr had made it very clear. If the Lund family refused to cooperate, he would use the power of Regal Palace to cripple the family.

Regal Palace’s influence was located overseas, so it might not be realistic to use



its power to deal with a super-class gentry family. Still, it was possible to send some elite combat masters to take out some of the Lund family members.

If Tyr really proceeded with his plans, Six Doors wouldn't be able to do anything about him. No matter what Tyr or Sachin and the Moore family did now, as long as it didn't affect the final battle, Six Doors would turn a blind eye to it.

“Let's hope that day doesn't come,” Neil lamented. He took in a deep breath and let out a long sigh.

It was almost eleven o'clock at night. A sedan car was speeding down a road that led to the villa area of the Lund family. Tonight, it was pitch black. The street lights were blinking on both sides of the road.

Just then, in a corner of the road, a truck suddenly rushed out and blocked off the sedan car.

Otis, who was sitting in the back seat of the car, opened his eyes immediately. Having drunk a little too much earlier, he had been a little dizzy until now.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“A truck drove in from the wrong lane. I’ll go down and take a look,” replied the bodyguard.

Opening the car door, he got out of the passenger seat and walked towards the truck.

Abruptly, a figure suddenly rushed out of the truck. He held something in his hands,

which was glittering even under the dim street lights.

It emitted a golden light!

“Bro, what are you doing? Quickly move your truck away, don't block the road!” the bodyguard yelled.

Yet, the person across the street acted as if he didn't hear anything.

Realizing that something was wrong, the bodyguard moved his hand to his waist. But before he could pull out the gun he carried, the figure that had still been four or five meters away suddenly appeared in front of him.

Pop...

Something penetrated through the



bodyguard's chest. It all happened so fast that he wasn't even able to react. The next second, a bloody hole appeared in his chest. The bodyguard fell to his knees with a thud.

The driver inside the car froze. What had he just seen?

It was as if he had seen a ghost. Who was that man? What had he done?

Subconsciously, he intended to reverse the car. But, before he could reach the gears, the golden thing had pierced through the front windshield and blasted his head!

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It was dawn.

Carrying a black cloth bag, a young man walked out of the airport in Devon Province.

Standing before the airport exit, the young man stretched his back lazily. His face surged with indescribable excitement.

“Finally, I’m here. Haha!”

This young man was none other than Dickson Watt, the Little Scholar of the Canonteign Mansion of West Suez.

Demi Watt had forbade him to come to Devon Province with Tyr and the others, but this guy managed to sneak out.

He had been trapped at home for far too long. Also, he had previously put all his focus on Connie Yorke. It had been a while since he drifted from the plans in his notebook—to challenge the combat experts of the martial arts community.

This time, Dickson couldn’t hold himself

back anymore.

Louie Lund of the Lund family was proficient in the Eight Extremities. This man was Dickson's most desirable target to challenge at the moment.

Louie would definitely participate in the coming duel. Given the character of Demi Watt, he would most likely forbid Dickson from participating in the battle.

Dickson was worried Louie would be killed in the big battle. If that was the case, he would deeply regret it for the rest of his life. Therefore, even at the risk of having his martial arts invalidated by Demi, he had to come to Devon Province and fight with Louie.

Dickson dared to sneak out because he knew



exactly how his grandfather would react. He was Demi's only grandson. Even though his grandfather always threatened to abolish Dickson's martial arts, he wouldn't actually do it if things really came to that.

So, this time Dickson decided to act preemptively. After all, the worst consequence he could possibly face upon his return was a severe beating from his grandfather. Exchanging a mere beating with a battle against Louie seemed like a worthy deal.

Carrying that black cloth bag, Dickson hailed a cab and left the airport.

## Chapter 670 Inviting Louie Lund To A Battle

Given that it was a crucial time, Dickson Watt didn't want to cause any trouble.

Therefore, instead of going straight to the Lund family, he dialed a number in the cab.

He was calling Louie Lund. It wasn't that difficult for the Little Scholar of West Suez to find out his phone number. The call was connected in no time.

A vigorous voice came from the other end, "Who is this?"

"Hahaha, Louie, guess who I am?"

Perhaps because he was a little too excited, Dickson sounded kind of smug.

“Nutcase.”

Disliking his tone, Louie simply made that verbal attack, then immediately hung up.

“I...” Dickson was dumbfounded.

He redialled Louie’s number again. This time, he became much more serious. “This is Dickson.”

On the other end, Louie was obviously stunned. “Dickson, the Little Scholar of West Suez?”

“That’s right. It’s me.”

“Why are you calling me out of the blue? Are you trying to talk me into asking my father to support the Canonteign Mansion in fighting against the Moore Family? Dickson,



are you barking up the wrong tree?” Louie replied.

The father Louie was talking about was Master Lund. Louie was Master Lund’s son, and the young master of the Lund family.

“I don't have that kind of free time to get involved in these matters. Louie, I came to fight you,” said Dickson.

“A fight with me?”

“That’s right. I’m going to the beach now. I will send you my location when I arrive, meet me there.”

Louie sighed and replied, “Dickson, you are a martial arts fanatic who loves to challenge martial arts masters from all over the world, but I am not. Sorry, I don't have the time to fool around with you.”

After saying those words, Louie hung up the phone straight away.

Dickson was sort of dumbfounded for several seconds. Then, he cursed, “Sh\*t, why are you so proud of yourself? I came all the way here so we could learn from each other. How could you treat me with this attitude?”

“You don’t possess any sort of martial arts spirit. Fine, you refuse to accept my invitation, right? I will go to look for you at the Lund family residence.”

Simultaneously, Dickson gave a violent smash to the car door next to him.

The cab driver, who was driving next to him, trembled and hurriedly said, “Brother, not everything needs to be solved by force. Do

you mind being gentler?”

Glaring at the cab driver, Dickson pulled out a stack of money from his pocket and flung it onto the dashboard. “Enough?”

“Oh, Brother, you can smash as hard as you like. Let out all that anger in your heart.”

“Hmph!” Dickson showed his middle finger towards the cab driver with contempt.

A feeling of suffocation rose within his heart. Dickson had spent so much effort, went through many hardships, and even risked having his grandfather abolish his martial arts skills to run away from home.

All of it was for the fight with Louie.

However, Dickson’s opponent had rejected him so lightly. What the hell was all of this?

“Louie, you have to fight with me today,



even if you refuse to.”

Dickson was determined to make that fight with Louie happen. He instructed the cab driver to turn around and go directly to the Lund family’s house.

However, just a few minutes later, Dickson’s phone suddenly rang. Seeing that the caller was Louie caused Dickson’s heart to shiver slightly. He didn’t give it much thought and pressed the answer button on the phone.

“Location!” barked Louie as soon as the call connected.

Thrilled, Dickson replied, “You’ve thought it through. Haha, I knew it! You wouldn’t stand me up after my long trip...”

“Cut it out! The location!”

“The beach. I’ll send you the location when I

arrive.”

“Good!”

Louie didn't want to say much to Dickson. After the exchange of a few simple words, he directly hung up the phone.

“He agreed. Haha!”

Suddenly feeling much better, a joyful smile appeared on Dickson's face.

The cab driver next to him saw how happy Dickson was. He teased, “Little brother, your goddess has agreed to go out with you?”

“Goddess?”

Dickson was thunderstruck. Connie Yorke's image appeared within his mind.

Thinking about her gave Dickson a big headache. If he couldn't get Connie to agree to be his girlfriend soon, he was afraid that his grandfather would go through with breaking both of his legs.

He pulled out the Knight's Rod from the black cloth bag and stroked it for a while. The cab driver next to him immediately frowned and became a little nervous.

“Go to the beach!” Dickson ordered.

“Brother, you're going on a date with a stick?”

“Why are you talking more nonsense than me?”

About half an hour later, Dickson arrived at the beach. He got out of the cab and sent his



location to Louie.

It was almost seven o'clock in the morning. The timing was just right to take in the view of the sun rising from beyond the horizon. The scenery was beautiful, but as it was winter, the weather was chilly.

Dickson found himself a large stone not too far away and sat down on it. He sat cross-legged, his posture as upright as a pine tree. The Knight's Rod was between his legs. Dickson might appear young on the outside, but he was full of style.

The waves kept lapping at the big stone occupied by Dickson. He picked up the rod and aligned it with the rising sun in the east.

Almost half an hour later, a Land Cruiser drove towards the sea.

When the vehicle stopped, a man dressed in a black suit got out and walked over to Dickson. The man had a sturdy build, slender face, and spiked hair. A vigorous aura was emanating from his body.

This man was Louie, the youngest son of Master Lund. His father was the leader of the Lund family, and he was the pride of the Lund family, the leading figure of the young generation in the south.

Among the southern young generation, the Southern Emperor, Auster Moore, was the well-deserved number one. Second to him were Dickson and Louie, who stood out among their peers!

In his leather boots, Louie took one step after another towards Dickson. Finally, he

stopped at a distance of about seven or eight meters away.

“Here we go!” Dickson jumped down from the stone.

With the Knight’s Rod placed on his neck, he gazed at Louie with a smile on his face.

On the other hand, Louie seemed like he despised Dickson, so he refused to say anything much to him.

He just pulled out a black stick decisively and pointed it at Dickson. “Bring it on!”

“Hehehe.”

Laughing, Dickson nonchalantly took out his notebook and drew a cross under Louie’s name.

“This battle is just a swap of skills. But we



must put the martial arts spirit into consideration. Although we are learning from each other, we still need to decide on the winner, and it's also a matter of life or death..." said Dickson, rambling on.

"Where does all of this nonsense come from?" Louie's expression was icy as he carried that black stick and charged at Dickson.

"Let's have a jolly fight... Hahahaha..."

Dickson was a martial arts fanatic. Having this fight with Louie made him feel like he had finally caught up with the goddess he had been pursuing for years. Now, finally, it was time to go all the way with her.

As such, Dickson's eyes were red with excitement.

## Chapter 671 Captured Dickson Watt

The Knight's Rod was majestically wielded by Dickson Watt!

The two sticks continuously collided in the air. Given the huge waves splashing around them, the scene gave off the vibes of a duel between two martial arts masters.

Louie Lund and Dickson were the leading figures of the young generation in the south. Their strength was in the same league. What's more, both of their weapons were sticks.

In less than a minute, the two sides had exchanged blows hundreds of times. Just as Dickson had put it, this duel would not only determine a winner, but it was also a matter

of life or death.

Both sides used their full strength and didn't show the slightest mercy.

The Knight's Rod danced in Dickson's hand, moving as fast as lightning. Then, with a bang, the frontmost part of the rod bashed Louie's body. The strike sent him flying away.

It was an extremely potent attack from the rod. Any average man who took that blow would have his bones shattered on the spot.

However, Louie wasn't severely injured. Gritting his teeth, he once again waved the black stick in his hand, hitting Dickson in the face with the same move. Dickson grimaced in pain, but the attack didn't affect his fighting ability.



Soon, the two had exchanged hundreds of rounds of attacks.

Finally, Dickson used his rod to hit Louie's wrist and knock the black stick out of his hand. When it came to the skill of fighting with a stick, Louie was no match for Dickson.

However, Louie's expertise was not fighting with the black stick, but the Eight Extremities Fist.

“Eight Extremities...”

Louie let out an explosive roar. The power within his body suddenly soared, and the movements of his fist became much more violent and powerful.

A punch... blasted on Dickson's chest.

Dickson grunted. He flew backwards like a

stringless kite, landing in the seawater. The waves splashed over his whole body. He felt a tightness in his chest, but it was still within his tolerance.

Rubbing his chest hard, he got to his feet. Despite the continuous crazy lapping of the waves against his body, Dickson was standing as steady as a rock.

He declared, “Great... It’s f\*cking awesome! This is exactly the effect I am looking for.

“Louie, unleash your full strength. Today, it’s either you finish me off, or it will be me who ends you!”

The way Dickson danced with his Knight’s Rod looked equally domineering too.

“I’ll show you the true power of the Knight’s

Rod, which was handed down from my ancestors!”

The two figures once again engaged in combat.

Just then, on the road next to this beach, a line of a dozen black sedan cars swiftly drove towards Dickson and Louie. These cars headed directly towards their battle location on the beach, and then surrounded the both of them in a circle.

The car doors opened and a dozen men in black suits stepped out. Leading them was a stout, bearded, one-eyed man. With a cigar in his hand, he furrowed his brow tightly.

This man was none other than the second leader of the Lund family—Zain Lund!

Zain was not only the second leader of the



Lund family, but also the brother of the family's head. Due to his injuries and illnesses, his brother rarely asked about the Lund family's affairs nowadays. As such, Zain was in charge of all sorts of family affairs.

It was rather odd. Why had Zain shown up here? This was clearly a battle between Louie and Dickson.

Moreover, he had not come alone, and had actually brought so many men with him. Indeed, the situation was kind of peculiar.

In fact, from the moment when Louie refused Dickson's invitation to fight, but suddenly called back to accept, every bit of it was unusual.

Dickson had been so keen to fight Louie that

he hadn't cared too much about it. And even now, when so many cars drove in their direction, resulting in them being surrounded by these men clad in black, Dickson still failed to notice anything weird.

He was a martial arts madman. Once he entered a fight, he would be unaffected by his surroundings.

At the moment, he only had one goal in his eyes—f\*ck Louie over!

Zain brought the cigar in his hand to his mouth and took a fierce puff. His mottled face was covered with marks of the sea breeze. He didn't seem to be in a good mood. There was some redness in his eyes, as if he had just cried.

Then, he pointed at Dickson and

commanded, "Seize him for me."

"Yes!"

In a flash, dozens of big men in black suits rushed at Dickson. At the same time, Louie blasted Dickson away with a punch and quickly took several steps backward.

"What a moron!" Louie sighed emotionally, then released his fist.

"Louie, what are you doing?" Dickson was a bit confused and puzzled by what was going on.

They were in the middle of a good fight, yet why would so many people suddenly appear?

By then, someone had already fished out a gun and aimed it at Dickson. And that wasn't the only gun pointed at him, there were



several more as well. The Lund family of Devon Province used to fight with pirates, so it wasn't unusual for them to stash away some guns.

Given the situation, there was no way for Dickson to resist. Confusion was still written all over his face. He was completely baffled as to what the hell was going on!

“Seize him... take him away...”

Zain walked towards Dickson. The older man's voice was strong and comparable to a great bell, yet a hint of grief and anger could be heard in his tone.

Dickson finally came to his senses and realized that something must be wrong.

“F\*ck... What are you guys doing?” He

pointed the Knight's Rod in his hand at Zain and Louie. "I am the Little Scholar of West Suez. What with all this? The battle has not even begun, yet the Lund family pulls such a despicable and dirty trick on me?"

"Cut the crap! Take him away!" ordered Zain as he stepped forward and put a gun against Dickson's head.

Several black-clothed men came forward and tied him up. Unable to fight back, Dickson glared viciously at Louie. His eyes were full of disappointment.

"Louie, I was wrong about you, you are not worthy to be my opponent."

"Idiot!" Louie cursed, turning his back on Dickson.

Although there was no emotion in his voice,

inadvertently, one could tell that Louie didn't dare to meet Dickson's eyes. It was indeed true that he had acted despicably in this matter. It made Louie feel rather uncomfortable deep down.

When he received Dickson's phone call earlier, from the bottom of his heart, he honestly hadn't wanted to fight him. To Louie, it was a waste of time. But then, he had received another call from Zain immediately after. His uncle asked him to call Dickson back and agree to the fight!

Then, while they were in the middle of the fight, Zain brought a large number of Lund family elites to capture Dickson alive.

As for the motives behind Zain's decision to do this, and why Louie had agreed to it all, there was a reason that left Louie unable to



**refuse.**

## Chapter 672 Otis Lane Is Dead

Truth be told, every leader of the Lund family was a man among men. They loathed any sort of despicable and dirty means. But because of what had happened, the entire Lund family was in a rage. The burning fury drove them to act beyond their principles.

The third leader of the Lund family, Otis Lane, was dead.

It happened last night. Along with his bodyguards, Otis had been killed. The murder took place in Devon Province, the Lund family's own territory. Someone actually dared to murder the Lund family's third leader in their own district. The killer obviously looked down on their family.

Otis was highly respected within the family. As such, his death truly enraged the entire Lund family.

Last night, Otis had gone to meet with Tyr Summers and Neil, the Savant of the Canonteign Mansion. He was killed right after the meeting.

Therefore, the Lund family had a solid reason to suspect that Tyr and Neil had killed Otis. What's more, one of Otis' bodyguards had survived and identified Tyr and his group as Otis' murderers.

The reason for Tyr and Neil to end Otis was due to his refusal to cooperate with them. Therefore, they killed him.

Meanwhile, there was another rumor



circulating within the Lund family.

According to the rumor, Tyr and the Canonteign Mansion had been sending their men to sneak into the Devon Province, and were plotting to make a move against the Lund family.

When Dickson Watt learned of this news in the car, he was equally shocked.

His first reaction was that it was impossible! Everyone in the Canonteign Mansion knew that Neil and Otis shared a lifelong friendship. Even if the Lund family and the Canonteign Mansion ended up serving the separate camps, Neil would never have killed Otis.

It was simply impossible.

“Second Master Lund, there must be some

sort of misunderstanding regarding this matter. I'm worried that someone deliberately planted evidence to frame us. I don't want you to get the wrong culprit," said Dickson.

Zain Lund snorted coldly. "Kid, there's no need for you to quibble. The third leader was killed by Tyr and that Savant from your Canonteign Mansion.

"First of all, they had a solid motive to kill him. Additionally, Otis' bodyguard, Bagheera, testified, so there's hard evidence. There is simply no room for you to argue otherwise."

"Impossible! Neil would never do such a thing."

"Shut up!" Zain chided angrily.

Things had come to this point. Zain could no longer listen to any explanation. The only thing on his mind was catching Tyr and Neil to avenge Otis.

As for Dickson, he was the Little Scholar of the Canonteign Mansion. It was one of his men who had killed the third leader of the Lund family. Thus, both the Lund family and the Canonteign Mansion had reached a point of having to fight to the death.

Therefore, Dickson had to die. Not only Dickson, but the entire Canonteign Mansion had to suffer.

Otis' murder was the final factor that cemented the Lund family's decision to join hands with Sachin and the Moore family. The Lund family was determined to go



against Tyr and the Canonteign Mansion.

Almost two hours ago, Tyr and Neil were resting at the hotel. There was still some time before dawn, but the both of them had woken up from their sleep at about the same time.

The sixth sense was an instinct possessed by many combat masters. Whenever there was danger approaching, masters would be able to sense the lurking danger at once and react accordingly.

Tyr got out of bed and got dressed as fast as possible. Walking towards the window, he lifted a corner of the curtain. He noticed that there were a lot of cars parked in the hotel's open parking lot. Those cars hadn't been there before they went to sleep last night.

At the same time, the sound made by light

footsteps was coming from the hotel corridor.

“Pass Without Trace!”

These footsteps were very light, as light as a cat’s paw gently stepping on the ground. An ordinary man couldn’t have identified the movement made by the practitioners of this martial arts skill.

But Tyr wasn’t an ordinary man. His sense of hearing was acute, to the point of almost being otherworldly. Even though these footsteps were light, it was crystal clear to his ears.

Instantly walking towards the door, Tyr placed his hand on the door handle. There was a slight force coming from outside of the room. Tyr twisted the door handle

abruptly and pushed the door open.

Outside, the man clad in black who was about to open the door was startled. Before he was able to react, Tyr threw a punch to his face. It was a swift and fierce punch that hit right on the spot. It sent the black-clothed man flying backwards.

Shocked, the other men behind him took out their guns. Even at such a close distance, before they had the opportunity to shoot, Tyr had knocked them to the ground.

At the same time, a bang came from the room next to Tyr's. A big man was knocked out of the room, followed by Neil, who walked out of the room.

The hotel corridor was densely packed with more than a dozen big men. Each of them



exuded an impression of toughness.

With nothing but a quick glance at each other, Tyr and Neil wordlessly pounced at these men. Accompanied by numerous screams, a crackling sound of collision rang out in the corridor as the pair killed their way to the stairs.

Many people had appeared at the staircase too. All of them were first-class fighters, but none of them could take a punch from Tyr and Neil.

In less than a minute, the duo managed to force their way from the third floor to the first floor of the hotel. Halfway through, Neil took a few punches, while none of the fighters managed to even come close to Tyr's clothes.

The two of them managed to reach the car

park outside. As soon as they got into the sedan, Neil sped off, driving out of the hotel. Through the rear-view mirror, Tyr noticed there were at least hundreds of men at the hotel. Many of them were equipped with guns.

The sound of gunfire rang from behind them, but they had already driven out at least a few hundred meters ahead. The bullets couldn't pose any threat to them.

“What’s going on?” asked Tyr, a pretty stern expression on his face.

While driving, Neil shook his head. “I don't know.”

He was equally confused and couldn't grasp what the situation was. It was apparent that those men were sent by the Lund family of

Devon Province. But, why would they come for him and Tyr?

Let's say Otis had failed to convince the other leaders of the Lund family last night. Those leaders couldn't have so quickly decided to join forces with the Moore family. Moreover, Otis only went home at around midnight last night. There wasn't enough time for him to have discussed the matter with the other leaders of the family.

In that case, why would the Lund family suddenly send someone over to kill the duo?

“Something must have happened.”

Tyr rubbed his temples for a while. He couldn't figure out what the hell was going on.

Just as the two were puzzled, a sudden boom



sounded from somewhere. Immediately, the car driven by Neil shook violently.

An anxious Neil gripped the steering wheel tightly. Stepping on the accelerator, he squeezed through the small gap between the two SUVs that were right in front him.

## Chapter 673 City-wide Manhunt

Three cars were chasing after Tyr and Neil's car from behind. Simultaneously, some cars had driven out from the surrounding off-road. These cars had been sent by the Lund family, and were now intercepting them from all sides.

“Our car has been tracked. We need to find ourselves a remote place and get off the vehicle!” said Tyr.

“Can't escape! There are too many of them.”

Neil was helpless. His driving skills weren't bad, but there was no way for him to escape when they were being chased and intercepted by so many cars. From time to

time, he also noticed traces of bullets passing through their car.

“I will drive,” Tyr said.

“Okay.”

The two exchanged glances. Then, Neil unfastened his safety belt and flipped to the back seat of the car. He was as flexible as a monkey. Within the same time it took Neil to flip over, Tyr also flipped towards the driver's seat.

The car was out of control for a second, but Tyr immediately grabbed the steering wheel when he sat down. He slammed his foot down on the accelerator.

A car that tried to intercept them from the front of the road was forcefully knocked



aside by Tyr. He then put his extremely high level racing skills to use, it was as if he was possessed by the god of racing.

In this section of the road, there were at least over thirty vehicles trying to block their car. Tyr managed to dodge all of them with his superb racing skills.

About half an hour later, he drove the car to a very remote location. He had lost their pursuers, leaving the cars tailing them far behind. As soon as Tyr stopped the car, both him and Neil jumped out right away.

“They are tracking this car, they’ll be able to catch up to us within ten minutes. We need to get out of here as soon as possible,” said Tyr.

After thinking it over, the two men walked

through an area of abandoned buildings in front of them. Having walked circuitously for more than ten kilometers, they finally came to a relatively remote seaside.

There was a cliff with a height of forty to fifty meters ahead. Below the cliff was the sea, and a rusty abandoned fishing boat was floating in the sea.

“Is there any problem for you to jump off the cliff?” asked Tyr, turning to Neil.

“No problem,” Neil replied.

“Then, it’s fine. Let’s hide on that fishing boat. It’s unlikely for the Lund family’s people to find it.”

Taking a deep breath, the duo jumped directly from the forty-meter cliff and

plunged into the cold seawater. They then swam all the way to the abandoned fishing boat in front of them.

A few minutes later, Tyr and Neil managed to arrive at the fishing boat. The both of them were soaked to the bone. In this cold weather, being wet was unbearable. Panting heavily, the two of them leaned on the deck of the boat. Their faces were filled with doubts.

“Why would the Lund family of Devon Province do this? I still can’t figure it out. Looking at how crazy those men were, it’s as if we are their mortal enemies. Are they nuts?”

Tyr was dumbfounded and mad at the same time. It had been a long time since he had been as wretched as he was now.



Neil looked sullen. He felt even more hurt than Tyr. After all, Otis Lane had a life-long friendship with him. They had just met up last night. Yet, today, he was being hunted by the Lund family.

What's more, only Otis knew which hotel they were staying at. Therefore, Neil suspected that Otis had deliberately revealed their whereabouts and then sent someone to kill them.

“Perhaps the Lund family already decided to side with the Moore family a long time ago. So, they were planning to deal with us from the beginning.”

Neil's heart shivered fiercely with sadness. At this very moment, he felt rather lost.

He wouldn't feel like this if the Lund family

had simply decided to join the Moore family's camp. After all, it was something that was quite likely to happen, and his heart had long been prepared for it.

But, he couldn't accept Otis' betrayal.

"I'm going to find Otis and ask for his clarification," Neil declared, taking out his cell phone.

Although he and Tyr had just been immersed in seawater, nowadays, all well-built cell phones were equipped with strong waterproof capabilities.

As the words left his mouth, Neil was about to dial Otis' phone number.

But, Tyr pressed on Neil's hand and said, "Stop. Once you make that phone call, we will

be located. Take a break for now. I'll go inquire about the situation later.

“Before we figure out what the hell is going on here, we can't make any reckless moves. After all, the entire Devon Province belongs to the Lund family, and there are only two of us.”

Tyr was right. Their current situation could be described as being stuck in a lion's den. Despite their superb combat power, the two of them couldn't fight against the entire Lund family by themselves.

Calming down, Neil leaned on the rusty guardrail and sighed.

The two were silent for a long time. Finally, perhaps due to their tiredness, they managed to get some sleep.



Tyr and Neil stayed on the fishing boat for a full day. When it was almost dark, Tyr told Neil to wait here while he jumped off the boat and went ashore. He needed to figure out what was going on here, and to do that, he had to grab someone from the Lund family.

When Tyr returned to the city, he realized that the Lund family's men were everywhere. Even the TV screens in many city squares displayed photos of Tyr and Neil, accompanied by a message to hunt them down.

For a while, it was as if they had become the number one most wanted criminals.

They had definitely underestimated the Lund family's influence in Devon Province.

The murder of the family's third leader had not only angered the Lund family members, many citizens of Devon Province were furious too.

The members of the Lund family were originally fishermen, as were many of the local residents. Back then, the family paid a great price to deal with the pirates at sea. Having helped to eliminate the pirates, the family was well-loved by the local fishermen.

Therefore, now that the Lund family intended to capture Tyr and Neil, many local residents were working together with the family to look for them.

As such, even though Tyr was strong, he was at risk of being spotted at any moment, especially now that he was within the city.

From eight o'clock in the evening until one o

'clock in the morning, Tyr managed to escape countless attempts to have him killed. At last, after going through innumerable trials and tribulations, finally, he had figured out the situation.

Tyr also found himself a restaurant to dine in and helped make a takeaway order for Neil.

At around two o'clock in the morning, Tyr returned to the rusty fishing boat. Neil was looking out at the starry night sky, however, his thoughts were somewhere else.

When he heard a sound coming from the side, he was alerted. Seeing that the visitor was Tyr, he then breathed a sigh of relief.

“Starving? Eat this,” said Tyr, handing the takeout food to Neil.



## Chapter 674 Master Lund

Perhaps a little too hungry, he started wolfing down the food immediately after he received it.

“Did you find out?” Neil, the Savant, asked Tyr Summers with his mouth stuffed with food.

Tyr did not answer. Instead, he said, “Why don’t you finish your food first? I am afraid you will lose your appetite after knowing the truth.”

Neil frowned. He was not going to get any good news; it seemed.

He quickly swallowed the last morsel.

“You can tell me now.”

Tyr said, “Before I begin, I want you to be prepared for what I am going to tell you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Otis Lane is dead. He was murdered on the way home after drinking with us.

“The Lund family considered us to be the perpetrators. Plus, Otis’s bodyguard confessed that he saw us kill him.

“The Lund family, they are out for blood, our blood. Otis is a well-respected figure, and we are now public enemies of Devon Province.

Neil was in shock and could not fathom what he had just heard.

How could Otis die?

His best buddy, his closest pal, was dead?

“This is not funny, Tyr.”

Neil was in denial over Otis’s death. He had rather believed Otis betrayed them and sent hitmen to take them out instead of accepting that his best buddy was dead.

“You are a bright person, Neil. You would have realized it by now. You just choose not to believe it,” said Tyr.

He walked toward the edge of the deck and looked out into the endless ocean with a sigh.

“This is getting messy. We are now murderers of the Lund family’s third-in-command. Let us not talk about persuading the Lund family to join our cause. For now, they are all out to kill us.”



Neil took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

The corners of his eyes were moist, as if he was crying.

Sometime later, he finally returned to his senses.

“It was the Moore family!” Neil said through gritted teeth.

“Of course! What a dirty trick!” remarked Tyr. “Every evidence now points to us being guilty of killing Otis. The Lund family is definitely coming after us.”

“Xylo Moore!” Neil clenched his fist and forcefully punched the deck.

It was a heavy blow and dented the rusty deck.

“What should we do now?” Neil was out of sorts. Panicking and anxious, he struggled to keep his cool and figure out their next steps.

“We should leave as soon as possible.

“With Otis dead, I suppose you have no qualms that I deal with the mess my way? I will try to get a few of the best fighters from Regal Palace over here.”

Neil remained silent. Without saying anything else, it was his way of saying that he agreed to Tyr’s decision.

At this moment, Tyr saw a flash of lights approaching them at top speed from the cliffs.

“Crap, they found us!” he cursed and ran

toward the other end of the deck. “The Lund family is here, leave now!”

As they dived into the waters.

A few speedboats arrived at the abandoned fishing boat a couple of minutes later. A dozen burly men, holding weapons, boarded the boat only to find the trash left behind by Tyr and Neil.

“Argh!”

Leading the group was a middle-aged man with a set of golden teeth, aptly named Goldtooth, the eighth-in-command of the Lund family and one of Otis’s best buddies.

He was affected the most by Otis’s death and could not wait to kill both Tyr and Neil to avenge his closest pal.



Over at the Lund family's quarters the next day, ten chairs were set in a massive hall.

There sat eight people, leaders of the Lund family.

The empty ones were for Master Lund, the head of the family, who had yet to arrive, and Otis, who was already dead.

The atmosphere in the hall was of a suffocating dread and smelled of nicotine, as everyone smoked.

All present were reputable people in the Cascades, with everyone being true gentlemen and warriors.

Although the Lund family was not the strongest in the South, they were the most united.

Cooperation and compromise between the ten leaders were key to the Lund family's success today.

Yet, their third-in-command was found murdered on their turf. Vengeance blazed in everyone's hearts as a sinister mood quickly took over the hall.

“Where is the murderer?” Someone came in pushing a wheelchair.

In the wheelchair sat a skinny old man with a head full of white hair and a tanned complexion. His eyes were spirited and glistened as he looked around.

He looked like he was in his late seventies, but in fact, he was just a little over sixty-year-old. Spending most of his life out in sea did

age him much quicker than others.

He was Master Lund, the head of the Lund family of the Cascades.

“Master.”

Everyone else stood up and greeted Master Lund.

“Have a seat.” He was wheeled right to his seat and looked around.

“Why is the murderer not found yet?”

Zain Lund, the next-in-command, hurriedly replied, “Neil and Tyr are extremely crafty and evaded our search attempts multiple times. That being said, we have strengthened our people out in the field.”

“Stop searching. You will not get them.”



Master Lund waved his hand and took a deep breath as if he just made a huge decision.

The other leaders looked at him, puzzled. Obviously, they disagreed with his judgment.

“Master, are we not going to avenge Otis’s death? No, this is not right. We will find Tyr and Neil and give them the misery they deserved.”

## Chapter 675 Dickson Watt's Execution

Master Lund's expression darkened. "Did I say I am not avenging Otis's death?"

"But?" The hall fell silent.

Master Lund continued, "Looking at this from a different perspective, the Lund family never gets itself involved in fights and conflicts, but that does not mean that we sit around and get taken advantage of. Otis died an unjust death. We will avenge him.

"Bring him in!"

With Master Lund's order, two burly men brought Dickson Watt into the hall.

“On your knees!”

The man behind him roared. But Dickson stood rigid as ever, refusing to kneel.

“On your knees!”

Someone kicked his legs, but he endured the pain and remained steadfastly upright.

“I applaud your character, boy, but it will not save you.”

Master Lund looked at Dickson. The boy was only five years old when they last met each other. Back then, Canonteign Mansion and the Lund family still maintained a cordial relationship.

Yet, all remaining goodwill for the other side was now shattered with Otis Lane's death.



“The third-in-command of the Lund family is not killed by Tyr and Neil. Have you all gone nuts?”

“Master Lund, you are a confused and disoriented old man! Can't you see this is a trap, a hideous plot to trick the Lund family?”

The hall broke out into an array of noises as everyone looked at Dickson with rage in their eyes.

They were all older than Dickson, and him being a prisoner, he dared to castigate Master Lund in public.

That being said, his outburst changed nothing.

“Outrageous! It is not your place to judge

the master!”

Goldtooth roared. With rage overtaking his reasoning, he wanted not just to kill Dickson but everyone in Canonteign Mansion.

Seated in his wheelchair, Master Lund asked solemnly, “Boy, who else could’ve killed Otis then?”

“Sachin...” answered Dickson.

The hall instantly fell silent as everybody looked at Dickson amusedly.

Sensing that things were a little off, Dickson quickly added, “Or someone from the Moore family.”

“Did you mean to say Xylo Moore was the one who did it?” Zain Lund asked. “What a coincidence, he is right here in the Cascades

now.”

Dickson replied, “It is him, no doubt! I am pretty sure he killed Otis and somehow managed to shift the blame onto Tyr and Neil.”

“Do you have any evidence?” asked Master Lund.

“No,” Dickson replied steadfastly.

Standing in Dickson and his allies' position, it was highly possible that the Moore family killed Otis and shifted the blame onto Tyr and Neil.

For the Moore family, there was a motive to kill. With that, the Lund family would cut their ties with Canonteign Mansion and join forces with the Moore family.



Yet, there were two sides to a coin.

The Moore family would definitely say that Tyr killed Otis and then put the blame on them.

For the Lunds, stuck in the middle, both sides were equally guilty of committing the crime. However, for the time being, most of the evidence pointed to Tyr and Neil killing Otis.

That was why the Lund family acted decisively and captured Dickson while searching for Tyr and Neil.

“How dare you simply blame others when you possess no evidence at all?”

A firm and authoritative voice rang out.

In came a middle-aged man dressed in a

suit, followed by Auster Moore and a two-meter tall man with a menacing look.

The man in the suit was Xylo Moore.

As for the hulking guy, he was Yoru, one of the Moore family's Four Vajra.

“Greetings.”

Xylo entered the hall and greeted Master Lund.

“Have a seat!”

Immediately three chairs were set up, ready for the guests.

Xylo spoke after sitting down. “We are very sorry for your loss. The murderers have to be held responsible!

“If you need any assistance, please, let us

know. If there is anything the Moore family can help, we will do it!”

Dickson's face flushed. “Stop spewing nonsense, Xylo Moore! You killed Otis!”

Auster stood up and walked up to Dickson instantly. He slapped him across the face.

“Shut up if you have no evidence!”

“Damn you, Auster Moore! Damn you and your family!” Dickson swore.

Auster frowned and immediately wrapped his fingers tightly around Dickson. “I am going to kill you!”

“Release me, you coward! Let us fight one on one!” Dickson replied through gritted teeth.

Auster's name was written in Dickson's



journal too. He was not kidding when he wanted to fight Auster.

Yet, Auster was not interested. "You are not worthy."

"You son of a ..."

Dickson could not stop spewing profanity.

At that moment, Master Lund ordered, "We are executing Dickson Watt tomorrow noon. I do not believe that Tyr and Neil will sit by and watch him die!"

Dickson was shocked by hearing Master Lund's orders.

He did not expect Master Lund to use that as a way to force Tyr and Neil to reveal themselves. After all, they would not let Dickson die.

It was a trap, awaiting Tyr and Neil's arrival.

He had no fear of death, but Dickson was extremely disgusted at Master Lund's scheme.

“Trash! Master Lund, I am so disappointed in you! Who would have thought a reputable man like you would resort to such dirty tactics!”

Dickson blurted out. He was extremely blunt and did not care for others' feelings.

Frowning deeply, Master Lund knew that his tactics would destroy his reputation he so fervently maintained.

Yet, he had no choice. This was the only way to force Tyr and Neil to reveal themselves.

“Get him out of here!”

The rest could not stand Dickson's constant barrage of chastisement and had him escorted out the hall.



## Chapter 676 Restricted Entry

After Dickson Watt was escorted out, Xylo Moore stood up and spoke, “Master Lund, Canonteign Mansion of West Suez will definitely send a liberation team to rescue Dickson Watt if you are executing him in public tomorrow. Do you need any help from the Moore family?”

Master Lund replied, “Thank you for your offer, Mr. Moore, but this is our turf. Nobody else gets to do whatever they want.”

“Of course.” Xylo did not say much after. “Well then, what is the Lund family’s intention for the upcoming battle, Master Lund?”

Xylo came to the Cascades to persuade the

Lund family to join forces with the Moore family and Sachin Hall. Since he was here, he wanted to learn of the Lund family's stance.

“Let me straighten out Otis's murder, and then we will talk. How about it?” said Master Lund.

“Of course!” Xylo shook hands with Master Lund and said, “I will be waiting for your good news, Master Lund.”

Master Lund nodded. “As a guest here, Mr. Moore, please forgive us if we were not up to the part of a welcoming host. After all, things are a little out of control here.”

“Of course not, Master Lund, do not worry!” Xylo hurriedly replied.

“Once the murderer is dead, let us drink!”

“I will be waiting!”

It was a brief exchange, and Master Lund did not explicitly state his intention to join forces with the Moore family, but it was all that was needed to show his stance.

A dismal moon hung in the night sky as a cloud floated right in front of it, blocking it from view.

In an abandoned building were Tyr Summers and Neil, the Savant. They had the opportunity to leave the Cascades tonight. After all, nobody could stop Tyr if he wanted to leave.

However, they chose to remain behind the enemy lines.

Not just because they had yet to persuade



the Lund family to join forces, but Dickson's capture was a big reason they stayed.

"The Lund family will execute Dickson tomorrow at noon."

Tyr was aware of the fact and frankly quite shocked to find out that Dickson had actually disobeyed Demi Watt's orders and secretly came to the Cascades.

Of all things that could happen, he was captured instead!

"Crap!"

Tyr threw a punch at the building walls; they were now in a serious predicament, all thanks to Dickson.

He could not stand by and watch Dickson die. He was the heir to Canonteign Mansion

and the future son-in-law of Carson Yorke.

“I have contacted Master.”

Neil said, “He told us to leave Dickson to his own devices and told me he deserves it.”

With his bloodshot eyes, Neil looked miserable. He could not sleep for the past couple of days.

“He does not mean it.” Tyr chuckled. Demi was probably on his wit’s end over there.

He continued, “My men are supposed to enter the country tonight and arrive at the Cascades latest by morning. With the Lund family on the opposing side, we cannot drag the saga out any further.

Neil stared blankly at the moon and nodded.

“I want to avenge Otis!” he said after a long

silence.

“Of course. We will cripple the Lund family and then wipe out the Moore family during the battle. I am sure the Moore family killed Otis. As for the Lund family’s involvement, I am not too sure,” said Tyr.

“I do not think that is possible. The Ten Keels of the Lund family are known for their close ties and kinship. They would not harm their comrades,” replied Neil.

“Perhaps it was all for a show, it is almost impossible to know what a person is actually thinking,” Tyr said with a chuckle.

Neil looked at him earnestly.

“I have always heard of the close relationship between the Five Kings and the



Eighteen Generals of Regal Palace. Do you know what they are thinking, Tyr?”

Tyr was silent.

He had no way of knowing what his comrades' thoughts were. He trusted them unconditionally based on his intuition, and that was it.

Yet, a person might change, for no one was innocent out there.

At the moment, Tyr's cellphone rang.

He picked up the call. “Speak.”

Juan Yates called. He was tasked with gathering some of Regal Palace's best fighters and sending them over to Celestial Empire under Tyr's orders.

Other than that, Ash was also contacted by

Tyr to show up as he was not too far from where they were.

That was more than enough to deal with the Lund family.

However, Tyr frowned after hearing Juan's reply.

“Chief, we are restricted entry and denied boarding.”

“Wait a minute, what is going on?”

“We have been marked by someone in Celestial Empire, perhaps someone from the authorities, and could not go by legal means. The only way is to enter through covert methods.”

“How long will it take?” asked Tyr. He seemed to have realized something.

“At least three days to where you are right now.”

“No, that is too late,” Tyr said. “Stay put and wait for my orders.”

“Understood, Chief.”

After ending the call, Tyr made another call with a grim expression on his face.

The call was picked up immediately and a string of Japanese could be heard coming from the other end of the line. “Chief, we are in a little bit of trouble in the airport right now.”

“Denied boarding?” Tyr smiled bitterly. “Ash, you do not have to come anymore. You will not be able to board any flights to Celestial Empire.”



“What is going on, Chief?”

“No more questions. Just go home and wait for updates from me.”

After ending this call, Tyr dialed another number after a brief moment of thought.

“I knew you would give me a call,” said a deep and domineering voice.

“Why are you restricting entry to my people, Green Dragon? The battle has yet to start!”

## Chapter 677 You Do Not Make The Rules

Green Dragon laughed. “I wonder why you ask questions that you know the answer to? The South is under my jurisdiction, and I will not allow you to ruin everything by bringing in reinforcements, where you are breaking the rules too.”

“Well, rules are meant to be broken...”  
Before Tyr Summers could finish his sentence, Green Dragon interrupted. “That is right. Rules can be changed but not by you.”

“Damn!”

Green Dragon made his intentions clear.

Tyr’s act of bringing in reinforcements

would disturb the natural order of things, which Green Dragon would never allow.

“I have to say I am very considerate. Instead of getting your people stranded here, I made sure they could not leave their countries in the first place. See? That saves them the trouble of making a trip here all for nothing.”

Struggling to hold in his impulse to use every profanity known to man on Green Dragon, Tyr snickered instead. “I will be damned if I am not grateful for your consideration!”

He immediately ended the call. He wanted to smash his cellphone so badly.

“Don’t be too mad. This is all expected,” Neil, the Savant, said. “Do not



underestimate the Six Doors' capabilities and influences. On paper, they are the authorities, but in actuality, they have been around the martial arts community for at least a few hundred years. Even the royal family is wary of them. Never, ever, cross their line.”

The royal family mentioned by Neil was actually the super gentries located in Imperial Capital City. Together, they made up the tip of the pyramid of all gentries in Celestial Empire.

Yet, they were still under The Six Doors' jurisdiction, which was a testament to the organization's ability.

“Even if my people arrive, they will not be here in time. Is Canonteign Mansion sending help?” asked Tyr.

“Master kept saying that he did not care for Dickson’s life, but we all know that is just an act.”

“Let us wait then,” said Tyr.

Lazily stretching his body, he continued, “Canonteign Mansion’s reinforcements will arrive by noon tomorrow. We will meet them there. I suppose the battle has started earlier than we expected.”

He then called Jermaine Leonard and Max Cheever and ordered them to be at the Cascades before daybreak.

Dickson Watt and Tyr were, at best, acquaintances, but he could not leave Dickson to his own devices with Connie Yorke in the equation.

Moreover, Canonteign Mansion was now on their side. Whatever it was, Tyr had to rescue Dickson from the execution tomorrow.

They spent the night in the abandoned building. By the time dawn broke the next day, they were already up and ready.

At eight o'clock, Neil received a call from Pharris, the Mastermind.

Pharris was one of the Six Aces of the Watt family, and together with Herod, the Philosopher, they arrived at the Cascades with a dozen of Canonteign Mansion's best fighters on their way to meet Neil.

As expected, Demi, with his rhetoric about Dickson, was actually the most anxious among everyone. It was obvious as he sent



his people to rescue Dickson.

On the other hand, Jermaine and Max, after receiving Tyr's phone call, immediately departed for the Cascades.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Pharris and his troops gathered with Tyr and Neil.

Then came Jermaine and at least two dozen members of the Wolf's Den.

Plus, according to Pharris, Canonteign Mansion also sent a big group of fighters to the Cascades. They were prepared to go all-out fighting against the Lund family if Dickson was actually executed.

Tyr had a sudden feeling that they should not have come to the Cascades in the first place. It seemed to him that they had gotten

tangled in a huge mess without any gain.

They rented at least a dozen cars, heading for the execution site from various directions.

On their way there, Tyr and Jermaine sat next to each other. Tyr looked out of the window into the scenery outside solemnly.

“Chief, is Juan denied entry by the Six Doors?” asked Jermaine.

“Yes,” said Tyr. “I underestimated the Six Doors’ power. I suppose every place has its own unspoken rules and regulations, not to be simply broken by anyone.”

“Right! Plus, the martial arts community of Celestial Empire has always been the greatest in the world! What we are seeing is

only the south. Frankly, I am looking forward to the bigger and better north or perhaps Imperial Capital City!”

“Why are you so excited? This is not your turf.” Tyr smiled.

“No, I came from Celestial Empire. This is where my roots are,” answered Jermaine. “Chief, I want to remain here and stay by your side. When you leave for the north, you will need someone to assist you.”

“We will see when the time comes. Right now, my focus is on the Lund family. Gosh, they are so annoying!” Tyr rubbed his forehead. He did not expect the way things turned out to be. If he had known this would happen, he would not have come at all.

“So, who killed Otis Lane?” asked Jermaine.



“Who knows?” Tyr shrugged. “I would say the Moore family, but we have no evidence. It does not matter anyway. The Lund family are now out of their minds!”

“Haven’t you tried looking for evidence?”

Tyr shook his head. “There is no point. Whoever did it would never have left any clues behind. It was executed flawlessly.”

“What about GPE? Have you thought of using their expertise?” Jermaine rubbed his chin and asked.

“GPE?” Tyr shivered. He did not want to be reminded of that disgusting organization. He was traumatized.

“GPE may be the greatest intelligence organization in the world, but their prices

are exorbitant. Nah, forget about it.” Tyr swore. It was not a matter of money but pride. He could not allow himself to be scammed by GPE with their outrageous fees again.

Suddenly, Tyr’s cell phone rang. ①

It was an unknown number. Immediately, Tyr picked up the call. “Who is speaking?” ①

## Chapter 678 Ironclad Evidence

From the other end of the line came a robotic voice. Obviously, it had gone through a voice changer. “Accept my request for a surprise.”

“Who are you? What do you want?” Tyr Summers frowned.

“Accept my request for a surprise.”

Whoever it was kept repeating the same sentence, the atmosphere in the car turned a slight sinister.

“What is going on, Chief?” Jermaine Leonard looked at Tyr, confused.

“I don’t know!”



Tyr opened his messenger app and indeed saw a message request. Without any hesitation, he clicked on the accept button.

A video was sent, followed by a grinning emoji.

“What on earth?”

Tyr tapped on the video and was stunned the moment it began playing.

Noticing Tyr’s unusual expression, Jermaine scooted closer to get a better look and was left flabbergasted as well.

“What the heck?”

“Stop talking, keep watching.” Tyr felt his heart beating fast as he fixed his gaze upon the little six-inch screen of his cellphone.

“What is going on back there?” Max Cheever, who was on the wheels in the driver seat, could not comprehend why Tyr and Jermaine were watching the phone with much anticipation. “Chief, this is not the right time to watch a movie.”

“Eyes on the road,” retorted Tyr.

He quickly moved his attention back toward the video playing.

A black car sped along a dimly-lit street.

As it arrived at an intersection, a minivan suddenly appeared and stopped right in front of the black car.

A man exited the car and was just about to figure out what happened when a man jumped out of the minivan.

He was dressed entirely in black and held an unknown object glimmering in faint gold light.

“Who the hell uses this weapon nowadays?”

Jermaine was surprised as he recognized the weapon. It was a golden mace like the ones saw in old films.

Before the other man could pull out his gun, the black figure moved and stabbed him with his golden mace.

The driver was about to speed away but the black figure sent his mace straight through the car's windshield and out from the other side of the driver's head, instantly piercing cleanly through his head.

A different bodyguard seated in the vehicle



was scared out of his mind.

A man jumped out of the car and fired three shots from the pistol he was holding in his hand at the black figure.

He was Otis Lane, and this exact video showed how he died on that fateful night.

He stood not more than five meters away from the black figure.

However, the black figure could dodge the first two bullets with ease, even at such a close distance.

It was definitely not luck as he noted the bullets' trajectory before nimbly avoiding them.

Just like how Sachin Taylor dodged the sniper bullets from twenty meters away,

straight out of the movies.

“Can you do that, Chief?” Instinctively Jermaine asked.

Tyr answered, “I can grab the bullets.”

Then came the most sinister scene of the entire video.

As Otis fired his third shot, and the black figure, instead of dodging, raised his mace.

A loud sound of metals colliding was heard as the mace hit the bullet with extreme accuracy.

The bullet was ricocheted and lodged itself right between Otis’s eyebrows, and he immediately collapsed to the ground.

“He is crazy, Chief! I don’t think I am his

match! Do you know him?” Jermaine asked, wide-eyed.

“Auster Moore, the Southern Emperor,” Tyr answered succinctly. “A prodigy of the Moore family and the best among the younger generation in the south.”

Suddenly, both Tyr and Jermaine broke out in laughter. They did not expect to receive this video, especially at such a crucial moment.

It was the perfect evidence, recording Otis’s murder by Auster.

“Who are you?”

Tyr immediately sent a text but was blocked by the sender.

Who was the person? Why did he help Tyr?



How did he manage to take the video of Auster killing Otis?

“Could it be GPE? I feel like they are the only ones capable of producing such videos,” asked Jermaine.

Tyr shook his head. “Do you think it is possible?”

“No, of course not. They are in the business for the money. How could they have sent us the video for free?”

Tyr did not know who the mysterious good samaritan was. Since the person did not want to be found out, there was no way Tyr could trace the source.

Thanking the unknown stranger in his heart, Tyr remarked, “Right in the nick of

time!”

All his worries had vanished. It was a rollercoaster of events, for sure. The Lund family would never join forces with the Moore family, and the lives of Xylo and Auster Moore became a big unknown with the reveal.

Tyr immediately forwarded it to Neil.

Neil’s entire body trembled as he watched it.

“It was the Moore family! Auster Moore...”

## Chapter 679 The Execution

Neil, the Savant, smashed his fist on the car door right next to him, to the surprise of Pharris, the Mastermind.

“What is going on?”

Pharris was a man with long hair, a small body frame, and a pale face. He looked just like the ghosts in a typical horror movie.

“The murderer of Otis has been found. It’s Auster Moore.” Neil said as he handed Pharris his cellphone.

Pharris’s transition from surprise to joy took a mere five seconds. “Ironclad evidence! Who sent it?”

“Tyr said it was a mysterious person who



would not reveal his identity. I am curious as to who could have recorded the video.”

“Whoever it was, this is wonderful news for us!”

Neil nodded and clenched his fists once again. “I am going to kill you, Auster Moore!”

The Lund family’s execution site was historically reserved for the captain of pirates. Years ago, the people of the Cascades fought long and hard against the pirates ravaging their seas and finally eliminated them. Throughout the years, the execution site saw the beheading of at least two dozen pirate ship captains.

For Dickson Watt to be executed right at the site showed just how devastated the Lund

family was by Otis's death.

On a ten-meter-tall platform stood the executioner with a massive blade in his hands. Behind him stood two of the Lund family's top fighters.

Below stood at least a hundred spectators with the same amount of fighters scattered around.

Everyone was present, including the Ten Keels of Lund family, Xylo, and Auster Moore of the Moore family.

Of course, the execution of Dickson was only a ploy to lure Tyr and Neil out.

As noon came, the sky turned gloomy grey and started drizzling.

Under escort, Dickson was pushed up the

platform.

As the crowd below roared, “Chop his head off! Chop his head off!”

Emotions ran high as everyone on site wanted Dickson dead.

He was not afraid, even with death creeping in. Instead, he felt a little regretful.

There were still plenty of names of people recorded in his journal, whom he had yet to challenge.

With his father’s early death, he was the only grandson to his grandfather. Now, he would have to go through the pain of losing a younger loved one again.

Not just that, he had yet to achieve his ambition of being the best fighter in the



martial arts community. What a pity.

Deep in his heart, he thought of the woman he was to be wedded to in an arranged marriage.

Connie Yorke had returned to Riverdale Province. She might not have known that Dickson was captured. If she did, would she have come for him?

“If I live to see another day, I will make you mine.”

Ideas and opinions changed as a person neared death. Previously, his pursuit of Connie came from his grandfather's orders. However, he thought differently now.

Connie was all over his mind, and he realized that he might have actually

developed feelings for her.

Dickson was now high up on the platform, while the crowd below raised their hands and chanted for his beheading.

“On your knees!”

The bodyguard kicked his knees.

“You are not worthy for me to kneel!” A true member of the Watt family, Dickson did not waver.

The bodyguard frowned and kept kicking Dickson’s knees. Alas, however much he refused to, his body finally gave way under the constant pressure.

Dickson raised his head and looked at Master Lund. “You foolish crippled old fool!

“The actual murderers still walk freely out

there. You will regret your actions!”

Master Lund was unfazed by Dickson’s castigation.

Everyone else was infuriated, including Xylo, who looked uneasy.

“What a crazy fellow, kill him!”

Zain Lund looked at his watch. It was already noon sharp. Turning to Master Lund, he said, “Brother, it is time.”

Master Lund nodded but refrained from ordering Dickson’s execution.

Everyone knew he was waiting for Tyr and Neil to come.

Yet, where were they at?

Not just that, but no one from Canonteign



Mansion came. The situation was getting dire.

Impossible. Everyone in the south knew that Dickson was Demi Watt's only grandson. Why didn't he send his people to rescue Dickson?

"Master, the time has come," Goldtooth said. He was the closest to Otis and wanted to see Dickson's death as soon as possible.

"Just a few more minutes." Master Lund stared at Goldtooth.

It was a quarter past noon, but Tyr and his people were still nowhere to be seen.

Eventually, Master Lund ran out of patience.

"A bunch of cowards!" He smashed the side of his wheelchair and roared. "Off with his

head!”

The executioner unsheathed his blade.

“You old fool, Master Lund! I will return in twenty years as an even stronger person!”

## Chapter 680 Off With His Head

Dickson Watt was genuinely afraid. Who wouldn't when death was imminent?

This was how he wanted to let go of his fear and frustration. As the heir of Canonteign Mansion, he would die with his head held high.

“Off with his head.”

Taunted by Dickson, a few of the Ten Keels of Lund family struggled to hold their anger in and demanded his instant execution.

Not just them, the rest of the Lund family fighters were of the same opinion too.

Calls for his death thundered across the



arena as if it was an execution of the Lund family's biggest nemesis.

Frankly, Dickson was quite unlucky here. He came to challenge Louie Lund to a battle but was instead captured, to his absolute confusion. After all, Otis Lane's death had nothing to do with him.

The executioner raised his blade and aimed it at Dickson's neck.

“I will be back in twenty years!”

Dickson felt bitter at his fate, but with death all but arrived, there was no way he could escape. With one last grin, he shut his eyes.

A golden flash of light whizzed through the air straight at the blade as the executioner brought it down at Dickson's neck.

A loud metallic clang was heard as the blade flew off the executioner's hand, and he took a few steps back from the impact.

The flash of light came from a throwing knife, or more accurately a thinly-built scalpel, hailing from Tyr Summer's own Bian Que needles.

“Who is it?”

The guards on the platform swiftly unsheathed their swords and set them on Dickson's neck while observing their surroundings in high alert.

The crowd below erupted into a furor as all the leaders of the Lund family hurriedly stood up.

Of course, being in a wheelchair, Master

Lund remained seated. However, his grip around the armrest of his wheelchair tightened as he looked around eagerly.

“Dickson is quite the character, I have respect for him.”

Tyr told Neil, the Savant, smilingly, and approached the execution platform, followed by Jermaine Leonard, Pharris, the Mastermind, and the members of the Wolf’s Den.

“Tyr Summers and Neil, the Savant! Arrest them!”

Someone shouted, and immediately the fighters of the Lund family surrounded the visitors.

They were here under orders of Master



Lund, all awaiting Tyr and Neil's arrival.

"The murderers have finally come!" Zain Lund and Goldtooth looked at them with intense fury in their eyes.

"Come on. Relax!" Tyr smiled. He was rather calm. "We did not kill Otis Lane."

"Those are just your words. Our evidence said otherwise!"

"I said, we did not kill him!" Possessing the video evidence, Tyr was not intimidated.

Master Lund wheeled himself over and said, "I have heard of your greatness and your godlike presence overseas. But need I tell you, Tyr Summers, that the south is not a place for you to do as you like.

"Whoever you are, you have to die after

killing Otis!”

Tyr shook his head. “Master Lund, with all due respect, your reasoning is not how it used to be nowadays.”

Master Lund’s expression darkened, Dickson did say something along the same vein previously...

Xylo Moore, accompanied by Yoru and Auster Moore, approached them.

“You are not going to leave here alive today, Tyr Summers.” Xylo yelled, “What are you waiting for? Takedown the murderers!”

The fighters surrounding Tyr and his people immediately rushed forward.

Sending the nearest one flying with a kick, Tyr looked around and remarked coldly, “A

bunch of fools. I do not remember a time where the people of Lund family take orders from the Moore family.”

Then, he walked toward Master Lund.

Zain and the rest thought Tyr was going to harm Master Lund and instinctively stood in front of him.

“Relax, my fellow friends. After all, I am your ally!” Tyr smiled.

“A bunch of nonsense!” Xylo laughed. “Master Lund had chosen to join forces with us. How deluded do you have to be to want to work with them after killing their people?”

Xylo was a sly character. He revealed that the Lund family had chosen the Moore family even though Master Lund did not agree to it



yet. As Master Lund did not renounce Xylo's statement, the alliance was all but set.

Yet, Tyr had his trump card with him and couldn't care less about Xylo and his shenanigans. He looked at him and his people like looking at a bunch of clowns in the circus.

He then took out a walkie-talkie. "Torbert, are you ready? We do not have much time here!"

"Surprise!" On the other end came Torbert Octavius's mischievous voice.

A long-forgotten big screen by the execution site was suddenly turned on. Immediately, a video was played.

It was the exact video of Auster killing Otis.

Everyone fixed their gaze on the screen when it turned on.

The place descended into utter chaos after a few seconds.

“It was Auster Moore!”

Someone shouted.

The leaders of the Lund family watched the video with shocked expressions on their faces.

The video showed Auster killing everyone, including Otis’s bodyguard and him with his golden mace. The evidence was damning.

“What is this, Auster?”

Xylo started panicking. He shouted at Auster, “Who shot this video? Why is it

leaked?”

As the Southern Emperor, Auster was rather relaxed even in the face of the mess they were currently in.



## Chapter 681 The Truth

“How would I know?” Auster Moore replied coldly.

“Master, we have to leave!” Yoru realized the dire situation and immediately shielded Xylo Moore with his body.

“The killer was Auster Moore all along!”

“Such dirty tactics, I am going to take you down!”

“Kill Auster Moore and avenge Otis’s death!”

“Don’t forget Xylo Moore and the rest of his people! Leave nobody alive!”

It was chaos as the Lund family fighters, who initially surrounded Tyr Summers and

his people, immediately charged toward Xylo and Auster.

On the execution platform, Dickson Watt laughed until tears streamed down his face.

It was a surreal feeling. It was as if he cheated death.

“Didn’t I say that the Moore family killed Otis? Should have believed me, damn!”

The guards stared blankly at Dickson.

He shouted, “What are you waiting for? Kill the murderers!”

The guards came back to their senses and were just about to charge down the platform.

“Wait a minute...”

“What is it?” The guards looked at Dickson,

puzzled.

“Release me!”

“Oh.”

They untied Dickson and rushed off the platform.

The scene was one of utter chaos.

Amidst the disorder, Tyr Summers and Neil, the Savant, quickly went up the platform. Finding Dickson to be alive and kicking, Neil breathed a sigh of relief.

“You did pretty well just now!” Tyr patted Dickson on the shoulder.

Dickson chuckled while Neil looked on with a worried expression. “Sir, the master is going to break your legs when you return to



Canonteign Mansion.”

Dickson hurriedly waved his hand and said, “I am not going back! Uncle Neil, please tell my grandfather that I will be going after Connie at Southriver City. He should not worry as I promise to marry her before the beginning of a new year!”

Tyr was puzzled at Dickson’s sudden attitude change. It seemed like a trip to the guillotine was all it took for a personality shift.

A battle broke out below the gallows.

The Lund family’s elite fighters rushed toward Xylo and Auster with the single goal of taking their lives. At the same time, the leaders of the Lund family joined the battle themselves too.

Being one of the Four Vajra of the Moore family, Yoru immediately displayed his prowess. Like a bulldozer, he cleared the way for Xylo's escape by shoving everyone out of their way.

Goldtooth and the rest of the leaders came up to them and blocked their retreat.

“You almost tricked us, you imbecile! I am going to kill every one of you!”

Goldtooth raised his weapon, a spiked mace, while the fourth-in-command readied his gold saber and charged toward Xylo.

Both the leaders contained Yoru but were sent flying away by a golden mace thrown their way.

It was the same weapon used to kill Otis,

Auster Moore's signature weapon.

True to his title as the Southern Emperor, both Lund family leaders were no match for Auster even if they worked together.

“Let's go!”

With his golden mace in hand, he swung it around, sending the elite fighters of the Lund family away.

The mace was made of an unknown material and weighed at least a few hundred pounds, looking at the force it could exert. Yet, Auster handled it as if it was only a few pounds light.

It was getting more and more chaotic, with the Lund family's fighters going after the Moore family like tides of the wave.

Pharris, the Mastermind, and the members



of the Wolf's Den looked on from the sidelines. They wanted to join the battle but could not find an opening.

With that, they all went up to the gallows and watched the action unfolded instead.

Below them were swathes of fighters, all of the Lund family. They were crazy and out for blood.

Dickson was excited seeing the chain of events, to a point where he was getting incoherent. He thought he was going to die today but did not expect things to change so abruptly.

“Chief, aren't you going to fight Auster Moore?” Fiddling his set of poker cards, Jermaine Leonard asked.

“Auster is not my match. The day of the

final battle sees me fighting Sachin, not him,” replied Tyr.

“Are you saying that the Lund family can do nothing to stop the Moore family?”

“I am not sure about that, but I know that they are not Auster’s match,” said Tyr.

Just as Auster and Xylo were about to be overwhelmed, some Lund family people began fighting their kin out of the blue.

It happened so abruptly that everyone was confused.

“What is going on?”

Dickson and the rest frowned. “Why are they attacking their people?”

“They are people of the Moore family, after

all,” said Tyr.

“What do you mean?”

He explained, “The Moore family and Great Sky Group begun their preparations a few years ago. Why do you think they could take over the south with such ease and speed? They have people, loyal to them and their cause, hidden in the various families, ready to act at a moments’ notice.”



## Chapter 682 Xylo Moore's Death

“That is why after the Moore family and Great Sky Group had carried out their plans, there were many families and groups in the south that fell. They were controlled by the Moore family and the Great Sky Group.”

Dickson was shocked, he asked, “So the Moore family had even put spies into the Lund family?”

“Yeah, and not just a few spies.”

After Tyr finished his sentence, he flicked his wrist, and a golden scalpel appeared in his hands.

At this point, the area had become chaotic. After the Lund family was defeated, Auster

and Xylo did not have as many difficulties as before.

At this moment in the distance, several black cars drove over. All of them were cars to pick Xylo and the rest up.

Auster had already lifted his golden mace and opened a bloody path toward the cars.

On the other side, Master Lund grabbed the wheels of his wheelchair tightly as he shivered.

Master Lund had always been confident in the Lund family. He had always thought that the Lund family was very organized and had unity and that enemies couldn't attack and break into their main headquarters.

At the same time, he had always been confident that his Lund family would always

be a united group. He could even guarantee no other prominent family in the entire southern region was as united as the Lund family.

However, at this moment, Master Lund realized he was wrong. Totally wrong.

That was because other than him, the rest of the Lund family had all turned their backs and betrayed the family. In fact, most of them had already joined the Moore family way earlier.

Not only that, Master Lund did not expect his brother, Zain Lund, to have surrendered to the Moore family as well.

However, at this moment, Zain's expression showed hesitation. It looked like he was still hesitating.



Behind Zain were many of the Lund family's talented fighters; they were guarding the last line of defense. If they were defeated, Auster and the rest of the gang would be able to escape easily.

Auster and Yoru blasted past all of the Lund family's talents and were finally facing Zain.

"Stop them all."

Zain roared. The fighters behind him then got into their battle stance.

At this time, Xylo narrowed his eyes at Zain and said, "Zain, you have already agreed to cooperate with the Moore family. Are you trying to stop us?"

Xylo spoke jokingly. From his point of view, Zain was already on their side, and he would

never stop them.

All Master Lund did was order a few super strong fighters to protect him by his side. He then pushed his wheelchair toward Zain.

He still refused to believe that his brother would betray him, so he wanted to see for himself what his brother's final decision was.

Master Lund felt nervous; that was because he could not accept another betrayal. The other vessels' betrayals made him disappointed, especially if his brother were to really betray him.

Zain's veins were bulging all over his face. He took a deep breath and said, "Xylo Moore, I chose to collaborate with the Moore family because I wanted to pave a

good road for the Lund family. That was why I surrendered to you guys and Sachin.

“That was the reason why I am helping you guys complete the collaboration between the Moore family and the Lund family.

“But, why the f\*ck did you kill Otis Lane?”

As Zain finished his sentence, he started to feel angry. Before he found out that it was the Moore family who killed Otis, he had always thought Otis was killed by Tyr and Neil.

He had never expected that it was the Moore family's plan.

“This is not important,” Xylo answered. “Zain, Master Lund became useless trash long ago. He is not qualified to lead the Lund family. If you come to the Moore family, we



assure you that the entire Lund family is yours.

“Wasn't this what you always wanted?”

Zain laughed cunningly and said, “Xylo, since it had already come down to this, you do not need to sugar coat your words. Especially since I never wanted to be the head of the Lund family to begin with.

“All I hoped for was for the Lund family to have a better future. Since you killed our third master, you must die today.”

Zain had decided. He waved his hands. “Stop them!”

A group of fighters from the Lund family then pounced toward Auster, Xylo, and the rest. This angered Xylo. “Zain Lund, how f\*cking dare you.”

“The Lund family will not be played by your schemes,” Zain said coldly.

“You want to stop me with just you and these people?”

Auster looked at them coldly, his hands then emitted a massive flash of a strong, golden aura. Even though there were quite a lot of fighters from the Lund family, they were all pushed back and lost their balance, falling to the ground easily.

At this moment, Auster was like a battle god; no one but Tyr would be able to stop him.

“Boss, they are going to escape. Don't you want to stop them?” Jermaine asked from the corner.

Tyr shook his head and said, “They are too

far away, and there are too many people on the battlefield. Even if we were to try and stop them, we wouldn't arrive in time.”

Tyr's wrist then vibrated, a golden light shot out of it.

Auster and Yoru had already brought Xylo to the cars and opened the doors.

Then, at almost the same time, Auster and Yoru sensed danger and turned over almost immediately.

A flying blade shot through the sky and was as fast and furious as a bullet.

If the blade was aimed at Auster or Yoru, Auster would have easily dodged the blade while Yoru would be able to minimise the damage by preventing it from piercing the vital parts of his body.



However, this blade was not aimed at either of them. It was aimed at Xylo.

Xylo's battle power was way below Auster and Yoru. All he felt was his neck had gone cold and sharp pain.

The golden flying blade had slashed through the back of Xylo's neck. Blood splattered everywhere behind him.

Xylo, who was just about to get in the car, fell onto the ground with his eyes wide open. His expression seemed to show that he was in disbelief as he touched the back of his neck full of blood.

“Second Master...”

Yoru was stunned, he did not expect something would happen to Xylo at a

moment like this.

Auster's expression was not pleasant either, but he did not hesitate and immediately pulled Yoru into the car.

“Drive!”

Auster ordered without hesitation as soon as they got into the car.

## Chapter 683 Pleaded Guilty

The driver hesitated and said, “But Second Master...”

“Drive.”

Auster’s face was gloomy as he ordered the driver coldly.

The driver could not handle the pressure. All he could do was step on the gas pedal and drove off as fast as he could.

After Auster and Xylo had fled the battlefield, it became calmer.

Since this was the Lund family’s main base camp. Even though the Moore family had implanted many spies into the Lund family



it was still their territory. They were not the Lund family's opponent.

Due to this incident, all of the Moore family's plans regarding the Lund family have been exposed. The Lund family took this opportunity to root out all the spies, including the Lund family's fifth and ninth masters.

The Lund family had a total of ten masters. The second master of the family, Zain Lund, had gotten close to the Moore family and Sachin because he wanted the Moore family to collaborate with the Lund family.

His intentions were for the betterment of the family. Therefore, he was not a betrayer.

While the fifth master and ninth master were ultimately Moore family's dogs, these

two b\*stards were influenced by the Moore family for many years already. That was why they were betrayers of the Lund family.

The Moore family had a long term plan. If they were to join hands with the Lund family, their future battles would be easier.

Then, after that, the Moore family and Sachin would immediately dispose of the Lund family. That was where the Lund family's fifth and ninth masters would have come in and been their pawns.

However, their plans were all in vain now as this incident had exposed the fifth and ninth masters of the Lund family, and they could not live any longer.

Master Lund was a person who treasured his relationship with people. He was

affectionate toward his friends and family.

The one thing he could not stand was a betrayal.

That was why, after this huge battle, Master Lund had ordered to take the fifth and ninth masters' lives. This was his bottom line that no one should touch.

At this moment, the entire area was full of blood. Tyr went and picked up his flying blade.

Back then, the Beggar King had gifted Tyr a set of magpie needles for Tyr to save people's lives and learn how to do surgery.

However, be it needles or knives, Tyr had always treated them like flying blades.

If the Beggar King knew about this, he would definitely vomit blood. He taught Tyr



the art of medicine intending to bring Tyr toward the path of being a doctor, but Tyr was completely uninterested in medicine.

“Brother Tyr and brothers from the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion, it was the Lund family’s fault that all these happened. Please have a rest, and after dealing with the current situation, we will compensate everyone.”

At this moment, the fourth master of the Lund family came over and sincerely apologized to Tyr and the rest.

This was admirable. They were willing to admit their mistakes and apologize instead of finding excuses to cover up.

Tyr and the rest felt at ease after seeing the attitude of the Lund family. Their situation

should be stable now.

The fourth master then guided Tyr and the rest into a villa that was used by the Lund family to host visitors.

Not too long after they arrived at the villa, Louie Lund, wearing a black suit, came over to the villa.

After arriving, Louie did not say anything and walked toward Dickson. He then bowed at Dickson while presenting him with a black stick.

“What are you doing?” Dickson frowned. He felt uncomfortable seeing Louie acting like this.

Louie then replied with a stern face, “What I did before was wrong, so you can beat me up and scold me.”

Everyone looked at him. This Louie was young, yet he wanted to be punished and pleaded guilty in such a way?

Dickson stood still and was quiet. Louie was an odd dude that Dickson could not comprehend.

“Dickson, you can beat me up or scold me. It’s up to you.”

“Get away from me.”

Dickson felt goosebumps, “If I beat you, you won’t fight back?”

“Definitely not,” Louie replied.

“Scram...”

Dickson could not help but kick Louie and said, “Louie Lund, do not let me look down



on you.

“Go calm down for a bit, after you have sorted yourself, we can have a real battle.”

Louie was stunned and said, “If you want to, we can do it now.”

“Not now.” Dickson shook his head and said, “You are not in shape now, this is not fair.”

Dickson then put his hands under his chin and said, “Why don’t we do it this way? Let’s have a real and proper battle after this big battle is over, and if you are still alive.”

“Alright...”

Louie answered immediately because this was what he owed Dickson for.

Simultaneously, in the Lund family’s living

room, only seven of the ten masters remained.

The atmosphere in the living room was gloomy. All the other masters had mixed feelings about the situation because they could not accept the fifth and ninth masters' betrayal.

However, since things had already come down to this and everything was settled, they had no choice but to accept what happened.

“Brother, please punish me.”

At this moment, Zain stood up and knelt in front of Master Lund.

“Brother, it was me who lured the enemies into our ranks. Please punish me.”

It was indeed Zain who brought the people

from the Moore family into their family. Xylo and the rest came today because of Zain as well.

However, Zain was just tricked by them.

“Get up, please.” Master Lund took a deep breath and said, “I won’t blame you. You had good intentions to help the family.

“However, because this incident is related to you, even though you will not get a death sentence, you will still be punished in other ways.”

Zain said, “Thank you, Brother, for sparing my life. I will accept any punishment that brother decides on.”

Master Lund said, “From today onward, I will strip off your title as the second master of the family, and you are to return



everything that belongs to the Lund family.”

As soon as Master Lund had said that, the other masters of the family were shocked. A lot of masters instantly stood up and said, “Master, this punishment is too much.

“Plus, the second master did not betray the family. Xylo and the others just tricked him. He had good intentions to help the family, so ...”

“There’s nothing more to say.”

Master Lund had already made his decision, so he would not listen to anyone else’s advice.

Since Zain made a mistake, he should receive the punishment.

“Okay, I accept this punishment.”

Zain was a man. He would face his mistakes and admit them willingly. So, he did not blame his brother for making this decision.

The other masters still felt that this punishment was too heavy, but since Master Lund had already decided, they could not say anything.

## Chapter 684 The Lund Family Joins the Party

“Then it’s settled. I’ll give you guys three days to deal with all the inner workings of the family.

“From today onward, the fourth master will take over the second master’s job.

Dismissed.”

After saying so, Master Lund left in his wheelchair.

As for the decision he made, no one dared refute him. No one knew if Zain, who was deprived of his right, could ever have his position as the second master of the family again.

After Master Lund left the living room, he



immediately went to the villa where Tyr stayed in.

Tyr and the rest were already waiting for quite a while. Since things had escalated to this point, they were not worried about the collaboration problem any longer.

“Brother Tyr, Brother Neil, and Dickson, I want to apologize for accusing you guys.”

Master Lund said as soon as he entered. He had put on a humble front.

He was a real man. Someone who could admit their mistakes and mend them was admirable.

Since Master Lund had come and apologized, Tyr and Neil did not want to be too egoistic.

Even though Dickson still had controversial

opinions on Master Lund, he was a logical person.

So Dickson would not hold a grudge against Master Lund for this incident.

“You’re too modest. The Moore family plotted this incident, so it’s not your fault.

“If we were in your place, we would have done the same.”

Tyr and Neil said to Master Lund, they laughed and forgave all the past mistakes made.

That night, Master Lund booked a restaurant and invited Tyr and the rest for dinner. Everybody happily enjoyed the dinner.

At the end of the dinner, both sides took the

opportunity to settle a collaboration contract. Master Lund and the other masters of the Lund family expressed willingness to join Tyr's and Neil's faction and, after twenty days, they would join their battle against the Moore family and Sachin on Nameless Island.

At the same time, all the masters of the Lund family gritted their teeth as they mentioned the Moore family. On the day of the battle, the Lund family's main goal was to avenge themselves and target the Moore family. They wanted to make them pay.

Other than that, Tyr and Master Lund had also discussed what would happen after the battle was over.

As Tyr had been overseas for so many years and met many people, he could easily read a



person.

Tyr had high expectations for Master Lund and the other masters of the Lund family, so he had straight up told them his intentions on conquering the south.

Tyr's goal in the south was not to become the king of the place. He just wanted to have people help him fight against the Summers family since the Summers family were one of the most prominent families in the north.

So if they managed to win this battle, Tyr would not betray the Lund family, and even the victory prize would be split with them.

The only thing he wanted from them was their promise to cooperate with Tyr if he needed help in the north.

Master Lund and the rest accepted that

offer. If Tyr ever needed them, they would help with all they had without question.

Compared to the Moore family or Sachin, those greedy wolves, Tyr's contract was simpler and more beneficial. The people here were people who wanted beneficial and straightforward contracts as well.

Tyr had aligned their interests this time!

However, since things had become this way, Tyr's plan of making Carson the King of the South had to change.

That was because the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion and the Lund family were considered partners or even friends.

Therefore, Tyr and Carson could not proclaim themselves as kings in front of them. But since they had created a three-

way alliance, the south would maintain peace for over ten years.

Once they developed peace, the south could produce a super prominent family with the three families' help after some time. The best results would even be that there would be three of them.

If that were to happen one day, the curse of the south being less than the north would break.

After the dinner ended, everything was settled.

The Lund family had officially joined Tyr and the rest's faction.

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At midnight, in a luxurious yard in the



Moore family estate.

Since it was almost winter, the estate was chilly, and raindrops were falling from the sky.

In the yard, a guy over his sixties was sitting on a stone chair drinking wine.

The hair on his head was a bit white and was combed onto the side. He had thick eyebrows and eyes that shone brightly. It was evident that he was a strong guy. Even though he did not have extraordinary martial art skills, his aura was almost on par with Sachin's.

This person was not just anybody; he was the head of the Moore family—Alec Moore.

At this moment, sitting in front of Alec was Auster.

Auster's surname was not actually Moore; he was actually a child born by Alec's sister Yerenica Moore and a foreign man.

However, because that foreign man's identity was of humble background, the Moore family did not allow them to get married and had chased the man away.

So Auster had taken upon his mother's surname since birth, and Alec was his uncle!

"What's wrong?" Alec asked as he took a sip of wine and looked at Auster.

Even though they had lost to the Lund family, Auster still maintained his high and mighty attitude. He still had the same attitude, even in front of the head of the Moore family.

"Someone took a video of me killing Otis

Lane and sent it to Tyr and the rest. During the most critical moment, Tyr released the video.

“I realized the situation was bad, so I took my second uncle along with me to escape. But before getting into the car, someone had flung a flying knife at us and killed my second uncle.”

Alec took a deep breath and said, “You sure it was a flying knife and not a gun?”

“It was not a gun. A real strong fighter would not use a gun. I can confirm it was a flying knife, a golden, thin, and light knife.

“It was about thirty meters long. It was quite unbelievable, but the person who threw the knife was Tyr Summers, so it was not surprising.”



Auster then stopped speaking and went quiet for a while as if he was thinking about something.

Alec continued drinking wine. Half a minute later, he asked, “That Tyr Summers, is he strong?”

“Yes,” Auster replied with zero hesitation.

“How strong?”

“Stronger than me.”

## Chapter 685 You Are a Traitor

As Auster said those three words, Alec felt a stab in his heart because, from the moment Auster became famous in the south, he had never heard of Auster being weak.

Now, this Tyr Summers was so strong that even Auster admitted it.

“What about compared to Sachin?”

After a short while, Alec asked.

“I have never fought Sachin, so I do not know, but Tyr definitely has qualifications to have a battle with Sachin.”

Auster did not say anything else. He took his glass of wine and drank.

Alec said, "Explain to me in detail how you got filmed killing Otis Lane."

Auster said, "There's nothing to explain. No one else knows other than my people that I went to kill Otis. It's impossible that an outsider found out. As for the person who filmed the video, I do not know who it was."

Auster did not say it directly, but it was obvious that a mole was in the Moore family.

"Do you want me to investigate it?" Auster asked.

Alec poured him another glass of wine and asked, "So the Lund family will join Tyr's faction?"

"Yes!"

"Kill whoever you think is the mole. I rather



you kill the wrong person than letting someone suspicious off.”

“Okay!”

Auster stood up, the mace that was in his sleeves slid onto his hands.

At this moment in a villa nearby the estate.

Yoru had just finished showering and was lying on the sofa receiving a massage from his servant.

After experiencing such a huge battle against the Lund family, Yoru felt exhausted. He needed a massage immediately to relieve his muscles.

At this moment, he heard footsteps outside his door. It was the sound of someone stepping on the snowy ground.

“Emperor!”

The bodyguards respectfully shouted. They were addressing Auster.

Yoru immediately got up from the sofa. Even though he was older than Auster, he still had to respect Auster as a stronger fighter.

However, when Auster walked in, holding his golden mace, Yoru’s pupils shrank.

Yoru was a huge person. He was over two meters tall. He had muscles that seemed as if they were exploding from his body. He could be Matthew’s match.

However, being buff did not mean he was dumb.

Yoru was not dumb. Even a dumb person

would know that something was not right if Auster were to appear in their villa in the middle of the night holding his mace.

“Auster, what are you trying to do?”

Yoru frowned. His body instinctively got ready for a battle.

Auster did not reply. He continued to walk toward Yoru.

With each step Auster took, Yoru felt more pressured.

Since Auster was like a bull, mostly since he held his golden mace, it was enough to make someone go numb in fear.

This golden mace was an heirloom of the Moore family. The old master of the Moore family had gifted it to Auster personally



when he was ten years old.

Even though Auster's surname was Moore, and he was also known as the rare genius in the Moore family, his actual identity was just that of a foreigner.

So when the old master of the Moore family had passed the mace to Auster, there was a lot of disapproval.

However, the old master had suppressed these people. Even though the people were dissatisfied, they dared not do something rash. When Auster was thirteen, the old master passed away.

After that, people in the Moore family had tried to take the mace off Auster's hands. However, on that night, Auster defeated over twenty strong fighters from the family

all on his own. Since then, no one dared try to steal the golden mace anymore.

From that incident onward, the golden mace had become Auster's main weapon. No one dared take it away from him. It became the fact that the family heirloom was Auster's.

As for what the mace was made out of or where it came from, even Alec did not know.

All he knew was that this mace was a holy weapon; it was sturdy and powerful.

The golden mace boosted Auster's combat power tremendously. If Auster used the golden mace, there would definitely be blood.

“Auster Moore, what are you doing?”

Yoru was getting increasingly nervous as he

saw Auster walking closer toward him. He was sweating buckets.

“Killing you!” Auster spat two words and increased his speed.

The golden mace swung in the air with great force.

Yoru felt a chill and dodged the golden mace as fast as he could.

The mace had hit the sofa behind Yorū and made a loud crashing sound. The sofa was split in half by the golden mace.

As one of the Four Vajra of the Moore family, Yorū was one of the super-elite fighters. He could even fight against the entire Twenty Three Golden Garrison of the Moore family.

However, before Auster, he was not as



strong.

After he dodged the first strike of the golden mace, Yoru felt as if he had used all his strength. The mace was emitting too much pressure.

He stepped back in panic and said, “Auster, why?”

“You are a traitor.”

“I’m not!” Yoru shouted. He felt accused. Since when did he become a traitor?

“Auster, don’t tell me you think that I was the one who filmed that video. How is that possible? I am one of the Four Vajra of the Moore family. I would never do something like that and betray the family.

“This must be some misunderstanding. I am

not the traitor.”

As expected, Auster did not listen to Yoru’s explanation. At this moment, Auster had already used his mace and was attacking Yoru the second time.

Yoru dodged it once more. However, this time he felt even more difficult to dodge.

“Auster, I am not the traitor. I want to speak to the head of the family. I want to explain.

“That video was not recorded by me. You are framing me.”

Auster had no intentions of stopping. He said with certainty in his voice, “When I said it’s you... it’s you!”

“What does that mean?”

Yoru panicked, and his heart trembled. ‘Why

does it feel as if I am being made a scapegoat?

‘When you said it’s me, it’s me. Are you intentionally framing me?’

‘Or do you want to mass murder?’

In an instant, Yoru had thought of a scary possibility. However, at this point, he had no time to think of anything else.

That was because the third strike from the golden mace was already on its way toward him.



## Chapter 686 Getting Rid of Yoru

“Auster, you are going overboard.”

Yoru did not try to dodge the third strike as he did not have time to.

He then grabbed the coffee table from the side. He easily lifted a coffee table that was over a hundred kilograms.

He blocked the mace's strike, and a loud crash was heard. The coffee table was then smashed into pieces.

Yoru's bathrobe had gotten loose. Many glass pieces stabbed his bare body. This showed how strong Auster was.

Argh...

Yoru let out an angry cry. It was as if he became a tiger.

“Auster, I will fight you till death.”

Yoru’s body started emitting a strong and berserk aura, the muscles in his body tightened.

His fists were like metal. He rushed toward Auster.

As one of the Four Vajra, Yoru had great power and potential.

Even though he was not as strong as Auster, he could still put up a fight with him.

The originally beautiful living room of the villa became broken and messy. Even the walls were starting to crack.

After over ten clashes, Auster's golden mace finally landed a blow at Yoru's chest.

Bang! Yoru's body was flung away by Auster as if it was as light as a kite.

When Yoru landed on the ground, it felt as if the entire villa shook.

Yoru spat out a considerable amount of blood, his face went pale, and he then rolled over toward the estate's main door.

Yoru did not want to battle anymore. He tried to run away.

Auster was expressionless as he went and chased after Yoru.

By the time Yoru had reached the metal gates outside the estate, Auster had already



caught up.

Another blow of the golden mace hit Yoru in the back and flung Yoru a few meters away.

Yoru crawled on the ground and looked at Auster as he spat blood.

“Auster, you... you are...”

Yoru pointed at Auster, his eyes were wide, and he wanted to say something but could not say it no matter what.

More accurately, Auster did not allow Yoru a chance to speak and once again struck Yoru with the golden mace and ended his life!

Outside the gate, Yoru’s men had witnessed everything. This scene made everyone numb out of fear.

They did not know what exactly happened;

neither did they understand why Auster killed Yoru. All they knew was that they were shocked and terrified.

Auster threw his golden mace onto the ground. The fresh blood on the mace was like water droplets that glided off the mace easily.

The golden mace was cleaned instantly and shone brightly under the moonlight, giving off a golden glow.

By morning, Yoru of the Four Vajra was not the only one who was dead.

Other than him, many fighters that had followed Auster to Devon Province were killed by Auster. That included three members of the golden garrison.

The Moore family had experienced a bloody

night. The southern emperor, Auster Moore, did a mass murder all night long.

He had completely taken Alec's word literally, rather killing the innocent than letting the traitor escape!

No one knew whether Auster had killed the right person or the innocent people.

The person who sent Tyr the film was still unknown. No one knew who it was.

Maybe he was already dead from Auster's mace, or perhaps he had already escaped.

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After concluding the contract with the Lund family, Tyr and the rest did not want to stay in Devon Province any longer.

On the next day, Tyr, Neil, and the rest left



Devon Province together. Neil and the rest went back to Canonteign Mansion while Tyr to Strego City.

At the same time, Dickson did not go back to Canonteign Mansion but straight to Southriver City.

After the battle, Dickson's thoughts changed tremendously. He wanted to go to Southriver City to look for Connie. This was the promise he made to himself during the battle.

As for whether Dickson could win over Connie would depend on his abilities.

After dealing with the incident regarding the Lund family in Devon Province, Tyr felt relieved.

It was about twenty days left before the big

battle. The entire south suddenly became peaceful.

Everyone knew that this peace would not last long; the real disaster had yet to come.

There was about half a month left. After Tyr dealt with some stuff in Strego City, he did not plan to stay any longer and got ready to go back to Khanh City.

Even though Tyr still had stuff to do, he still wanted to go back to his family.

Especially since Winifred was pregnant again, as soon as Tyr was free, he would immediately stay by Winifred's side.

Just as Tyr was about to leave Strego City, Graham called him.

“What is it, Director Davis?” Tyr asked.

Tyr was confused. Graham was brought to Strego City to help Autumn Field Group's business. He usually had no reason to contact Tyr.

Initially, he thought that something had happened in the company. However, he was quickly told it was not about the company.

“Mr. Summers, Starlight City's Mr. Ford, is in critical condition. I'm afraid he won't have long.

“He wanted to meet the owner of the Autumn Field Group but CEO Winifred is currently unavailable, do you have time?”

Tyr's heart trembled. ‘Ferguson is in critical condition. How is that possible?’

However, Tyr knew Ferguson had cancer



when he first met him and that he did not have much time left. Tyr had even given him some special medicine, but it seemed the medicine was not effective.

Even though Tyr knew much about medicine, cancer was hard to cure, especially in the late stages. Even god couldn't save him at that point.

Tyr could guess why Ferguson wanted to see the owner of Autumn Field Group at the time like this.

“Alright which hospital is he in? I’ll go there immediately.”

“City Hospital.”

“Alright!”

Tyr did not hesitate. Mr. Ford was famous

for being a kind and generous person in Strego City. He had donated to many charities for over ten years. Therefore, Tyr should visit him.

Tyr then went to buy some fruits and drove toward City Hospital.

## Chapter 687 Cortisone Needle

Ferguson Ford, a well-known philanthropist of Strego City, had been engaged in charity for nearly twenty years. He had no idea how many he had helped in these twenty years.

If there were indeed such a thing as a karmic cycle, Ferguson's downfall would not have been so miserable.

However, life was not a bed of roses. Many circumstances are predetermined. Some say their fates have been written right when they were born, and perhaps it really was so.

No matter how influential, rich, or beautiful one was in life... They could only lie in a hospital bed and wail in their final moments.



When Tyr Summers arrived at the hospital and joined Ferguson Ford, the former could tell that the latter lost significant weight compared to his better days. Ferguson was also not in a good mental state.

Ferguson had no family, no wife, and no children. He was on his own for so many years.

And now that he was lying in a hospital bed with a terminal illness eating away at the bits of his mortality, the only person responsible for his care was his assistant, Lawson.

His assistant's name was Raegan Lawson. She had been working under Ferguson in Starlight City ever since she graduated from college. The woman treated Ferguson as if

he were her father.

The reason she was this way was that she was once an impoverished college student sponsored by Ferguson.

Tyr pushed open the door to the ward and strutted in.

Raegan was planning to feed Ferguson some watered down congee at that moment.

However, he regurgitated at a single spoon.

He looked to be in such extreme pain that even painkillers could not numb it.

“You’re here, Mr. Summers.”

Seeing Tyr enter, Assistant Lawson greeted him at the first opportunity.

“Yes.”

Tyr nodded in acknowledgment then set the fruits in his hand aside.

Ferguson Ford's circumstances were even worse than he imagined. Tyr suddenly felt abashed by the fruits he brought.

“Lawson, please... leave us...”

Ferguson murmured feebly to Raegan Lawson.

“But Mr. Ford...”

Raegan wanted to stay and continue to care for Ferguson. After all, his current condition was dire.

“I have something to say to Mr. Summers. Leave us.”

“Alright, Mr. Ford.”



Lawson got up and exited the ward as Tyr settled next to the dying man.

Then, Tyr grabbed Ferguson's hand and took his pulse.

The state he was in was indeed deplorable. Ferguson may have less than half a month left.

“The cancer cells have spread throughout your body. Most of your organs are compromised. Even god can't save you now,” Tyr sighed. “You can verbalize it if you truly find the pain unbearable. There's no need to hold back.”

Ferguson immediately started groaning in agony. The sound capable of sending chills down one's spine and causing hair-raising goosebumps.

Even Tyr felt a touch of trepidation.

Although he had seen many deaths, seeing someone at death's door made him uncomfortable.

“Mr. Summers, my days are numbered. The only thing I can't let go of is Starlight City.”

“Yes.” Tyr nodded. He already knew the reason Ferguson asked for him.

If Ferguson passed, Starlight City would be left without a capable hand to manage it. It would quickly fall into disrepair. That was why he wanted to seek out a trustworthy person to entrust Starlight City to.

And the only people Ferguson could think of were Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea.

“Mr. Summers, I've heard Ms. Zea

mentioning her intentions for Autumn Field Group to set up a charity fund. I believe that Autumn Field Group sincerely wants to contribute to charity. So, I would like to entrust Starlight City to Autumn Field Group. I hope Mr. Summers won't refuse.”

“I won't refuse.”

Tyr's answer was blunt. “We've thought about it. We believe in karmic retribution. Being charitable is a way to cleanse a person of their sins and avoid one's descent into purgatory.”

Tyr proclaimed from the bottom of his heart.

He indeed had thoughts of running a charity and had discussed it with Winifred a long time ago, who likewise showed great interest in it.



However, his intentions of being a philanthropist was not entirely because he wanted to help the poor. He simply wanted to absolve his sworn brothers and himself of their sins through it so that he could feel at ease.

For the sake of the Regal Palace's development over the years, everyone's hands were stained with blood. Although the shed blood came from evildoers, malefactors, and foes, it was still a sin.

Therefore, Tyr felt the need to purify these iniquities.

After hearing Tyr's words, Ferguson's complexion showed a trace of distress.

He was bereft of speech. Perhaps he felt too weak even to speak, or simply because he

did not know what to say.

He began to cough violently as he spat a mouthful of blood.

His wheezing increased in volume as he was in even more significant distress.

Tyr cut to the chase. “Mr. Ford, you did not summon me here just to entrust Starlight City to me, did you? What more do you need?”

At this point in the conversation, Ferguson suddenly stopped coughing.

After a long time, he asked with a croak, “Mr. Summers, I heard that you’re skilled in medicine. The drugs you gave me the last time we met helped ease my pain. If I didn’t have it, I would’ve long passed.”

Tyr helplessly murmured, “Mr. Ford, if you’

d like to ask me if there are any drugs that can cure your disease, I can regretfully tell you that there is definitely no such thing.”

“That... was not my intention.”

Ferguson continued, “But Mr. Summers, I once heard an experienced traditional Chinese medical practitioner mention that there is a unique acupuncture manipulation method known as cortisone needle where the return of mental clarity and memory shortly before death is possible?”

“Yes.”

Tyr nodded. “Gold needles are used to seal several vital acupoints on the body, thus achieving the effect of paralyzing the nerves. The pain in your body can indeed be reduced by a significant amount that way.



“However, it can cause severe backlash. Once the effect has passed, the pain will double, and odds are, you’ll die from it.

“Do you want me to perform it for you, Mr. Ford? If you really intend to do this, you will only be able to live for a day at most. It’ll hurt even more when you’re at death’s door.”

An excited smile surfaced on Ferguson’s countenance. “Do you really know how to do it, Mr. Summers?”

“Yes!”

“Please do it. I have one more wish left that I want fulfilled on my last day. I beg of you... Please help me.”

## Chapter 688 Unfulfilled Wishes

Since Ferguson Ford had personally made the request, there was no need for Tyr Summers to pry any further.

“Very well. Lie down. I will perform acupuncture on you!”

With that said, Tyr whipped out his Bian Que Needles and proceeded to disinfect them.

“Have you thought this through, Mr. Ford? Once the cortisone needle is applied, you will have one or two days left to live. You’ll be in great pain before you depart.”

“Just do it, Mr. Summers. I’m humbly asking you for a favor.”

Ferguson’s deeply sunken eyes were filled

with determination while the corners of his lips were lifted in a slight arc.

“Alright!”

Since Ferguson had made up his mind, Tyr needed not to say more about matters within his capabilities.

Tyr began to use that set of Bian Que needles to apply the cortisone needle on Ferguson.

Cortisone needles were not considered a profound technique. Many traditional Chinese medicine practitioners could administer them after locating the correct acupoints.

However, the method was considered taboo since the old days as it was considered inhumane. Although there have been



legends of this acupuncture method, many traditional Chinese medicine practitioners did not actually know how to perform it.

It took Tyr less than a quarter of an hour to complete the procedure for Ferguson.

Moreover, the method was unique. It required that each gold needle be inserted one finger deep into the acupoints to achieve the desired effect.

That was why Ferguson Ford had so many golden needles stuck in his acupoints that only the pinheads were visible. It was indeed a scene out of a horror movie.

After applying the needles, Ferguson's complexion did not improve, but his pained groans were significantly reduced.

He had fallen asleep by that point. Ferguson

had not slept properly ever since his illness took a turn for the worse, and he was hospitalized.

Tyr Summers did not know why Ferguson would ask for this procedure to be performed on him. The latter mentioned he still had a heartfelt wish left unfulfilled. Perhaps he wanted to get a good night's sleep in the final moments of his life.

Tyr did not wake him as he had no intentions of disturbing the elder.

With that, Tyr got up and turned to leave.

However, just as he nearly stepped out, Ferguson woke up.

“Please stay, Mr. Summers.”

Tyr jumped in surprise. According to reason,

after the cortisone needle was applied, the person receiving it should get a bit of a shut-eye for at least one to two hours.

Just how intense was Ferguson's fixation for him to have woken up so soon?

Tyr halted and turned around to face Ferguson. "You should get more sleep, Mr. Ford."

It was clear Ferguson was not in as much pain as before. He chuckled as he shook his head. "I will have an eternity to sleep in two days. Can you do me another favor, Mr. Summers?"

With that, Ferguson struggled, trying to sit up.

Tyr understood what he meant and shuffled over to help him up from the bed.



Ferguson took the initiative to remove the tubes that were inserted into his body. He took several deep breaths and finally felt an improvement.

“I would like for Mr. Summers to escort me somewhere. I don’t want to die in a cold hospital ward on my final day alive. I hope Mr. Summers can fulfill my wish.”

“Where would you like to go?” Tyr asked.

Ferguson replied, “I don’t have much time left, Mr. Summers. I’ll tell you once we get in the car.”

Tyr was silent for a split second before he nodded. “This is a hospital. It wouldn’t be good if I brought you out in such a blatant manner. Can you give me half an hour?”

“Alright!”

“Okay. I’ll make some preparations.”

Ferguson interjected, “Have Lawson come in. I have some affairs I need to discuss with her.”

“Okay.”

Tyr left the hospital and had Raegan Lawson, who had been on watch duty outside the ward, head back inside. Tyr subsequently called Max Cheever and had him send over a few Wolf’s Den members.

Half an hour later, Ashblood shepherded several members from Wolf’s Den to the hospital. Tyr gave them a brief explanation and instructed them to remove Ferguson Ford from the center without being discovered by the hospital.

Such a task was no challenge for Ashblood

or the members of Wolf's Den. It took them less than ten minutes to retrieve Ferguson Ford from his ward.

Ten minutes later, Ferguson was in a Cadillac parked outside, driven by Tyr.

Raegan Lawson also followed. She was initially opposed to Ferguson sneaking out of the hospital. However, Raegan no longer went against his wishes after she heard his purpose for leaving the facility. She instead accompanied Ferguson.

Ferguson sat in the Cadillac's back seat, holding a handkerchief in his hand and coughing from time to time.

Whenever he coughed, he would hack up the blood. Despite having administered the cortisone needle, his situation still did not



look optimistic.

“Mr. Ford, where do you want to go?” Tyr asked.

“Wincier Hill. I think it’s about two hundred kilometers away from here,” Ferguson answered.

Tyr set up his navigation system and then drove the vehicle to Wincier Hill.

On the way, without waiting for Tyr’s prompting, Ferguson took the initiative to explain the purpose of his visit to Wincier Hill.

The truth was that Ferguson Ford was not an elderly bachelor. He had a wife and child at Wincier Hill.

Back when Elias Sullivan thought of

annexing Starlight City into the Great Sky Group Foundation, he mentioned how Ferguson wasn't truly a virtuous person. He seemed aware that Ferguson had done a lot of f\*cked up things.

It was why Elias firmly believed that Ferguson's front as a philanthropist was an act and that he was the same as them down to the bones. The charity was an excuse to collect funds illegally.

However, Elias misunderstood Ferguson. Ferguson Ford might have been miserly in his younger days. However, as he got older, he truly devoted all that he had to charity.

In fact, in the first two decades of Ferguson's life, he was a completely different man from the one who obtained fame and gains within the city.

Ferguson was born deep in the poverty-stricken mountains and remained there for more than two decades.

It was an impoverished and retrogressive place. Electricity was not available twenty years ago. Local children had to pass through the mountain to attend school as there were none in the area.

Ferguson grew up there. Despite the harsh environment, he had always excelled in his studies and was later admitted to a prestigious university.

However, Ferguson's family simply could not pay the expensive tuition fees as they were too poor. So, in the end, he couldn't attend university but could only remain in the mountains.



## Chapter 689 Ferguson Ford's Past

Ferguson Ford married his childhood sweetheart, Fiona Yarbury, in the village where she gave birth to a child named Orson Ford.

He thought that he would never leave the mountains, but when Orson Ford turned ten, Ferguson's life underwent a major change.

A group of youths who loved hunting came into the mountains driving an SUV that Ferguson had never seen before in his life. It was beyond doubt that they were affluent progenies.

Amid this group of well-heeled kids was an attractive young woman.

The group wanted to go into the mountain to hunt, but because they were unfamiliar with the hill's topography, they sought out someone from the village to lead the way. That someone was Ferguson Ford.

Ferguson led them in and found an abundance of prey inside the mountain. They returned fully loaded.

However, on the way back, they were attacked by wild animals. Ferguson had laid down his own life to save the young woman.

Ferguson suffered severe injuries from rescuing the woman, which led to her removing him from the mountains and to a hospital for treatment.

While Ferguson was hospitalized, the woman took good care of him, and the two

of them grew fond of each other over time.

Later, the woman offered Ferguson a better life, claiming that she could provide him everything he wanted. The only requirement she stipulated was to divorce Fiona Yarbury and marry her.

Ferguson stopped speaking when he arrived at this point in his tale.

He lay in the back of the Cadillac, breathing heavily.

His already sunken eyes flooded with tears.

“So, you chose to leave behind your family and went to the city with that woman to live a life of luxury?” Tyr asked.

Tyr could only sigh after hearing Ferguson's story. No one could truly be the acme of



perfection.

“That’s right!”

Ferguson unapologetically admitted to his actions.

“As a child, I was afraid of poverty. I have never seen the dazzling human world with its myriad of temptations for myself. And when I finally have, everything changed.

“Many have called me an a\*shole. No matter what I do in the following decades, I remain a bastard.

“I abandoned my wife and disregarded my child for another woman to attain wealth and glory. I’m a heartless and unfaithful man.”

Ferguson’s tone was filled with self-blame.

He must have regretted his actions in the past. However, time could not be turned back. He couldn't go back to what once was even if he blamed himself.

Even if he could return, what was Ferguson to do?

He might still forsake his wife for wealth and rank.

Raegan Lawson kept silent. She seemed to have long known this part of Ferguson's past. The fact of the matter was Ferguson never intended to hide his history. Many knew that he was an unfaithful man when he was younger!

However, it took him more than twenty years to make up for the mistakes he made. Perhaps god might forgive him.

“Have you gone back to the mountains after your marriage to the woman?” Tyr prodded.

“Yes.”

Ferguson continued, “I tried to make it up to them by offering money. They refused, and I was chased out of the house.

“It wasn't just mother and son who felt that way. Everyone from Wincier Village despised me. Wincier Village had thrived for more than a hundred years. Never had there been a man as cruel as me. They say I've ruined their customs and then drove me out of the village. All of them hate me.

“The hate is warranted.”

Tyr gave a terse laugh. “People like you are indeed repulsive. Abandoning your family is



an unforgivable transgression. The stain remains even if you were to continue to do charity work for another twenty years.

“However, to pursue one’s own ideals for a better life is understandable. It’s human nature. Few can resist the temptation of the material world.

“What’s more, you grew up apprehensive of being penurious. You were supposed to attend a prestigious university, yet you were too poverty-stricken to go. Perhaps you grew desperate.”

“Yes, I was short-sighted. It was because of Fiona Yarbury and her child that I decided to live on.

“How ironic.”

Ferguson released a pent up, shallow breath

as he pressed himself further in the back seat.

“They wouldn’t accept my money, so I could only donate anonymously. I just wanted better for them.

“But I couldn’t just donate to mother and son alone. That would arouse suspicion. So, I found a way to contribute to Wincier Village. If quality of life improves in the village, they could also lead a better life.”

Tyr also released an exhalation of shuddering breath. Donating to the entire village to achieve the goal of helping Fiona Yarbury and Orson Ford. Ferguson doing such a thing showed that he wasn’t entirely unthinking. He had been living in guilt for both mother and son.

Tyr continued, “And you’ve started doing

charity work ever since then?”

“Yes.” Ferguson nodded. “The village gradually saw better days after receiving my donations.

“A school was built in the village. The children no longer had to pass through mountains to go to school. And, I receive letters of gratitude from the children in the village every year, including one from my son.

“Although they were grateful not to me as Ferguson Ford, but to the man who helped their village, those letters brought me joy.

“Since then, I figured some things out. I started enjoying charity work and helping others. I was truly happy.”

Tyr continued, “So you continued for



twenty years.”

“Yes.” Ferguson nodded. “I’ve experienced many things in life. The only people I feel indebted to are the mother and son.

“I’m going to die soon. I wanted to use my remaining time left to see them.”

“Alright.”

Tyr had no intention of asking any more questions because Ferguson’s physical condition was far from stellar, and for a patient who was about to return to the west with cancer, speaking had become a luxury.

The car drove on, and two hours later, they arrived at Wincier Hill.

It was a humongous mountain that stretched as far as the eye can see. It was

hard to imagine that people were living within such a vast mountain.

Wincier Village was in the depths of this mountain. Earlier, a cement road led into the village, but it did not lead directly there. So the people that live there had to journey nearly half a day to make a trip out of the village.

## Chapter 690 The View Of My Father's Back

In recent years, a concrete road was constructed for vehicles to enter the village. Ferguson Ford's charity organization donated the fund to build the said road.

Despite the existence of one such path, it was simply a more convenient trail for the people who wanted to travel out on foot. The trip still took time. After all, no one in Wincier Village could afford a car.

Tyr Summers drove up the sinuous mountain pass while Ferguson, who sat in the back seat, stared out the window.

The sight of the speeding landscape seemed to evoke lost memories.



There was a trace of bitterness on Ferguson's countenance, but he would smile faintly from time to time. This feeling was, in fact, heartbreaking.

They journeyed on for nearly an hour before arriving at Wincier Village.

This was a mountain village on a massive hill. The sight of it in the current day was still reminiscent of the 1990s. Many houses still had cob walls.

Although they received donations from Ferguson's charity foundation, it was impossible to cover all grounds. Most of the funds were used to build roads, schools and provide electricity and running water to the village.

Tyr parked his car while Raegan Lawson

supported Ferguson as they walked toward a farmhouse within Wincier Village.

This used to be Ferguson Ford's home.

It used to be a home built of cob walls in the old days. Standing in its place today was a cottage made of red bricks.

The mud fence of the front yard remained unchanged. There was also a well inside the courtyard, which had been built when Ferguson and Fiona married.

The gate was locked with not a soul in sight.

Ferguson looked despondent as he stared at the familiar yet foreign sight of the courtyard.

"There's no one home," Tyr noted.

"Yes." Ferguson nodded.

Just then, two dark-skinned women approached them.

“Who are you looking for?” One of the women asked.

The women were locals of Wincier Village and must have known Ferguson Ford.

However, having not returned for more than two decades and being afflicted by disease, no one could recognize him.

Raegan Lawson inquired, “Excuse me, is Mrs. Fiona Yarbury here?”

“Fiona Yarbury?”

One of the women frowned. “Who are you?”

“Oh, we’re her distant relatives. We happened to be passing through Strego City,



so we wanted to come and visit her.”

“Ah, so you’re her distant relatives.”

The woman replied, “Fiona Yarbury has been deceased for close to three years. Her son, Orson Yarbury, lives here. Orson is a teacher in our village. He’s currently teaching the youngins at school.”

“Fiona Yarbury has passed away.”

Ferguson’s heart jerked as a wave of sorrow hit him.

He was saddened not only by Fiona’s death but also by the fact that his son, Orson, had gone by Ferguson’s wife’s maiden name. It was clear that neither mother and son would ever forgive him.

What was more, Ferguson was not qualified

to ask for their forgiveness.

“May I ask where the school is?” Tyr prodded.

The woman pointed over at one of the hills. “Past that hill is where the children of several nearby villages attend school. It’s a ten-minute walk there. A charity foundation in the city donated to Wincier Village.”

There was a sense of gratitude in both women’s voices when they spoke of the foundation.

Tyr inquired once more, “Do you know the name of the foundation that provided you with funds to build schools and roads?”

“Starlight,” the woman answered. “They are the village’s greatest benefactor. We will certainly remember them.

“Haha.”

Tyr chuckled, then turned to Ferguson. “Let’s check the school out.”

“Alright.”

The trio made their way over to the school.

One of the women seemed to have realized something when she caught sight of Ferguson’s departing figure. She addressed the woman next to her, “Why is that man’s silhouette so familiar? He reminds me of someone.”

The other woman was not convinced. “Like who?”

“Ferguson Ford!”

“Ferguson Ford?” The woman was



astonished. “You must be mistaken. You’re saying that sickly person is Ferguson Ford? Haha, you must be joking.”

“I’m serious. He really does look like him.”

“You’re grasping at straws.” The woman waved her hand in dismissal. “Ferguson Ford is such a heartless man... Fiona did not forgive him until her dying breath. He’s a disgrace to Wincier Village. How can he still possibly have the nerve to come back?”

“That’s true. A person like that might've just been hit by a car and can’t come back!”

The two women left talking and laughing, and they were inevitably vicious with their words.

Ferguson heard everything they said, which complicated his feelings even further.

This was the impression the villagers of Wincier Village had of Ferguson. Stories were fabricated and spread around the many villages of Wincier Hill as an example.

It was only normal for him to have mixed feelings.

On one hand, he was the great benefactor of the villagers of Wincier Hill. Everyone admired him!

On the other hand, he was also the most despised person. A heartless infidel!

It took nearly an hour for Ferguson to get to the school when it was a mere ten-minute walk for any other person.

From a distance, they heard the chorus of children reading aloud coming from the

school. Perhaps it was because the mountains were not as cacophonous as an urban area, the sound of children reciting texts carried far.

Or perhaps it was not that the city was noisy, but that the children in the mountains tend to study harder.

There were only six classrooms in the school — one for each age group. Each classroom held a dozen children.

In a fourth grade classroom, a svelte gentleman who wore glasses was teaching several children to recite linguistic passages.

“I saw that beyond the railings on the other side of the platform, a couple of vendors were waiting for customers. However, to get to the other side, one must jump down the



platform and climb up to get to that side of the railway. Father was rather plump...”

The teacher reading Zhu Ziqing's essay 'The View of My Father's Back' was Ferguson's son, Orson Ford. He was able to travel out of the mountains and attend college courtesy of Ferguson's support.

Orson had no idea that it was his father who provided him backing. He only thought that it was a great benefactor who did not want to reveal his name.

So, in Orson Ford's eyes, that great benefactor had always been his idol.

After he graduated, he intended to follow the path of the greater good. And thus, he resolutely chose to leave the city and returned to his hometown, where he became

a language teacher.

He wanted more children to be able to leave the mountains and become pillars of the country!

## Chapter 691 The Benefactor's Passing

When Orson Ford was halfway through the passage, he suddenly stopped. He seemed to be reflecting on something, appearing dazed.

The symbolic connotation of the text was profound. Based on Orson Ford's experience, it was reasonable for him to react in such a way.

A hush fell over the class with Orson's sudden silence. The students stared at Orson, not quite understanding the situation.

The silence persisted for approximately ten seconds until Orson turned his head to stare out the window.

Then, he noticed a familiar yet foreign man



who was clearly at death's door standing outside.

Orson's mind went blank in that instant. It took him a good long while to react.

The other villagers of Wincier Village might not recognize him, but Orson definitely could. After all, he was his father.

“Students, let's have a self-study session.”

Orson briefed them, set down his textbook, and left the classroom.

On the grass plot outside the classroom, Ferguson Ford exerted strenuous effort to remain standing. Yet, he stubbornly remained on his feet.

Raegan Lawson ached to assist him but was rejected.

Ferguson would soon meet his son, which was why he refused to be supported. He wanted to stand up straight, facing his son with his head held high.

Perhaps he wanted to leave a good impression on his son before he passed on.

Orson came over and stood at a distance of about five meters from his father.

Both stared at each other for a solid minute. Time and space seemed to stand still.

“Can you hug me?”

In the end, it was Ferguson who broke the ice. He addressed Orson.

Orson did not answer, nor did he show much emotion. He was neither thrilled nor

downcast. There was not even the slightest bit of hatred for Ferguson visible on his face.

However, the look in his eyes was alien. He stared at Ferguson as if he were a stranger.

He did not answer. The shaking of his head was his only response.

Ferguson seemed to have guessed his answer from the get-go and had come to terms with it.

However, the response still left him dejected.

“Can you call me ‘Father’?”

Orson still kept mum while shaking his head.

“Can you... tell me where your mother's grave is?”

This time, Orson pointed at a hill located



behind Wincier Village.

“I understand.”

Ferguson sighed then fished out a bank card and handed it over to Orson. “Will you accept this?”

Another shake of the head.

He turned around and walked back into the classroom without giving Ferguson another glance.

Soon, there was once again a chorus of children reciting a passage. However, this time instead of ‘The View of My Father’s Back’, they read ‘Thoughts of a Quiet Night’.

“You’re still his father, Mr. Ford. How can he treat you this way?”

Raegan, who stood on the sidelines, was

more than a little aggrieved. She wanted to confront Orson to reason with him.

However, Ferguson stopped her in her tracks.

He remained in place for a while before heading toward the hill behind Wincier Village.

There he saw a humble and rudimentary little graveyard where his childhood sweetheart was buried.

He once abandoned his wife and child for the sake of prestige and wealth. But now that he had returned, his other half had long returned to the earth.

Ferguson would soon follow in her footsteps. He hoped that she would forgive

him once he reached the underworld.

In the end, Ferguson grabbed a pinch of soil from her grave and kept it close to his heart before leaving Wincier Village.

None of them spoke as they made the trip back. Perhaps the trip had left them all disconsolate.

Or maybe they didn't want to speak because Ferguson was too jaded and needed rest.

It was nightfall by the time they reached Strego City.

Tyr did not send Ferguson back to the hospital but instead to the latter's home.

On their way back, the effect of the cortisone needle had gradually begun to wear off.

Ferguson started to experience extreme pain



again.

By the time Tyr got Ferguson home, he was already gone.

He indeed died an incredibly excruciating death, far more agonizing than what was conventional. Ferguson's hands were balled into a death grip until death showed him mercy. In his hands was the soil from his wife's grave.

Raegan Lawson organized Ferguson's funeral. She understood his innermost wish and thus did not brush off the soil in his palms as she groomed him.

Ferguson had no chance of returning to his home after his death, so he could only be buried alongside Fiona Yarbury in this way.

Tyr, Carson Yorke, and the others were

present for Ferguson's funeral. On the day of the funeral wake, many distinguished figures from Strego City showed up to pay their respects to Ferguson Ford.

There were also some notable personalities from the south and other regions who came to pay tribute.

The funeral was a big deal. The local press within Strego City competed for coverage, expressing their sorrowful condolences.

Who knew whether the over-reporting of Ferguson's passing was a good or bad thing.

"Sachin Taylor and Benjamin Lloyd of Sachin Hall have come to pay their respects!"

It was halfway through the funeral procession when a band of domineering

men suddenly arrived at the scene.

The group was all from Sachin Hall. Sachin Taylor's appearance heightened the tension.

The aura emanating from them was far too unsettling.

Sachin Taylor had brought along his men from Sachin Hall.

Even Tyr Summers frowned at first.

Ferguson Ford and Great Sky Group had gone through some rough patches. After all, Ferguson was the one who dismantled the Great Sky Group's charity fund.

At first, those of Starlight City, including Tyr, thought Sachin and his men were here to cause trouble.

In actuality, they were not here to cause



trouble. They sincerely wanted to mourn Ferguson.

Even a demon like Sachin Taylor showed great admiration for a generous philanthropist like Ferguson.

After the funeral service, Sachin approached Tyr.

“Although Ferguson Ford has done much wrong in his youth, his contribution to charity over the years is indeed admirable. I came here today to offer my condolences and nothing else.”

“Welcome.” Tyr took the initiative to offer his hand.

Sachin broke into a smile as he shook Tyr's hand. “The duel is fast approaching. When

the time comes, one of us will perish. Do not let me down.”

Tyr chuckled. “When the time comes, I will be the one to pummel you to death.”

## Chapter 692 It's Your Call

After a simple conversation, Sachin Taylor left the funeral wake with Benjamin Lloyd and his group.

Many children suddenly came into the service site at the end of the service. Their ages varied. These children were dressed in plain clothes and holding white flowers in their hands.

One by one, they came in to bid Ferguson Ford a final goodbye. Their tiny faces were clouded with grief. It was the sort of emotion that was hard to pretend, and some of them were unable to resist the urge to cry.

Ferguson financially supported these



children. Compared to those dignitaries who came in to pay their respects, the children's display of emotions was much more genuine.

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A man with glasses had stood before the building of the memorial site for quite some time. He was hesitant to enter as there was an intense struggle taking place on his mind. In the end, he chose not to go in. He then turned around and was ready to leave.

Just then, someone called out to him from behind.

“No matter what, he was your biological father no matter what happened in the past. Now that he is gone, everything should be put aside.”

Those words came from Tyr Summers.

Orson Ford turned around and gazed at Tyr.

“He was known as a great benefactor in the south. That's why so many people came to pay their respects to him after he passed away. Have you seen the children? They were all sponsored by your father.”

Orson nodded and didn't say anything for a long time.

“But he will never be forgiven for abandoning his family. Despite what he had done over the years, he still hasn't received the forgiveness from Buddha.”

Tyr smiled and said, “Whether Buddha would forgive him or not, that Buddha's business. Perhaps you have managed to figure it out. Your father was the one who funded Wincier Hill all these years. You too

were funded by him to receive an education.

“The person you once admired, the one you look up to him as your role model, was your father. And those were the reasons that brought you here today.

“It’s normal for your heart to be torn. After all, no one can accept betrayal!”

Tyr walked up to Orson and gave him a gentle pat on his shoulder. “I stand by my words. Twenty years of repentance is more than enough.

“Your father has influenced many people. That is a solid reason for you to go in and offer him a white flower.”

Orson's eyes suddenly reddened.

Tyr handed a white flower to him and said, “



It's your call whether to go in or not.”

Orson was quiet for a few seconds before he took the white flower from Tyr's hand. “I wonder how I shall address you.”

“Tyr, I'm your father's friend. After his death, my company has taken over Starlight Charity Fund and renamed it 'Autumn Field Charity Fund'.

“Orson, in fact, a brilliant idea came to me. I hope you can move into the city and continue to work in the field of charity with your father's passion. When the time comes, I want you to be in charge of Autumn Field Charity Fund. What do you say?”

“I'm in charge?” Orson was kind of dazed.

Tyr laughed. “Didn't you choose to return to

the village of Wincier Hill and embrace the role of a teacher due to your admiration toward your father and also your love for charity work?

“Don't worry, as long as you can come over, I will be assigning a more qualified teacher to teach at the village.”

“I ... am I capable of that?” Orson froze for a few seconds.

“It's your call whether it's something that you are capable of.”

Saying that Tyr patted on Orson's shoulder again. “Since you are already here, you better hurry up, go inside, and call out to your father. Maybe he can hear you.”

Orson seemed to have thought of something.

Finally, he took that white flower with him and walked into Ferguson's funeral wake. In the end, he had chosen to forgive his father.

That said, what else could one have done even if he chose not to forgive a deceased?

After Ferguson's death, Starlight City officially merged with Autumn Field Group. In the meantime, Autumn Field Group Foundation was officially established.

Orson decided to accept Tyr's offer. He left the mountain behind and came into the city. Later, he became the president of Autumn Field Group Foundation. Whereas Ferguson's assistant, Raegan Lawson, was appointed the vice president of the foundation.

In the future, Tyr would hand the foundation to both of them. He too was at



ease with that decision. 1

Tyr shared Orson's feelings more or less as they were in the same shoes.

Truth to be told, there are no saints in this world. Even a great man like Ferguson used to commit a series of mistakes too.

However, it is never too late to right what's wrong. Ferguson's ending also confirmed the cycle of karma.

Perhaps Ferguson had inflected some sort of influence on Tyr. He, too, felt scared sometimes.

He had killed way too many people in this lifetime. Could he end up like Ferguson, where he was suddenly diagnosed with cancer and had to lie in a hospital bed,

fighting for his life? The thought of it alone was scary enough.

Maybe, this life had been predetermined by god. No one could change their fate.

Within the next two weeks, instead of staying in Strego City, Tyr went back to Khanh City.

He wanted to take the advantage of the quiet before the storm to spend more time with his family.

He had absolute confidence in the battle with Sachin. After all, he had traveled a long way and had his fair share of witnessing great winds and high waves.

The battle with Dark Totem took place three years ago. He had won the war that involved

tens of thousands of people. He couldn't lose in such a trivial fight.

However, both Sachin Hall and the Moore family weren't any average opponents. Until this matter has been resolved, no one can take the load off their minds.

The night before he left Strego City, Tyr only managed to wrap the storytelling session with Blair Zea around one o'clock in the morning. Perhaps the little girl had sensed something; she was pestering his father all night long by talking with him. ①

Due to that, Tyr once again lamented in his heart that he just wanted to be an ordinary man. Tyr wanted to stay with his loved ones and lead a simple life.

He might not be wealthy, but at least he got



to sleep soundly and peacefully at night.

It was almost one-thirty in the morning when Blair fell asleep. The moonlight shone through the window and illuminated all three members of the family.

“Go to sleep now, sweat heart.”

Tyr noticed that Winifred kept staring at him with those big eyes of her. He tried with much difficulty to force a smile at her.

“Can't sleep,” said Winifred.

Tyr hugged her and said, “Good girl. Go to sleep now.”

“Honey, will it be dangerous for you to go back to Strego City tomorrow?”

Winifred couldn't sleep, and this question

had been bugging her.

Tyr smiled and tried to soothe her. “There are some risks, but I can guarantee you that I will be able to return unharmed.”

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## Chapter 693 Before the Great War

The next morning, Tyr Summers left Khanh City for Strego City.

The great battle was scheduled to take place in a month. Now, the time had finally arrived for the war on Nameless Island of Dunham Lake to take place.

That evening, this villa district of West Lake was bustling with activity. All the combat experts that sided with Tyr's, together with the major clans' elites, had arrived.

The Yorke family, the Quintus family, the Lund family, the Jones family, the Wolf's Den, Canonteign Mansion of West Suez, and other forces had allocated their elites to



gather at the West Lake Villa area. The group was made up of several forces that were nearly five hundred people strong.

This battle wasn't the so-called underground gang fight; being greater in number didn't necessarily affect the outcome of the war. This war was a martial arts event that can determine the future of the entire southern clans. Though it was a battle between Tyr and Sachin, the winner got to determine the south's future.

At the same time, the war was under the strict monitoring of the Six Doors. The department forbade the total number of fighters from both sides to exceed one thousand.

Battling less than one thousand people was within the capability of the Six Doors. They

were quite confident in properly controlling the situation within the range. Hence, they had prohibited any party to exceed the number of one thousand fighters.

Thus, Tyr's side was made up of a total of five hundred people. Their opponent, Sachin Hall and the Moore family, amassed a similar number of fighters.

Only the most powerful elites within the family were qualified to participate in this war, especially now that the numbers of participants had been cut down to a thousand.

These elites were the cream of the crop—the strongest warriors from all southern clans.

The great battle was scheduled to take place by evening. Tyr and his men had put on

white attires, while Sachin's side wore black clothes to distinguish their teams.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Tyr and his five hundred fighters had departed from West Lake and arrived at a dock.

A cruise ship had been prepared in advance and was awaiting their arrival.

All five hundred men boarded the ship. They would ride the cruise ship to reach Nameless Island.

Simultaneously, Sachin Hall and the Moore family were assembled at another pier on West Lake and departed to Nameless Island by boarding the different ship.

The distance of several dozen kilometers wasn't that far. The journey was less than an



hour.

Now that it was winter, the temperature was falling rapidly. Sometimes, the weather could be challenging, especially with precipitation.

Tyr stood on the deck of the cruise ship. He was accompanied by Carson Yorke, Zeppelin Wayne, Jermaine Leonard, and Torbert Octavius.

The sky had almost gone completely dark, but some dim light could be spotted from horizon level afar.

At a glance, the lake stretches as far as the eyes could see. The surface of the water looked calm, but as the cruise ship moved across it, the tranquility of the lake surface was destroyed, leaving behind a trail of

billowing waves.

In the distance, a massive island lay motionless on the surface of the lake, just like a gigantic ancient beast. It was a lonely island without a name—Nameless Island.

The lighthouse of Nameless Island was lit. It was specifically built by the Six Doors and functioned as a guide to help point the direction for Tyr and his group.

Carson, who stood next to Tyr, had his gaze fixed upon the island. Carson said thoughtfully, “We’ll be there in another ten minutes.”

“When we arrive, I want you to stay on the ship and wait for the news,” said Tyr.

Carson laughed, “I’m not a martial art

practitioner, so I'm not qualified to step foot onto the island. I do get that."

Tyr said, "Actually, you shouldn't have tagged along. You should just stay at home and wait for good news from us."

"No!"

Carson shook his head and said, "When I was young, I also dreamed about reigning the south. Back then, I was ambitious. My spirit was willing, but my flesh was weak."

"Are you referring to Godmother?"

"A part of it." Carson sighed and said, "When your godmother was sick, I felt that I had lost all my ambition. I just wanted to stay by her side and live my life in peace and quiet. But when I saw that her health



worsened by the day, I found that even a wish that simple was hard to achieve.

“Fortunately, I met you. Not only that, you helped cure my wife’s disease, but we have come to this stage in such a short time. We are just one step away from conquering the south.

“So, even though I, Carson Yorke, cannot participate in the great war, I want to witness it with my own eyes.”

Tyr laughed. “My thoughts are similar to yours. The simple life is the best, but in reality, one can’t help himself.”

Tyr saluted Carson and said solemnly, “Uncle Yorke, if we win this battle, we will allow you to decide what happens next.”

“Are you sure you aren't interested in

wearing the crown and reigning the south?” asked Carson.

“Can the Southern King be compared with the position of Palace Master of Regal Palace?” Tyr asked half-jokingly.

“Oh... Hahaha!”

The cruise ship continued to move forward. The closer it got to Nameless Island, the more people came out to the deck.

Several great keels of the Lund family, Louie Lund, the Five Zodiacs Fighters of the Quintus family, the elites of the Jones family, the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion, in addition to that large group of members of the Wolf's Den, all of them was present on the deck.

Suddenly, the deck was filled with a solemn

murderous aura. All eyes were fixed upon Nameless Island.

The island could be the place where their dreams set sail, but it might be the place where their lives might end too.

Either way, each of them would give their best in this great war. It was a war that they couldn't afford to lose.

Meanwhile, another cruise ship was gradually approaching Nameless Island from another side of the island.

Sachin stood upright at the front of the deck with his arms around his chest.

His torch-like eyes were also fixed upon Nameless Island before him. His face, however, was emotionless.



Next to him stood the blind man, Ali, and other fighters. Also, Jason Garcia and Double Blade Dean Young were around too.

The atmosphere on the deck was equally gloomy. A murderous aura occupied the deck.

Other than the fighters from Sachin Hall and the Moore family, those previously defeated families had sent in their fighters to support their war, too.

This group of five hundred warriors was the superlative martial art forces of the south too.

Just then, Alec Moore, the head of the Moore family, was walking toward Sachin. He was followed by Auster Moore and the remaining Three Great Vajra of the Moore family.

Alec stared at Nameless Island and said, “Today’s the day. Sachin, after ten years of preparation, we have lived to see this day finally.

“After this night, the whole south will fall into the palm of Sachin Hall and my Moore family.

“Tyr doesn't know his strength! How dare he try to fight with us?” 2

## Chapter 694 The Sole Purpose

Suddenly, Sachin was taking in a deep breath after being silent for a while. He narrowed his eyes to take in the entirety of Nameless Island laid before him.

“Confidence is good, but don’t be arrogant. Perhaps this battle might not be as easy as you think.”

Alec Moore frowned. He and Sachin had known each other for a long time.

They had already known each other long before Sachin was trapped inside the Golden Pagoda. They could be considered close friends when they were young.

Alec was ruthless in his younger days. When



the old master of the Moore family passed away, Alec was holding the worst cards on the table among other candidates. Yet, he ended up rising to become the head of the Moore family. It was only clear to his conscience how many vicious and wicked things he had done to sit on the throne.

Birds of a feather flock together. Alec also inhabited the personality of a demon. It was no wonder he could work with Sachin to reach a cooperation agreement.

Alec said, "Sachin, after spending ten years in the Golden Pagoda, shouldn't the daily chanting of Buddha work to smoothen your edges?"

"I've never seen you as insecure as you are now. The great battle was about to kick start soon. This kind of mentality is not good for

you.”

Sachin laughed, “One who knows his strength and that of the enemy is invincible in battle.”

After saying that, he turned to look at Alec. He said, “If that Tyr were really as lousy as you claim, your Moore family wouldn't have suffered the enormous defeat in Devon Province, would it?”

Alec had a hard time letting go of the incident in Devon Province. They had arranged everything properly. Therefore, he didn't expect it to end in a complete mess. It was hard for him to accept the defeat; what had happened was a disgrace to the Moore family.

“The incident in Devon Province was an

accident. We couldn't have failed if it wasn't because of the mysterious man who sent Tyr the video of Auster Moore committing the murder.”

Speaking about this topic, Alec became a bit agitated.

He had been sending his men to investigate that mysterious person for two weeks. The incident had caused the Moore family to suffer a devastating loss. Alec couldn't fathom his anger no matter what.

Therefore, he must seek out the mysterious man and cut him into pieces.

However, it was still impossible for them to uncover that mysterious person, even with the vast intelligence network of the Moore family,



Sachin laughed and said, “I am a person who only looks at the results and doesn't care about the process. Regardless of what happened in between, Moore's family had failed at Devon Province.”

After that, Sachin went silent again, and he turned back to the huge isolated island ahead.

The cruise ship continued to advance, moving toward the island. Tyr Summers' ship had docked, and Sachin's was close to dock too.

Simultaneously, a group of men in black suits stood on a cliff on Nameless Island. They were staring into the distance from there.

A man that exuded a dense domineering

aura standing at the front was Green Dragon. He was followed by Julio Morgan and a group of Six Doors' main leaders in the south.

“Boss, both Sachin and Tyr have arrived with their fighters. Do you want to meet them?” Julio asked from the side.

Green Dragon held a telescope in his hand and observed the cruise ships that were each docking at different piers not far away. He shook his head and said, “No, they know what to do when they get ashore. There is absolutely no need for us to interfere.

“All we have to do is stay put and wait for the outcome of this battle.”

Saying that, Green Dragon put away the telescope and asked, “Is everything readily

arranged?” ①

Julio answered, “We have blocked off everything within twenty miles radius of this isolated island. We can guarantee that no one will come near until the great battle is over.

“At the same time, we have special agents to follow up after the war. When the war is over, our people will be the first to get to the island. Whether they are dead or injured, we will be able to deal with them within the shortest possible time.”

“Mm.” Green Dragon nodded. Then, he lit a cigarette, took a deep puff, and said, “Then, let’s just wait for the final results.”

On top of the deck, Tyr Summers and his group were gazing at the huge isolated



island. As the land got closer, their hearts became increasingly excited.

A chilly wind blew, causing many of them to wrap their clothes around themselves tighter unconsciously. On the contrary, the blood in their bodies was boiling even more vigorously.

“Here we are!”

Carson shouted once the cruise ship docked. One corner of Tyr’s mouth lifted a little, looking quite demonic.

“Go ashore!”

Tyr gave his order. Then, he jumped off the ten meters high deck and landed firmly on the beach.

Meanwhile, Jermaine Leonard, Torbert

Octavius, Zeppelin Wayne, Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion, and Louie Lund of the Lund family followed suit. They leaped from the deck and landed on the beach below.

Dropping from ten meters in height could cripple an average man, but it wouldn't cause even a scratch on these super fighters.

More than ten minutes later, nearly all five hundred fighters from the cruise ship had disembarked and gathered at the beach.

These men formed a black cloud on the beach and drew an oppressive scenery.

"Boss, what do we do next? Do we need to make any specific arrangements?" Jermaine asked from the side.

Before every great battle was conducted by Regal Palace overseas, thorough

arrangements and deployments had been made beforehand. Sometimes it involved some strategic tactics too. Their plan was so fine to the point where proper instructions were given out in specifics like who would deal with whom.

From the point of view of Regal Palace, every great battle was comparable with a war. Since it was a war, it must be considered thorough.

Take the great war with the Dark Totem as an example. It would be difficult for Regal Palace to defeat Dark Totem—a gigantic organization that had been well established overseas for decades if it wasn't for the precise arrangements and deployments.

“Jim Zabinsky wasn't with us in this war with Sachin.”



Tyr answered Jermaine's question with one simple and clear statement. "Also, there's no need for us to have him for this battle."

Jim was the Northern King of Five Kings of the Regal Palace. He was renowned for his wisdom within the organization. In addition to Tyr and their own strength, Jim also contributed to their victory to enable Regal Palace to triumph in all kinds of battles.

However, this time, it seemed like there was no need to lay out any strategy. Both sides had five hundred fighters. They just needed to get it done and dusted and call it a day.

"Sachin and his group are almost a kilometer away. They should be headed toward our location now.

"This battle doesn't need any sort of

deployment or strategy. Our sole purpose is taking out all the enemies.”

## Chapter 695 The Great War Begins

Things had come down to this. Tyr Summers had nothing left to say. He was the first to take a step as he walked toward the woods.

He was followed closely by the black cloud of men. The murderous aura emanating from their bodies was dense enough to fill the sky. Finally, the prologue of the great war had kicked off.

Simultaneously, as Tyr and his group moved into the woods, a speedboat was coming their way at top speed.

The man on board was so eager. He just leaped from the boat as soon as it docked. And, he managed to land firmly on the



ground.

Then, he stared at the army before him, and the corners of his mouth curved up slightly. He still had his black cloth bag with him. Subsequently, he was catching up with the troop at the highest speed.

This man was the little scholar of Canonteign Mansion from West Suez — — Dickson Watt.

Demi Bow had forbidden his only grandson to go to Nameless Island and participate in the big showdown between Tyr Summers and Sachin Taylor to save the family's sole bloodline.

Before the date, Demi had mentioned this to Tyr. He strictly prohibited Dickson from joining the war in Nameless Island. At the

same time, Demi had sent some elite fighters of the family to capture Dickson at Riverdale. However, Dickson managed to dodge the pursuit.

How could a martial arts fanatic like Dickson miss out on the great war? The war that was going to decide the new king of the south.

So, Dickson had evaded the chase of Canonteign Mansion for half a month. Finally, he arrived at Nameless Island before this great battle was about to start.

Once he had stepped foot on the island, there was no way for his grandfather to stop him.

Dickson came with a simple purpose in his mind. He only had one goal— —the Emperor of the Moore family, Austere Moore!

Roughly ten minutes later, before Nameless

Island's woods, Tyr stopped in his tracks and stared at something in the woods.

A large group of figures appeared from the other side. One could feel the steaming murderous aura from them, even from across the woods.

Those figures were of the man from the camp of Sachin. The opposite camp also had the same numbers of five hundred fighters. Their group was equally represented by the top-notch power of the southern family. Their camp also consisted of superb warriors that could fight one with one hundred men.

If the Lund family joined hands with Sachin Hall and the Moore family, the Tyr team would stand a thirty percent chance of winning the great war.



Now that the Lund family had joined Tyr's camp, the chances of winning the battle would be fifty-fifty.

Both camps had gathered their men on both sides of the grove. They were positioned just like in ancient times when the two armies were locked in a face-off.

As Tyr put it, this big showdown didn't require any sort of tactics, nor did it need any schemes. Both sides only needed to assemble their people here, fight with all their might and beat each other to death.

This was the simplest, most direct, and most effective way to resolve the southern conflict.

Both Tyr and Sachin were well-deserved kings. They willingly accepted this method

to resolve their differences.

Even the Six Doors hoped to solve the problem this way, too. Just like the description from the classic gambling movie — — it was a show hand!

Both sides were standing on the opposite side of the grove and staring at each other.

The chilly wind was blowing nonstop, and the shadows of the trees swayed as if there were thousands of demons dancing around them.

Tyr put his hand on his temples and gently rubbed them. Jermaine Leonard stood next to him and was toying with the deck of golden poker cards in his hands.

Zeppelin Wayne was constantly wiping his

Dragon Blade with a handkerchief. Also, the Six Aces of Canonteign Mansion, the keels of the Lund family, the Five Zodiacs Fighters of the Quintus family, and the elites from the Jones family had drawn out their most handy weapons too.

As for others behind them, they were all ready for the battle.

Sachin looked up at the pale moon in the night sky in the opposite camp as if he had thought of something.

Those godsons next to him also drew out their weapons. Jason Garcia took out his sword. Dean Young was adjusting his twin blades. The Golden Garrisons of the Moore family and the Three Great Vajra were eyeing their opponent as fierce as a tiger does.



Besides that, there were many other family fighters. They, too, were ready for the final preparation.

A dark cloud drifted through the sky, obscuring most of the already dismal moon. The already dark grove became even darker.

The environment was so dark that Tyr couldn't get a clear vision of his opponent.

Just then, high-powered spotlights lit up around the grove. The surroundings brightened immediately with the light.

Although it could be described as bright as day, both sides were able to see each other clearly.

The Six Doors prepared these lights. Given the big showdown was held at night time,

they had thought of it and arranged everything for the great war.

This island was an arena, and the Six Doors were the builders of the arena.

The builders need to collect their entrance fees. They wanted Tyr or Sachin to go to Japan after the big showdown and complete an assignment for the department.

Some animals were woken up in this grove by the sudden lighting up of those spotlights.

The originally silent grove suddenly became somewhat noisy. A flock of flying birds of unknown species suddenly took off into that night sky.

Howl, howl, howl!

A sound that resembled a wolf howl rang out

from the grove. It was made by the members of the Wolf's Den.

Instantaneously, all five hundred people in Tyr's camp make a move.

A thundering roar also came from Sachin's camp. At this moment, the hot blood of thousands of warriors from each side was boiling.

At the blow of the war horn to signal the start of a war, the generals from both camps led their soldiers to the enemy camp.

Soon, the two sides met in the woods. Thus, the combat of a thousand men began.

The wood was filled with loud howls and the clashes of cold weapons. The war that decided the future of the entire south finally



kick-off.

“It has begun!”

On top of the same cliff was Green Dragon. He turned his head to the grove that was lit up by spotlights and took a deep breath.

Even Green Dragon, who always had a hard time mustering up emotions about anything, couldn't help himself but became a little thrilled.

He wasn't ecstatic to see which family in the south would be able to reach the top and become the superlative family that hadn't appeared in the south for nearly two decades.

However, he was keen to finally find himself a suitable candidate to go to Japan and help them get the job done.

Within the grove, a thousand warriors from both camps were completely engrossed in the fight.

With just a quick run into each other, there were already a massive number of men falling into the pool of blood. This was an actual war, not the kind of gang fight on the silver screen. Many died in the war; a lot of them would lose their lives.

## Chapter 696 The Great War of South (1)

Tyr Summers didn't move. He stood still and observed the war unfold before his eyes. Today, he only had one goal—to duel with Sachin Taylor.

Next to Tyr stood Jermaine Leonard and Torbert Octavius. Both of them could be considered as the two most powerful combat masters around Tyr. They had been riding the fence and keeping still.

“Not going up and vents?” Tyr smiled and asked Jermaine and Torbert next to him.

“Haven't found an opponent yet.” Jermaine smacked his forehead hard with his hand. A trace of helplessness surfaced in his tone.



Tyr said, "It's pitch black here. You can't really tell who is strong and who is weak. Just go ahead and put up a good fight. As you fight through your way, your opponent will show himself."

"Fine!" Jermaine grabbed two golden poker cards in his hand and paced vigorously and then rushed toward the grove.

"What about you?" Tyr turned to Torbert next to him and asked.

Torbert stretched his back lazily and replied, "To be honest Tyr, I'm not a fan of fighting, seriously!"

"So, you came here to watch?"

"If I can, I want to sleep there," said Torbert, as he pointed to a big tree next to

the battleground. He said, “That’s the one, I have a good feeling about this tree. It must be very comfortable to sleep there.”

“Oh, off you go then!” Tyr narrowed his eyes. “You are you when you fall asleep!”

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the grove, Sachin, like Tyr, stood rooted to the spot.

A king like himself couldn’t care less to fight with any of these minions. Although these fighters were the top fighters in the south and none of them were actual minions.

He had the same purpose as Tyr. The only goal he had for the great war was to duel with Tyr.

They fought once when he just came out of

Golden Pagoda. Sachin had the lower hand in that fight. However, he was severely injured back then. So, that encounter was unfair to him. As such, it remained unclear who was much powerful and who was weaker between him and Tyr.

During this period, Sachin had been replaying the image of that simple encounter with Tyr in his mind. There was nothing more exciting than meeting an opponent who was on par with him for a powerful combat master at his league.

Intrinsically, Sachin had been looking forward to having a rematch with Tyr. The same went for Tyr, he simply couldn't wait for a proper fight with Sachin as much as his opponent did.

And now, the time for the duel had arrived.



Tonight, the two were finally getting their desires fulfilled.

For combat masters at their level, both their hearing and sight had been heightened to a level that went beyond the imagination of an ordinary man.

The grove was not that big. It had the width of three hundred meters. The total area was equivalent to two or three soccer fields, with many bushes and a variety of huge trees occupying the center. A small wood of this size was enough to accommodate a thousand-man battle.

At this moment, Tyr and Sachin were standing at the two ends of this grove.

Their eyes were glued to the front, looking at each other through the bushes and various

trees before them, through the chaotic battleground of a thousand people. Finally, their eyes met in the dark night, just like a falcon's.

Perhaps, from such a long distance, coupled with the dim light, they couldn't really see each other clearly despite Tyr and Sachin's incredible vision range. However, in the minds of these two, they were picturing each other. It was so vivid that they could hear each other's heartbeat.

“I, Sachin, dominated the southern region ten years ago. The entire south was powerless against me, and I have won myself the nickname of “Southern Devil”. It's rather lonely at the top. Back then, I lost to Master Harrison of Golden Temple by half a move and was suppressed in Golden Pagoda

for a decade.

“I left the pagoda ten years later but found all my worthy opponents had either passed away or were hiding in the mountains.

Sigh ... it's lonely being invincible when there is no one to match your level. I even felt at the time that the rest of my life would be meaningless.

“I didn't expect to meet you, Tyr. A young man, who is younger than thirty years old but is in the same league as me. I feel quite blessed. You must be a gift from heaven to me.”

Sachin let out a laugh, it was thunderous!

Tyr, however, frowned slightly. He felt a sort of pressure that he hadn't felt for years. He remembered the last time when he faced



such pressure. It was during the great war between Regal Palace and Shadow Totem.

Even later, when Tyr had had a face-off with Dark Shura, he didn't feel the same kind of pressure from him.

That said, it was clear that Sachin was much stronger and more terrifying than Dark Shura!

“Looking forward to the final confrontation with you.”

At this very instant, Sachin was grinning. At the same time, the corners of Tyr's mouth had curved into a demonic arc too from the opposite camp.

This battle was the resolution for the grudges held by everyone. They could get all

of it off their chest. Hence, they chose to settle the score with a fight to the death... either the death of themselves or their enemy!

The great war had skipped the warm-up phase and went straight to the climax from the beginning.

The elites of both sides had been unleashing their full strength from the start. Once the war horn was blown, there was no turning back. They only had one goal—cast the fear of dying to the back of their minds, as long as they get to f\*ck their enemy over.

There were no words to describe the horror of the battlefield. Since the beginning of the war, this wood had turned into a human purgatory.

Yet, for a true warrior, this purgatory on

earth was comparable with heaven.

Especially someone like Matthew Collins, a member of the Wolf's Den.

From the very beginning, the eyes of every one of the Wolf's Den members were red with excitement. Since the establishment of the Wolf's Den, the members haven't got involved in a war that was as bloodthirsty and exhilarating as this.

More than twenty members of the Wolf's Den behaved like twenty hungry wolves. They fiercely showed their fangs since the blow of the war horn.

The weapons in their hands varied. Some were using swords. Others were blades, iron hooks, and army bayonet. No matter what weapons they were holding, their purpose was to f\*ck all their enemy over.



Matthew was constantly roaring. His body size expanded into the size of a small mountain, his bulging muscles were packed with explosive power.

His fist was harder than a sledgehammer. A single punch of unparalleled fierceness from him blew a Moore family fighter away.

Meanwhile, there was another fighter who was as ferocious as Matthew—Tarzan. He was a martial art fighter, who was originally looking for revenge, partnering with Lancelot Fyre and the others with Sachin. But he was picked up by Tyr halfway. Both he and Lancelot had joined the Wolf's Den since then.

Tarzan was destined to become a fierce general of the Wolf's Den.

He acted like a wild ape. Everywhere he went, fighters from Sachin Hall and the Moore family would be blown away. The scene was worse compared to the chaos unleashed by Matthew.

## Chapter 697 The Great War of South (2)

“Hey, Gorilla!”

Matthew walked toward Tarzan and called out to him after Matthew Collins blasted away two of the Moore family’s elites.

“’Sup?” Tarzan wiped the sweat off his face as he stared at Matthew with red eyes.

“How about we have a little competition? Let’s find out who killed more opponents?”

Matthew was eyeing Tarzan with interest. Tarzan was fated to become the biggest competitor of Matthew within the Wolf’s Den from the moment Tarzan joined the organization.



Moreover, Matthew was a hammerhead. He had already taken Tarzan as his imaginary enemy for quite some time. Tarzan was fated to be a hassle by Matthew for a long time in the future.

“Humph!”

Tarzan grunted. He wasn't keen on playing this stupid game with Matthew.

He had his eyes on the three aces of the ex-Great Sky Group's. After all, Lucia Fyre was killed by them.

Meanwhile, Lancelot Fyre was coming toward Tarzan. His blade was covered in blood. He had a fresh wound on his back. The blood was flowing from the injury and staining his white clothes.

“Did you find them?” Tarzan asked.

Lancelot shook his head and said, “No such luck, there are too many people. Tonight, we must seek Dean Young to avenge my little sister.”

“Right!” Tarzan nodded heavily. “Are you injured?”

“No biggie!”

So, the two joined forces to pound the enemies around them while looking for Double Blade Dean Young.

Matthew was a little lost, as if he just got dumped by his lover. Of course, he wasn't gay, but in a way, he did consider him and Tarzan as a team, and Lancelot had robbed him of his partner.

When Matthew was dazed, he felt a burning sensation on his shoulder.

He zapped out of his thoughts as he realized that a Moore family fighter was holding an iron sword and slashing at his shoulder.

“Damn you!”

Matthew was on fire. He gave the fighter a fierce punch in return. It was powerful enough to send the man to fly seven or eight meters away.

Next to him, Jamie Sunder and Stephen Cole were approaching him at the same time before they finally stood next to Matthew.

“Haha, are you jealous, Matthew?” Jamie was teasing him out loud from the side.

“F\*ck off!” Matthew glared at Jamie.



Stephen said, "If Tarzan refuses to compete with you, you can compete with me. I've f\*cked over three."

Matthew said, "Only three, and you're already injured. Stephy, you're not in good shape today. Look at me, I've finished five, but I still have endless energy."

"Ha! Let's just wait for the final result."

As soon as the words were said, all three of them roared and frantically attacked their enemy.

At the same time, Zeppelin Wayne was waving the blade in his hand. One enemy was slashed with every slash he made. Just like Lancelot and the others, he was also looking for Double Blade Dean Young.

Meanwhile, Neil, The Savant, and Pharris, The Mastermind, from team Canonteign Mansion were leading. They had finished off the enemy around them with superb fighting power, and now they were also looking for the right opponent.

Tyr had brought together many great warriors under his camp for this war. His camp was occupied with countless good fighters.

Sachin camp also entailed many supreme fighters, such as Dean Young and Jason Garcia who were super fighters from ex-Great Sky Group, or blind old man and Ali, the foster sons of Sachin. Each of them had tapped into their full strength. Many enemies were described as vulnerable in front of them.

The same went for the Golden Garrison and Vajra of the Moore family. They were the top shelf first-class fighters of the south. Their combat power could only be described as mighty.

When a group of Wolf's Den members encountered the Golden Garrison of the Moore family, they were badly suppressed by the Golden Garrison. The Wolf Den's members were no match for them.

In addition to these people, the most stunning person on the battlefield was none other than the Moore family's emperor, Auster Moore.

He was holding a golden mace. Even underneath the dim light within the grove, the mace continued emitting a faint golden



light.

At this time, Auster was a veritable god of war. Nobody could finish a move before him.

It happened during the face-off with one of the Lund family's leaders. The man only lasted less than twenty moves before Auster severely injured him.

The seventh leader of the Lund family was considered a strong fighter. But, it was unfortunate for him to walk into Auster.

Auster shattered his opponent's sword with his golden mace and then struck the mace to his chest. The man cried out miserably and was blasted off by Auster.

This attack broke off three of his ribs. A mouthful of blood burst out of his mouth.

The dreadful pain tore his heart and lungs so bad it made him howl uncontrollably.

Without a trace of expression on his face, Auster continued to march forward with the golden mace, ready to end the life of his rival.

Clang!

A loud noise rang out! The Lund family leader managed to dodge a blow from the golden mace through his greatest effort. The dodge caused the mace to hit on the branch of a big tree next to him.

Even the thigh-thick tree couldn't withstand Auster's powerful strike and was snapped into half by a single blow from Auster.

Seeing such a scene, the man was on the edge of a breakdown. He would meet Death if

the mace landed on his head.

Unfortunately, he only managed to escape from the mace once. The threat of death was still looming over his head.

After missing the first attack, Auster continued to blast the second blow.

In a short time, a black iron rod suddenly came in the way.

A clang was heard as the golden mace clashed with the iron rod. It produced a lot of sparks in the process. Then, the weapons were separated from each other, and both flew to the side.

Finally, a trace of emotion had surfaced on Auster's blank face. He stared straight ahead. In front of the Lund family leader



stood a man who was about the same age as himself.

The man also wore a white attire, but it was cut into the style of a suit. He was holding a black iron rod with his sharp eyes staring back at Auster.

“The virtuoso of the Lund family, Louie Lund!”

Louie spoke with a clear sense of disdain within his tone.

Louie of the Lund family, Dickson Watt of Canonteign Mansion, and Auster of the Moore family were known as the younger generation’s top talents in the south.

However, in Auster's opinion, Dickson and Louie were not worthy of being placed at the

same level as him. There was only one genius in the south, and that was him, the Southern Emperor, Auster Moore.

“Why are you here? Are you here to challenge me?” asked Auster.

## Chapter 698 The Great War of South (3)

Louie Lund snorted. He said, "I'm not as nerdy as that Dickson from Canonteign Mansion. But honestly, he does affect me.

"Since this opportunity has fallen into my lap today, I would like to see how strong Auster Mooreas, the Southern Emperor, is."

As soon as he was done saying that, Louie swung the black iron rod in his hand and charged toward Auster.

"You are teaching your grandma to suck eggs." Auster never thought of Louie as someone worthy of his attention.

The iron rod swept up toward him



powerfully.

Auster tilted his body and dodged the attack easily. Then, he attacked Louie with the golden mace.

Louie also managed to dodge the mace by tilting sideways. Given his battle force was top-notch in the Lund family, and as the leading figure of the young generation in the south, Louie was not an easy opponent to deal with.

The two sides were engrossed with the combat. Every time the iron rod and gold mace clashed, it created a clanging sound.

In less than a minute, the two sides had fought for more than fifty rounds, during which Auster was unharmed, while Louie had taken several hits from Auster.

Louie was no match for Auster, but he wasn't so to not be able to fight back against Auster's attack.

Louie gritted his teeth. The veins on his forehead were bulging, one by one, as he was trying his best to fight Auster.

In fact, from the very beginning, Louise knew that he would end up losing. Not only would he lose, but he would also be losing his life. But, so what? For a strong martial art practitioner, they weren't afraid of death. One had to fight well before meeting his maker, which was more than enough for them. ①

Soon, Louie's pace was disrupted by Auster's golden mace. He kept slashing at Louie with his golden mace. It kept Louie busy

blocking the attack of the golden mace with his iron rod.

Another clanging sound rang out. It was the sound of Auster knocking the iron stick out of Louie's hand. Louie retreated to the back rapidly. He could feel how close he was to the jaw of death.

“Southern Emperor, you do live up to your name.”

Louie was relieved. Although he was defeated, he refused to sit duck and wait for his death. Even if he had to fight to the last ounce of strength, he would fight Auster to the end.

However, at that moment, a fatigued figure barged into the scene. The man was dancing fiercely with Nunchucks in his hands as he



continuously whacked the enemies around him out of the way.

Soon, this figure came between Auster and Louie. He picked up the iron stick on the ground and threw it back into Louie's hand.

“Dickson, why are you here?”

Louie was astonished. He had long received the news that Demi Watt, the head of Canonteign Mansion of West Suez had banned his grandson from participating in the great war. Therefore, he didn't expect Dickson Watt to show up here.

“How can I miss out on the great war?”

Dickson was so excited that his eyes were all bloodshot. How could he miss the excellent opportunity to face off with the Southern

Emperor, Auster Moore?

He turned his head to Louie and said, “I admitted that I alone am no match for Auster. But, if you and I team up, we shall be able to defeat him, right?”

“Louie, let’s join forces to finish off Auster. After that, we can have another fight between ourselves.”

Louie took a deep breath, then he gently nodded. The two greatest rising stars of the young generation in the south were fighting against the Southern Emperor, Auster. Even though it was known to the outsiders, there was no shame in that!

Auster let out a hysterical laugh. He seemed a little crazy now.

“Interesting, very interesting! Louie of the

Lund family and Dickson of Canonteign Mansion, since both of you have a death wish, I will fulfill your wishes today!”

The three of them got into their best fighting stance. A few seconds later, all three of them burst out a roar concurrently and charged toward each other.

Dickson was right. Both he and Louie were no match for Auster in one-to-one combat. Be it the younger generation or older generation in the south, only a few could beat Auster in one-to-one combat.

Both Dickson and Louie were considered the best of the best. When they joined hands against Auster, it was unclear who would win the battle.

It was chaotic since the very beginning of



the combat. Now, Dickson and Louie had teamed up. It was true with the saying of one plus one was greater than two. They had doubled up their combat power. Even the Southern Emperor found it challenging to fight them.

The two sides fought to the point of stalemate. No one could foresee the outcome of the battle.

On another side of the war, one of the aces of Canonteign Mansion, Neil, The Savant, was engrossed in a battle with the foster son of Sachin.

Both sides were powerful. As of the moment, one of Sachin's foster sons had died in Neil's hand. Whereas, Elvey, The Brainiac of Canonteign Mansion was severely injured. However, he persisted as he kept waving his

fist. No one would ever put down the weapon in their hand in a war unless he were dead.

Also, the Five Zodiacs Fighters, Yoshua Murray and Jay Blade, were united with the warriors of the Jones family in the battle against the twenty-three Golden Garrison of the Moore family. At first, they were completely overwhelmed by the Golden Garrisons of the Moore family. For a moment, their side was close to utterly defeated. Two out of five zodiacs fighters had perished, as did a number of Jones family warriors.

When these people were about to be wiped out, Martin Jakeman and Ashblood had jumped into their rescue. With the reinforcement from a large group of Wolf's Den members, the table turned instantly.

Although they couldn't crush the Golden Garrisons of Moore family, at the very least, they weren't in the same mess as before.

As time progressed, the huge disparity between the two sides slowly revealed itself. It was obvious that Tyr Summers camp was about to lose. Despite the help of Martin and Wolf's Den members.

There was some truth to the rumor that twenty-three Golden Garrisons of the Moore family were known as the south's strongest squad.

Despite the long period of irrational training that Ashblood and other members of the Wolf's Den had undergone, they were still no match for the twenty-three Golden Garrison.

Gradually, even the members of the Wolf's



Den succumbed one after another.

“Haha, how dare the crooked melon and cracked date like you all, dare to make enemies with our Moore family and Sachin Hall. Too frail! You guys are too frail.”

A Golden Garrison of the Moore family had contempt written all over his face as he wielded a long sword and slashed Vanessa Harris, one of the Wolf's Den members, with a single blow.

A bloody wound opened on Vanessa's chest. Slowly, her face turned pale.

“Haha, just die! All of you, just rot in hell.”

Every one of these Golden Garrisons of the Moore family was laughing maniacally. It had been a while since they tasted blood.

Some said that the members of the Wolf's Den were all crazy and perverted. But, these Golden Garrisons of the Moore family were even more perverse and depraved.

At the moment, more fighters of the Tyr Summers' camp had fallen in pools of blood. The Golden Garrisons of the Moore family courage mounted as the battle progressed. On the contrary, the warriors of the Jones family had just begun to show signs of weakness.

## Chapter 699 The Great War of the South (4)

Although Ashblood and the rest of the Wolf's Den members were severely injured, they remained on their feet, fighting and rallying themselves. Many people would have thrown in the towel at this point of the battle, but no, not Wolf's Den.

The longer they fought, the more aggressive they became. Pain, injuries, and death were nothing but an afterthought, their only goal right now was to keep fighting!

A member of the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison raised his blade and looked at Ashblood coldly. "A bunch of stubborn people."



Just moments ago, he gave Ashblood three gnarly slash wounds on his body. Any other person would have collapsed onto the ground and be lying in a pool of their own blood.

Yet, Ashblood remained on his feet and fought even more ferociously. He seemed not to feel pain at all.

“I cannot believe it,” said the man, agitated.

He had never seen anyone as dogged and relentless as Ashblood. Raising the blade in his hand, he charged toward Ashblood once again.

Suddenly, a loud snoring sound was heard, and immediately, a shadow leaped down from a tree.

The shadow moved around on the battlefield at lightning speed, knocking down huge groups of people wherever he went. These people had no idea where the shadow came from, and all they could hear were snores and grunts.

The Moore family fighter's blade was mere inches away from Ashblood's neck when it stopped.

"Hold on." His heart quivered as he saw a sinister sight.

A man with ruffled hair was holding the blade with three of his fingers, gripping it as tight as a vise. Though the man's eyes were shut tight and he was snoring, he was incredibly strong, so much so that the Moore family fighter could not even pull his blade

free.

With a loud clang, the blade broke in half.

Before he could even react, the snoring Torbert Octavius thrust the broken blade clean through the chest of the Moore family fighter.

Ashblood watched the scene unfold in immense awe.

Everyone in Wolf's Den knew of Torbert's special ability, which was his greatly-enhanced attacking prowess after he fell asleep. Many of them, including Ashblood, had nothing but envy for Torbert's skill and wished they could do the same.

All of a sudden, Torbert stretched his arms out wide and opened his eyes.



He turned toward Ashblood, who was looking at him adoringly, and asked, “What is going on?”

“Nothing!” Ashblood quickly shook his head. “You should go back to sleep!”

The addition of Torbert gave the members of Wolf’s Den a huge boost. Plus, Matthew Collins, Jamie Sunder, and Stephen Cole arrived after laying waste to the battlefield. Wolf’s Den had reunited once again.

Over thirty members had joined the battle, but only twenty were still alive at this point. Yet, there was no time to grieve, as all they could do was carry on their comrades’ legacy.

“Long live Wolf’s Den!”

A shout was heard, and immediately,

thunderous roars followed. Torbert, fast asleep, was jolted awake by the commotion and howled. In a ferocious charge, they rushed toward the Twenty-Three Golden Garrison on the opposing side.

Yoshua Murray and Jay Blade were stunned by what they just witnessed.

Ten meters away, Tarzan was on a swift retreat, moving his humongous body out of harm's way. A new slash wound could be seen on his chest. From in front of him came the sound of metals colliding, caused by Lancelot Fyre battling Dean Young.

Obviously, they were no match for Dean. He had severely injured Tarzan, and was now about to finish Lancelot off.

Just then, Zeppelin Wayne, who had been

searching for Dean, arrived. He charged forward and forced Dean to take a few steps back with his Reversal Blade.

“Back off, Dean is mine,” Zeppelin said to Lancelot coldly, wiping the blood off his blade with his hand.

Lancelot frowned. “Dean killed my sister, I want revenge.”

“You fought him but you are not his match. It is time you leave us.” Zeppelin pointed to where the Wolf’s Den members were. “That is where you should be.”

Lancelot and Tarzan were at a loss for words. Perhaps Zeppelin was right. As they were now part of Wolf’s Den, it was a no-brainer that they should fight alongside their comrades.



Yet, they wanted revenge. Only, their efforts seemed futile, as it was near-impossible for them to kill either Dean or Sachin to avenge Lucia Fyre and their family's demise.

Zeppelin had no intention of arguing with Lancelot and Tarzan. If they were adamant in fighting Dean, he would stop them at all costs.

At this moment, Zeppelin's heart was drowned in hatred and bitterness, for Dean had taken away the life of his beloved, Lilia Gibson. Not just that, the humiliation he suffered ten years ago from his defeat to Dean was still his bane.

Today, he would defeat Dean, and nobody else could take this chance away from him.

Lancelot and Tarzan decided not to involve

themselves with Zeppelin's affair. They had heard rumors about Zeppelin and felt it best to leave him be, for they were also no match for Dean.

It did not matter who killed Dean or Sachin, their deaths were all Lancelot and Tarzan wanted.

His Dragon Blade in hand, Zeppelin approached Dean one step at a time. With every step he took, he was reminded of the moment when Lilia sacrificed herself to save him, and her subsequent passing in his embrace.

## Chapter 700 The Great War of the South (5)

Zeppelin's eagerness to fight Dean Young again wasn't to get back at him for the humiliating defeat from a decade ago.

Rather, Zeppelin had spent the past month shut in his villa, practicing his moves with only one aim—to avenge Lilia Gibson's death.

“What happened to Lilia was not what I wanted. After all, she was my wife,” said Dean.

Zeppelin smiled bitterly. “It is too late to say anything now. Come, Dean, let us battle to our hearts' content. Only one of us can live at the end of the night!”



He raised his Dragon Blade and charged toward Dean.

Dean took a step back and dodged Zeppelin's assault, causing the Dragon Blade to hit a tree stump right behind him, splitting it in two.

It had been a month since they last met, and Zeppelin had gotten stronger. His actions were quicker, more dynamic, and way more lethal.

Unsheathing both his swords, Dean said, with a glimmer in his eyes, "You are right, there can only be one survivor tonight!"

As blades and swords danced around in the darkness, a chill wind found its way in. It was quite the gust, but not enough to

extinguish the passion and fervor running rampant on the battlefield.

As darkness settled into night, and ordinary citizens in a distant city fell into a deep slumber with their loved ones in their arms, on a deserted island thirty miles away, the best of the best fighters in the south were locked in a battle for their beliefs, their goals, and their dreams.

In a person's life, there would be many opportunities to choose a path. Yet, some paths were destined to be extraordinary and tumultuous.

A deck of golden poker cards sailed through the air, with each one of them returning to its owner drenched in blood.

Jermaine Leonard came in fighting and laid

waste to anywhere he went. Taking the lives of at least twenty enemies, he was extremely powerful and was one of the strongest people on the battlefield that night.

Sharper than daggers, his poker cards ravaged his enemies. Until now, no fighter could last a full round of assault from the cards.

Suddenly, a longsword sliced a poker card in half.

Jermaine frowned.

Holding his longsword, Jason Garcia stood on the opposite end from Jermaine, with his eyes fixated on his opponent.

“We have not seen a master of cards like you here in the south, who are you?” asked Jason.



It was reasonable for Jason to not know who Jermaine was. After all, Jermaine lived abroad and had not appeared since arriving in the Celestial Empire, except for that one incident when he saved Kace Jones.

Jermaine smiled. “Who I am is not important. The question I have for you is, can your sword repel the onslaught of my cards?”

With a flick of his wrist, three shimmering golden poker cards instantly appeared in his hand. At the snap of his fingers, a poker card shot out like a bullet, headed for Jason.

Jason parried the card with his longsword, but the second card came at him before he could even take a breather.

Then, the third and the fourth!

Each one of these cards were as lethal as a shuriken. Spinning through the air at high speeds, the angles they flew in were as random as it could get. Even after they were deflected by Jason's longsword, these cards were capable of slicing through tree branches like they were nothing but bread.

In just a few seconds, Jason managed to dodge ten cards fired by Jermaine. It seemed like he did it without effort, but Jason was spent by the time Jermaine stopped his attacks.

Swinging his longsword, Jason looked at Jermaine with a gnarly expression and snickered. "Ha! Is that all you've got? Your time is up!"

Obviously, Jason realized that Jermaine had

run out of cards to use, and was particularly thrilled that he had managed to dodge all of his opponent's attacks.

But immediately, Jason was filled with dread.

For he saw Jermaine fanning out two decks of poker cards with his hands.

“I used my poker cards back on the ship and had a new deck made for me. And then I realized one wasn't enough, so I had more prepared,” said Jermaine.

Like a magician, he covered his mouth with his hands and pulled a new deck of cards from within. He then revealed the rest of the decks hidden in his pockets and inside his shirt. There were at least a dozen decks of poker cards on his body.

Jason was stupefied. He thought he was



looking at a madman, who had nothing but poker cards with him.

After dodging only ten cards, Jason was already at his limit. He thought Jermaine had ran out of cards, but it seemed otherwise.

“Surprise!” exclaimed a thrilled Jermaine, looking at Jason like he was a monkey at the zoo.

“Die, you fool!” Jason roared as he charged toward Jermaine with his longsword raised.

Smiling sinisterly, Jermaine flung his hand and sent an entire deck of poker cards flying.

Instantly, fifty-four dagger-like projectiles were headed for Jason. Panicked, he parried the attacks with his longsword, but there were just too many, flying too fast. Some of

the cards slipped past his defenses and left gnarly cuts on his body, with the intense pain almost driving him insane.

“Where is your honor if you use hidden weapons instead?! Don’t use your cards and face me like a man!”

Jermaine laughed. “My cards are my weapons, just like your longsword is to you. Why don’t you set your sword down instead?”

“As you wish! My fists are all I need to defeat you!” replied Jason.

Knowing that he could not defend himself against Jermaine’s swarm of poker cards, Jason drove his sword into the ground. Jermaine kept his promise as well and put away his poker cards.