

Chapter 1549

Upon getting closer to the rest of the group, the duo could hear Yosef saying, “As you all probably already know, the Turnbolls are an extremely large and strong family that’s existed for at least a few hundred years in Yanam. What you may not know, however, is the fact that the party was first proposed by Young Master Baelfire Turnbull himself! With that in mind, any party that he organizes will surely attract all sorts of celebrities and prestigious people from all over the country!”

Throughout his confident introduction—that stirred quite a commotion among the audience—Yosef made sure to take good, long looks at the beautiful women present, evidently finding satisfaction from the shock in their faces.

Since Fia was the most beautiful among them all, Yosef made sure to take an extra long glance at her, a glance of which was noticed by Beau who was standing at the side.

Upon realizing that, Beau couldn’t help but feel slightly jealous. After all, his status was so much lower compared to Yosef, and he honestly knew that Yosef was someone who belonged in the same world as Fia.

With that in mind, Beau quickly tried to change the topic by saying, “Young Master Jenks, Baelfire is the most important and influential person here, no? Despite that, I have to say that he looks much more like one of the auction items the way he’s currently standing on stage! Hahaha! I’m sure a rich young heir like him isn’t in any desperate need for money, right?”

It was obvious from his unnecessary statement that Beau was struggling to even find something relevant to talk about.

“Well, he certainly is the most important person here, that’s without a doubt! Regardless, since you’re not too well-informed about some incidents here in Yanam, I advise you against saying random things for the sake of it. As for that auction bit, Young Master Turnbull is simply hosting it as a hobby of his! Hahaha! As if he’d ever be short of money!”

“Speaking of which, do you still remember the valuable treasures that I asked your father to help my

family locate a few years back? The truth is, we already knew about Young Master Turnbull's hobby back then, so my dad wanted to use the treasures to fawn on him! Hahaha! Regardless, I'm sure the public relations activity back then went remarkably! It certainly explains why I have so many admission tickets now!" replied Yosef with a chuckle.

"Hahaha! I see! To think that the Mabarts would end up making such a great contribution to the Jenks! Regardless, I wonder what items Young Master Turnbull is going to auction this time around!" said Beau with a subtle smile.

Deep inside, however, Beau was slightly ill at ease as he thought, 'If I had known about this before, I would've surely gotten acquainted with the Turnbuls myself! I could've been the one getting all the respect!'

"Pardon my rudeness, but don't you feel ashamed at all for handing Weston's valuable treasures over to those foreigners, Young Master Mabart? In fact, you're feeling rather regretful for not doing so yourself now, correct?" asked Gerald—who had been standing at the side this entire time—rather casually though he had a slight frown on his face.

Upon hearing that, both Beau and Yosef found themselves frowning as well.

Beau, in particular, felt extremely humiliated since Gerald's statement hit a sore spot. With that, he then shouted, "You're just some f*cking loser! What I do is none of your business!"

It was clear as day that he was directing all his anger—from seeing Yosef try to flirt with Fia—on Gerald.

When Sia heard Beau's retort, however, she instantly took Gerald's side by saying, "Well, is what he said even wrong? Also, you're a gentleman who studied abroad, no? To think you'd be so rude, Beau!"

Just as a quarrel appeared to be imminent, Fir—who had her gaze fixed on Young Master Turnbull this entire time—said, "That's quite enough. We joined this party to relax ourselves, remember? So, stop quarreling already! Now let's get a bit closer to the stage already, the auction's about to start!"

As she continued looking at the young master standing atop the colorfully lit stage, Fir found herself thinking, 'Grandpa told me to grab the chance when it presented itself... Could he have meant that I should try to woo Young Master Turnbull...?'

In a way, it made sense. After all, compared to Yosef, Young Master Turnbull definitely had a much more imposing aura. As for Beau, he was nowhere even near comparable to the two.

While thinking about it, she recalled her grandfather talking about the Turnbolls. With how powerful, rich, and influential he described them to be, Fia grew to have a great admiration toward Baelfire. With that in mind, she wanted to get nearer to the stage as soon as possible to get a closer look for herself.

As for Beau, he made sure to give Gerald a vicious glare before the group of people began making their way to the seats closer to the stage.

While Gerald had initially wanted to ask Yosef about the condition of the Crawfords in Yanam, he refrained since the atmosphere had turned this way. Besides, now that they were nearing the stage, it was far too noisy for a proper conversation to be held anyway.

At that moment, he suddenly heard Sia's pleasant voice whispering into his ear, "Don't worry, Gerald. If anyone even dares to bully you today, I'll be the first to stand up for you! After all, what you said earlier was true! With that in mind, I fully support you!"

Turning to look at the girl, Sia even flashed a brief 'victory pose' at Gerald.

Chapter 1550

Regardless, Gerald couldn't help but nod with a smile. She wasn't a bad woman at all, and though her words were casual, they gave Gerald a warm feeling inside.

'How rare to meet such a kind woman nowadays... I wonder if fate had planned for us to get acquainted...'

With that in mind, Gerald felt that he may as well use this chance to grant her a wish or two. After all, money was no real issue to him and he didn't mind really spending a large sum as long as it got her what she wanted or gave her access to a skill she wanted to learn. In a way, this was his way of repaying her kindness to him this entire time.

His train of thought was cut short when Young Master Turnbull—who was still on the stage—held onto the microphone before saying, “Ladies, and gentlemen! Please, be quiet!”

Hearing that, everyone instantly went quiet. Honestly, it was so silent, that it almost felt like this was some rehearsed scene in a play.

Regardless, now that everyone was paying attention, Baelfire narrowed his eyes before saying, “Now then, I'm sure everyone already knows that I host large-scale parties like this once or twice a year, and every time I do, an auction is sure to be held! In the previous years, the items I mostly auctioned were either antiques or rare items. This time, however, the auction item is a little more special!”

“Oh? Even Young Master Turnbull thinks it's special? How special could it even be?”

“Who knows? You think he's going to auction some kind of elixir or something?”

As the crowd instantly began discussing what they had just heard, a middle-aged man—who was all smiles—walked over to Baelfire's side before whispering, “As was expected, your statement made these people impatient again, Young Master Turnbull!”

“Hahaha! It's more interesting this way, isn't it? The more excited they are, the more these dogs will gnaw at each other to get what they want! I'm here for that excitement!” replied Baelfire with a tiny sneer.

Though their conversation was barely audible, Gerald was able to catch every word they said. Even so, none of all this really concerned him, so he really couldn't be bothered to step in.

“Now, now, I’m sure everyone is extremely anxious to know what the item is! Fear not, I’ll be revealing it soon!” shouted Baelfire, prompting everyone below stage to shout and scream in anticipation.

Even Fia—who had seen much of the world—was feeling impatient due to the way Baelfire had teased about the auction item.

What exactly was it? Since Young Master Turnbull was taking his time revealing it, the item must be extremely extraordinary!

Just as everyone was thinking the same thing, Baelfire smiled before declaring, “Listen closely now, the item I’m auctioning today is a woman! With that said, I’m sure you gentlemen offstage are going to have a good time! After all, not only is this woman as pretty as a fairy, but she’s also remained pure and innocent up till this point!”

Upon hearing that, shouts of excitement from the men—which were particularly loud from a select few rich young heirs—instantly filled the air.

Pleased with their reaction, Baelfire then waved his hand slightly before ordering, “Alright, bring her over and show her to them!”

Following that, four people carrying a crate—that had been draped with a white veil—slowly made their way up the stage...

Chapter 1551

The wooden carton itself appeared very tightly wrapped. Even so, the others could still see the faint outlines of a long-haired woman inside who was curled up into a ball.

“How perplexing! To think that Young Master Turnbull would actually be audacious enough to auction an actual woman!” growled the slightly angered Sia.

She wasn't the only one either. While some of them may have preferred money and others power, many of the women there still had their limits, and they were simply unwilling to just accept the fact that one of their own was being auctioned off just like that!

Their anger and dissatisfaction were completely reasonable. After all, what else were they supposed to feel seeing a person of their gender being put on display to be sold like that?

Despite the majority of women being rightfully angered, some of them appeared to have different opinions. Namely, Fia, who found herself muttering, "What would you know? For rich young heirs, human rights being snatched away is nothing! Try looking at the situation from the perspective of Young Master Turnbull. After you give it some thought, I'm sure you'll be able to see things from his point of view!"

Upon hearing that, Sia's immediate response was to feel frightened by Fia's outlook on life. Turning to look at her, Sia then said, "What? How could you say that, Fia? Can't you see that he's abusing and discriminating against women? Why are you still speaking up for him?"

While the others were having all sorts of thoughts about the situation, Gerald found himself silently staring at the messy-haired woman within the carton.

Baelfire, on the other hand, simply sneered, "I can see all your passionate gazes, men! Hahaha! Alright then, let's not beat around the bush any longer! Unveil that woman for everyone to have a better look!"

Watching as Baelfire waved his hand, the four subordinates from before then began pulling the white veil off the carton... As the cage's door was slowly opened, everyone found themselves staring at the woman inside it.

Sitting right in the middle of the cage, the woman had a snow-white long dress on, and she was hugging onto her knees with her fair and tender arms. Though she had buried her face between her knees, it was quite evident that she was weeping. Nobody knew if it was because she had lost all her energy, but her weeping was so light that only her beautiful shoulders occasionally quivered.

“Come now, raise your head and let the camera crew see you! Your face needs to be shown on the large screen!” shouted Baelfire.

Seeing that the woman wasn't complying, one of Baelfire's subordinates growled, “Hey, b*tch! Didn't you hear Young Master Turnbull's orders?!”

The woman could only wail in humiliation as her teary face was revealed to all when the same subordinate yanked her hair, forcing her to face the cameramen.

With how beautiful she was, the pitiful-looking woman instantly bewitched nearly every man who saw her. Even the women found themselves growing jealous of how beautiful she was.

As for the two women from before—who had earlier disembarked from the ghostly ship—both of them had been watching the entire scene play out from afar, and one of them was now glaring at Baelfire.

In a wrathful voice, the fierce-gazed woman growled, “That b*stard...! How dare he treat a woman like that?! I'm going to personally kill him!”

“I advise you to refrain from causing any trouble. Besides, it doesn't appear that he'll be living past tonight!”

“...Huh? What makes you say that, sister?” asked the angry woman rather curiously.

“Just have a look over there yourself!” replied the other woman as she nudged her chin over to a certain direction.

Seeing that, the angry woman turned to look in that direction... And there, she was immediately greeted by the sight of an extremely furious Gerald.

His entire body trembling almost uncontrollably, Gerald had been beyond enraged ever since he saw the caged woman's face.

'Giya...!'

He remembered bringing her to his family's mansion back then to allow her injuries to heal... Regardless, Gerald had assumed that she had been captured by the other Crawfords as well since he couldn't find her in the mansion back when he first found out that his family members had been kidnapped. Even so, it hadn't occurred to Gerald that Giya, of all people,—whom he knew to be a fine, young woman with an astounding temperament—would end up suffering such abuse!

Now seething in rage, Gerald couldn't help but stride forward before shouting, "Giya!"

'What had she even done wrong? Nothing she could've done could have deserved this outcome! Why the hell had they abused her like this?'

Whatever the case was, the second Giya heard that voice, her weakened body instantly began trembling wildly...

Chapter 1552

'...Could... I have heard wrong...? There's just no way, right...?' Giya thought to herself as she slowly looked around in disbelief, trying to find the source of that shout.

However, the second she saw him, she was so shocked that she felt that she was possibly still dreaming!

She wanted to say something, anything. But it felt like a lump in her throat was preventing her from saying a word...

As for Sia, she turned to look at Gerald—who was already walking toward the stage—before shouting in surprise, "Huh? You... Know that woman, Gerald?"

“Hah! I guess that loser was so entranced by her that he couldn’t help but walk over! From the looks of it, he doesn’t seem like the kind of person who has the money to buy her over through auctioning either!” scoffed Beau.

“Who exactly is he? How rude! If he ends up offending Young Master Turnbull, he’ll definitely end up dead soon! With that said, let’s keep our distance from him!” muttered Yosef with a frown.

Though Sia wanted to at least try to stop the agitated Gerald, he had already made it to the stage by that point.

While everyone was holding their breaths—unsure of what to even expect to happen—Giya was already in tears as she muttered, “...G-Gerald... Is... Is that really you...?”

“It is me! I’m so sorry that I’m late! I’m so sorry...!” shouted Gerald as he hugged her tight, his grief insurmountable.

“What’s the meaning of this, Young Master Turnbull?”

“Yeah! If you want that woman so much then purchase her first, you shabbily-dressed son of a b*tch! Actually, do you think he’s trying to snatch that beauty away?!”

Below stage, several of the rich young heirs were feeling extremely dissatisfied by Gerald’s actions.

“I must say, he truly is courting death! Now that I think about it, how did he even manage to board the main ship? Regardless, please remember not to admit to knowing him should Young Master Turnbull decide to interrogate us later!” grumbled Fia as she glared contemptuously at Gerald.

Amidst the chaos, Baelfire turned to look at Gerald before sneering, “Being a bit too impatient, aren’t

we, sir? Just so you know, this chick's starting price is seven million dollars! Please pay that amount first before you place your hands on her! Hahaha!"

Gerald, however, simply ignored him, opting instead to help Giya to her feet as he asked, "Are you the only one here? Where are the others?"

"They... your sisters and aunts... they were captured by those people... Following that, the Turnbills contacted the group of villains and in the end, Baelfire purchased me! However, know that despite being repeatedly humiliated by him, I always tried to fight back the best that I could!" cried out Giya.

"I see... Not to worry, Giya. Everything's fine now... Now let's go!" replied Gerald as he patted her gently on her shoulders.

Getting her onto his back, he was just about to leave when Baelfire—who had already been annoyed by the fact that Gerald had ignored his earlier statement— furiously shouted, "Hey, now! Where the hell did you even come from, you b*stard? Are you treating me like I don't exist? Are you even aware of whose territory you're currently in?!"

Turning to look at him, Gerald then casually replied, "Look, Young Master Turnbull, I'd like to send my friend home first for her to properly recuperate. Worry not, once I've done that, I'll be looking for you and your family next!"

The second Gerald's sentence ended, a roar of laughter could be heard from almost everyone within the audience.

"Is that person a nutjob? Who does he even think he is?!"

Never imagining that a person would be dumb enough to look for trouble with the Turnbills, everyone was already mocking Gerald with tears in their eyes as they laughed their lungs out.

Beau himself was flabbergasted as he declared, "He's truly lost it! You're absolutely right, Fia! We can't ever claim to know him!"

Moving back to Baelfire, he laughed aloud before shouting, "I admit that you're brave. However, do you really think that I'll just stand here doing nothing while you escape with Giya?!"

As if on cue, seven men dressed in black garments then rushed onto the stage before swiftly surrounding Gerald!

"Since you refused to back down, you'll just have to be beaten up before your corpse gets hacked into pieces!" growled Baelfire.

"With all due respect, Young Master Turnbull, my friend here is already weak enough as she is! I really need to rush back first to have her treated! Also, I've heard that your rich and powerful family has existed for dozens of generations in Yanam. With that said, I'll give you half an hour to prepare yourself and let you have your final sense of ceremony. Again, worry not, for I'll be back to deal with you in exactly thirty minutes!" replied Gerald with a frown.

"You...! You b*stard...! Who the hell do you think you are, spitting such nonsense here?! Also, what are all of you still standing there in a daze for? Beat him into a pulp already!" roared the infuriated Baelfire.

Chapter 1553

With contemptuous glares on their faces, the seven men then began crouching, looking very much like vicious wolves that were planning to pounce onto Gerald!

Their stance was so terrifying that everyone else instantly held their breaths!

"Oh god, it looks like they're positioning themselves to hack this insensible guy to pieces!"

"Humph! It's his own fault for courting death! Still, I do wonder if he's unaware of the power the Turnbulls have in Yanam. After all, he dared to offend Young Master Turnbull of all people! Whatever

the case is, once he's dealt with, his family members will surely be next!"

Though most of the people offstage were sneering at Gerald, Sia herself was feeling deeply anxious.

Turning to look to her side, she then pleaded, "Young Master Jenks! Fia! Hurry and figure out a way to save him! Use your families' powers or something! He couldn't help it he just wanted to save that woman...!"

However, both of them simply returned cold expressions to her.

"Sia, that's quite enough! So what if that loser dies? Big deal! If you need a quick refresher, he's simply a stranger whom we met by chance! With that said, what are you even being so anxious for?" grumbled Fia in resignation.

"But—"

Before Sia could even finish what she was trying to say, the seven men made their moves!

Looking both frightening and fierce, the men watched as Gerald—who was still tightly hugging Giya—slowly lifted his arm...

And with a simple wave of his hand, an explosive sound could be heard as multiple swords that glowed white suddenly appeared out of thin air!

Swiftly slashing at all seven of the assailants with great precision and ease, it barely took a few seconds for all of them to begin falling to the ground, completely sliced in pieces! But Gerald wasn't done yet.

No, he made sure to dice them up so finely that in the end, only a bloody mist remained of them!

With how bloody the scene was, several of the present women instantly began screaming!

As everyone instinctively took a few steps back in their bewilderment, Sia—who was equally as shocked—found herself momentarily only capable of covering her mouth. She had witnessed every second of Gerald's retaliation... The demeanor he had at the time... It was undoubtedly the demeanor of a great master!

Regardless, Fia, Beau, and the others couldn't help but feel their eyelids twitch rapidly as they continued staring at Gerald. He... was the one who should've been hacked to pieces, right? How had everything gone the complete opposite direction?

With how swiftly those seven men had been killed, it was now clear as day that Gerald wasn't only an immensely powerful person, but he also had remarkable abilities!

As Fia gulped in realization of this, the now anxious Baelfire found himself slowly taking several steps back as he muttered, "...T-this..."

The ones Gerald had just killed so easily were all exceptional men from his family!

"In the end, it turns out that you truly are insensible!" said Gerald as he glared frigidly at Baelfire.

Sweating profusely, it was only at that moment when Baelfire realized how frightening Gerald's gaze really was.

Hoping to diffuse the situation, the middle-aged man from before tried his best to put on a calm façade before warning, "Sir, before you do anything, let's talk this out nicely. If you don't already know, this rich young heir is Baelfire Turnbull! The son of the richest man in Yanam! Not only is he the master's only son, but he's well known across the entire country as well! While I admit that you possess exceptional strength, know that Yanam has many forces too! With that in mind, I hope you realize that there will be dire consequences if you dare lay even a single finger on the young master!"

When Gerald made no immediate reply, Baelfire assumed that Gerald was finally feeling a little afraid.

With that in mind, Baelfire then quickly added, "...That's right! I'm the top rich young heir in Yanam, and I have an entire country on my side! With that said, I also have several men as powerful as you are! Regardless, correct me if I'm wrong, but I remember there being a certain saying in Weston that I'm sure you're aware of... It has something to do with the ripple effect, and it goes along the lines of, 'Even the slightest change can affect everything else.' With that said, you won't ever be able to leave Yanam alive if you dare hurt me!"

Laughing mockingly in response, Gerald then sneered, "You know, I don't believe you understood what I said earlier! The thirty-minute timer I gave you earlier... It isn't only for you. It's for your entire family! In other words, I'm making sure I kill every single Turnbull as revenge for treating my friend like this!"

"...W-what did you say...?! You're exterminating the entire Turnbull family?!" stuttered the middle-aged man, utterly shocked by Gerald's statement.

As deep fear swept through Baelfire, Gerald then scoffed, "Indeed, I am! Also, keeping what I just said in mind, I'm sure you now realize that everything you've earlier said was simply nonsense to me! In fact, because you said all that, I've made up my mind to just kill Baelfire now!"

"N-no...! Lenox! Save me from this maniac! Please...!" pleaded Baelfire as he rapidly began shaking his head.

Having no other choice, Lenox then glared at Gerald before roaring, "While you may not respect the Turnbolls, I wonder if you'll bow to the power of the Crawfords from Yanam! Listen here, I'm part of that family, and my name is Lenox Crawford! With that in mind, I wonder if you're still daring enough to proceed!"

"Oh? Just so you know, once I'm done eliminating the Turnbolls, I'll be looking for your family members next!"

Chapter 1554

Following a cold smile, Gerald slashed the air with two of his fingers, prompting a blade of light to form!

As it instantly flew in Baelfire's direction, Lenox attempted to stop it from proceeding any further. However, he ended up freezing in place the second he realized how strong the blade really was. That power... Nobody would've been able to stop it!

"Y-young master...!" shouted the horrified Lenox as he watched Baelfire get sliced into eight pieces in no time flat!

With how terribly he had died, the atmosphere quickly grew exceedingly suffocating...

Lenox himself was momentarily stunned in his utter disbelief...

Who could blame him? He had just witnessed the horrifying death of the only son of the richest man in Yanam! That youth had control over half the economy there!

Now that all this had happened, Lenox was now having so much trouble imagining what was to come that his ears started ringing.

Eventually, the pale-faced middle-aged man then turned to look at Gerald before saying, "...You truly are a vicious person, sir... Regardless, I wonder if you're daring enough to give me your name after all that you've done...?"

"Sure. My name is Gerald Crawford, and I'm from the Crawford family in Northbay!" declared Gerald as he stared intently at Lenox.

"...W-what? Gerald Crawford?! You're the most important and final element we need for the success of the Plan of Insights! The Crawfords of Yanam have been looking all over for you for the longest time, you

know? To think you'd show yourself here of all places!"

"A nice summary, but tell me something I don't know!" replied Gerald with a faint smile.

Now realizing that Gerald had come here specifically to hunt them down, the bewildered Lenox then exclaimed, "...So that's why Hoyt and the others have gone missing...! You killed them, didn't you?!"

"Bingo! I made sure to leave no one alive!" replied Gerald.

As Lenox stared at Gerald, completely speechless, everyone else below stage—who had heard Gerald's words—found themselves utterly flabbergasted as well. While they didn't really understand most of their conversation, they understood enough to know that Gerald wasn't a person to be trifled with.

"What kind of person even is Gerald? How could he be so cruel!" muttered Yosef who still hadn't recovered from all the shock.

That person... To think that he was barely even worried about the Turnbells and the Crawfords of Yanam...! What kind of level did one even need to have to be able to do that?!

"B-beats me! All I know is that he got off the same ship as Fia! F*cking hell! I knew that anyone riding the main ship couldn't be ordinary...!" whimpered Beau fearfully.

Fia herself only knew as much about the situation as the others. In other words, it was evident that she had no idea who Gerald truly was either.

"So you were here, sir!" shouted a booming voice at that moment.

Before anyone could even register who that mysterious voice belonged to, several shadowy figures could suddenly be seen dashing above the heads of the audience!

A split second later, fifty exceptional-looking men could be seen standing atop the stage, much to Lenox's shock and fear!

Fia herself noticed that her grandfather was standing among those people. A sense of pride now welling within her, Fia couldn't help but shout, "Grandpa!"

However, Yeshua completely ignored his granddaughter, opting instead to bow before Gerald, something that all fifty of the exceptional men quickly did as well.

Following that, Carlos then said, "We've been looking for you for quite a while, Mr. Crawford!"

The second Beau heard that name, his eyes almost popped out of their sockets as he muttered, "...W-what...? M-Mr. Crawford...?!"

Even Fia was already covering her mouth in disbelief by this point...

Chapter 1555

Everyone else had their eyes widened in incredulity as well, now finally realizing that the person on stage was none other than the one and only Mr. Crawford of Sacrasolis Palace!

As everyone remained momentarily shocked, Carlos broke the silence by saying, "So, Mr. Crawford, what should we do with this person?"

From the way he said it, it was clear that Carlos cared little about the consequences, and the same went for Gerald's other men on stage.

The only one who had initially been slightly hesitant was Yeshua, who had planned on advising Gerald not to mess with the Turnbuls. After all, they were a top major family who owned over half of Yanam's wealth! What more, those in the Turnbull family were also relatives of the King of Yanam! In short, that

family had a deeply-rooted position there...

With that in mind, the fact that Mr. Crawford had just killed Hooper Turnbull's only son spelled nothing but complete disaster!

Even so, after realizing how much Carlos and the others revered Gerald, Yeshua held his tongue. Since things had already gotten this far anyway, he may as well take Gerald as his only guide.

'I guess we're enemies with that family now... So be it!' Yeshua thought to himself.

Either way, Lenox was already well aware that the murderous people before him were all very capable and powerful. With that said, the second he heard Carlos's question, he instantly got to his knees in fright before pleading, "P-Please...! Please, don't kill me...!"

Upon hearing that, Gerald simply turned to look at him before sneering, "You're just a dog, aren't you? Are you even worthy enough to be killed by me?"

Feeling as Gerald gently began stepping on his head, Lenox then heard the youth say, "Now then, listen closely... I want you to send what remains of Baelfire's corpse back to the Turnbull family... Following that, tell them that if they continue allying themselves with the Crawfords of Yaman, this will only be the beginning for them!"

Gerald's cold words instantly sent shivers down Lenox's spine, prompting the terrified man to quickly nod in response.

"Now get lost!" roared Gerald in such a commanding way that Lenox felt as though his soul had just been pierced.

Quickly crawling over to Baelfire's corpse pieces, the man then carried them up before awkwardly scuttling away.

By that point, Giya had already passed out from all the sudden turn of events.

Realizing that, Gerald then ordered, “Carlos! Take Miss Quarrington for her to get some proper rest!”

The second his order ended, however, the corner of his eyes caught a glimpse of a familiar person’s back... Though she was standing near the edges of the crowd, Gerald recognized that back anywhere, and he instantly began trembling all over...

She appeared to be with a friend of hers, and both of them were draped in white clothing. Despite being quite a distance away, Gerald could already sense how pure their fairy-like temperaments were...

Regardless, her temperament wasn’t what caught his attention. Looking at the taller and leaner woman between the two, Gerald was now more certain than ever that it was her!

That back... it belonged to Mila!

“...T-this...” muttered Gerald to himself, his eyelids twitching as he watched the two stunning figures slowly turn around to leave.

He was well aware that he had mistaken other people for Mila several times by now, which was why he wasn’t acting impulsively this time.

In the end, however, he simply couldn’t hold himself back as he leaped from the stage and landed right behind the leaving duo!

Still slightly anxious, Gerald placed his hands against his back—in an effort to regain his composure—before saying, “Please wait a moment, ladies!”

Stopping in their tracks, the slightly shorter woman then coldly replied, "Is something the matter, sir? We haven't offended you in any way, right?"

"Of course you haven't. However, I... help but realize that this lady beside you resembles my lover a lot... She's been missing for many years now, you see, and I've been looking all over for her so..."

As Gerald couldn't help but speak his mind out, the taller woman then replied, "There are many people who resemble others in this world, sir. I'm sorry to hear that you miss her dearly, but we honestly aren't acquainted, sir!"

Despite her casual reply, Gerald now found himself unable to hold his tears back, deep emotions welling within him.

His eyes fully reddened, it took him insurmountable strength and courage to finally be able to find his voice again...

"...M-Mila...! It... It really is you...!"

'That back... That voice...! There's no doubt about it, she really is Mila...!'

To think that he would actually bump into Mila here of all places... How completely unexpected! It was so coincidental that he honestly wondered if he was still dreaming!

Now completely certain that it was her, Gerald then moved even closer to the tall woman before saying, "Mila, it's me! Gerald!"

Chapter 1556

The second she felt him grabbing onto her arm, the initially shocked woman quickly became infuriated as she shouted, "You...! How dare you...?!"

Following that, a layer of draconic scales that glowed scarlet could faintly be seen on her arm!

As the glow grew brighter, Gerald could feel a rapidly increasing heat on his palm, prompting him to release his grip before taking two steps back.

It was at that moment when the woman finally turned to face her wrathful gaze at Gerald, her charming face now reddened in anger as she snapped, “How dare you behave so imprudently toward me!”

Upon getting a good look at her face, Gerald instantly began breathing much rapidly, now appearing even more emotionally moved than before!

‘Not only do you sound like her, but you look exactly like her too! I can now say with full certainty that I’ve finally found you, Mila...!’

“Please take a good, long look at me, Mila! Have you truly forgotten who I am? I’m Gerald! I’ve been tirelessly looking for you throughout these four years ever since you went missing during that excursion!” explained Gerald, tears already forming at the corners of his eyes.

Hearing that, both of the women couldn’t help but look at each other. The taller woman—in particular—now had a wide frown as her eyelids twitched slightly.

Either way, though the bewildered short woman appeared like she wanted to say something, her friend quickly stopped her. Shaking her head, it was a clear indication that the tall woman didn’t want her friend to say anything unnecessary.

“...I think this man’s just mistaking me for the wrong person, sister. Look, we really don’t know who you are and it’s already getting late so we’ll be off first!” said the tall woman.

Following that, everyone’s eyes widened as both of them speedily flew toward the ocean! Gerald himself could only stare in utter disbelief as the two figures slowly disappeared from sight.

'That... was clearly Mila, right? Why did she avoid me? It's as if she doesn't remember a thing about me! That... That's simply impossible...!' Gerald thought to himself.

Whatever the case was, Gerald wasn't about to let Mila leave him again. With that in mind, he instantly began giving chase!

However, he soon found out that the two women were experts at the lightness skill. After all, with not a trace in sight, he no longer had any idea which direction they could've possibly headed to.

Dejected, Gerald could only hover above the gentle waves, momentarily unable to reconcile with the fact that he had lost her yet again...

It wasn't long after before the two women arrived at an island quite far from where the party had been held...

Their feet finally touching the ground once they got to shore, they were instantly greeted by the sight of a shimmering giant ship that had been docked there.

Resplendently lit, the queer ship almost seemed to be magical in nature, evident by how it kept disappearing and reappearing on the same spot.

With how ethereal it looked, a person who wasn't paying attention could easily mistake the ship as nothing but a trick of the light.

Regardless, now that they had managed to shake Gerald off their trail, the short woman found herself saying, "That was really dangerous earlier, Xoie! That man... He seemed to know who Mila was! What bad luck that you just so happened to be dressing up her today!"

“You’re telling me! Either way, while it’s clear that he knows her, I wonder why Mila would even be acquainted with anyone here...” mumbled Xoie Quartermain who found the entire situation quite perplexing.

Both she and her younger sister—Xylina Quartermain—had been planning on having some fun for a while now, so they ended up sneaking off to the most crowded place they could find to momentarily enjoy themselves. Neither of them could have ever expected to bump into someone who actually knew Mila!

“Thinking back, I remember him saying that Mila was his lover! What spicy news! Let’s go tell Mila about it right now!” proposed Xylina.

“Hold on, sister!” replied Xoie.

“Hmm? What’s wrong?”

“...Let’s not tell her about this first. After all, if you do, it’ll be equivalent to you telling her that we left for earth without any good reason! With that said, if dad ever finds out about that, he’ll surely ground us! Besides, if Mila truly did know him, she would’ve definitely attempted to find him ages ago! Regardless, let’s not tell her about this first! Best not to stir up something that can be completely avoided!” explained Xoie.

“Well... Alright, sister... Still, I think you should head out with your own appearance in the future. You really don’t have to try so hard to compete with Mila’s beauty, you know? Don’t even dare to deny that you haven’t been trying to see which between the two of you is prettier ever since you came here. You’ve done it far too many times by this point. Aren’t you tired...?” replied Xylina rather casually.

“I get it!” retorted Xoie, a hint of humiliation on her face.

Raising her fair arm, she stared at the part where Gerald had earlier grabbed her...

From her childhood days, Xoie had remained extremely pure... With that said, this was the first time a man had ever grabbed her by her wrist.

Adding that to the fact that Gerald had the aura of a powerful person, the more Xoie thought about it, the more restless she became as strong emotions welled within her...

Chapter 1557

However, her train of thought was cut short when a pleasant voice called out, "Xoie? Xylina! Where have both of you been this entire time?"

Hearing that, Xylina then replied, "Ah! Mila! Well, we were earlier-"

Much to Xoie's relief, Xylina managed to recall their earlier promise in time which prevented her from blurting out everything.

Either way, after a slight nudge from Xoie, Xylina quickly recovered her wits as she continued, "...We... were earlier just having a look around out here! After all, the sea is rather beautiful at night, wouldn't you say?"

In response, Mila simply smiled subtly as she nodded before replying, "While I know it isn't exactly easy to negotiate with the King in the North, you have to remember that our adoptive father specifically chose us to complete the task. With that in mind, while things are currently a little boring, we should really try to obey adoptive father's orders and refrain from wandering around outside!"

"We get it Mila... Regardless, I've brought back some medicine that I ordered some subordinates of mine to get for you. You always seemed to suffer from serious headaches every night, so I thought I'd get you something to help calm your nerves. I got the idea when I heard that strange and valuable herbs existed on earth, you see. Following that, I got my subordinates to pick a few relevant ones for you!" explained Xoie as she took out the strange and invaluable medicine that her subordinates had prepared.

After handing it to Mila, Xoie then cleared her throat before asking, "...Speaking of which, how familiar are you with this world...?"

Mila had a rather mysterious history. After all, while she hadn't mastered any forms of training, she was an incredibly smart person. Due to that, the old lady always had Mila by her side. After some time, the old lady found herself appreciating Mila's efforts so much that Xoie's father felt that it was only right to adopt her into the family!

With that in mind, despite Mila only being his adoptive daughter, Xoie's father had chosen her to be the main spokesperson for the negotiation instead of her! Due to that, Xoie would be lying if she said she wasn't at least a little jealous.

After all, Xoie clearly more outstanding than Mila in terms of experience, appearance, and strength. Hell, Mila had begun her life here as nothing more but the old lady's maid! Why was she being given so much power and respect now? As if that wasn't already enough, Xoie had just found out that there was an extremely strong person who seemed to like her!

Speaking of that person, it was now clear that the rumors were true. Mila truly had come from earth!

"...Hmm? This world? How do I put this...? I find this place to be... both familiar and strange... Every time I come here, a mysterious feeling sweeps through me... What more, for some inexorable reason, my heart begins palpitating a lot more when I'm in this world! I really have no idea why that is myself!" replied Mila as she stared into the horizon, slight worry reflected in her eyes.

She truly had no idea what was wrong with her. For one, ever since she woke up again, she couldn't remember a thing about her past...

Even so, the blurry figure of that man would always appear in her mind every single night... He wasn't a strong-looking person by a long shot, but even so, Mila could still sense how strongly he loved her...

'Who are you...? And why does my heart beat so much harder every time I'm here...?'

As the three sisters remained silent for a while, a figure suddenly dropped from the sky, landing close to

where the trio was standing!

He appeared to be a male servant, and after bowing toward them, he then said, “Miss Smith and Miss Quartermain, my master has organized a national party in Yanam, and he’s invited all three of you to attend!”

“I see. Do thank Lord Yao on my behalf. Once we prepare ourselves, we’ll head over immediately!” replied Mila with a nod.

Meanwhile, a pained scream echoed across the walls of the Turnbull family’s mansion.

Staring at his son’s chopped-up corpse, Hooper—the master of the Turnbull family—felt extremely faint, hoping that this was all just a nightmare.

Chapter 1558

The Turnbuls were a family that had existed for hundreds of years, and there were many exceptional and powerful people within that family who had influential backgrounds. Due to that, they had always behaved rather recklessly since nobody could really stand up against them.

With all that in mind, Hooper had never imagined that his son would die so horribly. Hugging onto the many pieces of his son’s corpse, Hooper felt as a cocktail of grief, hatred, and wrath began brewing in his heart...

Upon seeing his reaction, everyone sensible enough immediately took a few steps back.

Still trembling, Hooper then turned to look at Lenox as he growled, “...Who... Who’s responsible for killing my son...?!”

Quivering in fear, Lenox then replied, “T-the person who did it... is the one my family’s been looking everywhere for! The deed was done by Gerald!”

“...What?! Gerald?!” roared Hooper, his eyes now a bloody-red as murderous intent exuded from every orifice on his body.

Watching all this play out, a luxuriously dressed middle-aged man—who had been sitting at the side—then declared, “I offer my sincerest condolences to you and your family, Hooper... Regardless, to avenge my nephew, I’ll be ordering those from the army to capture that Gerald! Once we have him, I’ll be sure to make him suffer terribly!”

Turning to look at the middle-aged man—who was from the royal family—the crazed-looking Hooper then replied, “There’s no need for that! Once we have him, the Turnbells will be devouring every inch of his flesh and drinking all his blood!”

As he began weeping tears of blood, a voice suddenly shouted, “Do you honestly think that you two can capture Gerald? You’re both just idiots! It’s really no wonder why your son ended up dying so terribly! Regardless, knowing that boy’s temper, you don’t have to waste any effort trying to capture him. He’ll probably be taking the initiative to come look for you! Hahaha! That silly, silly boy! I bet he thinks that massacring all of you will eventually force me out! Either way, your Turnbells have zero chance to escape his wrath by this point. Your threats won’t work against him either since to him, you’re all quite literally as easy to kill as mere ants!”

Upon hearing that, everyone turned to look at the source of the voice... And there, slowly walking toward them from the middle of the national banquet hall, was an old man donning black robes...

The second Lenox saw him, he instantly began sweating profusely as he said, “M-master...!”

Following that, he fearfully zipped his mouth tight before kowtowing in the direction of the old man.

Even Hooper and Greyson Leacock—the person who had come from the royal family in the Gloyv State—grew frightened when they realized that the old man was present.

After both of them greeted him, Hooper then asked, "About what you said earlier... How could you be so sure, master...?"

"How couldn't I be? I'm the one who knows him best in this entire world!" retorted the old man as he slowly took off his black hood...

If Gerald was here to witness this, he'd surely have been extremely surprised to find out the true identity of that old man!

From how well the old man knew the boy, he assumed that Gerald would probably think something along the lines of, 'It... It was grandpa Daryl this entire time...?! The person who I respected so much in the past?! I... I don't think he's my grandpa anymore... From what I can see, he's now nothing but a schemer who's been acting behind the scenes this entire time!'

Regardless, Gerald would probably feel shocked by his appearance as well. After all, Daryl's eyes had now gone fully scarlet, and his lips were a frightening shade of purple and black. There were even hints of divine lines on his forehead that glowed red... Together, this combination made him look like a human who had made it halfway down the route of becoming a true devil...

Smiling subtly, Daryl then laughed before sneering, "I've spent way too much time and effort to get my major plan to this point! After all, I had to pretend to be his grandfather for quite a while in order to manipulate him without getting suspected! Even so, it was all worth it since I was able to make and watch him slowly mature... In a way, what I did isn't unlike watching a seed I planted slowly grow and eventually blossom... However, a slight change in plans happened right before I was able to pick the fruits of my efforts! Though that's beside the point. Regardless, I'm sure you now know why I said I know him so well!"

"...Wait. Don't tell me that... Gerald is the product of the Herculean Golden Base...? I remember peculiar things happening in the sky over twenty years ago... Following that, the Herculean Golden Base had sent several forces to explore its product..." said Hooper, greatly bewildered.

As for Greyson, he took in a deep breath before adding, "...You've said before that this Herculean Golden Base is also known as the Herculean Primordial Spirit, right, master...? I also recall you saying

that it's the strongest power between heaven and earth... So strong, in fact, that whoever gains it will be able to achieve immortality! Thinking back, it was around fifty years ago when you saved a fisherman couple... Following that, you even gave them a lot of money in order to obtain the Herculean Golden Base that was about to befall their descendants... Since Gerald is so powerful, could it be that he's that heir...?"

"Bingo. Either way, the demonic power granted me not only strength, but also the ability to foresee the future! With this much power, I'm only able to enjoy myself if my plan goes flawlessly! Sadly enough, I didn't consider the fact that people would secretly try to help Gerald along the way! Thanks to them, he's grown a bit too powerful for my taste and my plans were almost ruined!" grumbled Daryl as he clenched his fists tightly...

Chapter 1559

"Come again, master? You weren't expecting him to get this powerful?" asked Greyson.

"Indeed, I haven't. Humph. I've truly looked down upon the Herculean Primordial Spirit's power to bring drastic change to people... After all, Gerald's been able to enter the Rune Realm in just a few years! It isn't even a stretch anymore to say that his training level is on par with mine! No matter how you look at it, achieving something like this should be impossible, no matter how talented the person is!"

"Whatever the case is, the most annoying thing about all this is the fact that the person who's secretly been helping Gerald keeps encouraging him to grow stronger! If it wasn't for him, Gerald wouldn't have developed so rapidly to the point where I can't even control him anymore! It's exactly because of that that I have to act behind the scenes!" explained Daryl.

Upon hearing that, both Hooper and Greyson drew in cold breaths.

"The seven most powerful people from the Ringmasters of Obliteration rule above all... If Gerald truly is as strong as you say he is, does that mean that he's on par with the seven Chakra Kings who own ungodly strength...? Is Gerald a Chakra King as well...?"

Left deeply stupefied by that realization, both men now knew that seeking impulsive revenge against Gerald was just going to be a suicide mission.

“Right again! And that’s how great the Herculean Golden Base’s power is! Regardless, it’s naturally a unique charm as well!” replied Daryl with a subtle smile.

“Then... do we really have no way to deal with Gerald, master...? I won’t be able to die in peace if I don’t avenge my son after he’s faced such a horrible death! I’m begging you, master, please! Think of some way to kill him!” pleaded Hooper.

“Not to worry, I wasn’t planning on allowing Gerald to continue developing like this anyway! It’s the reason why I captured his family members in the first place! Once I capture one other person, I’ll be able to control at least two-thirds of his life! He won’t be able to escape my grasp then! Hahaha!”

“Following that, I’ll activate Yanam’s national fortification formation—that’s been passed down since ancient times—, the great dragon extermination spell! With it, it won’t be too difficult to kill the current Gerald! After all, that child’s most fatal flaws are his soft-heartedness and his worry-filled heart! Too bad for him, I’m a nemesis that doesn’t care the least about ethics as long as I’m able to achieve my goals!” declared Daryl, clenching his fists once more.

When the duo heard that, their eyes widened so much that their eyeballs looked like they were ready to pop out...

“...M-master... Are we really going to be using the great dragon extermination spell? To even operate it, we’ll be needing...” muttered Greyson in a clearly troubled voice.

“As I’ve said, ethics bear little to no meaning to me as long as I’m able to achieve my goals. There’s nothing more important to me than snatching the Herculean Golden Base for myself. With that in mind, all the sacrifices and effort I’ve put into this mission are completely worthwhile to me!” sneered Daryl.

The great dragon extermination spell was something that the remarkable people from ancient times left behind. The spell was so formidable that even the powerful Chakra Kings would end up being swiftly taken out if they were hit by it!

Of course, such great power came at a hefty price, and Hooper and Greyson were well aware of that. Even so, neither of them dared to disobey Daryl's orders.

Knowing that they weren't going to be able to change his mind, Greyson then asked, "You earlier mentioned something about a fatal flaw of Gerald's, master... Could you elaborate on that...?"

"Hahaha! Well, remember how I said that the boy's too soft-hearted? Sure, we have his family with us and he cares deeply about them... However, once I manage to capture the woman he's in love with as well, everything will pretty much be in the bag! By that point, we just need to make sure that the great dragon extermination spell is successfully operated!"

"...I see! But where should we even begin looking for that woman...?" asked Hooper.

"Well, first off, her name is Mila Smith, and she's the woman of Gerald's life. Secondly, she's currently rushing toward this place all the way from Jaellatra! To ensure her capture, I had made sure to pull enough strings so that she would end up coming here herself!" replied Daryl with a smile.

"...What? Miss Smith? The one from Jaellatra? But master, we're in a cooperative relationship with that place! We can't just capture her!" said the bewildered Harper.

"Ah, about that... I'm saying it now that all that was just bullsh*t! If you weren't aware, the forces from Jaellatra have been using all sorts of training resources—in recent years—to captivate the seven major Chakra Kings. In other words, while I'm the King of South Asia by name, to them, I'm simply their puppet, or at least that's what they think. I've had to suffer and endure pretending to be subservient to them all this time, just for the sake of getting the Herculean Golden Base... Once I've obtained it, Jaellatra won't even be worth caring about anymore! Regardless, once they arrive later, just act according to plan!" ordered Daryl in a commanding tone.

Trembling as they watched a great darkness exude from his body, everyone quickly nodded in agreement.

Seeing that, Daryl simply smiled smugly before muttering, “It’s finally time for us to meet again, Gerald... Rest assured, it’ll also be our last encounter!”

Moving back to Gerald, he was still in a slight daze...

After all, he had just gotten confirmation that Mila was alive! Though seeing her with his very own eyes filled him with endless joy, it appeared quite evident that she had lost her memories...

Even so, the most important thing was that she was still among the living. The fact that he was able to meet her again in this lifetime... It was a blessing, if anything. With that in mind, there was nothing to regret about in that brief encounter of theirs...

Chapter 1560

Though Gerald was pretty much at the level of a Chakra King now—meaning that he was at the top of the world—there were still many things that surprised him. For one, it hadn’t occurred to him that Mila would get so strong throughout her absence.

Lifting his hand, he stared at his burnt palm... To think that the searing aura from Mila’s body was actually able to breach his thunder essential qi with such ease...

As Gerald released a long sigh, over ten ghostly and strange-looking ships swiftly appeared before him, completely blocking his path in seconds...

Following that, it didn’t take long for Master Ghost, Carlos, and the others to notice their presence as well.

Walking over to stand behind Gerald—who was already staring at the ships with his arms against his back—everyone then watched rather curiously as a white-haired old man—alongside ten other middle-aged people—leaped off one of the ships before slowly descending toward the ship that Gerald and the others were all on.

Now that they had a good look at the old man, both Carlos and Julian's eyes widened as they muttered in unison, "That... That's the leading priests from the Ringmasters of Obliteration!"

"The Ringmasters of Obliteration?" asked Gerald who clearly wasn't familiar with that name.

As the leading priest gently stepped onto Gerald's boat, he laughed before saying, "Indeed! As they said, I'm the leading priest! Regardless, it's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Crawford! If I recall correctly, you tested your power with the aid of the Sceolium a few days back, correct? Well, when the Ringmasters of Obliteration learned that there was yet another Chakra King in the world, they instantly grew excited!"

Watching as the leading priest laughed aloud again, Gerald then placed his palms together before replying, "You flatter me, sir. However, I do believe that your arrival here today isn't just for the sake of congratulating me, correct?"

"Hahaha! You're rather straightforward, Mr. Crawford! However, you are correct! I'm here in person with an important mission from the Ringmasters of Obliteration!" replied the leading priest, choosing not to beat around the bush either.

Looking into the polite elder's clear eyes, Gerald couldn't help but have a good impression of him.

Due to that, he had no problem with inviting the elder into the cabin.

Once inside, the leading priest wasted no time and instantly said, "Since you've probably only heard snippets about the Ringmasters of Obliteration before, I wonder if you'd be willing to allow me to give a more detailed introduction about ourselves? Just to make things as clear as possible between us!"

Watching as the leading priest then took a sip of tea before smiling, Gerald casually replied, "I'm all ears."

“Excellent! See, the Ringmasters of Obliteration is an organization that’s existed for thousands of years, and it’s responsible for coordinating all the unbalanced forces around the world, just to ensure that an objective balance is always maintained. As the name implies, the organization consists of representatives who are sent out by the most powerful people across the globe. A united nation, if you will! Hahaha!”

“Regardless, there are currently seven extremely powerful people leading the Ringmasters of Obliteration, and they were chosen for good reason. All seven of them have managed to enter the Rune Realm, you see, making them the cream of the crop. With that in mind, their common discussions together oftentimes influences the direction of how things happen within the cultivation realm. Also, while they each have their own regions, it should be noted that none of them ever interfere with what happens within the world’s secular society. It’s simply a limitation under the principles of the Ringmasters of Obliteration!”

“Moving on to its members, the seven powerful people include Murray Click, the King of Northern Europe, Petros Ambers, the King of the Northern Desert, Yellowleaf Laelia, the King of Southern Island, Sergius Leuke, the King of East Asia, Odin Duras, the King of Northern America, Feit Foreswift, the King of the Ocean, and as for the last one... I’m sure you know him well, Mr. Crawford! Hahaha! He’s Daryl Crawford, the King of South Asia!”

Upon hearing that last name, Gerlad found his eyelids twitching slightly.

As it turned out, Daryl had not only hidden himself well, but he had also been busy to the point where he eventually managed to become the ruler of South Asia... That explained why he could do whatever he pleased.

Noticing a hint of resentment in Gerald’s eyes at the mention of Daryl, the Priest Jenkins then added, “Each of the Chakra Kings owns magical powers and are pretty much omnipotent. Due to that, they each possess near-endless honor as well. With all that out of the way, I’m here to tell you that you’re now one of the eight most powerful people in the world! In relation to that, the Ringmasters of Obliteration naturally wish for you to send us a representative, just as the others have done. Do you agree to that?”

“Well, since all this is for the sake of keeping the cultivation realm stable, there’s no real reason for me to object. With that said, I agree!” replied Gerald.

“Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Crawford! Speaking of which, we learned that the Sacrasolis Palace—that you’re currently leading—is located North in Weston. With that in mind, the Ringmasters of Obliteration have given you the title of King of the North, a title of which they will be using to address you from now on!” said Priest Jenkin as he took out a wooden token and placed it before Gerald...

On it, were the characters, ‘King of the North’!

Chapter 1561

“What wonderful news! From this moment forth, he’ll be recognized by the cultivating realms all across the globe as the King of the North!” whispered Carlos and the others excitedly among themselves.

Gerald, however, didn’t seem to care too much about this. After all, by this point, honor and recognition weren’t really important to him anymore.

Regardless, Priest Jenkin then cleared his throat before saying, “Actually, there’s one more thing that one of the Ringmasters of Obliteration entrusted me to tell you... Quite frankly, however, I’m not really sure if you’d like to hear it...”

Nodding in response, Gerald then replied, “Please share it with me, leading priest!”

“Well... I heard from the King of South Asia that Daryl’s had some beef with you... As I’ve earlier said, the Ringmasters of Obliteration have a rule of not getting involved with the real world... I’m sure you can guess where I’m going with this, but the love-hate relationship between you and Daryl has gotten to the point where you actually killed the Turnbull family’s young master! While the past is in the past, I’ve been told to advise the two of you to have a nice talk about all this... After all, in the end, this is all for the peace of the cultivating realm...” explained Priest Jenkin.

“First off, there’s something wrong with that statement... You see, I’m not the one unwilling to let go of all this. In fact, you can trust me when I say that it’s the other person who isn’t letting me off!

Regardless, now that you’ve all spoken up, I can agree to meet and have a talk with Daryl once the chance presents itself. However, I’ll only be willing to do so if he first releases my family members!” replied Gerald in a straightforward but casual way so that even an idiot would be able to fully

understand his message.

Daryl had been playing this game for the longest time, making precise calculations and even manipulating Gerald's ancestors, all for the sake of eventually being able to deal with Gerald.

With that in mind, it was evident that Gerald had been hurt far too much by that old man. Despite the good advice from the Ringmasters of Obliteration, Gerald wasn't about to just let that old man off that easily. Daryl needed to pay something back for all the damage he had done to him.

Putting his grudges against that old man aside, Gerald fully understood that the Ringmasters of Obliteration simply didn't want him to hurt innocent people or intervene with secular matters. Both of those were naturally no issue for Gerald.

"That's great to hear! Now I can return and give the ringmasters a good explanation! Well, without further ado, I'll be taking my leave then, Master Gerald!"

After the priest left, everyone instantly began excitedly chatting with each other.

"What a great and honorable title the King of the North is!"

As the others chatted on, Gerald knew for a fact that he wouldn't be able to find peace yet. After all, there were simply far too many things he still needed to do in the future... All he could do in the meantime, was hope that his family members were all still safe and sound...

The second his thought ended, a loud 'bang' could be heard before the ship began shaking all of a sudden! Sensing that the waves beneath them were now churning violently out of the blue, Gerald found himself furrowing his brows, wondering what was going on.

By exerting some force, the waves instantly went calm again, though almost immediately after, a massive force attracted Gerald's attention.

Activating his divine eye, Gerald scanned the area up ahead... before closing it again after only a brief moment.

“There’s no need to panic, everyone! I’ll be heading off for a while, but don’t worry, I’ll be back soon!” said Gerald rather casually before he slowly faded away...

Within the country of Yanam, tall mountains were everywhere. However, there was one mountain, in particular, that was so tall that it went above the clouds... Almost as though it connected the heavens with the earth, the mountain was aptly named Alpview.

At that moment—above the many clouds beneath Alpview’s peak—a man donning plain clothes could be seen standing on a tall porch, his arms against his back as he stared at the near-endless horizon of mountains and rivers before him...

With how tall Alpview was, it was no wonder why nobody else was there.

All of a sudden, Gerald could suddenly be seen slowly walking over...

Staring at the old man’s back with a bitter smile on his face, Gerald then said, “You know, I was devastated when I first realized the possibility of you being dead... After all, you were still my respectable grandpa whom I prided greatly before all this... I won’t lie that at the time, I truly felt the warmth and love of family from you!”

“Oh? Is that so? Regardless, I have to say that I’m rather impressed that you’ve been able to grow so much in both ability and maturity from when we last met... Honestly, I was expecting a bit more surprise from you upon reuniting with me. Well, I guess this reaction of yours is pretty interesting too. Whatever the case is, quite a lot truly has happened throughout these few months!” replied Daryl as he slowly turned around...

Their eyes now meeting, both men seemed unexpectedly calm and composed...

Chapter 1562

“As you’ve said, I’m no longer the old me! Regardless, I’m sure you know why both of us are meeting today. Cutting straight to the chase, release my family right this instant! They have nothing to do with what’s happening between us!” said Gerald in a casual tone.

“Release them you say? Oh, I will! I’ll definitely be releasing Dylan and the rest! Of course, that includes Mila!” sneered Daryl.

“...What? You... You’ve even captured Mila?” replied Gerald, stunned.

“That’s right! While she did get captured by those from the Sun League, she didn’t die! Quite a bit happened after that, but essentially, I managed to get my hands on her while she was representing Jaellatra on a trip to earth! Either way, I know how much you want your family to be together, Gerald, which is why I’m honestly doing you a favor by reuniting her with Dylan and the rest!” said Daryl with a scoff.

“You... You despicable rat...!” growled the infuriated Gerald as he instantly made a sword finger gesture!

A split second later, a strong bolt of lightning shot toward Daryl’s direction!

While it was true that Daryl’s initial goal had been to trigger Gerald, now that he saw how strong Gerald’s attack was, his eyelids couldn’t help but twitch. This power... He truly was a Chakra King!

“Demon protection!” yelled Daryl as darkness rapidly encased the old man within a protective orb!

Had Daryl activated the skill a second later, the golden bolt would’ve surely struck him! Even so, the near-blindingly bright bolt wasn’t done yet. Still pushing against Daryl’s dark barrier, the force of it began creating gales that were so strong that it uprooted a lot of the vicinity’s greenery, causing them to instantly wilt!

Shortly after, an explosive sound could be heard as even the porch that Daryl was still standing on—that wasn't protected under the dark orb—blasted into pieces! Following that, debris and dust began flying everywhere...

It honestly shouldn't have been that hard for Daryl to block Gerald's lightning attack. After all, he was a Third-rank Chara King as well.

What he hadn't anticipated, however, was the fact that Gerald's sword attack would behave this strangely! It was constantly changing!

From what Daryl could see, it looked like multiple pulses of power were being pushed into the golden bolt of lightning, making it larger and larger as more power flowed into it!

Eventually, a crack could be heard, and before Daryl knew it, the shadowy barrier had shattered not unlike broken glass!

This wasn't good! Immediately retracting his power, Daryl then made a mad dash away from the incoming attack!

Following that, the ground almost seemed to explode as the lightning bolt shot right for the cliff opposite of them, leaving a deep gash that was at least four meters deep!

Upon seeing that, Daryl quickly found himself stumbling backward till the back of his soles touched the cliff's edge...

Even after managing to stabilize himself, Daryl's breath was heavy and his eyes wide open as the utterly flabbergasted old man muttered, "...What... What kind of attack even was that? Where did you learn that from?!"

"Just so you know, aside from Thunder Eruption, there exists another skill called the Ninth-sky Blade. As

a trivia, this skill was specifically designed to counter evil powers like yours!” explained Gerald in a frigid tone.

“...How incredible... It truly appears that you’ve inherited all of Liemis’s powers... However, allow me to remind you that both of us are Third-rank Chara Kings, Gerald. I hope you don’t assume that I’ll lose to you, just because you have an extra skill or two! Regardless, I’ve been feeling a bit worn out in the past few days. With that said, what do you say to a duel at Yanam’s dragon tower at noon tomorrow? Since we’re having a decisive battle on who lives or dies, I’ll be sure to bring your family members along as well!” growled Daryl in an icy tone as he placed his hands against his back.

While Daryl had a poker face on, a steady stream of blood was already dripping from his torn palms and purlicues. Even the veins on his trembling arms were now extremely visible as they pulsed wildly due to all the stress they had just faced.

Chapter 1563

“Very well, then! We’ll end this tomorrow!” agreed Gerald before immediately leaving.

Seconds after Gerald’s departure, two shadowy figures suddenly bounded over to Daryl’s side...

“I have to insist that you’re overestimating him, my lord! Using the great dragon extermination spell on him... Don’t you think that you’re treating him a bit too highly?”

“That’s right! After all, even though he’s become the King of the North and is now a Chakra King like you, it’s evident that he’s still far less capable in comparison! I mean, Gerald wasn’t even able to land a single hit on you earlier!”

If it wasn't evident enough, both of the men—who were at the level of Eighth-rank Masters—were very close to Daryl.

Before they could say anything else, however, Daryl suddenly spurted a fountain of blood out of his mouth, falling to his knees seconds later!

“...W-what? M-my lord!” shouted the shocked duo.

Before they were able to help him up, the shivering Daryl—whose forehead was now overflowing with sweat—shouted, “Don't touch me! My... Several of my veins have been damaged by Gerald's essential qi! If we're not careful I'll be as good as gone!”

Following that, the injured old man looked at the direction that Gerald had left in, his heart beating wildly and his eyes unable to hide their wariness.

In an almost heartbroken tone, Daryl then muttered, "...He... His power is now far beyond mine... He's become too powerful...! I'll undoubtedly end up losing in our battle tomorrow!"

"...T-then... What should we do, my lord?" asked the now panicking duo.

"What else can be done? We only have the great dragon extermination spell left! If that can't take Gerald down, then nobody on this planet will ever come close to becoming his opponent again... It truly isn't a stretch to claim that Gerald is now the strongest man on Earth!" replied Daryl, complex emotions reflected in his eyes.

"...Well, what are you still standing there for? Hurry! Return and start preparing the great dragon extermination spell!" bellowed Daryl.

It wasn't long after before the battle between Daryl and Gerald started spreading around.

Naturally, this instantly caused quite a stir among members of the cultivating realm as well as those from international prestigious families.

A battle between the King of the North and the King of South Asia... This battle was surely going down in history!

With that in mind, numerous skilled men from both the cultivating realm and distinguished families quickly made their way to Yanam throughout the night...

Aside from that, news of the upcoming battle also started an undercurrent in Yanam. Massive events like these required people to eventually pick a side, after all. A wrong or careless choice now would definitely affect any future development of the families involved. In a way, making decisions at this point was not unlike placing heavy bets.

Understanding that it wouldn't be worth the loss, the powers quickly began researching Gerald's background, hoping to pick the right side as soon as possible.

Interestingly enough, though he was thought to be unpopular, many ended up picking the new King of the North's side.

Most of them were from second-class families within Yanam, and among them, was the Jenks, Yosef's family.

Regardless, Gerald couldn't seem to calm his mind at all that night. Despite the fact that he was bathing in a moonlit hot spring without anyone in sight, there were simply too many things bothering Gerald at the moment.

From what Daryl had said, he had done all this just to obtain Gerald's Herculean Primordial Spirit... Aside from that, the old man had apparently built secret connections with some of Jaellatra's forces as well...

Either way, Gerald now knew that Mila truly had been in Jaellatra this entire time, and that she had somehow managed to gain enough recognition to be given the power to travel over to earth and make negotiations on Jaellatra's behalf. In the end, however, she got captured by Daryl who had hoped to use her to threaten him!

With such high stakes at risk, Gerald didn't dare to be careless...

It didn't help that he hadn't gotten in touch with any of the forces in Jaellatra before...

Chapter 1564

For all he knew, the King of Judgment Portal could very well know a thing or two about all this...

Whatever the case was, Gerald was sure that most of those forces were going to be very strong. Hell, there could even be a person as strong as he was!

Nevertheless, Gerald knew that he still had to save Mila and his family tomorrow. With that in mind, Gerald then closed his eyes, attempting to rest and meditate. Eventually, he lost track of time...

It was sometime later when a loud voice grumbled, "Humph! How could such a big manor like this be completely devoid of people?"

"Indeed! Isn't this one of Yanam's top manors? I had honestly expected to see a lot of celebrities here!" added another person.

Following that, a few youths—both male and female—and a few other Western young masters could be seen entering the venue in a group. Since this manor’s hot springs were rather well-known, those who visited Yanam tended to drop by, which was probably why these people were here in the first place.

“Regardless, to think that the security guard at the door actually claimed that someone had booked this entire place! He’s probably the reason why nobody else has been able to enter!” said a feminine voice.

“Forget about him! Honestly, had he said another word earlier, I would’ve definitely knocked him out! Regardless, since we’re already here, let’s make sure to enjoy ourselves tonight!” replied one of the young masters.

With how loud they were being, Gerald—who was still trying to relax in the hot springs—found himself frowning slightly. This hot spring manor had been specifically booked by a few families for the sole usage of those from the Sacrasolis Palace. With that in mind, these unsatisfied people were definitely considered to be trespassers.

Had it been anytime else, Gerald would’ve definitely ordered for these people to be kicked out. However, he really couldn’t be bothered with them at the moment... So be it.

They could have all the fun they wanted as long as they didn't disturb him!

His mind now made up, Gerald simply continued meditating with his eyes closed...

Due to how unwilling he was to pay any further attention to that group, Gerald failed to notice that at that moment, a pretty girl—who was part of the group—who had been twirling her hair this entire time momentarily appeared astonished when she glanced in his general direction...

After staring his way for a brief moment, she eventually shook her head, figuring that she had seen wrong.

Noticing a change in her expression, one of the guys in the group—who had been standing beside her—then asked, “Is something the matter, Leila?”

“...It's nothing. I just... thought I saw someone very familiar for a moment there... An old friend from Serene County... Though that couldn't be, right...?” replied Leila Jung rather uncertainly.

Despite all the girls in the group—inclusive of the few Western women among them—looking extremely attractive, Leila’s mature charm and intellectual beauty still allowed her to outshine the others.

“Hahaha! As if anyone from Serene County would be prestigious enough to travel to this place! Do you even know how much one has to pay just to stay a night in this manor?” replied a bespectacled man who had been listening in to the conversation.

“Again, I most probably saw wrong... Also, not everyone in Serene County is poor, you know? I once had a friend there who came from an extremely rich family... His father had connections with the Jungs, you see... Regardless, while it’s true that he’s rich, he shouldn’t have any reason to be in Yanam... Even if the King of the North is going to enter battle soon, I doubt that the news would’ve even reached his ears! After all, in the end, he’s just a regular rich heir! That event has nothing to do with him!” muttered Leila to herself, recalling that the last Gerald and her had met was at least four years ago...

The present-day Leila had already completed her Ph.D. in Foreign Languages a year prior, and she was now a famous translator in a major company overseas. Due to that, she now mostly came across international celebrities in her daily life. In fact, she had even met higher-ups who were similarly ranked with Presidents before!

With all that in mind, it was evident that Leila no longer saw things the way her younger self did.

Truth be told, she felt like laughing just from reminiscing about him...

To think that all this had started with her utterly looking down on Gerald... Upon later realizing that he was actually a rich heir who was simply keeping a low profile, the young Leila ended up being so regretful that she even felt like dying!

Though she kept trying her best to get Gerald's heart to be hers after that, he never had his eyes on her... Not even once. That, of course, made her feel dejected, and she fell into a slump for the longest time...

At the time, she figured that as long as she was able to get married to a man who loved her, her life would be complete. Of course, fate worked in mysterious ways, and it eventually granted Leila her wish while she was doing a part-time job as a tour guide... During one of her many shifts, she had come across a gentlemanly foreigner by the name of John...

Chapter 1565

After meeting John, things went rather smoothly and Leila was able to widen her horizons quite a bit.

To put it into perspective, it was similar to a situation where a tiny-winged butterfly—who had previously only flown around local vegetable fields—suddenly grew massive wings that allowed it to fly much higher into the sky... The foreign sights, scents, and sounds... It was paradise to Leila who hadn't anticipated there to be so much more to the world.

With that in mind, Leila no longer had any trouble moving on from Gerald.

While she had to admit that Gerald truly was the most exceptional person among the rest within the vegetable fields she frequented—which explained why so many butterflies fell for him—back then, now that she had experienced the paradise beyond, her desperation back then honestly felt a little funny to her.

“Still, it truly is a shame that we don't know where the dragon tower is... Even if we do, we can't really go inside either! A great battle between the King of the North and the King of South Asia... Ahh... I really want to watch it! It'll surely be the battle of the century!” grumbled a young man as a few others agreed with his sentiment.

While all of them had been able to enter this manor through the use of connections, those connections would do little to grant them access into the dragon tower.

“Wait, doesn’t your family’s business expand across the Middle East, young master Lynn? I’ve even heard that your family has connections with the Arabic royal family! Since it’s been rumored that even people who are President-level are watching the battle tomorrow, have you been granted permission to watch, Frederick?” asked one of the westerners as he turned to look at Frederick Lynn—the one walking in front of the group—with respectful eyes.

“About that... I’ll have to look at my father’s arrangements first... Though I remember him telling me that it shouldn’t be a problem to enter the area surrounding the dragon tower!” replied Frederick with a slightly bitter chuckle.

Upon hearing that, everyone instantly threw envious glances at him.

Even Leila couldn’t help but steal a few glances at him... To have connections even on an international level... Now this was a true young master...

“Then... Could you bring us with you, young master Lynn?” squealed a few of the girls who were already starting to get excited.

“Hahaha! I specified ‘the area surrounding the Dragon Tower’ for a reason! Look, while I may be able to get all of us into a wide variety of places, I really can’t do a thing in this situation... After all, I’m sure all of you are aware of the kind of bigshots one has to be in order to witness the battle for themselves!” replied Frederick as he shook his head helplessly.

As it turned out, being able to enter the dragon tower in the first place was already a big issue for Frederick too.

Hearing that, Leila then said, “You know, I don’t think we should swarm the dragon tower tomorrow... Just so you know, I was translating for a European country’s leader this morning, and I overheard that only Seventh-rank masters are allowed to be part of the escort team. With that said, even if we do manage to enter, we don’t have any special protection! Our lives could be at risk every second we’re in there!”

“Of course, the same can’t be said with young master Lynn! I’m sure he has special people who keep him safe at all times!” added Leila as she turned to look at Frederick.

Naturally pleased to hear that, Frederick then nodded with a smile before replying, “Ms. Leila, correct? If an opportunity arises, we should really get to know each other a bit more... After all, it seems that you have a way with words... Speaking of which, I heard that a few of you, advanced translators, are entering tomorrow aside alongside some distinguished authorities. Is that true?”

“It is, though even upon entering, we’re only allowed to remain within the outer ring. Since the new King of the North is said to have extraordinary capabilities—to the point where Yanam had previously been forced to apply restricted means on him—many leaders aren’t allowed to be within the core area either!” explained Leila.

While the duo was still sharing the conversation between themselves, one of the guys in their group suddenly pointed in a certain direction before exclaiming, “...Hey. Is that who I think it is?!”

Upon hearing that, everyone—including Leila—turned to look at where he was pointing at...

They were greeted by the sight of a tall, long-haired woman—who only had a white bathrobe on—who was slowly approaching the hot springs.

With how delicate her facial features were, all the men in the group couldn’t even pull their eyes away from her, completely stunned.

It didn’t take long, however, for one of them to snap out of it before exclaiming, “It... It really is her! It’s

the international artist, Yelena Song! The top beauty queen of Asia...!”

Chapter 1566

While some of the men were still recovering from their initial shock, others were already looking at her with lustful gazes as they said, “What the hell is she doing here in Yanam? And why’s she dressed so erotically tonight?”

Yelena hadn’t been given the title of the most beautiful woman in Asia for no reason. With that said, to men like them, she was pretty much on the level of an unattainable goddess.

Regardless, due to her beauty, countless rich men had pursued her from the moment she rose to fame. While that naturally meant that several strong forces were supporting her, none of her pursuers ever really succeeded.

Looking at her, Frederick had to admit that she was extraordinarily beautiful. Leila herself cast a jealous glance at the beauty.

By this point, Yelena had realized that she was being stared at. Turning to look at the group of people gawking at her, she instantly began blushing, much to the awe of her spectators.

Yelena was only here since the main force supporting here had told her to accompany the King of the North tonight, hopefully garnering his heart in the process.

Naturally, had it been anyone else, Yelena wouldn't have agreed with this in the least. Gerald, however, was not just a random nobody. He was the King of the North, one of the strongest people on the planet! With that said, who wouldn't want such a hero to be their lover?

Regardless, she hadn't expected for there to be so many people here, which explained why she was feeling so surprised.

Whatever the case was, Yelena watched as a few of the men in the group excitedly rushed forward and greeted, "I-it's a pleasure to meet you, Goddess Yelena!"

Though they were enthusiastic, she simply turned to look at the young man resting in the hot springs again... She had seen him in a photo before, and she had to admit that he was charismatic. Now that the real deal was before her, however, Yelena felt that the photo didn't do him justice. With nothing but Gerald in her heart and soul, it was pretty much impossible for any other men to get her attention.

Realizing that Yelena was ignoring his friend, Frederick—being the leader of the group—instantly felt humiliated. After all, nobody had ever dared not to give him face.

“Yelena, don’t you think you’re being a bit too arrogant? How could you just ignore my brothers when they rushed over to greet you?” scoffed Frederick as he walked over to her, annoyance in his tone.

In response, Yelena—who was already standing behind Gerald, her eyes reflecting how enticed she was—didn’t even bother to turn back to look at Frederick as she replied, “I’m only here tonight to accompany Mr. Crawford. With that said, no one else is worthy of my attention!”

“You...! How dare you look down on me, you b*tch?! I’m the one and only Frederick Lynn! Don’t tell me you don’t know who I am! Are you saying I’m less worthy than this sh*tty Mr. Crawford of yours? Bullsh*t!” roared the infuriated Frederick as he gnashed his teeth.

Hearing that, Yelena turned to look at the rude man with a frigid gaze as she said, “I’ve heard of you before, Young Master Lynn. However, do restrain yourself today if you don’t want to get into any trouble!”

From the looks of it, Yelena felt that these people didn't even realize who the person in the hot springs was, which was why she was going an extra step to advise them.

Frederick, however, was having none of that.

Glaring at Gerald, Frederick reminded himself that there hadn't been a man whom he didn't dare offend up till this point. Adding that to Yelena's sickening attitude toward him, Frederick decided to project all his anger onto Gerald!

'So, you value him more than me, huh? Good! I'll make you eat your words! Let's see who the person with real power is now!' Frederick thought to himself as he instantly grabbed a nearby bottle of wine...

Before pouring all of its contents into the hot springs!

Chapter 1567

Once the bottle was empty, he scoffed before tossing the bottle onto the ground!

With glass shards now scattered around his feet, Frederick glared at Gerald, wanting to see what he

would say to that.

Yelena, on the other hand, had a mortified expression on her face. After all, she knew very well who this person was!

“...Foolish!” shouted Gerald.

After placing a white towel on his face, Gerald had finally begun enjoying himself in the hot springs. Now that this buffoon had interrupted him, he was less than pleased.

“You... What the hell did you just say?! I bet you don’t know who I am yet, right?! Just so you know, my father has connections with the Saudi royal family!” roared the angered Frederick.

Silence was Gerald’s only response. After all, he could already hear the many footsteps that were swiftly approaching... and within seconds, over ten men had surrounded the area!

Looking at the person who seemed to be the group's leader, the lavishly-dressed middle-aged man had a terrified expression on his face as he shouted, "How the hell have so many people managed to barge in?!"

Quiver slightly in his immense fear, the one who had spoken was none other than the old boss of the manor.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but this should've been a quiet place for my master to rest in, right, Chairman Chac? What are all these random people doing here? Could it be that you don't value your life?" asked Carlos—who was among the men who had run in—as he glowered at the middle-aged man.

"I-I would've definitely stopped them if I knew...!" whimpered Chairman Chac as he instantly began bowing repeatedly before Carlos.

Following that, he angrily turned to look at Frederick and his friends before roaring, "Who the hell let all of you in?!"

Upon hearing that, Frederick and the others suffered yet another humiliating blow... What the hell was wrong with everyone today?

First, that celebrity had ignored Frederick, and now, they were being scolded just because they wanted to enjoy a leisurely trip here!

Thankfully, Frederick had met Chairman Chac several times with his father a few years back. With that in mind, Frederick simply assumed that it was too dark for Chairman Chac to properly see his face.

While there was also a possibility that the man had forgotten about him, Frederick simply replied, "Chairman Chac, correct? I feel like you've forgotten who I am, but just as a refresher, my name is Frederick Lynn, and Joe Lynn is my father!"

Seeing how confidently he said that, Leila couldn't help but look at him in admiration as he walked toward Chairman Chac, intent on shaking the middle-aged man's hand.

In response, however, all he received was a tight slap from Chairman Chac!

“Lynn? The hell is Lynn?! Again, who the f*ck allowed all of you in?!” growled Chairman Chac.

Staring in disbelief at the middle-aged man who had just slapped him, Frederick then replied, “Chairman Chac! I remind you that Joe Lynn is my father!”

Following another slap to his other cheek, Chairman Chac then yelled, “Lynn this, Lynn that! Just get the hell out of my sight already!”

As the group of youths grew frightened when they saw the security guards inching closer to them, a voice suddenly shouted, “I’m afraid they won’t be leaving that easily!”

Turning to face the source of the voice, everyone was astonished to see that Gerald had already gotten himself dressed, and was now looking at Frederick with a faint smile.

“...G-Gerald...? You... How could this be...?” muttered the shocked Leila as she stared at the youth who

had his arms against his back.

Hearing that familiar voice, the slightly taken aback Gerald then turned to face the surprised girl before replying, "...Leila? What are you doing here...?"

Chapter 1568

The two hadn't met each other in years...

"...Gerald... You... You know all these people...?" asked the befuddled Leila.

How was any of this possible? All these people were international dignitaries! There was no way Gerald could be acquainted with them, right?

"Them? Well, in a way..." replied Gerald rather indifferently as he turned to look at Chairman Chac.

"W-worry not, Mr. Crawford! I definitely won't let him off that easily! I'll teach him a good lesson for even daring to disturb your peace!" stuttered the middle-aged man—whose forehead was already drenched in sweat—while pointing at Frederick.

“C-come on! I dare you!” retorted Frederick who was honestly getting a little scared when he realized just how many guards were present.

Turning to look at Leila once more, Gerald then said, “...Since she’s an old friend of mine, I’ll let tonight’s little incident slide. However! There won’t be a next time! Now leave before I change my mind!”

After saying that, Gerald cleared his throat before adjusting his clothes a little, signifying that the night was cold and he wanted to be left alone already.

“...You... The hell do you think you are?! Do you think I’m someone you can just give orders all willy-nilly?!” shouted the devastated Frederick.

He just couldn’t believe that something like this was happening, especially when the one in power was someone close to his age! None of this felt convincing at all!

“Oh? You’re not planning to go even though I’ve allowed you to leave in one piece?” asked Gerald as he stared at Frederick with a slight frown.

“Crawford, this may be your territory, but if you’re daring enough, why don’t you come along with me to Saudi Arabia? I’ll make sure your life ends without even knowing what killed you! Mark my words!” growled Frederick whose eyes were now reddened in rage.

Seeing that things weren’t getting any better and understanding that Frederick was only going to continue getting more and more enraged, Leila simply looked helplessly at Gerald, shaking her head before saying, “That’s quite enough, Gerald. Don’t you think you’ve acted tough enough already? Do you really not know how truly powerful the Lynn family is? While I know you’re rich, the world is enormous, you know? How much of it have you even seen? I hope you realize that there are many others who are more powerful than you. Do you truly think you’ll be able to live peacefully after offending Young Master Lynn tonight?”

“Look, before I change my mind, you’d better drag your friends and that young master of yours out of here. I’ll say it right now that Yanam is no longer a peaceful place, so you better not stay here any longer!” replied Gerald who really couldn’t be bothered with them anymore.

Watching as he turned around and left, Leila’s anger instantly spiked, prompting the humiliated girl to growl, “Just who do you think you are, Gerald? Do you even know what position I have now? You have no idea who I’m acquainted with!”

Before the enraged girl could scowl any further, a young errand boy came running over to Carlos before politely saying, "There are several major dignitaries waiting at the door, master! They said that they wished to meet with a man here, and they've even brought along many precious gifts!"

"Major dignitaries? Who exactly are they?" asked Carlos with a frown.

"Most of them are royalties from the Middle East! As for the rest, they're apparently nobles from South Asia!" replied the errand boy.

"...That... What?" said the shocked Leila to herself.

After the errand boy read out the names of all the dignitaries, Leila and Frederick found themselves momentarily stunned speechless.

Her face twitching from all the shock, Leila eventually managed to find her voice again as she muttered, "...Who... Who exactly is Gerald...? Why are all these bigwigs even coming over to see him...?"

Frederick himself was finally realizing what kind of person he had been messing around with earlier...

Now completely engulfed in fear, all of them instantly tried to leave.

However, before anyone could even make it past a few steps, Carlos placed his hand over Frederick's shoulder before sneering, "Hey now, little kid. You didn't leave when we allowed you to. What's the rush now?"

"W-what do you want...?" stuttered Frederick with a gulp.

"Well, since it's against the rules of the Sacrasolis Palace to kill you, I won't do so... However..." replied Carlos as he turned to look at the hot springs where Frederick had poured the wine in earlier.

“Well, while you’re spared of the death penalty, it isn’t that easy for you to escape punishment... With that said, all of you have to drink up all the water in this pool! Otherwise, I’ll make sure I toss all of you out in completely mangled states!” added Carlos in a stern voice, a cold smile on his face.

Chapter 1569

Not wanting to die, Frederick and the others could only obey. As they helplessly began drinking up the water in the hot springs, a sinister smile could be seen on Carlos’s face...

Fast forward to early the next morning, several people could already be seen gathered near Yanam’s thousand-year-old dragon tower.

Atop the sturdy, three-hundred-meter-tall building that touched the sky, several people could be seen tied up there... As to be expected, they were Gerald’s family members...

Aside from them, Mila was also there, though she had been tied to a stone pillar instead.

Throughout her time in captivity, Daryl had told Mila everything.

Despite having lost her memories, Mila knew for a fact that someone had been painstakingly searching for her in the past few years... With that in mind, she was eager to see whether Daryl's opponent truly was the person whom her heart had so desperately been trying to remember this entire time...

As for Dylan, though he was a very dignified man, he was now looking at Daryl as he begged, "You've set so many traps for Gerald... Gerald doesn't even have any grudges against you...! Why must this end with Gerald dying?!"

"It's useless to try persuading me out of it... It's just his luck that destiny chose him to have such great value! If you're going to be blaming anyone for his death then blame it on fate!" replied Daryl as he shook his head with a bitter smile on his face.

Hearing that, Mila angrily retorted, "I hope you haven't forgotten that there are many other more powerful people keeping an eye on you, Daryl! Though I may not remember what happened between Gerald and I, nor do I know what you truly want from him, I can say for certain that you aren't going to be getting anything out of all this!"

"I'm afraid you're all wrong! After eliminating Gerald today, do you think I'll still need to fear Jaellatra?" replied Daryl as he let out a booming laugh.

At that moment, his gaze suddenly turned frigid as he looked down...

Scorn reflected in his eyes, the old man then sneered, "Speak of the devil... Looks like he's here!"

Daryl already knew how ungodly Gerald's strength truly was from their last encounter, and he would honestly be much more fearful without the presence of the now fully-prepared great dragon extermination spell...

A brief moment later, Gerald arrived at the top. Staring at Daryl who was sitting cross-legged on the floor, Gerald couldn't help but sneer, "You're on time!"

He was finally going to fight to the death against this once respectable old man... Truth be told, Gerald was still finding all this slightly strange.

Slowly opening his eyes, Daryl then looked at Gerald before replying, "I've already lost a great deal of

my qi after our momentary battle yesterday, Gerald! With that said, I'm going to be fighting with a handicap! Even so, I believe that today's battle will still be a great one!"

Though his eyes looked completely soulless, they somehow still managed to glint frigidly as the old man added in a spine-tingling voice, "However, don't think you'll be able to do as you please just because you're a little stronger than me now! As I've said before, the world is a huge place, and there will always be things that you haven't seen! Regardless, I'm going to be making a bet with you now. Essentially, if I manage to kill you today, not only will I be taking the lives of all your family members, but I'll also be killing the rest of the people from the Sacrasolis Palace! However, I'm also leaving you the option of killing yourself before me now! With that, I'll at least spare the lives of the people from the Sacrasolis Palace!"

"Oh? A bet you say? Before that, allow me to remind you that we're having this battle in the first place to resolve our grudges. Also, I'm sure you're much better prepared today since you weren't able to obtain a thing from me yesterday. Moving back to the bet, are you saying you want me to bet the lives of my family members and all those from the Sacrasolis Place when you clearly have tricks planned up your sleeves? I believe that it's only fair if you suffer an equivalent loss should I win instead, no? With that said, once I end your life, I'll be ending the lives of all the cultivating Crawfords as well. Deal?"

Upon hearing that, a hint of unease was momentarily reflected in Daryl's eyes. However, the old man quickly recovered before coldly shouting, "I agree! With that out of the way, show me how truly powerful you are today!"

The second his sentence ended, Daryl appeared to concentrate hard for a second... and the next thing anyone knew, a bright flash could be seen! Recovering from the sudden brightness, everyone stared wide-eyed at the long, black staff that was now in Daryl's right hand...

Pointing the staff at Gerald—as though it was a magic wand—everyone watched as it momentarily became a blur... and extended to about twenty meters away from Daryl!

With the elongated staff now rapidly rushing toward Gerald, everyone knew that the great battle was finally commencing!