

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 106-Celebrate His Birthday In Advance That was the sign of the seven-colored centipede's deadly venom.

The purple mark would extend by ten centimeters whenever the venom flared up. When it finally reached the heart, it would mean certain death.

Having no time to waste, Emrys scanned the surroundings. Seeing no one else around, he immediately ripped open her clothes.

His gaze was pure and devoid of any trace of malicious intent. Holding a needle between his fingers, he stabbed it into Yelena. Sealing her circulatory system will temporarily delay the spread of the venom. However, we'll need to use the

medicine made from the seven-colored centipede's b*dy to get rid of the toxins completely.

After treating her, he removed his clothes and draped them over her. Then, he hugged her delicate b*dy close to his before hurrying back to Verdant Estate.

When he exited the mansion a while later, his eyes blazed with a murderous intent that was utterly terrifying.

Over at the Chalker residence, colorful lights and decorations adorned the place, and the atmosphere was joyful.

It would be Tyson's sixtieth birthday in two days, and everyone in the family was busy preparing for it.

Although the news about Jadeborough News getting thrashed that day had been an unwelcome surprise, it did not have much impact on their high spirits.

It could be said that the Chalker family had been blessed threefold during this period. Indeed, there were three happy events. The first was Angelina marrying into the family. The second was that Wilfred, who had been missing for ten years, had finally returned and was now a martial artist. The third was, naturally, Tyson's upcoming sixtieth birthday.

All the signs indicated that their family was about to prosper and would soon monopolize all industries in Jadeborough, carving an unshakeable dominance in the city.

At that moment, a young man with feminine features stood beside Angelina. He asked in a slightly high-pitched voice, "What happened at the news agency today didn't startle you, did it?" "No." She shook her head and replied in a tone laced with mockery, "It was just the work of a bunch of nobodies who think too highly of themselves. They may have destroyed Jadeborough News/but another will take its place tomorrow.

They're just wasting their energy." "That goes without saying. With the family's current capabilities, we can set up as many Jadeborough News as we want. With Uncle Wilfred around, I believe all of Jadeborough will soon belong to us." 07:16 Thu, 25 Jan K pearl's "Mm-hmm. I'm so happy to have married you." She rested her head affectionately against the young man's shoulder.

The feminine-looking man was none other than Joseph.

At first, Angelina had married into the Chalker family to enlist their help in seeking revenge on Cordelia. She had not harbored any hopes concerning marital intimacy. After all, her husband no longer had his manhood, so what more could she expect?

However, she soon realized she had been gravely mistaken.

Although Joseph had lost his capabilities in that aspect, he used to be a womanizer. Hence, he was skilled when it came to pleasing a woman in bed. To mimic an old saying, the North River District has a silver-tongued resident, and that person is Joseph.

Paired with the help of some electric-powered toys in the bedroom, Angelina could not be happier.

Hence, she was not lying through her teeth when uttering those words. It was because after marrying Joseph, she had genuinely experienced much happiness and joy like never before.

While they were all bustling about happily making preparations for the birthday banquet, Osmond and the others suddenly showed up uninvited, each carrying a briefcase.

When the Chalker family saw them, their faces immediately displayed looks of intense hostility.

Narrowing his eyes coldly, Gerald asked, "South River King, are the lot of you truly unafraid of death? We warned you just this afternoon, yet you couldn't wait to walk in here to meet your end?" "Haha! Don't get the wrong idea." Osmond chuckled as he waved his hand. "It's Old Mr. Chalker's sixtieth birthday in a couple of days, right? We didn't receive an invitation, and it'd be incredibly embarrassing if we gatecrashed the banquet on the day. That's why we decided unanimously to come and celebrate his birthday two days in advance." Celebrate his birthday in advance? The expressions on the Chalkers' faces froze.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 107-Mahogany Coffin +10 pearl's Gerald said darkly, "I have never heard of the custom of celebrating one's birthday in advance. If you guys dare to play any tricks, I'll make sure none of you leave the Chalker residence standing today." "Haha! Of course not! Don't you see we have brought you gifts?" Osmond laughed and patted the silver briefcase in his hand.

Silver briefcases like this were usually used to hold money.

Could it be...

Angelina came to a realization and sneered. Stepping forward, she mocked, "South River King, if you want to seek favor with our family, just say it directly.

There's no need to use Old Mr. Chalker's sixtieth birthday as an excuse." Seek favor?

The Chalker family members looked at Angelina in confusion.

Angelina pushed up her pink-framed glasses and confidently analyzed, "That's right. They came to cause trouble at our media company, but Uncle Wilfred taught them a lesson. Then, they must have been terrified after witnessing his strength, so they came here to give us money. However, they can't put aside their pride, so they are using Old Mr. Chalker's birthday as an excuse. Their purpose is none other than to have Uncle Wilfred spare their lives. After all, it won't be long before our family monopolizes Jadeborough. Therefore, they decided to seek favor with us before it was too late." Angelina's explanation was logical and convincing, so the crowd nodded in agreement.

It truly made sense to them.

Gerald also nodded and shot an approving look at Angelina. What an intelligent daughter-in-law! At least she won't ruin our family's reputation.

Wilfred, who was at the side, sneered disdainfully.

He had assumed Osmond was a tough individual, so he didn't expect the latter to be so cowardly after witnessing him in action.

It was too easy to become the most powerful person in the city. How boring.

He responded condescendingly, "Since you guys are begging so pitifully, I'll make an exception for you. When your businesses become the Chalker family's, I'll allow you guys to still stay in Jadeborough." Listening to his tone, it was obvious he regarded himself as the ruler of Jadeborough.

5 07 16 Thu, 25 Jan L.

pearls Being a martial artist gave him the confidence to do so.

However, Osmond and the others scrunched up their faces.

Seek favor? Begging so pitifully? The Chalker family is really confident!

Meanwhile, Gerald had already taken the silver briefcases from Osmond and the others. When he opened them, his expression changed drastically.

Death candles! All six briefcases are filled to the brim with death candles! They are cursing Old Mr. Chalķer to die!

"Dmn it! You bstards! How dare you challenge us? I'll send you guys to hell!" Wilfred was still looking at them condescendingly until he saw this. He immediately became enraged and charged toward Osmond with his fingers crooked like claws.

Osmond's expression swiftly fell.

However, at that moment, a mahogany coffin flew in from outside the courtyard.

With a thundering thud, it slammed into Wilfred's chest with terrifying force.

Wilfred flew backward like a kite with its strings cut before crashing into the wall and falling to the ground.

Wilfred immediately felt as if his organs had been rearranged.

"How powerful!" Bright red blood spurted out of his mouth, and shock was etched across his features.

Even though he had mainly been caught off guard, his opponent's powerful and intimidating entrance still put him under immense pressure.

Boom!

The mahogany coffin then fell to the ground, causing the ground beneath the Chalker residence to tremble.

Shortly after, a young man's voice rang out coldly from the distance. "I have waited a long time for this day!" His voice reached them before he even arrived.

The Chalkers were in shock.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 108-Judging by the impact created by the mahogany coffin when it fell, it must weigh at least three hundred kilograms. They couldn't help but wonder who would possess such strength to throw the mahogany coffin from a far distance to the Chalker residence's courtyard and injure Wilfred, a martial artist, so severely.

"That's impossible..." Angelina shook her head in disbelief. She was all too familiar with this voice, but she couldn't believe the owner of this voice was the same as the person she had in her mind.

She turned her head stiffly toward the damaged entrance.

Finally, the young man appeared.

It was Emrys.

In an instant, everyone in the Chalker family widened their eyes in disbelief, especially Angelina. They couldn't help but tremble in fear.

It's him. It's really him! Emrys was the one who threw the mahogany coffin into our courtyard. Isn't he Cordelia's boy-toy? How does he have such immense strength?

The Chalkers' teeth were chattering in fear because they knew that he was also most probably a martial artist to be able to throw a heavy mahogany coffin into their courtyard by himself.

This also meant that the person the family had been attempting to disparage for the past was a martial artist.

That thought terrified them instantly.

A few days later Emrys' expression was icy cold when he walked into the Chalker residence.

Every step he took struck fear in the Chalkers' hearts.

"I have prepared a big gift for you guys. A coffin coupled with death candles! Do you like it?" Emrys bellowed. His shout reverberated throughout the entire residence, causing everyone present to jolt in fright.

Trembling, Gerald answered, "Mr. Lund, perhaps there's a misunderstanding between us." Emrys glanced at him coldly. "Misunderstanding? When you guys were ruining my and Delia's reputations, why didn't you call it a misunderstanding then?" Gerald froze.

His anger was palpable as he locked his gaze on Angelina.

Everything happening today is all because of this *btch!* Dmn it!

Is It A... +10 pearls Emrys walked over to Wilfred and stated coldly, "I heard you consider yourself to be the ruler of Jadeborough. I also heard that the Chalker family wants to control the entire Jadeborough. Last but not least, I heard that I'm just trash in your eyes." Wilfred broke out in cold sweat upon hearing the three statements.

From the force of the mahogany coffin slamming into him earlier, he knew that the young man in front of him was definitely stronger than him.

Wilfred was already overwhelmed by fear.

Back when he said those words, he thought he was the only martial artist in Jadeborough. He had presumed that the assassin from Shadow Garden was the one supporting Osmond and the others behind the scenes.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect the young man in front of him to be so terrifying.

No wonder Benedict was still screaming that it was over for the Chalker family after I beat up the latter this afternoon. Now I understand why he was so confident about it.

The Chalker family was indeed doomed after offending such a frightening martial artist.

It was as if the end of the world had arrived for them!

"M-Mr. Lund, it's a misunderstanding." Wilfred gulped and tried to endure the excruciating pain.

Another misunderstanding?

Emrys' killing intent burst forth, and he grabbed Wilfred's head and rammed it into the mahogany coffin.

Bang!

"I dare you to say it again. Is it a misunderstanding?" "It really is a misunderstanding!" Bang!

"Is it a misunderstanding?" Bang!

"Is it a misunderstanding?" Bang!

"Is it a misunderstanding?" Wilfred was dumbfounded as he didn't know what he had done wrong. Angelina was the one trying to ruin Emrys' reputation, so he was confused about why the young man was beating him up instead.

Seeing that he still didn't understand his mistake, Emrys held Wilfred's head and explained coldly, "Your seven-colored centipede bit a woman I hold dearly in my heart. Tell me. Is this still a misunderstanding?" Bang!

Emrys grabbed Wilfred's head again and smashed it into the coffin.

The moment he entered the residence, he already felt the aura of the seven-colored centipede emanating from Wilfred. As a result, Wilfred was the first person on whom he vented his rage.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 109-Despair Compared to his and Cordelia's reputations being smeared, Emrys figured he should seek revenge for Yelena first.

Therefore, how could he possibly let Wilfred go?

Hearing Emrys' words, Wilfred shuddered. At that moment, he finally understood everything. No wonder he's so angry. The assassin from Shadow Garden this afternoon is his beloved woman. I'm in great trouble!

Wilfred uttered fearfully, "Mr. Lund, I really didn't know that the assassin from Shadow Garden was your woman. As long as you spare me, I'll immediately cure her venom. How about that?"

"Are you trying to bargain with me?" Bang!

Emrys smashed Wilfred's head against the coffin again.

Wilfred was on the verge of tears. I've already said I would help cure his woman. What else is he not satisfied with? Bang!

Yet another slam of Wilfred's head against the coffin rang out, causing all the colors to drain from his face.

Bang!

Emrys repeated his action.

Finally, Wilfred went on a rampage, and his internal energy surged. Eyes bloodshot, he roared, "Emrys, you're too much! Without my antidote, that woman is bound to die!" Wilfred was a martial artist, after all. He had tried to be nice, but Emrys was relentless in his humiliation, so how could he possibly endure further?

Even if Emrys was stronger than him, Wilfred was ready to fight to the death.

However, the answer he received was another shove of his head.

Bang!

“Ah! I’m going to kill you!” Wilfred screamed bloody murder.

His power as a martial artist burst forth entirely, causing every hair on his b*dy to bristle as if he had been struck by lightning.

His immense wrath was evident from his appearance.

pearls However, Emrys remained unfazed and expressionless.

He even voluntarily released Wilfred’s head and took a few steps back, not because he feared Wilfred but because he had another idea in mind.

“Do you know what despair is?” Emrys asked monotonously.

Then, he waited silently for Wilfred to muster his power to the limit before throwing a punch forward.

Boom!

Wilfred fell to the ground vomiting blood.

Emrys thought, What is despair? It is when I allow you to exhibit the full extent of your power before I shatter what you take the most pride in with a casual punch.

Emrys didn’t only crush Wilfred’s palm with his attack but also the latter’s confidence.

Their difference in strength was simply insurmountable.

Wilfred’s vigor instantly plummeted. At that moment, a streak of colorful light shot out from his b*dy.

It was the seven-colored centipede!

Wilfred had unleashed his trump card.

Emrys slightly narrowed his eyes. When the seven-colored centipede was about to bite him, he suddenly spat out an ancient cyan seal from his mouth.

The seal hit the centipede with a smacking sound.

The seven-colored centipede screeched and flew back into Wilfred’s b*dy.

By then, Wilfred was already shocked to his core. He widened his eyes at Emrys and said, “Y- You’re not a martial artist. You’re a f–friar!” Martial artists focused on condensing their internal energy. During the early phase of their training, they mainly refined their physical strength, and only after they became a Manifestor grandmaster could they release their internal energy to kill people from a distance.

A friar was different. ent.

Friars were proficient in utilizing various magical techniques and spells from the beginning, having strength comparable to a martial arts grandmaster.

The two had different cultivation systems.

A martial artist below the Manifestor level was far weaker than a friar because a friar could utilize all kinds of magical techniques and spells so martial artists couldn’t get close to them.

However, beyond the level of Manifestor, martial artists became stronger than friars, and that was because of two reasons. First, martial artists’ physiques were more robust than friars. Second, a Manifestor could unleash their internal energy, which was extremely powerful.

Even in his wildest dream, Wilfred didn’t anticipate his opponent to be a friar instead of a martial artist. No wonder he’s so domineering. The Chalker family really messed with the wrong person this time.

Amidst Wilfred’s astonishment, a pained expression suddenly spread across his face, and his facial features became contorted.

“How could this be?” Wilfred howled.

At that moment, he felt as if hundreds of insects were gnawing at his bones, and the flesh on his b*dy rapidly shriveled up as though his blood was being drained.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 110-Cultivator Finding Wilfred pathetic, Emrys shook his head and said, “You assumed that the seven-colored centipede is your weapon, but in fact, you have long been a vessel for someone else to nurture the centipede.” That was right.

Wilfred was merely a human vessel.

The seven-colored centipede was never under his control. The reason it helped him commit killings was that the seven-colored centipede treated him as a vessel, needing to devour his flesh and blood to grow.

Typically, Wilfred wouldn't be devoured so early. Only after the seven-colored centipede laid eggs inside him would he die from having his flesh and blood entirely consumed.

Before that happened, Wilfred wouldn't have any inkling of the changes in his b*dy.

However, Emrys struck the seven-colored centipede with his seal earlier, causing it to be severely wounded, spurring it to consume Wilfred's flesh and blood to recover.

"Impossible! Master would never harm me. How could he..." Wilfred shouted hysterically.

That seven-colored centipede was placed inside him by his master. If what Emrys said was the truth, that meant his master had never thought of him as a disciple. Instead, he was just using Wilfred's b*dy to nurture the seven-colored centipede.

Wilfred refused to believe that was the case.

Nevertheless, whether he believed it or not, the fact was his b*dy was being rapidly devoured.

As Wilfred was on the verge of losing consciousness, Emrys suddenly approached him and whispered, "Since you're about to die, I might as well let you in on another secret. I'm not a martial artist nor a friar. I'm a cultivator." A cultivator honed both physical toughness and magical techniques and was superior to martial artists and friars.

Becoming a cultivator required extreme conditions. Both talent and resilience were necessary prerequisites.

That was why the old friar insisted on sending Emrys to train on the battlefield at the border, as he intended to refine the latter's resilience.

"Cultivator..." Wilfred muttered and widened his eyes before swiftly expiring.

It was unknown whether his death was caused by the unbearable agony or because he was shocked by Emrys' words.

25 Jan Chapter 110 Cultivator +10 pearls Spurt!

Not long after Wilfred collapsed, his chest burst open, forming a bloody hole.

The seven-colored centipede, now ten times longer than it was, crawled out. It appeared like a venomous snake with creepy-crawly legs. The sight of it gave people the creeps.

The seven-colored centipede fluttered its blood-red wings, preparing to fly out of the Chalker residence. However, Emrys unleashed two more seals to strike it down.

“Wilfred!” At that moment, an old man in his sixties suddenly threw himself on Wilfred’s b*dy, weeping bitterly.

That man was Tyson Chalker from the Chalker family.

When the mahogany coffin crashed into the Chalker residence’s courtyard earlier, he heard the commotion and rushed over. Upon arriving at the scene, the old man happened to witness the seven-colored centipede bursting out from his son’s torso.

Ultimately, he failed to be with his son during the latter’s last moments.

After going missing for ten years, Wilfred finally returned, having learned some impressive skills, only to die a few days later.

How could Tyson not be heartbroken?

Emrys took in that scene with an impassive look in his eyes, not feeling a shred of pity for Tyson. Like father, like son. Being capable of dominating the expansive territory of North River District, Tyson is definitely not some benevolent figure.

Rumor had it that decades ago when the prestigious families were fighting for territory at North River District, many people died tragically in Jolhurst River, yet the only one who benefited was Tyson.

Emrys could only describe the current turn of events as karma.

Everyone in the Chalker family was dumbfounded. Our family’s next-in-line patriarch died just like that, not to mention in such a miserable state. There isn’t even a complete corpse of him! What on earth is going on?

A few days ago, when Wilfred returned to the Chalker residence and announced he was a martial artist, the others were ecstatic. They even fantasized about how they should distribute the assets in South River District after monopolizing Jadeborough.

Little did they expect their hopes would be completely shattered in just a few days.

What was worse, they might not even be able to maintain their current status because the young man standing before them was just too terrifying.

This is all that d*mned woman’s fault! All the members of the Chalker family directed their wrath at Angelina.

