

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 131-Give Him Everything Saint Yellowbeard frowned at his name being mangled.

“You bastard! I don’t want to waste my time arguing with you. You think you can hold me back? Dream on!” Saint Yellowbeard let out a cold laugh. In a split second, he approached Jacqueline and wrapped his hands around her throat, strangling her.

“Jacqueline-” Roger exclaimed in alarm, filled with deep concern.

Saint Yellowbeard fixed his gaze on Emrys and sneered, “Step aside, boy. If you dare to provoke me, I’ll snap this girl’s neck right away!”

He had no plans of engaging in a physical confrontation with Emrys.

During their encounter at Mount Celestial, he had witnessed Emrys’ immense power and recognized that Emrys possessed a higher level of cultivation than himself.- At this point, Saint Yellowbeard just wanted to get out of the situation.

The best way to do that was to hold Jacqueline hostage, keeping Emrys alert and on edge.

On Jacqueline’s delicate and fair neck, five red marks appeared, evidence of Saint Yellowbeard’s nails digging into her skin.

The color drained out of her face.

Roger pleaded with urgency, “Saint Yellowbeard, I won’t hold you accountable for the past, just as long as you promise me you won’t harm my daughter!” “You hear that, you little brat? The people involved have decided to let it go, so you should just get out of my way!” Saint Yellowbeard bellowed.

“Is that so?” Emrys sighed inwardly. How dare this insolent creature challenge the Empyrean Lord!

“You’re just courting death!” All of a sudden, Saint Yellowbeard’s mind went blank. It felt as if an invisible force had seized hold of him, leaving him unable to move or think clearly.

Next, a crimson glimmer of blood seeped through his forehead, unfolding like a red flower in full bloom.

What a terrifying sight to behold!

That was not the power a friar would possess but rather the divine ability of a cultivator!

With that, Saint Yellowbeard met a gruesome end.

Jacqueline quickly escaped from Saint Yellowbeard's grasp, her complexion pale. Her bosom heaved violently, showing her lingering fear.

1/2 Chapter 131 Give Hi Everything Upon noticing the blood stain on her neck, Roger asked, "Do you feel uncomfortable, Jacqueline?" Jacqueline shook her head.

Roger heaved a sigh of relief.

At that very moment, Hannah was utterly shocked. She had presumed that Saint Yellowbeard, with his profound skills, would easily overcome Emrys.

However, she had not even caught a glimpse of how Emrys executed his actions. That young man is truly formidable!

"Hannah Stark, since we are still technically married, I'll spare your pathetic life.

Now, get out of the Balford residence!" Roger roared.

Hannah did not dare to utter a single word of protest. She hastily crawled away from the Balford residence, fear gripping her every step.

After disposing of Saint Yellowbeard's b*dy, Roger made his way back to the living room and expressed his deep gratitude to Emrys. "Dr. Lund, you've saved our entire family. By the way, Jacqueline has also already informed me about the medical fees." Emrys cast a silent glance at Jacqueline. Not bad. Good to see she knows how to show gratitude.

Nonetheless, even if she had not mentioned the medical fees, it would have made no difference to him. Money, to Emrys, was merely numbers.

Emrys' earlier demand for half of the Balford family assets was nothing more than a bluff intended to intimidate them.

Just as Emrys was about to refuse the offer, Roger's voice interrupted him, filled with respect. "Not only half of the Balford family's assets, but if necessary, I am willing to dedicate everything we have to you, Dr. Lund." Recalling the immense power demonstrated by Emrys during the defeat of Saint Yellowbeard, Roger could not help but be filled with a thrilling sense of awe. I don't think a person of such caliber will ever be short on money.

Motivated by that realization, Roger wholeheartedly offered to give Emrys everything the Balfords owned, not only as a token of gratitude but also as an attempt to win favor with him.

Indeed, Roger wanted to get into Emrys' good book.

"You're willing to give me everything the Balford family possesses?" Emrys asked.

Emrys, with a puzzled look on his face, turned to Jacqueline. As they mentioned "everything," does that include this young lady?

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 132-The Resemblance Is Uncanny Roger, perceiving the underlying meaning, smiled and replied, "Dr. Lund, if it's agreeable to you, Jacqueline will serve you wholeheartedly and carry out any tasks you assign." "Dad, what are you talking about?" Jacqueline stomped her foot in protest, glaring at Roger. However, her expression revealed that she was not entirely opposed to the suggestion. She seemed more embarrassed than anything else.

Emrys grinned and said, "I appreciate your kind offer, Mr. Balford, but I already have seven extraordinary and stunning sisters."

After speaking, he stood up, walked out of the living room, and left the house with his bicycle.

As Roger observed Emrys' retreating figure, his eyes gleamed with excitement, and he exclaimed, "Dr. Lund is a remarkable individual with great potential. I believe he is destined for greatness. We, the Balford family, must maintain close contact with him. Don't you agree, Jacqueline?" "Hmm?" Jacqueline, lost in her thoughts, snapped back to reality upon hearing Roger's words. "Yes, you're absolutely right, Dad!" Upon noticing her expression, Roger could not help but tease her, "Jacqueline, why do you look disappointed? Are you upset because Dr. Lund didn't accept you as his servant?" "What? I'm not..." Jacqueline, renowned for her ego, would never allow herself to be disappointed simply because Emrys declined to take her as his servant.

That would be too harsh a blow to her sense of self-worth.

Caught in the act of defending herself, Jacqueline's words faltered as her eyes locked with Roger's gaze, leaving her momentarily speechless.

Roger gave her a perplexed look. Indeed, it's quite challenging to understand what goes on in a girl's mind.

Meanwhile, at the Youngblood residence in Jazona, a woman of stunning beauty and elegance was captivated by her computer screen.

Her eyes were wide with disbelief as she absorbed the information displayed before her.

Her name was Lydia Ginger.

Despite being in her mid-forties, her diligent self-care was evident in her flawless complexion, free from blemishes and wrinkles.

Her features exuded a subtle allure, a testament to the grace of passing years.

Lydia must have been an awe-inspiring beauty in her youth.

If Emrys were to catch sight of this enchanting woman, he would undoubtedly be taken aback, for she bore a striking resemblance to his extraordinary sister, Cordelia. They were both enchanting beauties.

Standing beside Lydia was a middle-aged man, the very same suited gentleman whom Emrys had encountered at the elevator of Maple Forest Hotel not long ago.

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He was Lydia's husband and the influential head of the Youngblood family, Richard Youngblood, who held great power in Jazona.

At that moment, they were watching footage from the surveillance camera outside the Maple Forest Hotel.

The people who appeared in the footage were none other than Emrys and Cordelia.

In the footage, Emrys entered the hotel carrying Cordelia, which made her face less visible in the camera footage. However, as they exited the hotel, their faces became undeniably clear and were captured by the camera.

"The resemblance is uncanny..." Lydia widened her eyes in disbelief. It almost felt like she was watching a recording of herself in her youth.

Richard said, "I find it strange too. I wonder if... you know, twenty-five years ago..." "Impossible!" Lydia cut him off abruptly before he could finish speaking, her eyes filled with a hint of anguish.

Twenty-five years ago, they did have a daughter, but she did not survive for long.

It was a painful and haunting chapter of their past.

The couple had always avoided discussing it, and if it were not for this peculiar circumstance, Richard would never have opened this old wound.

"I'm sorry, Lydia. I shouldn't have said that," Richard apologized, wrapping his arm around her shoulder to offer comfort.

Two minutes later, they received a call from the hospital. "Mr. Youngblood, based on the test conducted at our hospital, we've determined that your genetic match with Ms. Cordelia Youngblood is ninety-nine point five percent." In other words, the girl who appeared in the surveillance camera footage was Richard's daughter!

Ninety-nine point five percent! How is that possible?

Richard could not help but shudder.

Lydia asked, "What's wrong, Honey?" Richard took a moment to regain his composure before speaking. "I had a paternity test done using a few strands of that girl's hair. The results confirmed that she is indeed our daughter."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 133-Cordelia Is Our Daughter "What?" Lydia's b*dy trembled in shock.

Their minds struggled to comprehend what was happening. Twenty-five years ago, they lost their daughter, and after that, they only had a son.

The couple was baffled, "Perhaps only Father Greenhill from Mount Dracoger has the answer to our question. I'll head there at once," Richard declared resolutely.

"I'll come with you!" Lydia offered hurriedly.

After their daughter passed away, a priest from Mount Dracoger took her b*dy with him, claiming he would give her a proper burial.

Mount Dracoger was well-known in Jazona. The thought of having to visit her grave brought forth a flood of painful emotions that Richard and Lydia wished to avoid. With heavy hearts, they made the difficult decision to entrust Greenhill with the task of bringing their daughter's b*dy back with him.

A sense of unease washed over Richard and Lydia, leading them to suspect that there was a connection between the unusual circumstances and Greenhill's involvement.

They wasted no time and set off for Mount Dracoger. When they found Greenhill, to their surprise, he denied any knowledge of the matter.

Richard was flustered. "Father Greenhill, it's impossible that you know nothing.

You were the one who took our daughter away from us!" Greenhill shook his head and explained, "I only followed Elder Skybright's instructions. I gave your daughter's b*dy to him." "Where is he now? Can we talk to him?" Richard and Lydia had too many questions that could only be answered by Skybright.

Greenhill chuckled bitterly. "Elder Skybright has always been elusive. The last time he graced us with his presence at the monastery was three years ago." "Three years ago?" Richard and Lydia felt helpless as it was clear they wouldn't get an answer anytime soon.

On the way back, Richard had come to terms with the situation and said, "No matter what, at least we can confirm that Cordelia Youngblood is our daughter." "Yes!" Lydia's eyes sparkled in excitement. "Fate works in mysterious ways, doesn't it? Our daughter has been here in Jazona all along, I must bring her back home and make amends for not being there for her all these years." Back at Verdant Estate, Cordelia had no idea what was happening with the Youngblood family.

She reclined on the couch, indulging in a moment of relaxation after a refreshing shower. Clad in a seductive nightgown that accentuated her long and fair legs, she found herself engrossed in the TV program, though she occasionally twisted her head.

Seeing that, Emrys asked, "Delia, what's wrong? Does your neck feel uncomfortable?" "Mm. My neck is aching as I sit in the chair all day to work." "Let me give you a massage," Emrys offered.

Taking a seat beside her on the couch, he skillfully began massaging her neck with a professional touch. With each careful stroke, he channeled his life energy, providing a soothing sensation that gradually eased Cordelia's discomfort.

Cordelia had been dealing with a nagging shoulder sprain for several years, a result of spending long hours in her office chair. Whenever the pain flared up, she would rely on Caylie's assistance for acupuncture treatments and massages.

Without the flow of life energy, Caylie couldn't provide the same level of relief that Emrys effortlessly delivered.

The next day, Richard and Lydia made a surprise visit to Verdant Estate.

As they entered the premises, Cordelia, Caylie, Yelena, and Emrys couldn't help but be taken aback.

Their widened in astonishment as they laid eyes on Lydia.

The resemblance between her and Cordelia was uncanny, with striking similarities in their features.

The group couldn't help but glance between Cordelia and Lydia, their minds racing with a sudden realization that left them speechless.

Indeed, after Richard and Lydia revealed the truth, Cordelia was sobbing noisily.

She had no idea that her family was the top prestigious family in Jazona, that Youngblood family.

When Richard and Lydia first appeared at Verdant Estate, Cordelia's initial reaction was resistance.

She couldn't help but feel a surge of bitterness and resentment, assuming that her parents had abandoned her at the orphanage all those years ago.

Consequently, she treated them with coldness, keeping her emotions guarded

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 134-A Husband Of Equal Status Feeling the weight of the past and the pain of abandonment, Cordelia contemplated her options. Twenty-five years they abandoned her, and she didn't feel obligated to acknowledge them as her parents.

She wasn't that generous.

A mere apology would not suffice to make up for the pain and abandonment she had endured for twenty-five years.

As Cordelia listened to Richard and Lydia's explanation, her heart began to soften. They had thought she was dead and entrusted her b*dy to a priest for a

proper burial. The revelation shattered the resentment that had held a grip on her for so long.

Cordelia realized that their actions had stemmed from a tragic misunderstanding, and they, too, had endured immense suffering in their own way.

The three of them came together in a family hug and burst into tears.

As Emrys, Caylie, and Yelena observed the unfolding reunion between Cordelia and her parents, a mixture of emotions surged within them.

They couldn't help but feel genuine happiness for Cordelia upon witnessing her reconciliation with her long-lost family. However, their own past as orphans from the Sunshine Children's Home cast a shadow over their hearts.

Emrys didn't know how to express his feelings.

With an extensive network of the Seventy-two Shadow Forces under his command, with two-thirds of their influence spanning across international borders and only one-third focused within Chanaea, it should pose no difficulty for him to uncover the backgrounds of himself and the girls.

Nevertheless, prior to his departure from the monastery half a decade ago, the wise old friar had advised Emrys to allow destiny to unfold naturally when he sought information about his true identity.

He was telling Emrys not to delve into his own background as the answers would be revealed in due time.

Perhaps it wasn't a coincidence that the girls and he were sent to Sunshine Children's Home. Someone had orchestrated this arrangement deliberately, with the intention of fostering a deep bond between Emrys and the girls.

Emrys had formed this speculation based on recent events and the words of the old friar.

That thought terrified him.

Pondering over the intricate scheme unfolding before him, Emrys couldn't shake off his curiosity about the involvement of the old friar in this grand design. How did the friar fit into the equation, and what connection did he have with Skybright, the name that Richard and Lydia had mentioned earlier?

"You are Emrys Lund, right?" 33 Pit, 20 Jan Chapter 134 A Husband of Equal Status
Emrys was deep in thought when Richard's voice pulled him out of his reverie.

"Can we talk somewhere else?" Hearing that. Emrys bobbed his head.

Both men stepped out of the mansion, seeking privacy for their conversation.

Richard observed Emrys in silence for a moment before finally speaking up.

"First and foremost, I want to extend my heartfelt appreciation for looking after Cordelia. If there's anything you need or any requests you have, please don't hesitate to inform me. The Youngblood family is prepared to fulfill any reasonable demand within our means." "Mr. Youngblood, I actually-" "Hush now, and let me finish speaking." As Emrys was preparing to explain that he was simply fulfilling his duty in looking after Cordelia, Richard cut him short. At once, a hint of displeasure appeared in Emrys' gaze.

Richard Youngblood is quite assertive, huh?

After a brief pause, Richard resumed speaking, "I don't want to see you pestering Cordelia anymore. Having neglected her for the past twenty-five years, it is our responsibility to bring her back into the embrace of the Youngblood family and provide her with proper care. Additionally, I will ensure she is matched with a husband of equal status. Emrys, I trust you comprehend the implications behind my words." With that, Richard fixed Emrys with a warning look. His words were clearly a veiled threat.

To him, Emrys and Cordelia's relationship wasn't that simple. Otherwise, they wouldn't have stepped out of the hotel that day with her intimately hugging his arm.

Besides, Cordelia seemed lightheaded when Emrys entered the hotel with her in his arms that day. Richard refused to believe that Emrys was gentlemanly enough not to take advantage of her in the hotel room.

He wasn't going to take offense over that matter anymore as long as Emrys stopped pestering Cordelia in the future.

A tense silence filled the air.

A brief pause later, Emrys broke the silence with a soft chuckle. "Richard, I was polite enough to address you as 'Mr. Youngblood' as you're Delia's father. Were it not for that, I must warn you that there would have been grave consequences for treating me in such a manner."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 135-Putting Up A Bluff Richard froze momentarily at his words.

Emrys continued calmly, "Let me remind you that you are not in a position to dictate or instruct me on my relationship with Delia. If I ever hear you utter such words again, I will not hesitate to teach you a lesson, even if you're Delia's father." With that, he spun on his heels and returned to the living room.

At the same time, Richard could barely hide his shock.

Emrys might be young, but he's intimidating. He nearly intimidated me even though I'm the head of the Youngblood family. Just how confident is he?

Despite Richard's initial bewilderment, he quickly calmed down and shot Emrys a look. He's only in his twenties. How capable can he be? He's most probably putting up a bluff. Yes, that must be it.

Richard felt a rush of emotions before he returned to the living room.

While Richard engaged in conversation with Emrys, Lydia took the opportunity to have a heartfelt discussion with Cordelia in her room. Lydia expressed her desire for Cordelia to abandon her current life and return to the Youngblood family, emphasizing that they could offer her a superior and more promising future.

Nevertheless, Cordelia stood her ground and expressed her firm stance. "If you are here to truly accept me as your daughter, I am open to that. However, asking me to abandon my current life is out of the question. I have six friends I treat as sisters and Emrys, and I am content with the life I have built. I hope I won't hear you mention this topic ever again." In the end, they parted ways on a sour note.

Richard sighed. "Perhaps we're too hasty. We shouldn't expect Cordelia to come home with us immediately after meeting her. It's only natural for her to feel resistant. Let's take things slowly and give her the time she needs." Lydia nodded. "That's the only way. I hope she can understand that we only mean well." Before their departure, Lydia discreetly called Emrys aside and shared her thoughts with him. "If you genuinely desire what is best for Cordelia, I implore you to consider advising her to return to the Youngblood family." Emrys merely gave her a cold look and responded, "You don't have to worry, for I'll take good care of Delia." "Do you truly believe you possess the capability to provide for her needs? The Youngblood family can offer her the very best. Can you match that?" Lydia demanded skeptically.

Assuming that Cordelia's reluctance to return to the Youngblood family was influenced by Emrys, Lydia directed her frustrations toward him, using him as a target for her venting.

Emrys maintained his composure throughout Lydia's venting, and once she had finished, he 08:55 Fri, 26 Jan 20 Chapter 135 Putting Up A Bluff 80%

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responded with unwavering calmness. "I can offer Cordelia everything that the Youngblood family can. provide and even more. What I can provide for her surpasses the capabilities of a thousand Youngblood families," he stated.

"What an arrogant young man!" Lydia sneered. "Remember what you said today. I can't wait to see how you'll provide the best for Cordelia!" "Time will prove everything." "Time will prove that you're dreaming!" Richard and Lydia departed from Verdant Estate in a state of annoyance.

Despite their initial joy of reuniting with their daughter, they felt upset at Emrys' demeanor.

They perceived him as arrogant and flippant, lacking the necessary capabilities.

In their eyes, he appeared to excel only in arguments, leaving them with doubts about his true suitability for Cordelia.

"I just don't understand what Cordelia sees in a man like him. When he eventually breaks her heart, she'll come to appreciate those of us who truly care for her," Lydia grumbled in the car.

Richard's lips curled into a smile as he responded, "They have a special bond as they grew up together in the orphanage. It's only natural for them to be close.

Most importantly, I think Cordelia has yet to meet a man with better qualities." "Oh, that's right!" Lydia slapped her head and exclaimed, "If I'm not mistaken, the son of the

Atkinson family is coming home after studying abroad. We can find a chance to introduce him to Cordelia!" They discussed the matter and thought it would work.

Cordelia didn't know if she should feel happy or sad.

Yelena blinked twice and went up to her, wrapping an arm around her neck.

"Delia, why are you feeling torn? No matter what your decision is, we'll always be your besties. Rys will always love you the most!"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 136-Having Fun Caylie agreed. "Yes, Delia! Don't let it get you down. I have an idea. Let's go to Lena's bar tonight and have the time of our lives. We'll drink until we can't stand anymore!" "Yes, let's drink till we drop!" As the four of them stepped into Nightrose Bar, their presence caused a stir among the crowd. With the ladies' striking beauty and confident demeanor, they added an extra dose of liveliness to the already vibrant scene.

Yelena announced generously, "Let the drinks flow freely! Drinks are on me tonight!"

"Long live the Rose Queen!" "Long live the Rose Queen!" "Rose Queen, can I kneel down to lick your heels?" The atmosphere in the bar soared to new heights, allowing everyone to forget about their troubles and worries for now.

After drinking a few glasses, Cordelia felt tipsy and turned to Emrys. "Rys, can you dance with me?" Emrys chuckled aloud. "I'd love to." They both came to the dancefloor, where Cordelia embraced Emrys readily. She twisted her b*dy, swaying along to the music, though her steps were a bit clumsy and unfamiliar. With each misstep, she unintentionally stepped on Emrys's feet.

Emrys said nothing and tightened his grip around her.

That very night, the quartet drank themselves into a state of stupor and fell asleep with their arms around each other in a private room on the second floor.

Emrys couldn't get drunk easily. With a simple activation of his life energy, he could swiftly metabolize the alcohol and remain sober.

However, on this occasion, he opted to indulge in the intoxicating effects of the alcohol, joining his friends in their pursuit of a carefree and boisterous night.

As a cultivator, he was naturally stronger than the other ladies and was the first to wake up the following morning.

The moment he opened his eyes, he saw a long leg sprawled over his face, "Lena, I can't believe you slept this way." Carefully, he moved Yelena's leg away from his face and left the private room.

Emrys sat downstairs for a while, waiting for the ladies to wake up. Before they did, though, he received a call from Osmond.

Having Fun The number was Osmond's, but it wasn't him who spoke.

A menacing voice snarled, "You're the martial artist who killed my junior, Wilfred, right? I'll give you fifteen minutes to make your way to the Langdon residence.

Otherwise, you'll see your subordinate's b*dy soon!" Emrys' gaze turned dark. He immediately rose to his feet and rushed out of Nightrose Bar to head to the Langdon residence.

Osmond was involved in the underground forces, but he had provided Emrys with a lot of help, so Emrys couldn't ignore his plight now that he was in trouble.

Emrys felt a deep sense of responsibility, knowing that Osmond's current predicament was a direct consequence of their association.

Less than fifteen minutes later, he arrived at the Langdon residence.

There was no one else save for Osmond, who was coughing out blood on the floor.

Emrys wasted no time in rushing to his side, swiftly applying acupuncture therapy to aid in staunching the bleeding.

Osmond coughed and apologized, "I'm sorry, Empyrean Lord. I had to call you as I couldn't hold on any longer." "Don't apologize. You're my subordinate, so anyone who bullies you is essentially bullying me. Besides, I'm their target." Hearing that, Osmond couldn't help but tear up.

Since his initial encounter with the Empyrean Lord, Osmond had consistently displayed a profound sense of humility, recognizing his own insignificance in comparison.

Most importantly, Osmond called the shots in the underground forces. Despite his influence, he knew he didn't have a good reputation.

On the contrary, Empyrean Lord was a hero of Chanaea, a figure revered by many.

Osmond held the belief that he was undeserving of serving as the Empyrean Lord's subordinate. It was only due to his brother's request that he mustered the courage to approach and disturb the Empyrean Lord.

After getting attacked by three martial artists today, he thought the Empyrean Lord wouldn't bother to save him.

However, reality had proven him wrong.

Empyrean Lord assured him that he was part of them, emphasizing that anyone who dared to bully Osmond would essentially be targeting the Empyrean Lord himself.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 137-You Guys Disappoint Me Osmond felt touched when he heard that.

Looks like the injuries I've sustained today are worth it!

With tears rolling down his face, he said, "Be careful, Your Highness. There are three of them in total, so they should be hiding nearby." Emrys nodded. "I know." He had long since detected three hostile energies targeting him, but he didn't panic at all. Instead, he proceeded to stop Osmond's bleeding before he stood up and asked, "Well? I'm here, aren't I? What are you guys waiting for?"

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Those words had barely left Emrys' mouth when three pale men came swooping down from the roof.

"So, you're the guy who killed Wilfred?" they asked while eyeing Emrys from head to toe.

"You obviously already know the answer to your question." Emrys then scanned them with his eyes and continued with a smile, "How interesting. Did you three come all the way here to bring me ingredients?" I'm detecting an aura similar to that of a seven-colored centipede from their bodies. If my guess is correct, then they should be carrying a scorpion, a toad, and a lizard respectively. Combine those three with the snake and the centipede, and I will have gathered all five poisons. Though the five poisons may be poisonous, they can be turned into herbs with medical properties after being processed with a special technique. Did these three come here just to provide me with the three ingredients?

The three men exploded with anger when they heard that. They leaped into the air in unison and sprayed a nasty poisonous fog at Emrys.

Emrys dodged the incoming attack with ease, grabbed Osmond by the shoulder, and dragged him to a safe location before running into the green poisonous fog.

The three men sneered when they saw that. "Ha! He doesn't even realize that he's going to get himself killed!" That poisonous fog was something their mentor, Skorprios, had spent dozens of years creating. Inhaling just a tiny bit of it was enough to kill even Manifestor grandmasters if they did not receive the antidote in time.

As such, they believed Emrys would surely die when he charged right into the poisonous fog.

“How did a silly brat like him manage to kill Wilfred?” 1/2 Chapter 137 You Guys Disappoint Me 80% 會 “Wilfred probably got careless or something. Nob*dy expected Jadeborough to have any more martial artists, after all.” “You’re right. Well, I guess we have avenged Wilfred now. Our mentor told us to bring this punk back alive, though. Keep an eye on the time. Don’t let him stay in the fog for too long.” “Understood!” The three of them then waited until it was about time before dispersing the poisonous fog. However, what they saw next shocked them to the core, Instead of collapsing like they thought he would, Emrys was standing in the middle with his arms behind his back.

“And here I thought you three were going to make this challenging for me. So, this is all you’ve got? You guys disappoint me.” The looks on the three men’s faces changed when they heard that.

What? We’re not even a challenge to him? How the f*ck did he even survive the poisonous fog?

“A–A–Are you a Manifestor grandmaster?” one of them asked nervously.

Only Manifestor grandmasters are able to release their internal energy to form a protective barrier around them! That’s the only way to prevent the poisonous fog from entering their b*dy through their pores! If this man really is a Manifestor grandmaster, then Wilfred’s death is understandable!

To their surprise, Emrys replied calmly, “Manifestor grandmasters are nothing but trash to me.” The three men gasped in shock.

Manifestor grandmasters are so powerful that we can’t even come close to defeating them, and yet, this guy says they’re nothing but trash... Is he just being insolent, or is he actually that powerful?

Right when the three of them were frozen in uncertainty, Emrys shouted, “Get over here!” He then raised his hand and clenched his fist. The next thing they knew, one of the three men was lifted into the air by an invisible force and pulled toward Emrys’ hand.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 138-Larissa Lockwood “He’s a cultivator!” All three of them went pale instantly as they realized just how terrifyingly powerful Emrys was.

The man, whom Emrys was grabbing by the throat, realized he was done for.

“Run! I’ll hold him off!” he shouted at his companions before biting his tongue.

A toad then came bursting out of his chest a second later.

As Emrys was holding him high up in the air, his chest happened to be facing Emrys' face at the time. The toad spat a mouthful of poisonous liquid at Emrys'

face.

Crack!

Emrys quickly stepped back after snapping his opponent's neck, but the poisonous liquid still hit him in the face. It produced a stinging sensation upon coming into contact with his skin, but that didn't bother Emrys in the slightest.

After all, he wasn't even afraid of Skorprios' poisonous fog, so that little toad's poisonous spit wouldn't do him any harm. All Emrys had to do was channel his life energy to purify the toad's poison.

He then spat out a sigil and sealed the toad with it.

All of that happened within a few seconds, and the two fleeing men had only put about twenty meters between them and Emrys.

Emrys then raised his hand and pointed his index finger at one of them. A ray of life energy shot out of his fingertip, penetrating the man's b*dy in an instant.

Just like with the previous man, a scorpion came bursting out of his chest upon his death. After sealing and capturing the scorpion with ease, Emrys' shifted his gaze toward the third man.

Instead of killing him on the spot, Emrys broke his limbs and interrogated him for Skorprios' whereabouts.

The man was stubborn at first and refused to talk no matter what. About thirty seconds later, however, he broke down in tears as he lay on the ground with countless needles all over his b*dy and begged Emrys to put him out of his misery.

Having obtained the answer he wanted, Emrys crushed the man's skull with a single blow, killing him on the spot.

As of that moment, all four of Skorprios' disciples had died at Emrys' hands.

The four poisonous animals he had cultivated, too, had been crushed, detoxified, dried in the sun, and pounded into dust.

Meanwhile, inside a damp cave near the river bank, Skorprios spat out three mouthfuls of blood and yelled angrily, "You b*stard! I'll break every single one of your bones and make soup with them!" Larissa Lockwood His blood was boiling with anger.

As though it could feel Skorprios' rage, the huge python that was wrapped around his *bdy hissed and fused with his bdy.*

About half an hour later, Skorprios got to his feet and waved his arm, prompting the poisonous creatures inside the cave to gather around him.

He then crushed them all into a bloody mist and absorbed them into his b*dy.

A group of powerful individuals seemed to be looking for something outside the cave.

The one leading the group was a gorgeous woman with a stunning, perfectly-proportioned figure to go with her exquisite facial features.

Unlike typical women who appeared weak and submissive, she exuded a powerful aura and looked more like a female warrior who would fight valiantly in battle.

She was the type of woman that men would dream of dominating so they could brag about it for life.

However, none of those men around her dared flirt with her as she was Larissa Lockwood, both their superior and the head of Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance.

All the men could do was call her Lady Lockwood in private.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 139-Leave If You Value Your Life They had arrived at the river bank to hunt down and capture Skorprios, who was infamous for kidnapping innocent people and feeding them to his poisonous creatures.

That was how he ended up on the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance's wanted list.

"This place reeks of blood, Master Lockwood. If my guess is correct, then Skorprios should be nearby," said one of the men.

Larissa nodded. "Be on your guard, everyone. Skorprios is incredibly cunning.

Do not fall into his traps."

"Understood!" Swoosh!

Suddenly, a young man riding on a bicycle came into view.

The looks on their faces changed when they saw the young man coming straight at them.

"Stop that man! Do not let him come any closer!" Larissa ordered.

“Understood!” They knew that Skorprios was hiding nearby, so a huge battle was definitely inevitable.

That young man would only get himself killed in the crossfire if he came close.

Of course, the only person capable of looking this cool while riding a bicycle was none other than Emrys himself.

He had spotted the group from far away and’deliberately slowed down as he approached them.

When he saw the woman in the group, he couldn’t help but gasp in shock.

Huh? That woman looks familiar! She looks like Larissa from Mr. Olman’s photograph!

Upon taking a closer look, he realized that the woman was indeed Larissa, one of the girls he grew up with at the orphanage.

Excited to run into Larissa at the river bank, Emrys had wanted to give her a surprise by pulling up next to her.

However, two men stopped him before he could even get close.

“The Central Chanacan Martial Arts Alliance is operating in the area. Please leave immediately if you value your life!” they said sternly.

The Central Chanacan Martial Arts Alliance? Does that mean Issa is a member of the Central Chanacan Martial Arts Alliance? Wow... You sure are something else, Issa!

Leave if You Value Your Life Emrys couldn’t help but feel relieved at the thought of that.

Despite being a girl, Larissa had always been headstrong and mischievous. She had practically beaten up every single boy at the orphanage when she was little, and Emrys was no exception.

The only difference was that the other boys ended up face–down on the floor while Emrys fell on his back.

The two kids that used to be punished the most at the orphanage were Larissa and Gavin.

Larissa would often be punished for much longer than Gavin because she would beat him up halfway through the punishment.

Of course, that was all in the past.

Emrys was glad to see that Larissa had become a member of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance. Judging by the way she was commanding the men, he figured she must hold a rather high position as well.

I can't believe she actually became the female warrior she always wanted to be!

"Hey! Didn't you hear what we just said? This place is off limits, so hurry up and leave!" the two men urged Emrys again when they received no response from him.

Having been snapped out of his train of thought, Emrys replied with a smile, "Sure, I'll leave right away! But before I go, could you tell me who that beautiful woman is?" Although displeased with Emrys' stalling, the men felt proud when they heard his question. "That's Lady Lockwood! She's the head of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance!" As they all idolized Larissa, it was only natural that they felt happy hearing Emrys compliment her.

However, they were quick to snap out of it and said, "A woman like Master Lockwood is beyond even members of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance, so an ordinary guy like you shouldn't even think about getting close to her. Now, hurry up and leave!"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 140-Larissa In Action "Sure thing!" Not wanting to make things difficult for them, Emrys quickly turned around and rode off on his bicycle.

Master Lockwood? Lady Lockwood? Hehe... You used to bully me a lot when we were kids, so I'll be sure to get my revenge on you!

Instead of leaving the area, however, Emrys simply made his way to the side of the peak and sat down to watch the show.

Boom!

A huge battle had begun as the members of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance discovered Skorprios' hiding spot.

It was truly an epic battle to witness.

Emrys was having a great time watching it from afar.

Of course, it wasn't the exciting battle that he enjoyed watching. His gaze was fixated on Larissa's amazing figure as she engaged Skorprios in battle.

Bam!Bam!Bam!

Larissa's hairband was cut during an intense exchange of blows with Skorprios, causing her long hair to come loose and billow in the wind. That added a hint of femininity to her rather masculine appearance.

“Master Lockwood, Skorprios has suddenly broken through Manifestor level!

Should we head back and call for backup?” one of the members suggested.

Having exchanged blows with Skorprios, they realized they were unable to defeat him.

According to the information they had gathered, Skorprios’ cultivation level was only half Manifestor. That was the reason they did not bring a lot of people with them.

However, it soon became clear to them that Skorprios had reached Manifestor.

In truth, they could have easily defeated Skorprios if they had come a day earlier.

Unfortunately, Skorprios had only just had a breakthrough, which was mostly Emrys’ fault.

Had he not killed three of Skorprios’ disciples, Skorprios would not have been able to unleash his true potential so soon.

This showed a huge difference between the two factions of martial artists.

True martial artists cultivated not only their physical state but also their mental state. One would have to be completely at peace and have no distractions whatsoever when reaching a new cultivation level.

Larissa in Action The slightest disturbance could result in one’s mental state destabilizing.

However, things were different for martial artists like Skorprios, who focused on unorthodox methods of cultivation. External stimuli such as extreme emotions could help them unlock their true potential and help them level up faster.

As they did not have to cultivate their mental state, they had no fear of losing control. All they had to do was increase their cultivation level through simple and crude methods.

That applied to both martial artists and cultivators.

As Skorprios had already achieved Manifestor, the members of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance struggled to defeat him.

Larissa was the only one in the group that had achieved Manifestor, so she could somewhat go toe to toe with Skorprios. However, Skorprios’ cunning tactics and the python head on his shoulder made him a ridiculously tough opponent.

Larissa shook her head when she heard her subordinate’s suggestion to call for backup. “No way! Skorprios would be long gone by the time backup arrives!

There's no telling how many more lives he'll take in the process!" she replied through clenched teeth as she charged at Skorprios once again.

This time, Larissa focused solely on offense and neglected her defense completely. While she managed to stab Skorprios twice with her sword, she also exposed herself to the python's fangs.

While pythons were generally not venomous, this one, in particular, was extremely venomous.

"Watch out, Master Lockwood!" the members of the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance exclaimed in horror when they saw the python attack Larissa.

Larissa gasped in shock and attempted to beat a hasty retreat, but it was too late. The python opened its mouth and was about to bite down on her shoulder.

Bam!

A green ball of flame came flying toward the python and hit it right on the head, setting it alight instantly and causing it to flail about uncontrollably.

"Argh! What is this flame?" As Skorprios had already fused with the python, he felt its pain as well. He flopped to the ground, rolling as he tried to extinguish the flame.