

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 16-Lance's face went as black as thunder. Before he lost his temper, a seductive voice drifted into the air out of the blue. "Why are you wearing such a dark look, Mr. Trump?" All the patrons looked over in the direction of the voice and were immediately floored. A beautiful lady was slowly descending the stairs from the second floor of the bar, her slender waist swaying slightly, even as her shapely legs led the way ahead. She was dressed in a magnificent red gown, complemented by a pair of bright silver high heels. She looked like a lofty queen descending from her throne. In truth, she was Yelena Lynch, who was dubbed Rose Queen, the mysterious owner of Nightrose Bar. Everyone had a besotted look in their eyes. They had long since heard that the mysterious owner of Nightrose was a top-notch beauty who was S**y and enticing. Beholding her then, they found that the rumors were indeed true. A faint smile played on

Yelena's lips, the bright red shade seemingly exuding a lethal allure. When she reached Cordelia, the crowd plunged into a trance for a moment. To their surprise, the two stellar beauties were not the least inferior to each other when they stood side by side. The only difference was Cordelia was aloof while Yelena was charming, just like ice and fire. Their combination was downright fatal. "Mr. Trump?" Lance had also gotten lost in Yelena's appeal. Only when the latter called his name softly that he jolted back to reality. "Ms. Yelena, it's not that I deliberately wanted to kick up a fuss at your bar, but this despicable couple played me for a fool just now. I merely want to seek justice for myself." "Really?" Yelena chuckled seductively. Without warning, she turned to Cordelia and said, "He called you despicable, my dearest sister." Sister? At once, Lance's expression froze. At the same time, the crowd went into an uproar. Never had they expected the two rare and stunning beauties to be sisters. Sure enough, birds of a feather flock together! Cordelia had drunk quite a lot of red wine, so her cheeks were flushed. Nonetheless, her voice remained cold as she replied, "Have him slap himself, then." "Okay." Whirling around, Yelena regarded Lance with a bright smile. "Mr. Trump, my sister doesn't like your remark earlier. She asked that you slap yourself." Lance did not need her repeating it as he heard Cordelia loud and clear. Even so, he was still a touch bewildered. Yelena continued, "If you can't bring yourself to do it, I can have someone else help you out. Or shall I talk to your father about it personally?" Despite the perpetual smile on her face, Lance felt as though she was a queen and her words a royal decree. "N-No, it's okay. I'll do it myself." Ultimately, he was defeated by her powerful aura. He obediently slapped himself a few times before slinking away.

It was only then that Yelena studied Emrys closely. "Who's this?" "Oh, he's my boyfriend. His surname's Lund," Cordelia answered before Emrys could say anything. She went according to her plan to give Yelena a surprise. As expected, a trace of surprise showed in Yelena's lovely eyes. "Boyfriend?" She eyed Emrys suspiciously. Emrys nodded. Yelena's expression shifted. Grabbing Cordelia's hand, she dragged her to the side and whispered, "Is he really your boyfriend, Delia? Or are you joking with

me?" "Don't you think he looks a lot like someone we know? On top of that, his surname is the same," Cordelia said.

Naturally, Yelena knew who she was referring to. "I know you miss Rys greatly. I miss him, too. But you can't simply offer yourself to this man just because he looks a lot like Rys!" Unfortunately, Cordelia turned a deaf ear to the advice.

Instead, she batted her eyelashes and said, "Let me ask you something, Lena.

Do you still remember that we made a pact when we were young, vowing to marry the same man when we grow up?" In response, Yelena bobbed her head.

Of course, I remember that. It was just a joke during our childhood. "I've already decided to marry him, so I came over this time to introduce him to you. That aside, I'll be bringing him to meet the others." Cordelia's statement was so shocking that Yelena's eyes instantly widened in fright. She hurriedly placed her delicate hand against Cordelia's forehead. "You're not running a fever, are you, Delia?" Verily, she could not believe Cordelia would say such a thing when the latter had always been an exceedingly sensible person. Ignoring her astonished gaze, Cordelia continued, "I've already asked my boyfriend, and he doesn't mind living with us all." When Yelena heard that, her face darkened. Isn't that to be expected? He'll be more than glad to do so when we're all beyond outstanding! How could he possibly mind it? And how could she fail to understand that? Could it be that love really makes one's IQ drop? Oh God, she must have lost her mind! Since I'm not getting through to her, I've got no choice but to talk to her boyfriend. Unbeknownst to her, a sly smile suddenly bloomed on Cordelia's face when her back was turned. Cordelia threw Emrys a look. It was as though she was saying that she had finished her part, and he was up next. Grasping her meaning, Emrys started arrogantly, "You're Cordelia's younger sister who ranks third, yes? Since Cordelia has told you everything, I'm not going to repeat it again. I hope you won't be unreasonable about it." Yelena was utterly dumbfounded. Good Lord! What kind of person is he? She gritted her teeth in frustration. He's the typical kind of man who's putting up a haughty act after gaining an advantage! What a sc*mbag! "I think we can go upstairs for a chat." Although she was seething inwardly, she still maintained her regal air, merely shooting him an icy glare. It went without saying that Emrys would never turn that offer down. When they were heading upstairs, Emrys followed behind Yelena, silently admiring her bewitching figure. Witnessing that, the crowd went green with envy. They had no idea why Emrys was so lucky that he not only won over an aloof goddess but also received an invitation to the VIP room alone from Rose Queen herself. Truly, comparisons would only render one inferior. The elegant VIP room had excellent sound insulation. Once the door was closed, the noises from outside were cut off completely. Emrys sensed a chill pervading the air. Yelena sat on the leather couch with her legs crossed, her bright silver high heels seemingly emanating a frosty light. Her regal aura was fully unleashed.

"Have a seat," she ordered coldly. With a chuckle, Emrys went right over and plopped down beside her instead of sitting on the couch across from her.

Immediately, Yelena frowned, and a trace of revulsion showed in her lovely eyes. Argh! This sc*mbag is simply insolent! If it weren't for Delia, I'd have definitely chopped him into pieces! She had a flashback to the past when Joseph, the playboy from the Chalker family in the North River District, had paid no mind to the law and ruined countless girls just because he had an influential background. In the end, she truly could not stand watching anymore and found an opportunity and castrated the man. If this man here steps out of line today, I don't mind granting Jadeboroug

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 17-"In short, I want you to leave Delia. You're not worthy of her." Yelena cut to the chase right after Emrys sat down. She didn't want to waste another minute talking to him. Emrys uttered halfheartedly, "Cordelia and I are genuinely in love with one another. Why are you trying to separate us?" "Ha!" she sneered. "If you truly love my sister, you won't be swooning over another woman simultaneously." "How can you say that? What I'm harboring is clearly encompassing love. You are Cordelia's younger sister. I love Cordelia, so it's a given for me to like you too." He flashed a mischievous smile while brazenly reaching out to wrap his arm around her waist. All of a sudden, a chilly sensation shot up Emrys' legs. He hastily moved backward. When he looked down, he saw a dagger stuck in the area of the couch between his thighs. Oh my. If I hadn't sensed her attack in advance and moved twenty centimeters

away in time, she would've sliced off my manhood with a single slash. Lena is indeed ruthless. While lingering fear washed over him, he also wondered if an ordinary person could be equipped with such dexterity. Emrys' background was extraordinary. On the front, he had the support of the Thirty-six Sky Generals.

Besides, he was also in charge of the secret Seventy-two Shadow Forces. He could have easily figured out all his sisters' information via the Seventy-two Shadow Forces, but he didn't do so. Emrys respected her sisters' privacy. As such, he didn't know that although Yelena was a bar owner on the surface, she also had another identity: the cold-blooded assassin, Nightrose. Her call sign, Nightrose, was similar to the name of the bar. For that reason, everyone wouldn't connect the dot between Yelena and the savage killer since no assassin would be so stupid as to expose their identity. Back at present, Yelena was also surprised that she missed. It had been a long time since she last failed to hit her target. She swiftly pulled out the dagger and swung it at Emrys. The sharp end of the dagger was aimed at Emrys' throat the next instant, but he was well-prepared. He leaned backward on the back of the couch and rolled over.

The razor-sharp blade missed his face by less than a centimeter. Yelena abruptly leaped to her feet and said in a hostile manner, "You're no average Joe." Emrys could've dodged her first attack by good fortune, but the second time couldn't have been as simple as a stroke of luck. Yelena wasn't a fool, so she wasn't oblivious to his prowess. She could even tell his capabilities were above hers. Emrys smiled. "A girl like you shouldn't play with knives. It's dangerous." Right after saying that, he suddenly tilted

his bdy forward and flicked his finger. A second later, a crisp clang sounded. The dagger in Yelena's hand was sent flying out of her hand. An assassin losing her weapon was a fatal mistake. Utter shock and disbelief flashed across her eyes. However, the next second, her bdy tensed up because Emrys suddenly opened his arms and gave her a bear hug. It was an innocent hug, but Yelena couldn't fathom his intention. She thought he was taking advantage of her. Cold killing intent burst forth from her b*dy. This shameless man deserves to die! At that precise moment, Emrys' gentle voice rang out. "Lena, it's me, Emrys. I'm still alive." Instantaneously, Yelena's emotional barrier crumbled. She asked with a quivering voice, "W-What did you say?" "Lena, he's our younger brother, Emrys, not my boyfriend. We were kidding with you just now!" At that moment, Cordelia pushed the door open and entered. She was shocked when she saw the messy interior of the room. Little did she expect the two to get into a fight. Fortunately, I came in just in time. Yelena remained skeptical. Emrys recounted many things from their past to her and even accurately mentioned the existence of a mole under her left breast. Finally, Yelena believed her younger brother, Emrys, had returned. Tears of excitement gushed out uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. She embraced him tightly, even more so than Emrys did when he hugged her earlier. He could clearly sense the realness and passionate thumping of her heartbeat. The blissful happiness he felt at that instant was indescribable. After Yelena regained her composure, the trio chatted for a long time. Before they knew it, two hours had passed. Yelena glanced at the time and exclaimed, "Oh no. I almost forgot about my meeting with Mr. Haberle." "What's the matter?" Emrys asked. "Mr. Haberle invited me to view his paintings and calligraphy collection at eight o'clock. I won't make it in time even if I hurry over now. I'm planning to tell him I won't be going over tonight. I want to stay here to keep you company." Yelena was an artwork enthusiast. Whenever she came back after completing her mission, she would spend some time practicing her drawing and calligraphy skills, as those were some activities that could calm her in no time.

Not long ago, she had become acquainted with Lorenzo Haberle. Lorenzo was a famous painting and calligraphy collector. He had invited many people who shared his passion to check out his collection, and the event was held at eight o'clock in the evening that day. Yelena was one of the invitees. She was about to contact Lorenzo to inform him of her circumstances when Emrys piped up, "Lena, I'll accompany you there!" "Are you interested in artworks too?" she asked. "Yes." He nodded. "Occasionally, I'll draw to entertain myself." Emrys had been staying in the monastery on the mountain from when he was five to fifteen years old, so there weren't any other ways to keep himself entertained. Aside from practicing the skills the old friar taught him, painting was the other most relaxing thing to do. He was considered a part-time artwork enthusiast. Hearing that, Yelena didn't decline Lorenzo's invitation but told him she would arrive late.

Lorenzo magnanimously replied that it was fine. Immediately afterward, the trio left the VIP room together. Emrys walked in the middle with Cordelia on his left and Yelena on his right. The girls each held one side of his arm. The bystanders were utterly flabbergasted after taking in such an astonishing scene. Cordelia and Yelena were two exceptionally exquisite beauties. Any man would guffaw in their sleep if they could even

be with one of the ladies. Yet, Emrys was going out with both women. Damn it. Isn't he too greedy? Most unexpectedly, Rose Queen was cold and unfriendly when she brought him upstairs earlier. However, after merely two hours, she seemed to have changed into a different person.

She's now treating Emrys with the utmost affection. So, what exactly happened in the past two hours? Suddenly, everyone's imagination ran wild. They seemed to have guessed something. Two hours... Everything makes sense now. The crowd instantly felt ashamed and inadequate.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 18-Cordelia wasn't interested in paintings and calligraphy, so she decided to head back instead. Yelena could barely contain her excitement as they made their way over to the Haberle residence. That was because Lorenzo said he had recently acquired a genuine painting from the famous painter, Emerentius, and would be putting it on display that night. "Is Mr. Emerentius really that amazing?" Emrys asked curiously. "Of course! Mr. Emerentius is a master of Chanaean traditional painting, which combines poetry, calligraphy, and painting! His works are able to express really intriguing ideas with very few strokes! Also, Mr.

Emerentius is a really mysterious guy! They say no one has ever seen his true face!" As Emerentius was Yelena's idol, she started fangirling over him the moment Emrys mentioned him. There was a hint of jealousy in Emrys' tone as he said, "Since you like Mr. Emerentius so much, I'm curious to find out just how

amazing he really is." Yelena shot him a surprised look. "Rys, are you jealous?" Emrys simply looked to the side and kept quiet. "Come on, don't be jealous! I only like Mr. Emerentius' art, not his person. For all we know, he might actually be an old man in his seventies or eighties!" "That's more like it." The frown on Emrys' face eased up a little, but he still had a strange feeling in his heart. While he knew for a fact that he liked the sisters, he wasn't really sure what that feeling was. If I only see them as my sisters, then why did I get jealous when Lena said she likes some other guy? If I see them as more than sisters, then how would I manage my relationships with all seven of them? I can't have them all marry me, can I? No, that's just asking for too much. I wouldn't be able to respect myself if I did that! He was snapped out of his train of thought when they arrived at the Haberle residence. "Welcome, Ms. Lynch! Mr. Haberle has specifically requested that I wait here for you. Please follow me!" the butler greeted them at the door. "Okay!" The butler then led the two of them over to an old-fashioned loft that Lorenzo had built specifically for his art collection. There were quite a number of people in the loft by the time they arrived. An old man with a white beard walked up to them and greeted them with a warm smile, "Haha! There you are! Please come in, Ms. Lynch!" That man was none other than Lorenzo himself. Yelena took the initiative to do the introductions by saying, "Hello, Mr. Haberle. This is my brother, Emrys Lund." "Welcome, Mr. Lund!" Lorenzo said while flashing him a friendly smile. Emrys nodded and returned the smile. "I know you are a big fan of Mr. Emerentius, so I waited for you to arrive before

displaying his artwork,” Lorenzo said while leading them over to the showroom. Yelena was both shocked and delighted by his act of kindness.

“Thank you, Mr. Haberle.” The moment they entered the showroom, they received quite a few displeased glances. A man with slicked-back hair let out a disdainful snort as he said, “Well, well, well... And here I thought we were waiting for some kind of big shot. Turns out it’s just Ms. Lynch from Nightrose Bar! This is a grand event, though. It’s not a place for you to perform your exotic dances!” His tone was dripping with sarcasm and mockery. A few other guests snickered when they heard that. They were all looking forward to seeing Emerentius’ artwork, so they were not happy with having to wait that long because of Yelena. “Rowan Zalenski! Where are your manners? We are all art enthusiasts here! We should set aside our differences and appreciate good art together!” Lorenzo said with a frown. “Oh, I’m sorry, Mr. Haberle. With all due respect, I’m not used to appreciating artwork around ladies of the night!” Rowan was getting increasingly rude with his remarks. “Ladies of the night” is a slang term for prostitutes! Yelena’s eyes grew cold when she heard that. She was about to snap back at him when Emrys stepped forward and sent Rowan flying with a hard slap. He refused to let anyone insult his sister. Thanks to his profound medical knowledge, he could tell that Yelena was still a virgin. That meant her flirtatious behavior was just an act that she put up, and Emrys absolutely refused to let anybody *insult her*. “*How dare you hit me?*” Rowan exclaimed as he staggered to his feet and rolled up his sleeves. He was about to hit Emrys when someone shouted coldly from behind, “Rowan! Apologize to Ms. Lynch and Mr. Haberle right this instant!” The man who spoke up was none other than Rowan’s father, Harrison Zalenski. They were both art enthusiasts and had been invited by Lorenzo to view his collection. “But, Dad...” “Apologize right now, or get out of here!” Harrison ordered in an authoritative tone. As reluctant as Rowan was, he clenched his teeth and apologized anyway. “I’m sorry, Ms. Lynch. I’m sorry, Mr. Haberle. I shouldn’t have said all that!” The people standing next to him tried to help relieve the tension as well. “Now, now... We’re all here to admire Mr. Emerentius’ art, so let’s not bring up our personal affairs.” “Exactly! We should focus on admiring the artwork!” “Hurry up and show us Mr. Emerentius’ artwork, Mr. Haberle! We’ve been waiting for a long time now!” Seeing as the crowd was starting to grow impatient, Lorenzo turned around and retrieved a painting from his collection. Everyone’s eyes lit up with awe when they saw the painting. “Whoa! It really is Mr. Emerentius’ artwork!” Emerentius loved using bright colors and simplistic strokes to create the most memorable of paintings. It was such a unique art style that people could easily identify his work, and yet, nobody was able to plagiarize it. Yelena was so excited about the artwork that she didn’t even notice the strange look on Emrys’ face. Wait a minute... Isn’t that a painting I made when I was thirteen? I was done with training for the day and happened to see an eagle in the sky when I looked up. Because I was bored, I decided to paint a picture of that eagle. While I was painting that picture, I accidentally dripped some fruit juice on the eagle’s head, which left some red stains on the painting. Those red stains are also there on the painting that Mr. Haberle is displaying, so that painting is definitely the one I made. Hmm... Emerentius, huh... Hold on, that sounds kind of like my name! Oh, I get it now! I tossed that painting away and had completely forgotten about it, but that old friar must’ve stolen it, brought it down the mountain, and created a fictitious person named

“Emerentius”! I suppose my legend has already been spreading through the streets even before my arrival!

Oh, you sure are a genius when it comes to marketing, old friar!

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 19-Cherished By Seven Sisters Although Lorenzo wasn't a vain person, seeing everyone admire the painting filled his heart with joy and put a huge smile on his face.

It wasn't easy acquiring a genuine piece of artwork from Mr. Emerentius, but it's definitely worth the trouble!

With that in mind, he asked, “The name of this painting is Eagle on a Tree. What do you guys think of it?” Someone replied, “This painting perfectly encompasses Mr. Emerentius' unique art style! It has bright colors, and you can immediately tell it's an eagle on a tree even though he only used a few strokes!”

Lorenzo nodded. “Most paintings focus too much on the form and end up neglecting the soul, which results in the paintings feeling empty somehow. Mr.

Emerentius' paintings contain both form and soul, which is why it's so hard for anyone to imitate them.” The crowd nodded in agreement with his statement.

A few more people then took turns sharing their opinions on the painting.

“I think this painting is actually a reflection of Mr. Emerentius' mental state,” Rowan said after giving it some thought.

“Oh? What makes you say that?” Everyone grew curious all of a sudden.

Rowan cleared his throat and explained, “Take a look at this tree. He didn't use a lot of ink here, but it looks like a shadow. This represents the difficult situation that he was in. Then there's this eagle. It looks like it's resting on the tree, but its posture is unnatural. I'm guessing that represents helplessness. Every eagle dreams to soar in the skies, but this one is unable to. That's why it's forced to rest on the tree and look helplessly at the sky above. Now here comes the most important part. The red spot on the eagle's head forms a huge contrast with the grey color theme of the painting. So, what does this mean? Well, I believe it means the eagle refuses to accept its fate and wishes to soar through the clear blue sky. In conclusion, this painting represents Mr. Emerentius' feelings when he was at his lowest point in life.” Everyone fell silent for a brief moment before applauding and cheering in response.

That description is so on point! It's as though he knows Mr. Emerentius like the back of his hand!

Even Lorenzo couldn't help but compliment him. "I'm sure Mr. Emerentius would see you as a close friend if he heard that." He then turned to Harrison. "Hey, Harrison! Your son sure is impressive! He might actually be better than you!" Harrison let out a hearty chuckle and said proudly, "Haha! I told you he's going to go far in life! I sure am glad I taught him a lot about art during his childhood!" 1/2 Chapter 19 Rowan Interpret... +10 pearl's He made no attempt to sound humble at all.

7 As the crowd continued to praise Rowan, even Emrys found himself tempted to applaud along with them.

I didn't even think about all that deep stuff when I was painting that back then.

I'm surprised he managed to come up with all those theories like that!

A smug grin formed on Rowan's face when he heard the praises from the crowd. He shot Yelena a glance and asked, "What do you make of this painting, Ms. Lynch?" Rowan had been hostile toward Yelena ever since she walked through that door.

He believed that a promiscuous woman like her would not know anything about art, so she wasn't even worthy of being there.

Rowan deliberately asked her that question to humiliate her in front of everyone.

Everyone shifted their gaze to Yelena and waited for her reply.

"It's fine, Ms. Lynch. Just go ahead and share your thoughts on this. We're all here to appreciate art, after all," Lorenzo encouraged her.

Yelena nodded and said, "I'm a huge fan of Mr. Emerentius, so I am thrilled to see this painting. This painting really does reflect Mr. Emerentius' art style perfectly-" "Cut the crap and get to the point! Someone has already mentioned his art style earlier, so we don't need you repeating it again!" Rowan interrupted her.

"Be patient, Rowan! Let Ms. Lynch finish!" Lorenzo said.

Rowan's excellent performance earlier had left a strong impression on Lorenzo.

In fact, he liked Rowan so much that he addressed him by his first name.

He didn't even reprimand Rowan for rudely interrupting Yelena just now.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 20-Understand Me The Best Yelena knitted her eyebrows and continued, "Eagle on a Tree is overall excellent, but I think that smudge of red was a mistake." Why did Mr.

Emerentius add something like that to an already perfect painting? It doesn't fit his usual style.

When Emrys heard that, a ghost of a smile formed on his face. Lena truly does understand me the best. I was eating red berries when I accidentally squirted the juice on the painting.

However, when the crowd heard what she said, their expressions shifted drastically.

Harrison exclaimed, "Nonsense! Mr. Emerentius' works are always flawless!" The others also expressed their displeasure at Yelena's remark because Emèrentius was their idol.

They wouldn't allow anyone to speak ill of him or his works.

Rowan snorted. "It's like I said earlier. There's no way a woman like her understands art. She shouldn't have been invited. She'll only spoil our mood." Similarly, Lorenzo frowned.

Although he had said that everyone was free to express their opinions, what he really wanted to hear were praises from different perspectives, not criticisms.

He was so upset by Yelena's critique that he stopped treating her as nicely as he used to.

Of course, Yelena detected the change in his attitude and was disappointed. I genuinely thought this was a networking event for art enthusiasts. As it turns out, everyone here is just a flatterer, including Mr. Haberle. I shouldn't have come.

Just as she was going to leave, Emrys stopped her. "Wait and see." There's no way I'll leave before these people get what they deserve for bullying Lena. I guess it's time to reveal my identity as Mr. Emerentius.

Just as he wondered how to expose himself as the famous artist, something happened, and it changed his mind.

"Now that I've seen your collection, how about you come and look at mine, Mr.

Haberle?" suggested Harrison when he had almost finished admiring Lorenzo's collection.

The crowd turned to him.

Lorenzo was surprised. "You brought your collection here?" Smiling, Harrison turned to Rowan. "Bring it here!" Rowan nodded before leaving for a short period. When he returned, he was holding a scroll in his hands.

“This is an artwork from Marco Phoenix. While it’s not as good as Mr.

Emerentius’ work, it is ancient, thus valuable,” Harrison introduced, unrolling the scroll.

A magnificent painting of a natural landscape entered everyone’s eyes.

It really is Marco’s painting!

Everyone was astonished.

However, just as Harrison was relishing the envious looks around him, someone said, “Don’t you think it’s embarrassing to display a fake painting?” Harrison’s ‘smile froze. He turned to the owner of the voice.

When he saw the speaker was Emrys, his expression darkened. “What did you just say?” “I said this painting is a fake.” “A fake? Are you joking?” Rowan was more furious than his father. “Do you think we wouldn’t notice if it was fake? Or do you think your appraisal skills are better than all of us here?” His words successfully directed everyone’s hatred toward Emrys.

If none of us can tell it’s a fake except you, doesn’t that mean your skills are more exceptional than ours? The crowd stared at Emrys with hostility. Where did this attention-seeking ant come from?

Lorenzo’s expression darkened. “If you two siblings are here to pick a fight, please leave right now. You’re not welcome here.”

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 12-“Benedict, you might think that you can crush me with a snap of your fingers, but the truth is, the Sheldon family is nothing but insects to me,” Emrys said upon walking up to Benedict. Bam! When Benedict retreated by reflex, his back hit the sharp corner of a table, causing him excruciating pain. This is humiliating! How can I, the head of the Sheldon family, be terrified by the words of such a young punk? “I... I admit that you’re good with your fists, but you’re still one man in the end. There’s no way you can take on the entire Sheldon family,” Benedict roared after gathering his wits. The shocked crowd quickly regained their senses. They were all blown away by the skill Emrys had displayed earlier. Not only did he take down more than ten b*dyguards single-handedly, but he did so without a scratch. Are they actually filming a movie? Despite their shock, Benedict’s words made sense to them. He may be a good fighter, yet he’s still one man. Ten

b*dyguards may not pose a threat to him, but it’s impossible for him to defeat a hundred. On top of that, he brazenly said that the Sheldon family was nothing but insects! Thud... Thud... At that moment, the crisp sound of footsteps heralded the arrival of a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes. The moment everyone saw

him, they felt a chill down their spines. “What are you doing here, Thomas?” Benedict’s eyes narrowed. Suddenly, something dawned upon him and he bellowed, “Damn it, I was wondering where this kid got his courage from. It turns out that the Sunderland family is the one supporting him!” Just like the Sheldon family, the Sunderland family was one of the most prominent families in Jadeborough. Their influence in the city was pretty similar.

Thomas Sunderland was the current head of the Sunderland family. “So this is what’s going on. On the surface, it may look like a conflict between Emrys and the Sheldon family, but in reality, it’s one between two of the most powerful families in Jadeborough!” The reporters present made the same assumption as Benedict did. All of them thought that Emrys was under Thomas’ protection. It was then that the puzzled Thomas threw them a glance. “What are you talking about?” What do they mean by support? He had no idea what they were talking about, as he was there on official business. Ignoring the crowd, Thomas walked up to Cordelia and announced, “I, Thomas Sunderland, am here under the orders of South River King to deliver Cordelia Group this contract worth a billion.” In that instant, everyone’s eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets.

South River King! A contract worth a billion! This is crazy! Before everyone could regain their senses, an elderly man in a traditional outfit entered the conference room. “I, Mance Trump, am here under the orders of South River King to deliver Cordelia Group this contract worth a billion.” South River King has instructed another prominent family of Jadeborough to offer a similarly huge contract.

What the f*ck is going on? Little did they know that was just the beginning. After Mance’s arrival, a few more men walked in. All of them were movers and shakers of Jadeborough. “I, Lawrence Lambo, am here under the orders of South River King to deliver Cordelia Group this contract worth a billion.” “I, Christian Warhol, am here under the orders of South River King to deliver Cordelia Group this contract worth a billion.” “I, William Jackson, am here under the orders of South River King to deliver Cordelia Group this contract worth a billion.” As the men approached one by one, the crowd soon grew numb to them until the last man entered—South River King. “I, Osmond Langdon, present Cordelia Group this contract worth five billion.” A five billion contract personally delivered by South River King? Despite being numbed by the earlier shock, the crowd was flabbergasted a second time. Oh my God! If word gets out that half of Jadeborough’s most powerful men are gathered here, it will definitely send a shockwave through the city! All of them went crazy trying to fathom what was going on. Even Cordelia was astonished by the turn of events. As for the staff of Cordelia Group, they, too, were filled with shock. These prominent families that they had always admired were now taking turns delivering contracts to them.

One billion! Five billion! If Cordelia Group were to accept the contracts, it would instantly transform from Jadeborough’s worst company to one of its best, just like a phoenix rising from its ashes. With her heart beating furiously, Cordelia mumbled, “S-South River King... What is going on?” She was just as baffled as everyone present. Osmond broke into a smile and replied, “Ms. Youngblood, there’s no need for questions. I hope

you'll accept all the humble gifts that we have presented." Right after he spoke, he glanced in a particular direction before quickly retracting his gaze. However, his minute gesture didn't escape Cordelia's notice. When she turned in the direction he was looking, she suddenly froze. It's Rys! The apple of my eye, Rys! South River King must have presented all the contracts on his account. Tears began to fill Cordelia's eyes.

No wonder Rys was so calm throughout the episode. He must have already known that South River King would make an appearance. And yet, I slapped him just now. Guilt began to well up inside Cordelia. "South River King, are you mad? Thomas, Mance... Have all of you gone crazy too?" Benedict couldn't believe his eyes. To put it another way, he refused to accept what he was witnessing. Even though South River King is extremely powerful, his influence isn't enough to compel all the prominent families to do this, so why exactly are they offering Cordelia Group such lucrative contracts? Benedict just couldn't figure out why. At that moment, South River King let out a snort. "Benedict, can we speak in private?" The crowd didn't know what the two discussed. All they saw was Benedict trembling upon his return. The rage on his face previously was now entirely replaced by fear. "I-I'm going to beat you to death!" Grabbing a chair, Benedict charged at Kane hysterically. He smashed the chair repeatedly on Kane until Kane lost consciousness and a broken piece was all that was left in his hand. The terrifying sight sent a chill down everyone's spine. It was unfathomable that a father would strike his own son to the extent of almost killing him. After all, there was no way they would know the reason for Benedict's terror. Outside, South River King had told him that the man protecting Cordelia was none other than Emphyrean Lord. He's Emphyrean Lord for goodness' sake! If I don't beat Kane to a pulp, the entire Sheldon family will be eliminated. Benedict was naturally frightened by the consequences. Although South River King didn't mention Emphyrean Lord's name, Benedict could already guess that it was Emrys. He finally grasped the meaning of Emrys' words when Emrys told him that the Sheldon family were mere insects to him. Truth be told, the Sheldon family wasn't alone. Even the prominent families of Jipsdale were just as insignificant in the eyes of Emphyrean Lord. "Can I have your attention now?" At that moment, everyone shifted their gazes to Emrys. A pin-drop silence ensued. "As I've said before, all of you owe Delia an apology. Are you ready to get on your knees?"