

Crazy Love 401

Chapter 401

Eason's gaze sharpened. He immediately summoned the person responsible for the office area and also ordered the surveillance footage to be reviewed.

Before the surveillance was even ready, Eason's heart sank upon seeing the person.

The individual had a vacant look, responding to his questions with utter confusion, clearly not in a normal

state.

As Eason thought of Timothy's masterful hypnosis skills, his expression darkened.

This person's condition was distinctly different from Jagger's.

Although Jagger had been hypnotized, he appeared normal, and had he not regained consciousness, no one would have known that he was being covertly controlled.

But this person...

With their dull eyes and numb expression, it was evident that something was amiss. It seemed that whoever was behind this had used some forceful method to hypnotize them for a period of time, manipulating them to carry out certain actions.

Such methods of hypnosis were baffling, to say the least.

What exactly was this so-called organization?

Eason arranged for the person to be sent to the hospital for treatment, and soon enough, the surveillance footage was ready.

Indeed.

The note had been placed by this person, who moved like a puppet being controlled, expressionless as they left the note on the desk.

Eason took a deep breath, his brows furrowed tightly.

The note was undoubtedly a clue.

But the person was clueless, and the lead was abruptly cut off.

All Eason could hope for was that after treatment, the person might remember something useful.

Yet, Eason had an intuition.

Even if this person recalled something, it would likely be of no help in catching Timothy.

This person... or rather, this organization, was too cunning!

Eason continued to scrutinize the note, reading it over and over.

Swapping Susan for Alexander was out of the question.

He wouldn't even let Susan know about this note, knowing her nature, she might decide to negotiate with Timothy herself.

His father was important, but Susan was equally a treasure that the Nicholas family had searched many years for.

For so many years, as her brother, Eason had never been able to help her. How could he now expect Susan

to sacrifice herself?

He couldn't and wouldn't do such a thing.

After confirming that there was no additional information on the note, Eason emotionlessly burned it.

He then further tightened the security around the hospital.

The next day...

Eason entered his office.

This time, he subconsciously glanced at the table.

He saw that there was no note on it and was just about to breathe a sigh of relief.

But once he put his hand in his pocket, his expression suddenly changed.

The pocket of his suit, which was empty before, now contained a piece of paper...

His hand trembled in his pocket.

He was almost too afraid to take it out.

How could those people have the power to place a note in his pocket?

No, it couldn't be possible.

Forcing himself to stay calm, he finally pulled out the note.

He was looking forward to what it might say, but soon, he was disappointed.

Unfolding the note, he saw that the handwriting was unmistakably Timothy's.

[Exchange Susan for Alexander's life. 4.]

The content of the note was identical to the previous one, except for the number at the end...

Eason's pupils contracted sharply.

Yesterday, the number was 5, but today it had changed to 4.

It seemed to be a countdown.

Could it be...

In four days, would something happen to his father again?

No, that was impossible.

The hospital was under strict security, and there were always people around guarding his father. Eason couldn't believe that those people could still harm his father.

But the note that mysteriously appeared in his pocket made him uncertain again.

Now, the enemy was hidden, while they were exposed. Just the enemy's hypnotism technique was already unguardable, and they still didn't know how many more methods they had left.

Eason felt a chill in his heart.

On the third day, he became even more cautious.

Every person was thoroughly checked, and their belongings were personally inspected over and over.

However, on the third morning....

As soon as he arrived at the hospital, he saw Judith holding a note, about to open it.

Eason's heart jolted. He quickly approached and took the note from her.

"Eason?" Judith looked at him, puzzled.

He forced himself to remain calm and say. "Mom, it's just a piece of paper. It must be a prank from someone. I'll throw it away for you."

Judith, not being particularly suspicious by nature, didn't think much of it and quickly put the matter out of her mind.

Eason glanced at the note, and as he had expected, the content was the same as before.

Except the number had changed from 4 to 3.

Realizing that the note might not always come directly to him but could also reach someone close to him, Eason became even more vigilant.

However, on the fourth day, early in the morning....

Susan was already waiting for him in his temporary office. A sense of foreboding washed over him.

He forced a smile to ask, "Susan, did Thomas share any new progress?"

Susan shook her head, her voice calm as she replied, "Thomas has done his best. He found substitutes for the other unknown toxins. However, there's still one toxin for which we can't find a substitute."

"Oh, yeah?" Eason was already aware of this and quickly said, "We still have a month. We can take our time to find this last ingredient."

"Do we really have a month?" Susan gazed steadily at Eason, then slowly pulled out a note. "Brother, I

found this in my pocket this morning. Guess what it says."

"It's just a note, probably full of nonsense," he replied while raising an eyebrow.

Susan narrowed her eyes. "You know what's written on this note, don't you?"

Eason quickly shook his head. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Susan gave a bitter smile. "Yes, you do."

Eason wanted to say more, but seeing the look in Susan's eyes, he swallowed his words.

He took a deep breath and said softly, “No matter what, I won’t allow you to have any reckless thoughts. You and Timothy have a complicated history. If you meet him, he won’t let you go. Susan, neither you nor Dad can afford to get into trouble. Do you understand?”

Susan’s eyes softened, and she said, “I know. I won’t take any unnecessary risks. But Eason, we can’t just wait numbly for these people with their unfathomable methods. We need to seize the opportunity and take the initiative.”

“I know,” Eason said with a wry smile.

However...

He didn’t know how long those people had been working on it. Although he found some clues after a thorough investigation, these clues were better than nothing.

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Susan looked meaningfully at Eason. “Now, the note I received has the number 2. Eason, do what this 2 represents?” “I don’t know.” Eason immediately denied.

Susan narrowed her eyes. “The notes you received before had numbers too, right?”

“Susan, don’t let your imagination run wild. Actually... Eason quickly said.

you

know

Susan calmly met his gaze. “Mom told me that she also received a strange note yesterday, but you took it away before she could see what was inside. The note Mom received had the number 3 on it, didn’t it?”

Eason instinctively wanted to deny it. But Susan was too astute. Facing his sister's knowing look, Eason found himself unable to utter a word.

"The numbers are decreasing day by day. If things go as expected, when the number reaches 0, that's when they'll make their move, Susan said, looking at Eason, "We can't just sit here and wait for doom."

"Susan, listen to me. Dad is surrounded by tight security. Those people can't possibly harm him again. These notes might just be some petty threat. Eason tried to reassure her.

Those people wouldn't bother with such trivial acts," Susan said, looking out the window. Alexander... was indeed in real danger.

"No matter what, Susan, I won't allow you to do anything, Eason said sternly, "You and Dad are equally important. Nothing can happen to either of you."

"I know." Susan smiled faintly. "I won't do anything reckless."

Seeing Susan's firm tone, Eason finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Good to know. Trust Eason, I will handle everything." Susan obediently agreed.

Another night passed.

If nothing unexpected happened, the number would change to 1 tomorrow.

Eason stayed up all night, trying to find a clue, his eyes bloodshot from the lack of sleep.

Ben was not around.

Those people launched an economic attack on the Tonico, and Ben led a group of elites to resist and fight back. Susan sat alone in her room, staring at the moon hanging high outside her window, her brows furrowed in

worry.

Everyone... was busy.

All were trying to do what they could.

And she, apart from sitting here worrying, seemed to have nothing else to do.

She couldn't help but think again of that photograph.

Timothy.

Susan pursed her lips.

Susan couldn't understand why Timothy, even if he was still alive, would become like this?

The Timothy she remembered, despite his flaws, was not someone who lacked moral integrity.

How could he join such an anti-humanity organization?

Susan closed her eyes in pain.

Susan recalled Timothy's madness before his supposed death. Back then, he was willing to abandon everything just to kidnap her. Perhaps, at that time, Timothy was already losing his sanity.

And his madness might have been partly due to her.

Maybe... she was the catalyst for this disaster.

“Exchange Susan... for Alexander’s life.” Susan murmured, her eyes deep and thoughtful. Timothy... what exactly are you trying to do?

The next day.

The note still appeared.

While Susan was having breakfast alone, a servant with a vacant look brought the note to her. Susan’s expression turned grim.

Previously, those delivering the notes at least tried to be discreet.

Now, they were not hiding it at all.

The servant’s eyes were off, clearly under some kind of forced control.

Susan immediately sent the servant to the hospital, Bone S about t potegtial KGL erm effects on their mind!

Such methods were beyond comprehension.

Susan unfurled the note.

The number | was clearly written on it.

Only one day left.

Susan emotionlessly placed the note aside. She had a was her to compelling her to come to him voluntarily.

But sadly, Timothy was no longer the Timothy of the past, and she was no longer the Susan of the past either.

She wasn't the Susan who was alone anymore. She had gone by her

even more than herself.

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Without hesitation, Susan headed straight to Ben.

Ben had been incredibly busy these days, grappling with economic struggles on one hand, and on the other, engrossed in developing a new kind of chip.

This chip was beyond Susan's realm of expertise, and normally, she wouldn't disturb Ben in his work.

Maybe Timothy knew this too, hoping to make her bear everything alone.

However, Susan didn't see it that way.

She and Ben had been through life and death together and couldn't bear to be apart. She wouldn't hide anything from Ben or make any decisions alone.

When she felt overwhelmed, her first thought was always of Ben.

For Susan, this was trust and confidence.

She might be at a loss, but Ben always seemed to find a way!

When Susan arrived, Ben was busy in his workshop.

His eyes were bloodshot, yet there was an unmistakable spark of excitement in them.

Susan was momentarily stunned.

She had seen Ben in such a state before.

This was... a breakthrough?

Susan's eyes flickered with understanding.

She had a vague idea of what Ben was working on this time.

If... this chip had made progress so quickly....

Then all their problems might be solved.

Susan stood by, not daring to interrupt Ben's work.

Ben alternated between tweaking the machine and typing something on the keyboard.

Silently, Susan waited.

Ben seemed to be conducting an experiment. The first few attempts produced errors, but he kept adjusting.

After about ten tries, Ben's eyes lit up, exclaiming with joy. "Yes! That's it!"

"That's it?" Susan spoke softly.

Ben turned around suddenly, only then noticing Susan's presence.

He instinctively straightened up, smoothing his hair and clothes.

Susan couldn't help but smile. "Mr. Landor, I've seen you in all states, there's no need to be so nervous.

Ben raised an eyebrow. "I can't let that happen. The image of me as a dashing figure in my wife's heart. must never crumble."

Susan, who had been feeling quite heavy-hearted, couldn't help but roll her eyes at Ben's antics.

She walked over to look at Ben's experimental data. "What did you just say was right?"

Speaking of this, Ben's eyes lit up as he began to explain to Susan, "You see, the research was going smoothly until this step, where the data kept being incorrect.

He pointed at a specific part on the screen and said, "Later, I thought maybe the algorithm was wrong. So, I adjusted it several times, like here and here, and then..."

Ben enthusiastically shared the details.

Susan listened intently.

Although she couldn't participate in the research, she could understand it when Ben explained it like this.

The more Susan listened, the more she wanted to sigh.

Frankly speaking, she was considered a genius in her own right.

But Ben.

That was simply not normal at all.

She wondered if God was in a particularly good mood when pinching his head and added something to it.

“So,” Ben’s eyes sparkled, “this chip should be completely successful very soon.”

Susan’s eyes also flickered with interest.

Ben’s sudden inspiration for this research, interestingly enough, had a connection to the photograph of Timothy.

Since Eason discovered that Jagger might have been controlled and the instigator could be Timothy..

What’s more, there might be a bigger organization behind Timothy, which might be better at psychological control.

Ben had a sense of crisis.

Ben was not good at psychological control.

But he believed in the power of technology to solve everything.

So, Ben pondered if there was a chip that could counteract mind control.

Theoretically, it had been suggested that if knowledge was infused into a chip and then implanted into a person’s brain, humans could instantly acquire that knowledge, bypassing the need to learn.

Conversely, what if a chip implanted in the brain was used for brainwashing and control?

That was also feasible.

Upon learning about the existence of that organization, Ben even suspected that the core members of the organization might have been implanted with such chips. The chips in their brains continually brainwashed and controlled them, achieving a more perfect effect than hypnosis.

If such chips existed, then surely there must be chips capable of resisting this kind of brainwashing and

control.

As Ben and Susan had been delving deep into artificial intelligence, Ben wondered if they could incorporate into the AI chip a function to actively seek out other chips and sever their connection with the host.

If the top members of that organization had indeed been implanted with brainwashing chips, then implanting a blocking chip could, if not immediately awaken them, certainly cause significant mental confusion and prompt them to start rethinking.

In this way, the organization might collapse from the inside.

Chapter 404

How long would it take to produce this chip?" Susan asked softly.

Ben estimated. The core data is ready, but we don't have the machinery to manufacture the chip here. We'd need to get it produced in Romland and shipped here. At the earliest, it would take three days."

Three days... Susan pondered for a moment.

But the number on the note had already changed to 1.

“Is something troubling you, Susan?” Ben, sensing something amiss, inquired.

Susan quietly explained the situation with the note.

Ben’s brows furrowed deeply.

He had been so engrossed in his work these past few days that he hadn’t noticed such a crucial development.

Thinking of the person who delivered the note...

Ben’s eyes turned ice cold.

Timothy, what a character!

First, he kidnapped Susan, and now he was resorting to such despicable tactics. If only Ben had known - earlier, he would have eradicated him at the outset!

“Ben, once the chip is produced, this organization will eventually be destroyed, but... we might not have enough time now,” Susan said, her brow furrowed.

Just three days short.

And during these three days, none of them dared to gamble..

If something happened to Alexander, cutting off his last chance of survival, she would regret it for the rest of her life.

Ben knew Susan’s character well.

Not to mention that Alexander was her close relative, knowing that Timothy's shadow lurked behind these events, she probably blamed herself partly for Alexander's plight.

This time.

Timothy was targeting Susan specifically. If Ben simply stopped her, she would never find peace in this lifetime.

After a moment of silence, Ben gently touched Susan's head.

"Ben, L... Susan's lips trembled slightly.

Ben smiled, a sudden chill flashing in his eyes. "Some scores need to be settled once and for all."

He hadn't settled the score with Timothy for kidnapping Susan before. Now that Timothy had willingly walked into their hands.

It was time to settle both new and old grudges.

Susan looked at Ben, somewhat bewildered.

Ben gently ruffled her hair, speaking calmly, Timothy wants you to go, right? Fine, I'll go with you."

Susan was taken aback, instinctively wanting to object.

There were many reasons.

For instance, this time, there would certainly be many dangers.

And Ben had more important things to do.

However.

A million reasons turned into a simple, soft okay at the final gaze of Ben's eyes.

That night, Susan and Ben didn't sleep at all.

Since they had decided to confront Timothy, they couldn't go unprepared.

Unable to wait for the complete version of the chip. Ben worked overnight with the available equipment to create a simplified version.

The simplified chip could only detect, not interfere or destroy.

But for now, it was sufficient.

Busy until dawn, they finally got a chip.

Susan, holding the chip, was discussing with Ben how to conceal it.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain in her chest.

Susan clutched her chest, feeling disoriented, a very bad premonition creeping over her.

"I need to go to the hospital. Susan suddenly stood up.

Today was the last day.

Alexander... couldn't have met with an accident already, could he?

Ben nodded without hesitation and accompanied Susan to the hospital.

They had just arrived at the hospital.

Susan's case intensified.

Alexander's room was empty. After a frantic search, Susan and Ben found Judith and Eason at the entrance of the emergency room.

"Mom, what happened to Dad?" Susan's voice trembled.

Judith wiped away her tears. "Susan, someone called me after four this morning, saying today was the last day I thought it was some kind of prank at first. But something in my heart kept bothering me, so I decided to return to the ward. Not long after I arrived... your father's condition..."

Judith's eyes reddened. "Your father's condition suddenly worsened. He struggled to breathe, as if he might

convulse at any moment. Thankfully, Thomas and his team were there, and they immediately took your father for emergency treatment."

"Damn it. Eason couldn't help but punch the wall.

He couldn't understand how his father had been targeted!

Knowing that these people had hypnotic powers, but surely, they couldn't hypnotize everyone in an instant, could they? If only one or two were affected, under his arrangements, the others should have reacted immediately.

He had arranged perfect protection, so why....

“Did Thomas leave any message about the specifics?” Ben asked calmly.

Eason shook his head. “It was an emergency. Thomas didn’t have time to say anything.”

“Your father will get through this. Judith wiped her tears, her eyes showing a glimmer of determination as she looked at the closed doors of the emergency room.

At that moment, a hospital worker, looking dazed, walked straight towards Susan.

That expression....

It was all too familiar.

Aside from the oblivious Judith, both Ben and Eason instinctively positioned themselves in front of Susan.

The hospital worker, seemingly with no intention to do anything harmful, numbly handed over a note and then fainted straight away.

Eason instinctively tried to grab the note.

But Ben was quicker and took it first.

“Ben...” Eason’s lips trembled.

Ben lifted his gaze and said, “I know.”

His expression was eerily calm, and Eason realized something, glancing at Susan.

Susan also came over and looked at the note.

It contained an address, written in blood-red ink, along with a time limit.

This time, they had one hour.

The location wasn't far from the hospital, just a five-minute drive.

Ben and Susan exchanged a glance.

"What's going on with you all? Acting all secretive," Judith said, somewhat bewildered.

Ben discreetly put away the note. "Nothing important, just some unpleasant words. You don't need to see it, Mom."

Judith immediately got angry. "These people are utterly lawless!"

"Indeed. I'll handle this matter now and see what's going on with this hospital worker, Ben said.

"I'm coming too," Susan said.

Eason looked from one to the other, finally gritting his teeth. "I'm coming as well."

Soon, only Judith was left at the entrance of the emergency room.

Watching their departing backs, Judith felt an unexplainable panic rising within her.

There shouldn't be any trouble, right?

In the operating room.

Ben was calmly instructing the doctor to implant the only chip into his arm.

It was a simple procedure. The doctor administered local anesthesia to Ben and began the operation.

Susan looked on, feeling a pang of distress. She had wanted to be the one to receive the chip, but Ben insisted, and with time pressing, they couldn't afford a long dispute. In the end, Ben was the one who had it implanted.

"Are you really going? Have you lost your minds?" Eason was restless.

He had seen the address and the blood-red writing.

But everyone knew that going there rashly was a life-threatening risk.

He was already upset when Jagger had voluntarily gone before.

And now, those heading into danger were his dearest ones.

"We can't afford to gamble with just an hour." Susan said softly. "Besides, I have this feeling... if we don't go, we might never break the stalemate."

But Eason started to protest.

Ben interrupted him, calmly strategizing. "Once Susan and I leave, they will definitely accelerate their actions. Economically, they can't cause chaos; my team will secure the financial markets. However,

they might take advantage of the worsening condition of the King and our departure to launch a final assault. Eason, if I were you, I would immediately gather the army to prepare for the ultimate battle.”

The ultimate battle.

Eason’s spirit sharpened.

This time, it was going to be a real fight.

“Staying here might not be any safer for you,” Ben said. “Tonico is in your hands now.”

I would leave the Tonico to you.

Eason clenched his teeth, saying firmly, “I will protect Tonico. Be careful, both of you!”

“Also, in three days, someone will bring the chip to you. Then...” Ben whispered further instructions.

Eason listened attentively, nodding repeatedly.

After the chip was implanted and the wound disguised, Ben and Susan made some brief preparations and headed to the agreed address.

At the location, someone was already waiting for them.

Seeing Ben and Susan, the man frowned. “Why is there an extra person?”

Ben raised an eyebrow.

The chip in his arm felt slightly warm.

It proved that there was a chip in this person's body.

This kind of chip, controlling their thoughts and actions, also had an obvious downside. It turned them somewhat into a machine.

And a machine can be deceived.

Ben calmly said, "You only said to bring Susan, you didn't say we couldn't bring an extra person."

The man hesitated momentarily, as if experiencing a short circuit.

But according to the instructions from above, it seemed they indeed hadn't specified not to bring an extra

person.

The man quickly regained composure. "Good, you're sensible not to bring anyone else. We can leave now."

Ben and Susan exchanged a glance and silently nodded.

Several more people emerged, blindfolding them and leading them to a vehicle.

The car journey was followed by a boat ride.

Finally, they switched back to a car.

After a day and night of travel, it seemed they had reached their destination.

However, their blindfolds remained on.

After passing through several checkpoints to ensure they weren't carrying anything they shouldn't, they were brought to a place and their blindfolds were finally removed.

"Mr. Leen, the guests have arrived." someone respectfully bowed and then carefully stepped out.

Susan made a rough guess about the final destination.

Unexpectedly, when she opened her eyes, she saw a pavilion in front of her.

In the pavilion, the air was filled with the scent of coffee.

Outside, a picturesque scene of a small bridge over flowing water greeted them.

At the other end of the coffee table.

Timothy sat quietly. When he saw Susan, he smiled brightly and said, "You're finally here."

Susan looked at Timothy with a complex expression and couldn't help but ask, "Why... have you become like this?"

"Like this? What's wrong with how I am now?" Timothy chuckled lightly. He turned to Ben. "Mr. Landor, I only wanted to invite Susan as a guest, but I didn't expect you to be so shameless. Or is it that you're not confident in your relationship? After all, you know that if it weren't for my mishap, you and Susan wouldn't have had the chance to be together."

Ben remained unprovoked. He glanced at Timothy and smiled. "Mr. Leen, losing is losing, winning is winning. Why console yourself?"

“Consoling myself...” Timothy’s eyes suddenly sharpened. Then, let’s see who will win and who will lose this time.”

Turning his gaze back to Susan, Timothy’s tone softened. “Susan, don’t be afraid. I invited you here to witness my glory and victory. When I become the king, will you be my queen? When you become the most prestigious woman in the world, won’t you be happy?”

Timothy’s voice was gentle, but there was a hint of madness in his eyes.

Susan bit her lip. “Sorry, I’m not interested. My family is in Tónico, and only when they are safe will I be happy.”

“It’s okay, for you, I can spare them. Timothy appeared generous. “Even Alexander, I can give him the antidote.”

Susan frowned slightly.

Instinctively, she moved closer to Ben.

This Timothy before her, he always gave her a sense of terror.

Noticing Susan’s subtle movement, Timothy glanced at Ben, narrowing his eyes, but then he suddenly smiled. Let’s not talk about this. It’s been a long time, let’s have a cup of coffee first.”

He genuinely poured coffee, behaving like a hospitable host.

“Please.” Timothy pushed the teacup towards Ben.

Ben narrowed his eyes slightly, calmly taking a sip. “Good coffee.”

Timothy smiled. “Then have a few more cups.”

“Alright.”

The two men continued to drink coffee, one cup after another. Susan felt incredibly uneasy, finding the situation bizarre and uncomfortable.

After some time, Timothy finally said, “You must be tired from your journey. I’ll take you to rest.”

Timothy personally rowed a small boat, taking them across the lake to the other side, and then led them to an exquisite room.

The strangest part was that Timothy didn’t arrange for anyone to guard them.

Susah specifically asked a cleaning servant, who said they could move freely around the entire place.

Although unsure of Timothy’s intentions, since they were allowed to move freely, they saw no reason not

In about an afternoon, Ben and Susan strolled around the small courtyard and even collected a lot of information from others.

For instance.

They all belonged to an organization called the Phoenix Collective.

Morcover.

They once had a supreme Father, and all of them were his descendants.

But a few months ago, the Father passed away, and before dying, he passed his position to Timothy, who was now their new master.

Additionally.

They had been preparing for several years for this war against Tónico. Now, their forces were marching towards Tónico, with the war looming ahead.

Piecing together these messages, Ben's eyes narrowed gradually.

So, it meant that Timothy was now the highest leader of the Phoenix Collective.

Holy Father.

Suddenly, he died of illness...

Was it really a natural death?

Regardless, for someone who had only recently joined to seize the highest leadership in such a short time was no small feat.

Timothy was indeed no ordinary man.

Unfortunately, he chose the wrong path.

Besides the information gathered.

Ben's chip indicated that every person in the courtyard, except Timothy, had been implanted with that type of chip.

Although they all claimed to have come together for their faith.

In reality, even their beliefs were artificially instilled.

Ben narrowed his eyes.

If the use of chips within the Phoenix Collective was this widespread.

Then as soon as the new type of chip went online, the organization could almost instantly collapse.

Susan also realized this and whispered, "Just two more days. If we can hold out for two more days, that's enough."

She was coming.

Timothy had promised Alexander would be fine for these few days.

That was enough.

Once the new chips were online, and these people were instantly freed from control, the Phoenix Collective would fall into chaos.

Now, the most critical things were to stall for time and to find the antidote for Alexander.

Susan didn't voice the latter, but a glance exchanged with Ben conveyed their mutual understanding.

Ben lowered his voice. "The antidote might not be easy to find, but we have to try."

Susan nodded solemnly.

Time quickly passed, and two days later.

There had been a collision at the border of the Tónico. Eason personally guarded the border. At present, the Tónico still focused on letting go. As for the chip, it was on the way to transport, and would soon... be able to fight back.

Eason looked into the vast night, his expression fraught with worry.

How were Susan and Ben doing.

And the antidote for his father... still unknown....

Could they really win this time?

At night.

Late at night.

The clouds hung low, as if brewing a storm.

Ben suddenly woke up.

His first instinct was to check on Susan.

But the space beside him was emptily haunting.

Ben's expression changed instantly.

In such a time, in such a place, there was no reason for Susan to wander off on her own.

Timothy!

Ben's eyes instantly turned cold.

He immediately left the room.

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However, this time, someone was blocking the door.

The person at the door wore a fake smile. "Mr. Landor, it's too late at night. Please rest assured in your room."

Ben wasted no time with words, swiftly pulling a tiny needle from his hair.

With rapid precision, he pricked the two people blocking his way, causing them to collapse instantly.

Ben had almost completely explored the area in the afternoon.

He quickly circled around, finally setting his sights on that small pavilion. The night was dark and deep, obscuring the view.

Thinking quickly, Ben found a small boat, relying on his excellent sense of direction to steadily row to the pavilion.

In the vast darkness, he was about to identify if there was anyone in the pavilion.

Suddenly, he saw Timothy standing at the edge, holding Susan. A flash of lightning revealed Timothy's serene smile.

Timothy slightly lifted his hand, as if intending to throw Susan into the lake.

Ben's pupils contracted, his anger and alarm rising. Timothy!"

It seemed Timothy only then noticed Ben, smiling as he looked at him. "You found us quite quickly."

Without a word, Ben swiftly made his way onto the pavilion.

"Give Susan back to me," Ben said coldly.

Timothy's expression was complex. "That line should be mine."

If it weren't for that accident!

He and Susan were meant to be together.

"There is no such thing as a regret medicine in this world, Timothy. What's lost is lost, Ben said coldly.

Timothy suddenly laughed.

He carefully placed the unconscious Susan onto a chair and then said softly, "Ben, do you know how much I envy you?"

"I envy myself too." Ben said, immediately rushing to Susan's side.

Timothy glanced at them. his expression complex. The so-called Holy Father, I killed him with my own hands.

He began to recount his story in a storytelling tone. Ben frowned slightly but held Susan's hand tightly.

"The day I fell off the cliff, it was the Phoenix Collective who saved me. Later, I agreed to join them," Timothy said in a calm voice. "This place is full of lunatics. They first break your pride, destroy your dignity, and finally, they try to control your mind completely with a chip."

Timothy seemed lost in memories. "I always cooperated with them. Eventually, my brain was implanted with a chip."

Timothy suddenly glanced at Ben. "But I was never controlled by them. Do you know why?"

Ben narrowed his eyes but remained silent.

Timothy said, "Because I knew Susan is a kind person, she would never like the kind of person I was becoming, not at all. But every time I thought of resisting, my head would hurt as if it were splitting. But it's okay, I can endure this pain. Because the pain of losing Susan back then was far more agonizing."

"I kept pretending, acting as if I was completely tamed. Then I climbed up the ranks step by step, until finally, I met the so-called Holy Father."

Timothy smiled. "As you may have already heard, the Holy Father died of illness not long ago, and I naturally took over the Phoenix Collective."

Timothy glanced at Ben. "Unfortunately, that chip has fused with me, making it impossible to remove."

Ben frowned.

Indeed, surgical removal would be difficult, especially since it involved the brain.

However, the new type of chip he developed could deactivate the existing chip through electronic waves.

So, there was still hope for Timothy,

But...

Was Timothy a friend or a foe?

Ben chose not to reveal this information at the moment.

“So, you might not imagine, but now, every moment feels like my head is being hammered,” Timothy said with a light laugh. “Ben, I am completely insane.”

“That’s no excuse for your evil deeds,” Ben said sternly.

Now that the Holy Father was dead, whether it was Alexander’s situation or Penny’s, it was all Timothy’s doing!

He truly was mad, thoroughly and utterly.

“Evil deeds?” Timothy laughed, a hint of madness in his eyes. “I don’t know what evil is. But look, if I hadn’t done so much, would Susan have willingly come to me?”

Ben stared at him sharply.

Thank

Susan was asleep.

Otherwise, if she knew that the turmoil in Tónico was indeed because of her, who knows how heartbroken

she would be.

“You just said Susan is a kind person, she wouldn’t want to see you like this,” Ben said.

Timothy paused, then looked affectionately at Susan, softly saying, “I know, in her heart, I am now a terrifying demon. But at least, I got to see her, to hold her, right?”

The heavy rain suddenly poured down.

Ben sharply turned to Timothy.

This was all too absurd.

Timothy caused such a commotion just to see Susan?

Seeming to read Ben’s thoughts, Timothy calmly said, “Of course, I could have met her in other ways, BOLT didn’t want to stand before her, before you, as a loser. Ben, see, now your life is in my hands. I am the victor, and you are the loser.”

Ben just looked at him.

Timothy smiled. “So, at my whim, you both could plunge into the abyss. Ben, your happiness is a charity from me.”

Ben frowned, not saying much, for Timothy was behaving oddly at the moment.

He stood closer and closer to the edge, the fierce wind blowing, as if he might fall at any moment.

Timothy turned back, looking tenderly at Susan. "So, when she wakes up, tell her that this thrilling journey is my gift to her. The Phoenix Collective... will probably be destroyed soon, which is also a good deed I've done. Ben, see, I'm not entirely a terrible person, am I?"

Ben was at a loss for words for a moment.

"Susan... I'm in too much pain... Timothy murmured, "I've given you your gift. Farewell forever."

That was great. Before he died, he saw Susan and hugged her seriously,

Though she was unconscious, it didn't matter. He was content.

Ben's pupils contracted, but before he could react, Timothy unhesitatingly jumped into the cold lake.

The pouring rain quickly obscured Timothy's figure, and he disappeared completely.

"Madman..." Ben's lips trembled.

Timothy truly was insane.

For years, he was tormented by severe headaches, yet he couldn't let it show in front of others.

Perhaps, death was the release Timothy had arranged for himself all along.

And seeing Susan one last time was probably his final wish before his liberation.

Dawn broke.

When Susan awoke, she found herself in the comfort of a helicopter.

Confused, Susan turned to see Ben and felt a sudden relief.

“Ben, what happened? How did everything change while I was asleep?” Susan was puzzled. “Timothy just let us go?”

Ben’s feelings were complex.

Timothy, that scoundrel, deliberately told him those things, wanting him to relay them to Susan, so she would remember him forever.

Of course, Ben could conceal the truth and portray Timothy as a demon.

However.

Ben pursed his lips and eventually revealed the truth to Susan in a gentle voice.

Susan was stunned for a long time before falling silent.

Timothy...

This man had left an indelible mark on her in another way.

On the border, war was on the brink of eruption.

Just then, a massive shipment of chips arrived.

Everyone in Tónico was implanted with the chips.

Members of the Phoenix Collective, upon approaching them, felt a sense of short-circuiting, as if shackles were gradually disappearing.

Suddenly.

Someone bewilderingly dropped their weapon.

Then more and more people laid down their weapons.

Eason watched this unfold, exhaling a long sigh of relief.

It worked.

Ben truly was extraordinary.

This was a victory achieved without bloodshed..

At the hospital.

Now, the last issue was the poison in Alexander.

Since being rescued that day, Alexander had been in a coma.

Everyone was gathered by his bedside, and Ben's brows were slightly furrowed.

Timothy didn't truly intend to harm Alexander's life, otherwise, he wouldn't have kept him in a comatose

state.

But then...

Where was the antidote?

“I’ve found the antidote.” Jagger announced joyfully as he walked in.

What he held in his hand was the last ingredient.

According to Jagger, it was a risky endeavor to obtain it.

But this so-called difficulty was likely orchestrated by Timothy to ensure the antidote reached his hands.

Regardless, with the antidote in hand, everything could finally

Alexander woke up.

Three days later, he was able to move freely.

come to a close.

During the recent events, Eason had taken on the responsibilities of a crown prince, performing admirably.

Even after waking up, Alexander had no desire to continue as king and decided to pass the throne to Eason.

Eason, with a reluctant expression, became the new king.

After the succession ceremony, Alexander and Judith went off to travel the world, while Ben and Susan returned to their country.

Stepping back onto the soil of Romland, the two of them held hands and shared a smile.

They were still young, with many roads ahead to travel.

Yet, they had already endured so many hardships.

Having overcome such difficulties, they were fearless of the future, be it a smooth path or one filled with thorns, as long as they had each other.