

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 111 - 128

Chapter 111

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Jacob frowned slightly in confusion when he saw the restaurant's employees rushing toward him in anger.

"Don't... Don't let him escape!" The manager shouted as he panted. "Get him!"

"Hey! Listen to me! Don't do anything yet..."

The young man, who was far behind them yelled anxiously. However, everyone was too excited. They could not hear him.

"You rascal! You've really got some guts! How dare you commit a crime in our restaurant? I will teach you a lesson!"

One of the chefs in the restaurant pushed his colleague aside and raised his knife up high. He had a murderous look on his face.

Jacob looked at the chef calmly. Then, he took a step forward suddenly and grabbed the knife with one hand while knocking the chef's knees with his.

"Pfft..."

The fat chef widened his eyes and released a huge sigh. Then, he fell to the ground with both knees with a soft thud.

"You still dare fight back?" A fist came right after a loud shout.

Jacob tilted his head slightly to avoid the punch. Then he slanted his shoulders to one side. A loud “ouch” was heard, and the rest of the employees in the restaurant immediately fell and knocked into each other.

The manager was shocked to see his people on the ground in the blink of an eye.

At this moment, the door of the washroom opened. Moira brought Heidi out.

When she saw the restaurant’s staff on the floor, she frowned and asked, “What is going on here? I could even hear the ruckus from inside the washroom!”

Jacob turned around and winked at his blushing daughter. Moira’s face darkened when she saw Jacob. “Why are you everywhere?”

“Moira...” The young man walked over. “There must be some misunderstanding here.”

“Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding?” Moira glared at Jacob.

“He is a human trafficker!” The manager, who was standing not far away, shouted out loud.

Jacob frowned hard. He cast a cold glance at the young man. The young man’s face turned green immediately. He took two steps back subconsciously.

“A human trafficker?” Moira looked at Jacob suspiciously.

Something suddenly struck her mind. She raised her voice. “Are you planning to take Heidi away? Don’t you even think about it!”

Jacob narrowed his eyes. “Heidi is my daughter. It is my responsibility to take care of her. Moreover...”

He glared at the young man coldly. “Nobody can stop me if I want to take Heidi away. She was just in a hurry to go to the washroom earlier, so I carried her here.”

“Is that so?” Moira turned to the young man.

The young man nodded.

The manager looked at his restaurant's staff groaning in pain on the ground. He was shocked. "Is that it?"

The young man looked at him and nodded weakly.

"I....." The veins on the manager's forehead twitched fiercely.

The young man quickly changed the subject when he sensed the manager's anger. He pointed at the knife and demanded, "Your chef is just too reckless! Even if he were a human trafficker, you wouldn't need to use a knife against him, would you? What if he gets hurt?"

"That knife... Did not even strike him!" A muffled voice sounded from the pile of human bodies on the ground.

A tall waiter ran out from the corner of the corridor first. When he saw Jacob standing outside the washroom, he glared at him and exclaimed, "That's him!"

Chapter 112

"Your date doesn't seem good enough though." Jacob looked at Heidi and complained a bit.

How could he slander me as a human trafficker? I would have taught him a proper lesson if my daughter weren't present. Jacob shook his head and sighed.

Jacob felt that it was a waste of time if he continued staying back, so he lowered his head and waved at his daughter. "See you tomorrow, Heidi."

Heidi looked at him and pursed her lips. Then she nodded lightly.

Jacob was happy to see his daughter's positive reaction. He decided to try harder tomorrow and get her to call him daddy.

However, two policemen stopped him just as he approached the restaurant's exit. One of the waitresses had rung up the police before the situation had gotten rowdy earlier.

This restaurant was famous for its delectable food. Many wealthy businessmen frequented the restaurant, so it was one of the notable hotspots of the regional police station.

Therefore, the police arrived within five minutes shortly after they received the call.

“Sir, please lend us your cooperation.” One of the taller police officers pressed his right hand on his waist. His eyes shone with alertness.

Jacob frowned lightly. “I’m here just to have a steak.” He reached into his pocket as he spoke.

The two policemen suddenly became nervous. They pulled out their guns and shouted loudly, “Put your hands where we can see them!”

“Don’t worry. I’m only taking my phone out.” After saying that, he took out his phone.

At that moment, Moira carried Heidi and approached them.

Jacob pointed at Moira and said, “She can testify for me. I’m not a human trafficker.”

Moira glared at him and spoke coldly, “I’m so sorry, sir. I don’t know him.” Then, she carried Heidi and left.

“Great. That’s absolutely great.” Jacob nodded and switched his attention towards his phone once more.

“Sir, please don’t do anything that might cause us to misunderstand you!” The police officer warned.

Jacob glanced at the police officer and turned on his phone screen nonchalantly.

Two minutes later, he left under the scrutiny of both police officers.

After more than half an hour later, Jacob asked his daughter gently before Moira. “I’ll go and pick you up from your kindergarten tomorrow, okay?”

“Dream on!” Moira gritted her teeth and snarled at Jacob. She pulled Heidi into the residential area.

“See you tomorrow, my dear daughter!” He smiled and waved at them.

Jacob suddenly received his father’s call on his way back to The Pavilion. He gently shook his head and steered in another direction towards Rowan Lane.

“Where did you go today? Why can’t I reach your phone?” Franklin asked his son as soon as he arrived home.

“I went to the mountains.” Jacob simply answered.

Franklin gave his son a disapproving look and responded with dissatisfaction. “What are you doing in the mountains? Didn’t we agree on meeting Master Roman?” Little did Franklin know that his son had gone to the mountains to wipe off a hundred-year cult.

“Dad, didn’t I tell you that I’ll go see Master Roman myself?” Jacob blinked helplessly.

“Why do you still need to choose a timing to show someone your gratitude?” Franklin glared at his son. “Master Roman saved your life. Do you want others to think that you were brought up as an ungrateful brat?”

Jacob saw that his father was on the verge of getting angry. He decided to relent. “Why don’t we go tomorrow then? It’s already afternoon now.”

Just as he finished speaking, his phone rang.

Chapter 113

It was almost evening. A fragrant smell of cooked rice and vegetables could be smelt in the alley.

Victoria Presley held a book in her arms as she turned into the alley with light footsteps.

In the alley, an elderly woman with powder white hair smiled at her. “Hey, little girl. Are you back from your tuition?”

“Yes!” She nodded lightly and smiled. “Have you eaten, Mrs. Gally?”

“Yes, I have.” The old woman admired this beautiful young girl before her, who had finished her studies herself at such a young age. “You should hurry home too and make your meal!”

“Of course, Mrs. Gally. Goodbye!” Victoria bowed at her politely and turned around to leave happily.

“What a matured and responsible child!” Mrs. Gally sighed gently, “So much better than the rascal I have back home!”

Victoria walked down the pebbled path in the alley. She turned at a corner, and an open space of about ten square meters appeared before her.

There was a small table and two stools under the dim twilight. A young man was sitting on one of the stools and reading a book with a red cover.

Victoria held her breath and walked slowly past the young man.

“Don’t you want to come and have a look at the book in my hand? I’ve read a few pages, and it’s pretty good.” The young man looked at the book and started speaking suddenly.

After a moment of hesitation, the little girl tilted her head slightly and asked, “Big brother, were you talking to me?”

Jacob raised his head and looked at her. “If you are Theodore Presley from the Cruor Sect, then I was talking to you. Are you Theodore Presley?”

Victoria trembled lightly. The light in her eyes dimmed. She walked toward Jacob after a moment of silence.

She sat down and put the book in her arms on the table. She smiled and spoke coquettishly. “Big brother, is this book... The Cruor’s Bible? How is this possible?”

Victoria could not hold back her shock when she saw the blood red covered book with jade white inner pages filled with golden printed words. She exposed her identity right away.

She asked in a trembling voice. "How did... My Cruor Sect's Bible... Get into your hands?"

Jacob flipped one page over gently and said, "Of course, the Cruor Sect's Bible will be in my hands. I've destroyed the Cruor Sect!"

"I don't believe you!" Victoria shook her head. We have many skilled masters. The ten elder guardians even have superpowers. How could you destroy the Cruor Sect in just a day?"

"I do not plan to talk to you about the past." Jacob cast an indifferent glance at her. "Answer me a question if you do not want to die."

Victoria held back the suspicion in her and asked faintly, "What is it?"

"Why didn't your puppets kill themselves after they subdued themselves at the mall yesterday?" Jacob put down the book in his hands and looked straight into Victoria's eyes.

"There's no reason for that." Victoria turned her head to one side.

Jacob sneered. Then, he threw something onto the table.

"The Cruor's Token!" The look on Victoria's face changed immediately when she saw the token.

Chapter 114

"According to this book, whoever owns this token can control the life of any member of the Cruor's Sect....." Jacob swept his finger across the book and the token. He raised his eyebrows. "Is it applicable to a powerful and talented person like you too?"

Victoria's face turned pale. She asked solemnly, "Did you really destroy the Cruor Sect?"

An indiscernible look flashed across Jacob's eyes. "Did you study the whole day today? I shall now give you two minutes to contact whoever you want."

After a long moment of silence, Victoria took a deep breath and took her phone out.

Two minutes had passed. She had made three calls, but none of them was answered. She put her phone down and said, "Nobody answered..."

Jacob tapped his fingers lightly on the table. A glint of light flashed across Jacob's eyes as he said, "Can you answer my question now?"

Victoria asked blankly, "What question?"

"Why didn't the puppets kill themselves?" He frowned. "Don't make me repeat myself for the third time."

"There is no reason for that. I just did not want them to kill themselves." Victoria looked dazed. It was as if she had lost her soul.

"You just did not want them to kill themselves?" Jacob was doubtful.

After pondering for a moment, he said coldly, "Then you may die now."

Die?

Victoria trembled. A glint of hope suddenly appeared from her eyes. "The Cruor Sect is gone. I don't want to die!"

Jacob leaned into her with his upper body. The look in his eyes was stern as he spoke fiercely. "I have destroyed the Cruor Sect. You are Cruor Sect's best disciple, so you must die too!"

"I don't want to die!" Victoria shook her head. "The head of Cruor Sect had taught me a lot, but he had also taken my life away. Now that there is no Cruor Sect, I'm free!"

Jacob glanced at her coldly. "You want me to let you go?"

Victoria lowered her head slowly. "I beg you!"

He picked up the Cruor Token on the table and played for it for a while. Then he spoke faintly, "You can exchange your freedom for life."

Victoria's body trembled. A red flame seemed visible in her eyes.

A gust of wind blew gently at them. It was as if a mother was calling her child to come home and have dinner.

Victoria slowly released her tightly clenched hands. She said bitterly, "I don't want to die."

"Great." Jacob looked indifferent. "Take out one part of Cruor Spirit."

Jacob's request took away the last glimmer of hope in Victoria's heart. Her eyebrows twitched wildly.

A glowing red thread escaped from her eyebrows under the dim sky. Jacob reached out his hand.

As soon as he got near it, the glowing red thread slipped into the token. From now on, Victoria's life was in the hands of whoever held the Cruor Token.

Her face turned pale and her lips had no color too. She stared at the token that had made countless disciples lost their life. She smiled bitterly.

She had tried to hide for so long. But the situation just seemed worse!

Jacob put away the token and spoke before he left.

"Tomorrow morning. At Harleyale Senior High's second and third classes. Come for registration." A glint of light flashed across Victoria's eyes.

Suddenly, she spotted the Cruor's Bible on the table. She exclaimed in surprise. "You have forgotten the bible!"

"Someone will come and take it." Another voice sounded from the corner of the alley.

The next second later, a dark figure passed by Victoria. Before she could catch a clear glimpse of that figure, the bible was gone.

Victoria was stunned.

Chapter 115

At eight o'clock at night, in the Pavillion's suite. The air was cold and stale.

Jacob's face was dark even under the bright lights. There was coldness in his eyes.

He waved the documents in his hand and said coldly, "So is the Cruor Sect the Blood Thorns' sponsor? My branch in the south was attacked, and I lost three hundred of my brothers. Was it merely because we disturbed the business of several groups in the Southern region? And the Fest family was involved in planning this."

Jerry's expression was shocked too. "Although we do not know if they are working together, they....."

Jacob interrupted Jerry before he could finish. He spoke confidently. "I've said this before. No matter which organization it is, as long as it is related to the Blood Thorns, just kill them. Do not let any of them go."

"Understood, boss!" Jerry bowed his head.

At the same time, Gerald appeared and spoke, "Boss, President Willow is here to see you."

"Let her in." Jacob threw the token out and sighed a deep breath. "You keep this first. Watch over Victoria."

"Understood, boss." Jerry nodded.

Jerry had backed up the bible and read through it. As he picked the token up from the table, he felt a new energy in it.

At this time, President Willow, who was wearing all white walked in. "Sir, a charity auction will be held tonight. An ancient jade will appear last during the auction. I wonder if you will be interested in it?"

An ancient jade?

Jacob's eyes lit up for a moment. Then he nodded and said, "Sure, I will go if I'm free."

"Then I will arrange for it then." President Willow nodded.

The following morning, at the kindergarten, Jacob held his daughter's hand lovingly into the kindergarten under the scrutiny of a beautiful lady. The lady had her teeth gritted in anger.

Moira mumbled angrily under her breath outside the electronic gate. "I will get Heidi a transfer of schools tomorrow!"

When Heidi heard her, she turned around and pouted. "Aunty, I don't want to change schools!"

The teachers in this school were very kind to her these two days. The other kids were all envious of her. She enjoyed that feeling.

Jacob could feel his daughter holding his hand tightly. He glanced at Moira coldly and said, "First, you have no right to transfer my daughter to another school. Furthermore, I will appear at any school you transfer my daughter to!"

He did not even look at Moira as he spoke. He lowered his head and looked at his daughter before speaking gently, "Daddy promises you. Nobody can make you change schools if it isn't under your consent.

Heidi raised her head and asked innocently, "Really?"

Jacob could not help but touched her face when he saw her cute appearance. "Yes, I promise you."

"Damn! Asshole!"

Moira's chest heaved heavily in anger as she watched their figures gradually turn smaller.

"Who says I cannot transfer her to another school? Well, then I should find someone who is powerful enough to transfer him!" Her face was flushed from the anger. She turned around and stomped off.

But before she could take more than two steps, she froze.

Should she really make Heidi transfer to another school just to prevent him from appearing before her? What would Second Aunt and her husband do if they learned that that rascal was back?

Chapter 116

Moira hesitated when she thought about the health conditions of the two oldies.

Besides, if she had decided to change schools, there might not be one that could match the standards of the Little Professors.

Through small talking with other parents when she was waiting for Heidi to finish school, she learned that the kindergarten had been acquired by a large organization from the outer district. They had plans to invest a considerable amount of money to shape the Little Professors into the best school in the district – or even the state.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. How could she have compromised little Heidi's future in a fit of pique?

"Damn you! Is this why you think you can intrude our lives just because of this?" Moira clenched her jaws and said to herself angrily.

Meanwhile, a little less than four kilometers away from the Little Professors, a lady with a stunningly beautiful appearance yet malicious soul made her way into Harleydale Senior High.

Half an hour later, Jacob, who was standing outside the classroom watching his daughter's attentive face in class, received a call from his father.

"Okay now, Dad, don't worry, I'm on my way." He hung up the phone and took a last peek at his baby girl before turning around for the school's exit.

"Have a good day, sir!" The security guard of the kindergarten stood unwaveringly with a straight back as he bade Jacob farewell with a fist to his chest.

Jacob gestured at him by putting a hand in the air, headed to his car which was not too far away from the gate, fired up the engine, and took off with squeak of tires.

The Martial Arts Road in the north, as the name suggested, was filled with martial arts schools, boxing clubs, and gyms.

It was rumored that in an unknown alley, there was a hidden master who was born with the ability to use leaves as a weapon – his flick of a leaf was so strong that it could pierce a person's skin.

This attracted numerous young people who were passionate about martial arts from different areas of the district, and they would sweep through different alleys in hopes of finding the skillful master as their sensei.

The Dubhe Street was 3.7 kilometers long. There were three martial arts schools here, and six boxing clubs with certified boxers, making it one of the most popular streets at Martial Arts Road.

In the middle of the crowd, Jacob followed behind his father as they entered the street.

The father and son pair were here to visit Master Nathan Roman, the master of Everwin Martial Arts School, one of the three well-known martial arts schools at Dubhe Street.

The Everwin Martial Arts School was located in the middle of the street, with over a thousand members and among whom, hundreds of them were elite apprentices. Under the leadership of a young and able master, the school had quickly grown to become one of the top ten schools in the Central District.

They had not gone far into the Dubhe Street when Franklin stopped by a weapon store that specialized in longs words.

“Dad, isn’t this enough?” Lifting two full bags of premium cigarettes and wine in the air, Jacob raised a brow.

Franklin glared at his son, “How could those things be enough?!”

Fine, whatever you say, old man. Secretly shaking his head, Jacob followed suit as Franklin stepped into the store.

As soon as he did, he could feel a sharp qi coming to his face. There were swords of various shapes, sizes, and materials – long, short, wide, narrow, steel, gold, and many more.

Franklin could not decide what to buy, so he went down the easy path, “Show me the most expensive sword at your store.”

The most expensive sword?

Jacob could see instant gush of joy in the staff's eyes.

"Sure thing, mister, please give me a moment, I'll grab the best sword in store!" The staff member responded zealously as he turned around and went to the back.

Very quickly, he returned with a sandalwood box – there were sculptures of dragons and phoenix on its surface.

The staff member presented the box courteously with box hands. "Please check this out!" He said with a stern look.

Chapter 117

Franklin could sense the change of energy of the staff member. He too, put on a serious expression as he took the box off the staff member's hands.

Looking at his father's and the staff member's solemn expressions, Jacob had to hold in his laugh as he opened the box to reveal a sword with its scabbard, two feet and one inches in length.

While Franklin was looking, Jacob casually drew the sword with a swish. His movements were so elegant that it felt like there were sprinkles in the background.

"Sir, please be careful!" The reflected green light shone on the staff member's face. "The Jade Brook Sword is as sharp as they come, be careful not to hurt yourself!"

"The Jade Brook Sword, true enough, as the name suggests!" Squinting his eyes slightly, Franklin nodded his head in satisfaction as he felt that the sword resembled a clear stream of brook. "How much does it come to? I'll take it!"

The staff member was out of the world. "You have great taste, sir! The Jade Brook Sword took three full years for the bladesmith to forge, it comes to a hundred and eighty thousand."

Franklin blinked a few times in disbelief, then slightly furrowed his brows, "That's too expensive, ninety thousand, take it or leave it."

Jacob turned to look at Franklin, is he trying to get away with half the price?

“Ninety thousand? No can do!” The staff member shook his head quicker than a pellet drum, “The material cost of the sword alone is more than ninety thousand!”

“Fine, I’ll add ten thousand more, that’s my final offer.” There was a hint of slyness in Franklin’s eyes.

“Sigh, sir, please help me out here!” The staff member frowned.

“Son, let’s go.” Franklin handed the box to the staff pretentiously.

“Fine! Ten thousand, deal! Sir, please come back in the future!” The staff stamped his leg on the ground as he accepted the box disappointedly.

“Haha, I will! I’m paying by card today!” Franklin took out a credit card as he put on a satisfied smile.

After getting the deal, he offered a hand.

The staff took a step backwards and responded with a cunning smile, “Sir, what do you mean? For ten thousand, you only get the sword without the box.”

The smile Franklin had on his face quickly disappeared. He knitted his brows discontentedly, “How am I supposed to gift the sword without the box?!”

“Sir, you were asking for the price of the sword. You didn’t say anything about the box, right?” The staff replied calmly and collectedly.

Damn you, scammer! Franklin gritted his teeth secretly.

He had the impulse to turn and leave, but he figured that gifting the sword without its box was too embarrassing!

Looking at how conflicted his father was, Jacob, who was holding the sword with one hand, smiled at him, “Dad, don’t worry, let me talk to him for a second.”

Talk? Hoho, what's there to talk about?! The staff had a condescending look on his face.

It was clear that sword was indeed a great one, and the box that it came with was made of pure sandalwood. Are you planning to look for another box elsewhere? Hoho, I'm afraid that you wouldn't find another box that suits the stature of this sword in the entire street.

Jacob noticed the confidence that the staff had. He scoffed and did a casual flick of a wrist with the hand that was holding the sword.

With a swoosh, razor-sharp qi formed around the room like a streaming river, and it quickly turned into an aggressive waterfall surrounding the staff's body.

He started sweating bullets as he offered the sandalwood box, worth not less than ten thousand, to Jacob with both hands. "My hero, I was blind not to notice your masterful sword skills, please accept this box as a complimentary gift and forgive my oversight!"

Clink!

Jacob inserted the sword back into the scabbard, packed it nicely to the box, then picked up the box. "Dad, I'm done talking, let's go."

The staff member was white and green in the face as he stared at the father and son pair leaving the store with the sword.

Chapter 118

They had not gone far from the store when Franklin glanced at his son, "Was that what you meant by talking?"

He hesitated and nodded his head casually, "But it was a great talk, he got what he deserved! It seems like you've grown a lot in the past six years."

Gazing down at the sandalwood box, Jacob raised his eyes with a faint smile, "Yeah, I picked up a thing or two over the years."

"Oh right, do you think the sword is worth ten grand?" Franklin asked with a raised brow.

Jacob looked at him reluctantly.

"Did I get cheated?" Franklin frowned, "Bloody scammers!"

"I don't think it was too far off," Jacob responded, "it is a great sword, at least it is one that has taken years to forge, and it can slice through someone's neck without seeing a drop of blood."

Franklin glared at him, "To hell with it! The sword is a gentleman's weapon, don't bring bloodshed into the conversation!"

Jacob nodded helplessly, "Whatever you say, Dad."

"A harmonious society does not call for violence all the time, what if you hurt yourself in the process?!" Franklin went on with his lecture as they walked.

Jacob curled his lips into a smile, "Yeah, Dad, sure thing."

After walking for about thirty meters, they heard a collective gasp by a crowd not far away. Following closely, the crowd on the street dispersed as a young person with short hair charged towards them with a ladies' bag.

Jacob took a glance at the side before pulling his father two steps away from the pathway.

The next second, a petite figure appeared out of nowhere from the same direction that Jacob had looked at, threw a hefty kick at the short-haired man, and sent him flying. She looked down at the man disdainfully, "Coward!"

Franklin gaped his eyes as he had another look at the lady, "Hey, aren't you Miss Murray, who was next to Master Roman the other day? What a coincidence."

Rocking a white uniform, Steph tilted her chin upwards with a prideful expression.

Meanwhile, the man who got kicked in the stomach barely got on his feet and lashed out at her, "What the hell do you think you are doing? What was that kick all about?"

Steph raised her voice, "How dare you shout at me, you robber? Go to hell!"

Finishing what she had to say, she strode up to the man and started beating the soul out of the poor man.

"Well done, heroine!" Franklin nodded his head as he praised her for her actions.

Jacob did not know how to feel when he heard the words that came out of his father's mouth.

Very quickly, a pair of young couple came running up to them as they shouted, "Stop beating him! It was a misunderstanding?"

A misunderstanding?

Franklin was shocked, while Steph quickly stopped as the surrounding crowd grew bigger.

"It really was a misunderstanding!" Another person stood out from the crowd, "We are filming a video for Tik Tok, this is staged!"

"A video?" Locking eyes with the lady who just spoke – she rocked a pair of long legs and was also dressed in a white uniform, Steph was taken aback.

The young couple then said in unity, "Yes, it is staged!"

Laying on the ground, the short-haired man was fuming, "What's wrong with filming a video? You didn't have to beat me up like that!"

"I..." Steph blushed to the roots of her hair.

Looking at her flabbergasted face, Jacob could not help but laugh.

Chapter 119

"What are you laughing at?" Steph glared at Jacob as she gritted her teeth with a fierce look, "I'll bash you up!"

What's wrong with this woman? Threatening to beat more people when she beat the wrong one?

Jacob shook his head casually and pointed at the crowd surrounding them, "Everyone is laughing, are you supposed to beat everyone now?"

The crowd was terrified to hear that – they had just witnessed this lady send a fully grown man flying with a kick. Although she boasted a beautiful face, she was surely not one to be trifled with!

At this point, several large men in the Everwin Martial Arts School uniform made their way to the scene.

Leading the bunch was a thick, husky man with a pair of glaring eyes. He yelled furiously, "Who here dares to laugh at my senior? Step out and come at me!"

A roar of the man made the crowd disperse in an instant. Even the couple who was filming the video secretly helped their friend to his feet before scrambling away.

Facing the group of aggressive and sweaty men, Franklin took a step forward with the sword as he smiled, "This is just a misunderstanding! As a matter of fact, my son and I have come today to pay a visit to Master Roman to show our gratitude to him!"

The men's expression quickly became less hostile at the sound of Master Roman's name.

Steph glanced at Jacob, raised her chin, and snorted before turning around, then wiggled off with her petite figure.

I don't suppose I did anything wrong to her, did I? He frowned slightly.

Franklin noticed the expression on Jacob's face and said, "These guys do martial arts for a living, it's normal that they have a short temper. When we get to the school later, you must be patient."

Jacob nodded, "Dad, don't worry, I'm not a kid, I won't hold onto this."

The father and son pair followed behind Steph and the others while they spoke.

They had barely walked two hundred meters when they heard someone shout, "The challenger from yesterday has returned! Everyone, hurry up and go to Everwin!"

Everyone on the streets burst into a series of murmurs as they collectively swarmed in the same direction – leading the way were Steph and the men from the school.

"Seems like we picked the wrong day!" Franklin shook his head with a sigh when he saw everyone scurrying towards the school.

"Dad, shall we come again tomorrow?" Jacob raised a brow.

After a moment of silence, Franklin put up a hand, "We've already met the people from the school, it'd be rude not to show up, wouldn't it? Forget it, let's go and play by ear."

Following that, he took off in large strides. Deep in his eyes was nothing but enthusiastic fire. Boy, an open challenge, first of my life, it'd be a waste to miss out on this opportunity!

If Jacob had known what was going through his father's mind, he would have been lost for words.

Very quickly, they arrived at Everwin, greeted by a pair of magnificent bearded dragon sculptures on each side of the door. Unfortunately, the entrance had been filled with bystanders at this point.

Jacob had no interest in the challenge whatsoever. He frowned at the overzealous crowd. "Dad, I don't think we have a choice at this point, the door has been completely blocked."

"Yeah, what a shame, we just missed out!" There was a clear sign of disappointment on Franklin's face as he shook his head.

Just as the pair was planning to turn and leave, a deep, hoarse voice sounded from the school, "So this is the master of the Everwin Martial Arts School? Hoho, I can't see anything special about you."

Jacob slowly planted his right leg as soon as he heard the voice. A mysterious light flashed across his eyes as he turned around and threw his gaze at the school.

He lightly shook his head before turning to his father with a raised brow, "Dad, do you feel like going in for a closer look?"

Chapter 120

"How are you going to get in with so many people?" Franklin shook his head.

"Anything is possible if you wish it hard enough, just stay close behind me." Jacob grinned before striding towards the martial arts hall.

"Hey, stop squeezing! There's no room here!"

"Ouch! Who stepped on my foot?!"

Amidst the commotion, those who were unfortunate enough to be in Jacob's way were tossed to the floor by an unknown force, conveniently clearing the path for Jacob and his father to walk through.

In the crowd, a big man with thick knuckles and eyes that seemed to glow a shade of orange felt the surge of power from across the room. He whipped his head in that direction and growled. "Who the f*ck is ther—!"

Before he could finish his sentence, a hand flew over his mouth from behind. "That kind of power... No matter how you look at it, it's obviously from someone with great inner strength. If you want to live, I suggest you keep your mouth shut!" His friend warned.

Someone with great inner strength?

Jacob shook his head as he continued to lead his father inside. More thuds and yelling ensued until they were finally able to squeeze through the entrance of the martial arts hall. Immediately, they were greeted with a wall of muscular backs of the martial arts disciples.

Walking up to the tallest one among them, Jacob tapped him on the shoulder and asked politely, "Please let us in."

“Yes, please do let us in!” Behind him, Franklin stuck his head over Jacob’s shoulder. “We’re here to extend our gratitude to Master Roman.”

The disciple’s gaze dropped to the items in their hands and frowned. “We’re not accepting any visitors today. Come back tomorrow.”

On the right side of the room, a man with triangular eyes sneered at them. “Did you really think you could walk into Everwin Martial Arts School that easily? If gifts were all it takes to come in, we wouldn’t need this many people here.”

Jacob shot a glare at the man before turning back to the disciple, placing a hand on his shoulder sternly. “There is no place in this world that I cannot enter.” Heat began to emit from his hand, and in the next second, the disciple staggered to the side violently as if hit by the force of a speeding truck.

“Dad, let’s go.” Pulling his father’s arm, Jacob walked past the fallen disciple without even sparing a second glance at the man.

The other students could only watch as the pair made their way in, especially the one with triangular eyes who watched them in awe. That young man has hidden his abilities well, choosing only the right moment to strike. He really is the elite disciple of the Dubhe Street, born to be a master.

The disciple who was knocked over to the ground by Jacob would also agree. Where exactly did this young master come from? No defeat had ever devastated him until now.

Meanwhile, Franklin hazily followed his son’s lead deeper into the hall. He glanced over his shoulder, and suddenly, his eyes widened. There, on the bluestone-paved training field surrounded by a group of martial arts disciples stood two tall, dignified young men. Not far away, Master Roman who donned a gray training suit and a flush of red on his face, was carefully supported by a girl Franklin had just met on the street. Are we late?

Chapter 121

A heavy atmosphere surrounded the training grounds of the martial arts hall that trailed a series of dark fires.

The middle-aged boxer exclaimed, "Your hubris will be your downfall. It seems you have miscalculated your capabilities and underestimated the Everwin Group! This means you're unfortunate enough to meet my Ferric Strike!"

The moment his speech was over, he waved his palms and energy surged into the soles of his feet. The impact from his feet sent a shockwave toward one of the taller youths.

"Ferric strike? Hah!" The younger adult laughed at the older man's declaration.

In a split of a second, fist and palm collided in a forceful impact. In the cataclysmic fight, the trained boxer flinched with every impact from his younger opponent. The sheer force of the collision left deep finger-shaped imprints on the blue marble where they stood.

"Well, yes. I once took a two-pronged punch before." The youth said with a defiant look.

"Why you..."

The boxer gave a dirty glare to the young man. He didn't look too good as his face turned pale from the depleted energy. "Ack!" The man exclaimed, as he spat a mouthful of hot blood.

The young man looked at this dejected man with pride. The young man taunted, "Maybe if you keep up your act, quantity could tip over your odds!"

The martial arts hall was filled with enraged people as a reaction to his haughty demeanor.

"It's my turn!"

"And mine!"

Two fighters stood up and made their presence known in a furious fit.

The young man glanced over to the source of the proclamation. The young man said, "Just two? You might need more than that." He leered with a shake of dissatisfaction.

On the sideline, Jacob Lynch was noticeably peeved off with furrowed brows.

“If you have a death wish, we’re obliged to fulfil it!”

The elite fighter with bloodshot eyes roared towards the younger adult. As they heard the fighter’s war cry, several fighters stepped forward with angry expressions.

Nathan noticed the disgruntled faces of his fighters and ordered swiftly, “Quick! Seal the gate!”

This shook Steph, but she snapped herself out of the daze. “Yes master, I’ll have that executed immediately.” Steph said with a nod.

She took off in a sprint, not long before she noticed Jacob’s father and son. With a raised eyebrow, she prompted, “How did you lot get in?”

“Just strolled in.” Jacob replied nonchalantly.

Her attention was stolen by the fighters surrounding Jacob. A mob of two boxers and about seven to eight elite fighters surrounded the young man. Steph was apathetic about the whole ordeal and took a few steps ahead to close the gate.

Outside the door, seeing that they could not see anything, everyone stopped for a while before gradually dispersing.

What about the watching from top of the wall, or the crack of the gate?

Who were they kidding? It was common knowledge that once any martial art academy closes, it meant that outsiders were not welcome to watch the matches anymore. Anyone who had been caught peeking will either face light penalties of being beaten or heavier ones of having their hands and feet broken.

In a world where heroes pit against one another, who would dare to intervene and face the consequences?

Back at the hall, Steph turned and glared at Jacob. “Don’t you dare run off, and don’t run your mouth while you’re outside or I’ll break your legs.”

Watching the fierce woman walk away, Franklin said softly, "Why do I feel like I've walked in into a lion's den? Had I known this would happen, I wouldn't have followed you in here."

Jacob trailed his gaze to the training ground where the disciples had already begun sparring and smiled. "Dad, it's alright. Just wait and see."

With just a single breath of energy, the young man easily knocked down two boxers, followed by a few remaining boxing students. He huffed out a sigh, pointing at them firmly with his index finger. "You lot are too easy. Is there anyone here who could put up a challenge?"

"It's no use," Tres answered disappointingly from the side. "let's just go, Ocho. There's nothing left to do here anymore."

Ocho nodded. "Okay. I was starting to feel bored anyway."

"Stop right there!" A sharp and clear voice resounded from behind the disciples.

Chapter 122

Following that, Nicholas Loewe, who had built up Everwin's image to what it was in the span of two years, stepped out of the building.

He stared at the men coolly, "Sirs, I'm afraid I cannot let you off without consequences today, or it may damage the reputation of my school."

"Ocho, let's go." The young man ignored Nicholas' words, waved his hand, and turned around preparing to leave.

The next second, the young man saw Jacob and instantly lost his composure as he subconsciously straightened his back.

Meanwhile, Ocho sniggered at Nicholas with a mischievous wink, "What the hell does your school's image have to do with us?! Two-faced people like you disgust me..."

"Boss!" Trey walked up to Jacob in large strides and placed his right fist on his chest, "What are you doing here?"

Boss?

The young man swept around and gasped as he saw Jacob towering over them. He scurried over to Jacob and saluted him, "Greetings, boss!"

The surrounding crowd traced the pair's gazes and fixed their attention on Jacob as he uttered with a frown, "What do you mean what I am doing here? Humph, I have the same question for you two."

"Boss..." Ocho glanced at Trey briefly, "You know, Trey is passionate about martial arts, and they say the Dubhe Street is filled with hidden masters, so he brought me along."

Trey started shaking as he was holding back the urge to launch a hefty kick at Ocho. What the hell is he talking about? Bastard said he wanted to fight ten of them alone!

How could Jacob not know what they were thinking? They were a pair of martial arts enthusiasts, feared by many martial artists around the outer districts.

Great, after beating up everyone in the outer districts, they have to come and mess around with these guys here.

Shaking his head, Jacob yelled authoritatively, "What are you waiting for? Scram!"

"Sure, we shall excuse ourselves right now!" Ocho nodded his head immediately, grabbed Trey by the arm, and scurried away comically.

"Boss, I shall take my leave now!" Trey managed to keep an obsequious look despite Ocho violently dragging him along.

Everyone at the school, including Nicholas, was dumbfounded as they stared at the pair scrambling over the wall like rats. The instant change in their attitude was one that they struggled to make sense of.

Hang on, why did they climb over the wall? Nicholas shuddered momentarily as he juggled his gaze between the wall and the perfectly placed door, even more confused at this point.

He eventually came to his senses, slowly let out a sigh of relief, then turned his attention to Jacob.

Who could he be? Why is he able to instill so much fear in the skillful young men, the lower of whom almost swept the elite disciples of the school?

Even more surprised than Nicholas was Steph, who never bothered to bat an eye at Jacob all this while.

Thinking that she had threatened to break his leg earlier, Steph started feeling a tinge of warmth on her cheeks as she blushed.

“Who is he?” Standing among the crowd, one of the disciples could not hold back his curiosity and started murmuring.

“Didn’t he come to visit Master Roman?” The storky disciple who almost got knocked out by Jacob responded.

Visit Master Roman? Everyone was flabbergasted. He sent two of his men to the school for an open challenge, then visit Master Roman after? Is this a joke?

The school fell into a moment of deafening silence, while Nicholas, trying his best to keep his poise, slowly approached Jacob and Franklin.

He greeted them with a fist pump salute and asked courteously, “My name is Nicholas, the manager of Everwin Martial Arts School, may I know who you are?”

Chapter 123

Jacob was totally indifferent to Nicholas’ greetings. So, Franklin took a step forward and did a fist pump too. He then replied, “You’re welcome. My surname is Lynch, and my given name is Franklin. This is my son, Jacob.”

Franklin Lynch and Jacob Lynch?

Which famous martial artist in Paramount has the surname of Lynch? Nicholas was thinking hard to himself.

Unable to recall even after thinking for a while, Nicholas’ mouth tilted slightly. “Sorry, I guess I’ve been living under a rock.”

“No, don’t say that!” Franklin was trying to be humble. “We are just ordinary people, of course Master Loewe couldn’t recognize us.”

Ordinary people?

Anyone who heard what he just said must be thinking that he was kidding.

If Jacob is an ordinary person, then we will all be worthless ants and insects.

“Dad, what are we here for?” Nicholas seemed to be embarrassed to ask, so Jacob simply spoke for him.

“Ah, right. Look at me, always forgetting things when I start talking.” He patted his forehead while laughing at himself.

After a while, Franklin gave Nathan, who was walking slowly towards them a grateful nod. “Today, we are here to thank Master Roman for saving my life. We got you a little gift. I hope you don’t mind.”

Thanks for saving their lives?

Nicholas turned to look at Nathan. “Master Roman, why haven’t I heard from you before?”

With the help of Steph, Nathan waved his hand with a wry smile. “It’s just a small matter, so I didn’t bother to tell Master Loewe. Besides...”

He first glanced at Jacob with a sullen expression. Then, he looked at Franklin and shook his head. “Mr. Lynch, I have told you the other day. It was just a coincidence. I believe that all other martial arts masters would have taken the same action to rescue you.”

“Anyway, it was you, Master Roman, who had helped us to subdue those evil people.”

Franklin nodded and then said apologetically. “Actually, I should have came earlier, but I have plenty of things to deal with. So, please forgive me.”

“Mr. Lynch, don’t mention it...cough...cough!” Nathan’s face turned pale as he coughed.

Judging by the look on Nathan’s face, Franklin finally realized that the two young men standing behind Jacob were his subordinates.

He had gotten used to random men appearing out of nowhere after his son, who had been away for six years, returned home. He no longer felt shocked or appalled.

But Franklin was totally embarrassed as Jacob's subordinates accidentally hurt Nathan before he could go and thank him.

Jacob calmly handed the gift to Steph awkwardly.

Steph subconsciously stretched out her hand. After a few seconds, she blinked her eyes, and gradually came to her senses. She frowned and stared at Jacob fiercely.

Jacob was angry, but he smiled out of respect for his father.

Nathan turned back to look at Nicholas. After a moment of silence, he said softly, "I'll scold them when I go back."

Scold them? Steph rolled her eyes.

Well, you might as well just remain silent! No wonder he looked so arrogant in the tower that day. Turns out, he had such powerful subordinates.

But since his subordinates are so powerful, why didn't any of them show up that day? If it hadn't been for Master Roman and some of our fellow apprentices who helped out, I don't know what would have happened!

In the end, he didn't say thank you. He even suspected that we were allies of those murderers. Huh!

Chapter 124

In this regard, Steph was very sure that she did not get it wrong. After all, she had been very good at guessing people's thought since she was a child. She had also avoided a lot of dangers with her talent.

She was sure that Jacob was taking precautions against them in the tower that day. He was probably planning something with the Cruor Sect.

However, the Cruor Sect had vanished. Their only disciple, Theodore Presley, had also returned to school and started a new life as a normal girl, Victoria Presley.

Therefore, he agreed to accompany his father to the Everwin Martial Arts School and sent gifts to Nicholas as a gratitude.

Unexpectedly, Trey and Ocho were too excited to learn martial arts, and by coincidence, they chose to learn in Everwin Martial Arts School at Dubhe Street.

Jacob was not afraid of Steph's terrifying gaze, but was annoyed by her. So, he simply stayed out of their way and let Franklin communicate with Everwin Martial Arts School.

At the end of the day, the Everwin Martial Arts School persisted in their refusal to accept the Jade Brook Sword. So, Franklin had no choice but to keep the sword with him and prepared to leave.

Nicholas did a fist pump salute at the entrance of the Martial Arts School. "Mr. Lynch, Brother, we will meet again someday."

Steph was standing behind Nicholas while pursing her lips. Better not.

"Master Loewe and Master Roman, sorry for bothering you today. We're leaving now." Franklin turned back to salute them again. Jacob remained silent and emotionless.

It was class break time at Harleydale Senior High.

Everyone was talking in excitement when Yasmine walked towards Janelle's desk.

Janelle tried to escape when she saw her.

Sha had been suffering from the bullying of Yasmine and several other girls in the past few days. She knew Yasmine was going to cause a scene again.

After seeing the situation, Cindy, who was from another group, walked over and stood in front of Yasmine.

She frowned and shouted angrily, "What do you want? Janelle was kind enough to forgive you, but I have to warn you. Don't go too far!"

“Hey Cindy, are you Janelle’s besties?” Larna, who was wearing a heavy makeup went to stand behind Yasmine. ” Yasmine hasn’t even touched her. Why are you feeling so distressed?”

All the classmates burst into laughter.

Janelle’s face flushed when her classmates called them ‘lesbian’. Cindy also gritted her teeth with anger.

On the other side, Yasmine was also gritting her teeth.

She first stared at Larna, and then bowed slowly before Janelle. “Janelle, it was all my fault! I shouldn’t have treated you so badly!”

Everybody was stunned by Yasmine’s action.

“Yasmine, what are you doing?” Larna pulled Yasmine’s arm.

Did I hear it wrongly? Yasmine, who always tends to adopt a condescending manner, actually bowed before Janelle and admitted her mistake in front of all the classmates?

Who was the one who swore that she would kick Janelle out of class?

Cindy and Janelle were totally bewildered while looking at each other.

“I have truly learned my mistake!” Yasmine became anxious when Cindy and Janelle didn’t believe her. “Janelle, I’m begging for your forgiveness.”

Chapter 125

Janelle rolled her eyes at Yasmine. After a moment of silence, she said softly, “Just stay away from me in the future.”

“Sure, no problem!” The whole class were looking at them, but Yasmine nodded without feeling embarrassed at all.

After a while, Yasmine stuttered, “But... can I ask for a favor?”

“No wonder she was being so humble just now!” Cindy stepped forward and stood in front of Janelle’s desk, “Are you trying to play a trick on Janelle?”

Yasmine frowned and was about to lose her temper. However, she managed to control her temper and forced a smile. "I'm serious and I'm not fooling around!"

Janelle stretched out her hand and grabbed Yasmine's arm. She stood up, looked at her, and asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"I..."

Yasmine tried to speak, but couldn't because her classmates were looking at them. She bit her lips and asked softly, "Janelle, can we talk outside?"

Janelle nodded. Both of them went out of the classroom together.

Larna wanted to follow them, but was pulled and stopped by someone from behind.

She turned back and saw Cindy rolling her eyes. "Don't go along for the ride!"

After school, Janelle leaned against the kitchen door when she reached home. She was watching her father busy cooking in an apron.

Franklin glanced at his daughter and asked. "Have you finished your homework?"

"I have finished all my homework in school." Janelle frowned and replied proudly. "Don't you know that your daughter is a scholar?"

"Then do some study." Franklin raised his spatula while speaking.

"I'll go in a while!" Janelle replied coquettishly.

Franklin smiled and asked, "Is something bothering you?"

Since Jacob returned home, everything had gone smoothly and Franklin no longer felt depressed. So, if Janelle had any request that was not out of line, Franklin would always agree with her.

"Nothing." Janelle frowned.

She pursed her lips and asked again, "By the way, when will Jacob come back?"

"Oh, so you're looking for your brother..." Franklin shook his head lightly.

"What are you two talking about?" Suzie asked.

Franklin waved at his wife. "Don't come in. There is a lot of smoke in the kitchen. If you want to say something, just say it at the door."

"I thought you've turned on the range hood." Suzie smiled sweetly while putting her arms around Janelle. "Kevin called just now. He wants to invite our family to dinner."

"Invite us to dinner?" Franklin frowned. "Inviting us for no reason... Uh, we're relatives, so it's normal that we should have dinner together."

Franklin quickly changed his answer when he saw his wife staring at him.

Besides, he's just a cousin. I have a son, so I shouldn't be afraid of anything! Franklin was secretly proud of Jacob.

"Humph, good for you!" Suzie rolled her eyes at her husband.

After sending Heidi back home, Jacob drove back to Rowan Lane.

Janelle greeted him warmly as soon as he entered the hall. She couldn't stop refilling Jacob's bowl while they were eating. Franklin was jealous of Jacob at that moment.

After dinner, Jacob called his sister to the yard.

He looked up at the sky and smiled. He then touched Janelle's hair. "Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

"Actually...it's just a very small matter!" Janelle blinked. "The two men in the bar that day..."

"Did they look for you?" Jacob's eyes flashed with anger.

Chapter 126

Jacob wasn't as involved in the affairs in Harleydale Senior High as he wanted to give Evelyn more space. Because of that, there were times that he would receive news late.

This was also one of the reasons why he gave Victoria Presley another chance yesterday. It would look more natural and be safer if someone the same age as Evelyn looked after and protected her.

However, it seems some people just can't sit still and wait for help.

Although Jacob's expression was cold, he looked to his innocent looking sister and gave a shake of his head.

My stupid little sister, I can't leave her alone yet.

Jacob pondered for a moment before nodding his head, "Go ahead, call them to come now."

"Now? It's dark already, how about tomorrow?" Janelle asked while batting her lashes.

Jacob shook his head and said, "If they don't come now, do not blame me for not giving them another chance."

"Alright, alright, I'll call them now." Janelle took her phone out and was about to dial a number when her brother said, with his eyes blazing. "Make sure that only two of them come, I don't want to see more."

"Only you would request so much." Janelle mumbled under her breath.

Not even twenty minutes later, Steven Winston and his daughter, Evelyn arrived at Rowan Lane. They tried to enter the grounds but were stopped by a shadow ranger under the rowan tree.

Evelyn pulled at her father's sleeve and gave him a calm look. She took a step forward and told the shadow ranger, "Mr. Lynch asked for us."

"Okay ma'am, the boss is over there." The shadow ranger pointed into a direction. Evelyn looked at the direction he was pointing to and saw a ruin sitting several tens of meters away. She said thanks to the ranger and made her way down the ruined road with her father.

"Hmph, what a show-off!" Steven grumbled, as he had been unhappy these past few days.

"Dad!" Evelyn stopped walking and looked at her father with a stern look, "If you're going to act like this in front of Mr. Lynch, we better go back now, and maybe we can live another two days!"

Seeing his daughter's expression, Steven hesitated to speak more, but after experiencing the ups and downs of the world these past two days, he slumped his head and said, "Okay, I understand that we're going to ask a favor, and not to judge a person."

Very quickly the father and daughter pair arrived at the ruins, and two figures came into view.

The night breeze blew as Evelyn looked at the figure that was as magnificent as a mountain. She took a long breath to soothe her agitated heart.

The Warlord of Bare Dragons; the one who destroy elements and nature in fiery anger, the one who coerce and dominate the four regions, stood right before her. Although he stood among ruins, it was as if they were at the mansion of a god situated at the summit of a mountain. His gaze was piercing like a ghost going through a body, it penetrated the heart.

Jacob Lynch looked at the woman he had thrown off a viaduct. His attitude was indifferent as he asked, "Which is your brother?"

"My brother is..." Evelyn answered in a weak and meek voice.

"Whatever, I don't care who your brother is. You have great guts to have people come looking for my sister..."

"Brother!" Janelle warned.

Jacob looked at his sister and shook his head exasperatedly. He gave a sigh and continued in a cold voice, "Since my sister asked for you to be forgiven, I don't mind just letting you go. But..."

Hearing that, Evelyn clenched her hands together tightly. The life and death of the Winston family all depended on the words of this man that stood in front of her.

After a moment of suspense, Jacob said slowly, "I want half of your family's possessions."

Chapter 127

A sudden, deep cry sounded from the side of the ruins, "Half?!"

"Brother..., you can't just ask for half of a family's possessions." Janelle pulled at her brother's sleeves lightly.

Jacob gave his sister a small smile and turned around to look at the man who called out. He looked at them coldly and said to Evelyn, "You can reject it if you like."

Steven huffed and looked at his daughter, "Evelyn, let's go home! We can do business outside of Paramount, it doesn't have to be here!"

"Dad!" Evelyn looked at her dad with her eyes filled with anxiousness and desperation.

Betray Paramount Chamber of Commerce, at most you'll lose your possessions. But if we go against this man, we might lose our lives!

Under the night sky, a gentle breeze continued to blow.

Jacob looked at the sky and said slowly, "Have you thought about it? I have other things to do tonight, please don't take up too much of my time." As he spoke, his voice quietened down. Jacob furrowed his brows as he frowned in the direction of the rowan tree.

Suddenly, there was a white flash as two shadow rangers jumped out from the shadows of the rowan tree. Jacob watched as they fell to the floor after being punched by a bald man covered in tattoos.

Seeing that the man was about to hit them again, a stern look flashed across Jacob's eyes. He picked up a small pebble from the ground and threw it towards the man, "Hey!"

A shrill sound sounded in the air followed by the sound of a thud, and sparks started to fly at the rowan tree.

In the blink of an eye, five distinct figures appeared under the rowan tree. Suddenly, shadows started to flicker around the ruins.

“Hey!” Janelle gave a surprised shout as she was surrounded by people dressed in black.

“Don’t worry, they’re here to protect you.” Jacob comforted his sister with a smile. He commanded, “Bring my sister back, and create a 100-meter parameter. Whoever disobeys will be punished!”

“Yes sir!” The shadow rangers replied sternly.

“Brother, please be careful.” Janelle told Jacob worriedly.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be done real quick.” Jacob reassured his sister with a nod. Once he saw that the shadow rangers had brought his sister out of harm’s way, he turned his attention back to Evelyn Winston.

“Are those five your allies?” Jacob asked Evelyn with a cold snicker.

Evelyn was confused with the situation as she gave a gentle shake of her head, “Mr. Lynch, please don’t misunderstand. I honestly just came today with my father to apologize; we have no other intentions...”

“Oh, little Evie, I can’t believe I thought we were the same; that we don’t need men in our lives.” A cold voice suddenly sounded in the middle of the ruins.

“Evelyn?” Steven Winston looked at his daughter, his face had remnants of surprise. If he had not witnessed it himself, he wouldn’t have thought that there were so many people hiding among the ruins.

But now...

As he turned around to look at the five figures slowly walking toward them; the five that did not look normal at all he thought, Maybe I shouldn’t let my daughter roam freely anymore.

Not knowing that her father had decided on her future, Evelyn looked at the five glamorous figures and gave a wry smile to the girl at the side, the only one dressed in revealing clothes.

“Rose, why are you guys...”

Back at the viaduct, Rose had been easily suppressed by Jacob Lynch. She smiled at Evelyn and said, “Once Yasmine heard that you were here, she called us and the team leader to come give you a platform.”

A platform?

Evelyn looked at the man with bitterness in her mouth.

Chapter 128

Among the five of them, Jacob’s indifferent gaze fell on a man wearing a silver mask.

Meeting his gaze, the man gave a slight nod as he said in a low voice, “Nice to meet you. I’m Nathaniel Crawford, the leader of the Special Forces Unit in the Ministry of Defense.”

“You’re Silver-masked Nate from the Elite Forces?” Jacob arched his eyebrows slightly.

Back then, when Jerry introduced the strongest team in the Ministry of Defense, he mocked the nickname of their leader.

“It seems like you have heard of my name?” Light gleamed off Nathaniel’s silver mask.

Yes, I’ve heard this nickname of yours. With that thought in mind, Jacob nodded. After looking at the sky, he asked frostily, “You guys barged in here without getting approval from the owner. On top of that, you even hurt our people. What on earth do you want?”

“Nothing!” Before Nathaniel could even reply, a bald man with stripes on his head glared at Jacob. In a dominant tone, he said, “In Paramount, our team can go wherever we want!”

Upon hearing that, a sharp look flickered across Jacob's eyes. With a cold smile, he said slowly, "You can't do that here."

With that, he changed his posture, and the air instantly became heavy.

The nebulous air seemed to crash onto the five of the Elite Forces like strong waves.

The force was so strong that some cracked bricks on the ground slowly turned to dust.

Steven, who was forced to lower his head due to the pressure in the air, looked at the bricks that had just turned into dust in aghast.

However, Nathaniel worked up his energy and took a step forward, protecting the five of them with his translucent energy wave.

He glanced at Jacob sharply and commented admirably, "No wonder you're capable of destroying the Cruor Sect!"

Jacob flashed a smile at him before taking another step with his right foot.

In an instant, thunder seemed to have rolled across the sky. The molecules of air vibrated vigorously. With a crack, the sound of glass shattering broke through the air.

A shocked look flickered across Nathaniel's eyes. With his silver mask shining brightly, he took a step back.

Right after that, the remaining four members of the Elite Forces blanched upon receiving the full blow of Jacob's attack. The youngest team member, Colt, let out a shriek of pain as blood oozed from his lips.

"How is this possible?" The bald man clenched his fists indignantly. "How could you be this strong? I don't believe it!"

As soon as he finished bellowing, heat waves rose in the air.

"Fire! He's on fire!" Steven exclaimed in shock.

Evelyn stretched her hand to hold her father's trembling body, while holding her breath in surprise. Is that Luke Barrett, also known as Fire God in the Elite Forces, the strongest after Rose and Nate?

Underneath the dim lights, Luke's body was surrounded by fire, as though he really was a Fire God, and it increased the temperature of his surroundings.

"It's just a fire ability." Jacob clucked his tongue.

Then, he raised his left foot before lowering it down slowly.

In the next second, the blaze from Luke's body seemed to be suppressed by an ice mountain. With a crack, the fires on his body were extinguished.

