

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 141-160

Chapter 141

As they stood at the hall entrance, Jacob turned and smiled at Moira. "I think she has something to tell you."

She glared at him. Taking Heidi's hand, she trudged ahead.

Jacob shook his head as he saw his daughter almost being dragged.

"Hold on a minute."

Jonah yelled out for attention. He had been ignored all this while.

Jacob was about to take a step when he heard him call out. He turned and looked at him.

The man was good looking and quite tall with wide shoulders. He was well dressed in a tailored suit. No doubt from an expensive brand. He was the archetypal tall, rich, and handsome.

"How can I help you?" Jacob raised an eyebrow at him.

He remembered that this man from the restaurant earlier. He almost made him out to be a kidnapper who was trying to kidnap his own daughter.

Jonah nodded solemnly, "Do you know what you just did?"

Scaremonger.

Jacob frowned.

"You better believe it!" Jonah took a step towards them and said softly.

"Yuna Fest is of Paramount's Fests. Offending her is equivalent to your demise!"

The Fests? Our demise? Jacob frowned, but his eyes remained cold.

His expression changed all of a sudden. "Sure. Come at me." He said nonchalantly. He promptly turned and left.

“Hey! You...”

Jonah watched as Jacob slowly disappeared from sight. He was completely befuddled. This was not the reaction I expected!

At half past eight in the evening, the largest event hall in The Pavilion was lit up. The chandeliers were sparkling, and the tables were covered with either white velvet or fabric made out of feather gauze. The tables sat politicians and businessmen with their families from Paramount’s upper class.

On one of these unremarkable tables sat Jacob. He was wearing a black, tailor made suit.

On his right, Jerry sat dressed in a custom-made, lightweight, snow white suit. Opposite Jacob was Heidi. She was wearing a poofy white princess dress. She giggled occasionally at something funny Jacob had said.

Next to her was Moira. Jerry, apart from glancing at her at the beginning, treated her as if she were part of the backdrop.

As leader of the Shadow Rangers, Jerry was aware of how Moira treated his boss on the daily. Besides her good looks, he did not have a good impression of her.

Their table was empty except for the four of them.

Willow had intended to sit with them. Unfortunately as she was one of the VVIPs in attendance, she could not just sit wherever she pleased.

And as for Gerald, he was head of security for this event and did not have the time to sit down. Just under an hour, he had caught three groups of reporters who tried to sneak into the hotel in hopes of scoring themselves an exclusive.

The most important table was at the center of the hall, table No. 1. It was the center of everyone’s attention.

Benny Fest from the Everwin group sat in the middle. His company was one of the top hundred in the Central Federation. He was also the

chairperson for the Paramount's Chamber of Commerce which was in charge of the charity auction.

On his left was Willow Milgrim, the chairperson for the Draco Chamber of Commerce. She was behind the new collaboration project that had a funding of billions of bucks. This would benefit businesses in Paramount.

Sitting on his right was Edwin Townsend, one of the most powerful and prestigious members of the Central Federation Parliament.

Yuna, who was wearing a brand new evening gown, glowered at her husband on table No. 2, the table next to them. "I asked you to find out who he is, and you've found nothing so far!"

Charlie's eyes flashed with annoyance. He leaned in and whispered in his wife's ear, "I don't know what's going on, but hotel security would not hand over the surveillance footage no matter how much I asked!"

"Trash!" Yuna scowled.

At that instant, the lights dimmed, and a spotlight shone onto the auction table in the front of the event hall.

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A bell chimed, and the auctioneer wearing a black dress with white elbow length gloves walked out in high spirits. "Ladies and gentlemen..."

After a brief introduction, the charity auction was in full spring.

"Moir..."

At that moment, Jonah approached table No. 12.

Moir's eyes flashed dangerously when she saw him, "Aren't you on table six? What are you doing here?"

"Moir, what are you doing sitting here all by yourself? Yuna is looking for you." Jonah smirked.

"Boss, what does this guy want? He's completely ignoring the both of us!" Jonah muttered to Jacob.

“Stop overthinking things.” Jacob glared at him. “Sit down and keep your mouth shut.”

After warning his subordinate, he turned to his daughter and asked gently, “Later daddy will bid on a piece of antique jade for you to wear. Would you like that?”

“What’s an antique jade?” Heidi asked with wide eyes. “Can I eat it?”

“It’s not for eating.” Jacob stroked her long braids. “But it has many health benefits.”

“Speaking of which, I haven’t even gotten Heidi any presents as her uncle...” Jerry rubbed his chin before picking up the auction listing on the table and looking through it.

After some words, the auctioneer slammed the gavel down signaling the third bidding was over.

“Ladies and gentlemen, here’s the fourth item.” She introduced passionately. “It’s a painting of a landscape by the esteemed Congressman Townsend. Let’s give Mr. Townsend a round of applause!”

“Wow!” “Whoa!”

Cheers and the thundering sound of applause echoed throughout the hall.

Edwin stood up from his seat on Benny’s right. He smiled warmly and nodded in greeting.

“Congressman Townsend? Pffft... What a grand title!” Jerry scoffed under his breath.

Don’t judge a book by its cover. He may look noble and genteel from the outside, but he does all sorts of underhanded things. Accepting bribes being one of them! Just a phone call from him would cost them a villa by the sea.

If this was any other district outside of Central, even if it was the country’s capital city, no one would dare to accept it as long as The Scarlet Dragon said so!

"Thank you everyone! We'll start the bid with ten thousand!" The auctioneer had the attention of everyone in the room. "Mr. Townsend is secretly a landscape painting master..."

Before she had even finished the introduction, several bidding paddles had shot up. "Twenty thousand!"

"Where's our paddle?" Jerry looked around the table.

Heidi looked at him and slide down her chair. She crawled under the table and picked up a paddle with '12' printed in red on it.

Laughing, Jacob lifted her back into her chair. He then glared at Jerry, "What are you up to now?"

"What else could I be up to? I just want to give my little princess something nice. Uncle will give you a present later!" Jerry leaned over and reached out his hand to take the paddle from her.

Soon enough, Congressman Townsend was sold at one hundred and sixty thousand to a young woman decked out in jewels on table nine. Sitting next to her was an official looking middle-aged gentleman.

After several other items were auctioned off, an item of value was introduced.

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"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce this rare item before we start the bid!"

The lights dimmed just as she finished her sentence. A spotlight shone onto the auction table.

In the center of the table was a cloche bell jar. And in it was a jade gourd charm pendant the size of a child's palm.

The pendant was glossy emerald, and as the cloche jar rotated, the pendant shimmered and shone.

The auctioneer stared at the pendant as if mesmerized. She slowly started to introduce it, "Three hundred years ago, here in Paramount, a Kashyapan

King gifted this pendant to his youngest and most treasured daughter on her third birthday. This gourd necklace symbolized all the love and well wishes he had for his beloved daughter...”

The room gradually started to rumble with ardent chatter as the auctioneer continued to speak.

Many of the politicians and businessmen who attended the auction that day had children. It was obvious to see that in a moment, there would be an intense bidding war.

On table No. 12, Jacob asked his daughter gently, “Do you like that gourd pendant? If you do, daddy will win the bid for you.”

Heidi looked up at the auction table and blinked twice. She turned her attention to a plate of fresh looking fruits on their table and pointed at it. “I want to eat that.”

“Okay. Daddy understands.” He smiled warmly at her and reached for the glistening globes of grapes that his daughter was pointing at. “Do you want to eat these?”

“Yeah!” She took the grapes and grinned toothily at him.

Jonah eyed Jacob and thought exasperatedly. This is your daughter. Why didn’t you bid for it? It’s so hard for me to find a girlfriend!

“Boss, you’re not going to bid for it?”

Jerry raised his eyebrows and asked. As he was watching, the bid for the gourd had risen to three hundred and fifty thousand.

“She’s not interested in that. It’s nothing in comparison to this bunch of grapes.” Jacob chuckled and shook his head.

“Then don’t mind if I do.” Jerry reached for the paddle lying on the table. “I’ll win it and give it to my little princess, Heidi!”

Heidi blinked and looked up at the mention of her name. Jerry raised the paddle and called out, “Five hundred thousand.”

Five hundred thousand?

People sitting at the tables surrounding them looked over curiously at table twelve who had just increased the bidding price by hundred fifty thousand.

“Five hundred fifty thousand!” A muffled cry came from table three.

Jerry’s eyes flashed. “One million.”

He put down the paddle and turned to Jacob, “Boss, that guy who just bid against me was Simon Fest, second son from the Fest family. And sitting next to him is...”

“I know.” Jacob’s eyes flickered over to table three.

The Paramount Fests were separated into the main family and the branch family. Benny Fest was from the main family. Alvina Rufford was from the branch family. Kenneth Fest was her father-in-law.

Unlike Benny who was just a businessman, Kenneth was much more complicated than that.

The branch family could be said to be slightly weaker financial wise. Both are generally on par with the other in terms of strength. However, the branch family might have an advantage in some aspects.

This could be easily seen from the way they performed at the charity auction that day.

The only members from the branch family that attended were the youngsters from the second generation. If Kenneth Fest chose to come, he would be given a seat at the first table.

But even if he didn’t attend, Benny would not say a word about it, nor would Benny blame him for not giving him the respect he deserved.

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After all, the both of them were of equal status. It really depended on what mood they were in. If they were in a good mood, they’d obliged and pay their respects. However, if they weren’t, they’d avoid each other like the plague.

Alvina Rufford must have been born under a lucky star or something. She was beautiful, no doubt about it, but besides that she was from an unremarkable family and had an ordinary background. Yet, Simon, the second son from the Fest branch family, was enamored by her. She married up and from then on, lived a blessed life.

Coincidentally, the person who introduced her to Simon was also someone related to Jayden Mondez. That person was stabbed by Jacob.

This was also why Jacob suspected that Alvina had something to do with Naeve's death.

Best friend, Mondez family, Alvina Rufford...

His eyes flashed with understanding.

On table two, Yuna narrowed her eyes at table three. Her red lip twisted into a smirk, "My son deserves that jade gourd. 1.2 million!"

Simon glared at her taunt. He was about to raise his paddle and a slim hand reached out to stop him.

Alvina, looking angelic in a snow-white evening gown, shook her head at her husband. "Why stoop to her level for a jade pendant?"

"The jade gourd is an auspicious item. It'll be great if we could win it for our daughter!" Simon's eyes softened at the thought of his young daughter at home.

He lifted his paddle. "1.5 million!"

On table one, the chairman for Paramount Consortium cracked a joke at Benny, "Benny, my old boy, why aren't you bidding? Aren't you afraid the youngsters will raise the bar too high?"

"Haha! The higher the better!" Benny chortled. "It is a charity auction after all. The higher they raise the price, the more people will benefit from it! I'll just sit and watch the show!"

"Benny, you are a sly one!" The middle aged man gave him a thumbs up.

Sitting next to Benny, Willow smiled without a word. She was happy just watching it all go down.

“Hmph! It’s on!” Yuna gritted her teeth. She almost seemed to shoot lasers out of her eyes. “Two million!”

As soon as she yelled out her offer, the hall was filled with buzzing.

The other guests were excited to see them pit their wealth against each other.

On table twelve, Moira glared at Jonah in annoyance. She turned to Jerry and said, “Why aren’t you bidding? It’s gone up to two million!”

Her eyes flickered to Jonah when she mentioned the two million.

Jerry raised a brow at her and smirked, “I’m letting them duke it out for now.”

As for the two million, it was petty change for Jerry Locker, head of the Shadow Guard and leader of the Scarlet Dragons. It wouldn’t be any problem for him, even if they were to add another zero to the number.

On table three, Alvina held her husband’s hand gently but firmly. “You’re not a child anymore. Why are you acting this way?”

“Hmph! I just can’t stand the thought of someone else showing off their wealth in front of me!” Simon spat in disgust.

Even though he was annoyed, under the gentle stare of his wife, he reined himself in from warring against them.

An elder from the Fest branch family saw all this go down. He nodded with satisfaction. Good job Simon, for marrying such a gracious wife. Although she was from humble beginnings, she was wise beyond her years. She knew how to handle Simon, that stubborn bull.

Realizing that Simon had stopped bidding against her, Yuna smiled smugly.

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Three million?

No matter how you look at it, it was just a child's pendant. It was not worth double the price!

Almost everyone in attendance could fork out three million without a thought, but for a small jade pendant...

A majority of the guests shook their heads. It wasn't worth. Not worth it at all!

But for Yuna Fest, this now had nothing to do with how much it would cost her to buy a jade pendant, be it three million or more. It was the audacity they had to try to take something she wanted. She now had to win this bid no matter what. Even if it cost her double that amount.

He frowned and cried out, "Five million!"

Five million?!

The guests gasped in amazement. There were a few among them who were on the same level financial wise as Yuna, and even they were impressed.

Spending five million to have all eyes on you and just to prove that you're rich amongst Paramount's richest. It must feel good.

However, the Paramount Chamber of Commerce were the hosts of this auction. It would not be right for some idiot to steal the limelight away from them.

But amongst the rich socialites present, there was that one idiot.

"Ten million."

A muffled cry echoed.

"Ten million! Ten million from the gentleman on table twelve!" The auctioneer stood on stage and could see exactly who had bid. She raised her gavel in excitement.

"Who in the world?" Yuna gritted her teeth. Her chest puffed out in anger.

Simon, at table three, turned to look behind him. He whispered, "Who would dare to embarrass Yuna like this? I'd like to shake this person's hand if possible. Of course, they first would have to survive the onslaught coming their way courtesy of this crazy lady."

Ten million?

On table twelve, Moira's eyes almost fell out of her head. Jonah was equally shocked and suspicious.

Moira was genuinely surprised that the 'boss' of the table, while seemingly rough around the edges, was this wealthy. While the latter felt conflicted.

After all, all of Zabinski's family fortune only summed up to be thirty million at most.

Hold on a minute...

Moira blinked. Didn't he say he wanted to gift this jade gourd to Heidi? He wanted to give a five year old something worth ten million?

The other two sharing the table also became uneasy. Jacob frowned at him, "Do you have nothing better to do?"

Jerry scratched his nose in embarrassment. "Boss, that woman started it." He chuckled.

On table two, Yuna's eyes were like icicles. "Who dares steal my limelight? Hmph! I'll bid..."

"Yuna!" Charlie tugged at her wrist. "Stop yelling! Your dad is looking at you!"

Yuna turned towards table one. Sure enough, her father was glowering at her.

She could almost hear him yelling at her, 'Enough is enough!'. Yuna clenched her teeth and suppressed the urge to bid again.

Slam!

“Congratulations to the gentleman on table twelve! You’ve won this one of a kind treasure from the royal family of Kashyapan!” The auctioneer waved his hand excitedly.

Yuna clenched her teeth at her table. “Go find out who this man from table twelve is.”

“Okay.” Charlie nodded and took out his phone.

At table twelve, Jerry waved at an employee who was working for the chamber of commerce. He handed the man his card and explained briefly.

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Soon enough, they sent over a small wooden box with his bank card on top of it.

Jerry slipped the card back into his pocket and opened the box. He took out the gourd pendant that had sent everyone into a tizzy earlier on and hung it on Heidi’s little wrist.

“Look. Do you like it?” His voice softened as he spoke to her.

“Uncle gave you a present. What do you say?” Jacob gently reminded her.

Heidi lifted her wrist. She stared at the little green gourd and blinked. She pouted and said sweetly, “Thank you uncle!”

“Hey! Don’t mention it! I’m happy as long as you like it!” Jerry beamed with happiness.

They watched as Heidi put her hand down. With a clatter, the gourd fell onto the chair. Moira and Jonah shuddered in unison.

Heidi felt out of sorts with this thing on her wrist. She pouted at Jacob.

Moira took a deep breath and said carefully, “We can’t accept such a valuable gift! Besides what if someone dangerous were to see it...”

Jerry glanced sideways at her. “It’s just a piece of rock. There’s nothing valuable about it. If someone dares to steal it, he’ll wish he were dead!”

“Shut up!”

Jacob frowned at them but smiled at his daughter. “Let your aunt put it away if you don’t like it.”

“Okay!” Heidi nodded eagerly. She took off the pendant and tossed it into Moira’s hand.

“Hey...” Moira scrambled to catch it. Her heart beating a mile a minute.

This was worth ten million! What if it falls and break? Moira wouldn’t be able to pay for it even if she tried to for the rest of her life!

“Looks like she really doesn’t like it.” Jerry chuckled.

“You’re better off giving her some delicious grapes.” Jacob glanced at him.

Jerry shrugged helplessly, “Thankfully, it’s a charity auction. That ten million will be put to good use.”

How rich could he be that he did not even bat an eyelid at losing ten million? Jonah’s eyes widened in shock.

At table two, Yuna’s face twisted with hostile anger when she saw the photos on her husband’s phone.

A few more items were auctioned off on stage when they brought out an ancient sword and scabbard.

“Hrm?” The sword was no longer than a foot. The scabbard was covered with patina. Jacob’s eyes flashed.

“Curious...” He frowned. “I don’t remember seeing any weapons on the list.”

“Boss, things aren’t as they seem.” Jerry waved at someone on the side.”

That same employee from before came over. “How can I help you, sir?”

Jerry knew that his boss liked antiques, and he also knew that Jacob liked weapons more. He pointed at the tarnished sword on stage and asked, “What’s the deal with that sword?”

The man smiled and bowed. "For some reason, we couldn't get one of the items in time for the auction. The antique sword was one we readied just in case. I heard that it is a thousand years old!"

A thousand year old sword? Jacob's eyes flashed with eagerness.

The auctioneer started to introduce the origins of the bronze sword. "This antique sword was unearthed from the ancient kingdom of Lan Na that existed a thousand years ago. Experts had said that this sword has a history of one thousand two hundred years!"

Jacob closed his eyes gently. He sensed something hidden in the scabbard. He opened his eyes, and his brows eased with joy.

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The bright light shone onto the ancient sword as if it had traveled through time and space to appear before them that day.

It seemed to vibrate with ancient energy, as if waiting for a worthy wielder to uncover its potential. To sword enthusiasts, it was a remarkable sword.

Slam!

The auctioneer slammed the gavel down. "Bronze sword from the ancient kingdom of Lan Na. The starting price is hundred and twenty thousand. Do I have a hundred and twenty?"

"One million." Jacob called out nonchalantly. He had taken the paddle from Jerry.

The auctioneer was stunned into silence. He regained his composure and gestured excitedly at him, "One million from the gentleman on table twelve. I have to admit that that is a brave man indeed!"

The faint buzzing sound of discussion filled the hall.

At table two, Yuna's brown eyes widened. "Two million!"

"Are you crazy?" Charlie glared at his wife. "What do we do with a sword? Are you going to give it to our son?"

On table two, Benny's eyes darkened with disapproval. He shook his head. Whereas Willow watched with eyes that shone bright.

On table twelve, Heidi stood up on her chair to grab the plate of fruit at the center of the table with her little hands.

Jacob was eager to help his daughter. He picked out a red cherry tomato and placed it on her palm.

"I don't want this one!" She scrunched up her face in disgust.

"This is delicious. Come. Try it." He urged her gently.

During this pause, the auctioneer was about to slam the gavel down to signal the end of the bidding.

The auctioneer was experienced enough to see that the only reason Mrs. Fest on table two was bidding was because she had beef with someone there. It was best for all parties if the auctioneer ended the bidding for this sword as soon as possible.

Unfortunately for her, others did not feel the same way.

"2.1 million."

A deep male voice called out from table twenty one.

And who was this?!

Yuna turned. Her face white with anger and her eyes burning.

On table twelve, Jacob was busy smiling at his daughter as he watched her chomp away at the sweet and sour cherry tomatoes. He frowned and looked in the direction where the voice came from.

The man who bid was a handsome young man with impeccable posture. A middle aged man sat on his left. His eyes seemed to sparkle with life. He lifted an eyebrow.

Jerry was also staring at them. He stared for a while before turning away and said quietly to Jacob, "Boss, there's something strange about those two men."

He nodded and raised his paddle. "Three million."

It was just an ancient sword. Was it worth that much?

The attendees secretly wondered. Even if it was a thousand two hundred year old sword, what use does it have in today's day and age?

A piece of art? A museum piece? It was a sword! A murder weapon!

"Three million to the gentleman on twelve! Going once!" The auctioneer spoke quickly. She raised the gavel in her hand.

On table two, Charlie gripped his wife's wrist. "Stop it. Why not enjoy watching them fight over it?"

Yuna glared at table twelve and nodded begrudgingly, "Hmph! We'll see who has the last laugh!"

"Don't worry! I promised I'll take care of it!" Charlie's eyes flashed dangerously.

Under everyone's watchful gaze, the man on table twenty-one said calmly, "Four million!"

Without waiting for the auctioneer to ask, Jacob raised his paddle and said unhurriedly, "Five million."

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The young man hesitated before placing the paddle back onto the table begrudgingly.

On table two, Yuna's eyes flashed. She smirked mockingly as she raised her hand, "5.01 million!"

5.01 million? The guests exchanged glances among themselves in disbelief.

Simon looked at his wife on table three. "Do you see that woman acting up again?" He muttered to his wife.

Alvina glanced at Yuna and looked back at her husband. "Ignore her. As long as she doesn't cause any trouble for us." She gently urged him.

A VIP seated on table one said, "Benny, my old boy. Your daughter is quite the feisty one!"

Benny glanced at him. "Before talking about my daughter, you should take a look at your own son!"

He caught himself and looked around apologetically. "President Willow, Congressman Townsend. I'm sorry for this debacle."

"Young people nowadays are full of spirit!" Edwin chuckled and laugh.

However, Willow's expression darkened a tad. Naturally, as Yuna was now going against her boss.

If she didn't know that her boss could handle himself just fine, that woman was about to catch her hands!

Jerry's eyes shone with dangerous intent from table twelve. "Boss, that woman is looking for a fight!"

Jonah sneered at them as he watched from the side. Looking for a fight? You're the ones in trouble if you offend her!

"Hah! If it's a fight she wants, a fight she'll get."

Jacob snorted and raised his paddle. "Ten million."

Ten million?! The hall erupted with a thunderous roar.

Did money mean nothing to him at all? Doubling the amount! Was he trying to make a fool out of the Fests!

"Yuna!" Charlie glared at his wife. "Didn't I tell you that I'll take care of it? Why are you still..."

"I can't take this lying down!" Yuna's eyes glimmered with barely concealed hostility. "I'll get back at them for taunting me!"

She immediately raised her hand and yelled out, "Fifteen million!"

Hmph! Let's see you outbid this! She lowered her hand smugly.

She knew right from the start that this man from table twelve was determined to win the bid for that bronze sword. He'd have to pay dearly for that sword!

The young man on table twenty-one grimaced.

The middle aged man sat up straight as a board. His eyes shone. "Don't be hasty. Let's see who ends up winning that sword."

On table three, Alvina asked in befuddlement, "How is she so sure that someone will bid against her? If no one does, then wouldn't she be..."

"You're still too naïve." Simone leaned closer to his wife and whispered. "So what if she wins it at fifteen million? Her family organized the charity auction. She could take care of it easily afterwards. For instance, say she won the bid at fifteen million, no one would be the wiser if she paid 1.5 million."

Alvina blinked. Her mouth gaped open in surprise, "Is that possible?"

"You're the most naïve person in this room." Simon patted her hand lovingly.

Suddenly, someone called out, "Twenty million."

Simon looked up in surprise. Is there someone more naïve than my wife?

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Bang!

The auctioneer hit the hammer excitedly and announced, "The mister at Table No.12 offered a bid price of twenty million. This old precious sword is indeed fascinating!"

"Damn it!" Seated at Table No.2, Yuna gnashed her teeth hatefully.

Charlie gulped and said, "Keep calm, Yuna!"

At Table No.12, Jonah drew close to Moira and whispered, “Moira, what exactly does your niece’s father do? He offered a price of twenty million without even hesitating!”

Moira, who was equally stirred up, took a deep breath and shot a cold glance at Jonah. “Firstly, please stop addressing me by my first name. Secondly, he’s not Heidi’s father.”

“Moira... I admit that I was wrong just now, but you have to understand that Yuna is...” Jonah wore a bitter expression.

Moira stared at him with a disappointed yet sarcastic look. “Why are you still sitting here then? Aren’t you afraid to implicate your family?”

“I...” Jonah avoided Moira’s stare and glanced at Jacob.

I can’t possibly tell her I made a bet that this man seated at the same table as us has the confidence and power to intimidate Yuna, or even the entire Fest family.

Meanwhile, Jacob was not bothered by the dispute between his cousin-in-law and the guy who seemed like her boyfriend. After indicating a price of twenty million, Jacob ignored the gazes and discussions from the other guests and focused on feeding his daughter fruits.

As time passed, most of the guests shifted their gazes to Yuna as they were eager to find out whether the young lady of the Fest family would offer a higher price, and if she did, would the mysterious young man at Table No.12 offer an even higher price.

Perceiving the gazes of the others, especially the intent stares from the old foxes at Table No.1, even the usually haughty Yuna could feel her heartbeat accelerating as her palms were coated with a layer of perspiration.

Truth be told, twenty million wasn’t a big sum for the Fest family, but if she offered a higher price just to work off her feelings, it wouldn’t be a matter of money but her egoism.

After pondering for a moment, Yuna heaved a sigh as the crowd continued staring at her. At the same time, her domineering aura was diminished.

This is humiliating!

She forced herself to remain cool on the surface, but deep down, she was burning with rage and embarrassment.

Damn it! How dare this guy shame me in front of such a huge crowd?! I'm not done with him yet!

Simon shook his head apathetically at Table No.3. Yuna Fest, I didn't expect you to back out at this crucial moment. This is disappointing!

On the other hand, Benny, who was seated at Table No.1, retracted his gaze from his daughter and raised his right hand slowly after nodding. "Thirty million." He said nonchalantly.

What?! This is unbelievable! I must be hearing things!

Most of the guests were dumbfounded.

What's wrong with the richest man in Paramount? Not only is his daughter acting recklessly, but even someone reputable like him is jumping on the bandwagon.

Wait a minute, this is not an act of impulse.

Moments later, some of the guests understood the situation. It didn't matter if Yuna was ashamed, but the Fest family couldn't be ashamed!

The auctioneer on the stage too was flabbergasted.

Never had he thought that someone would offer a whopping thirty million just for a one-thousand-year-old antique sword. Not only that, the buyer who offered the price was none other than the organizer of this charity auction!

Willow, who was seated at the same table as Benny, gazed at him with a frown.

Narrowing her eyes, she asked nonchalantly, "Do you mean it, President Fest? Are you aware of who you're competing against?"

“What do you mean, President Milgrim? I just suddenly found favor in that ancient sword, so I’d like to bring it home.” Benny lifted his brows with a slightly surprised countenance.

Ha! What a poser! The other big bosses seated at the same table sneered inwardly.

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“So you found favor in it. What a coincidence, I find it quite pleasing too.” Smiling, Willow raised her hand and announced while looking at the auctioneer, “Fifty million.”

We’re competing to see who’s the richer one, huh? Sorry to disappoint you but our Draco Chamber of Commerce is extremely opulent. As long as the Boss desires, we can afford to buy hundreds or even thousands of ancient swords, let alone one.

Fifty million?! Once again, the crowd was in an uproar.

That’s so much higher than the base price! The person who offered this ancient sword for this auction has suffered a great deal since all the proceeds will be used for charity.

Seated at Table No.12, Jerry squinted at Jacob and said, “Boss, Willow is annoyed.”

Jacob sighed in resignation before wiping away the stain on Heidi’s mouth.

Benny stared at Willow with a darkened face. “What do you mean, President Milgrim?”

“Nothing. I just find the sword pleasing.” Willow wore a nonchalant expression.

After suppressing his anger for some time, Benny nodded with a smile and said, “Forget it. Since you fancy it, I shall let you have it.”

Edwin waved his hand and mediated, “That’s the way. All of us are here to contribute to the charity, so it doesn’t matter who wins the auction.”

Finally, with the stroke of the gavel, the antique sword belonged to Willow.

After wiping away the thin layer of sweat on his forehead, the auctioneer regained his composure and continued the auction.

However, after the exciting yet uncanny round just now, most of the guests were uninterested in the following auction items, which caused the atmosphere to be spiritless and boring.

Wearing an indescribable expression, a staff member from the chamber of commerce walked to Table No.12 with a wooden case in his hands.

“Boss, the sword is here.” Jerry said while receiving the wooden case from the man.

“Open it.” Jacob waved his hand and signaled for Jerry to open the case.

Jerry did as he was told and took out a rusty bronze sword from the case.

“Isn’t this the sword we saw just now?” Jonah exclaimed when he saw the sword.

Meanwhile, two pairs of eyes were staring fervently at them.

Holding the sword in his right hand, Jacob ran his left fingers along the blade.

When he felt the vehemence of the sword, the valor in him was awakened. His eyes lit up as a delighted smile tugged at his lips.

This precious baby is worth fifty million.

Noticing Jacob’s smile, Jerry uttered with a wide grin. “Boss, does this sword have any hidden power?”

At the same time, more guests recognized the sword that Jacob was holding.

Isn’t this sword the one that was successfully bidden by the female president at Table No.1 just now? Why is it with the mysterious young man now?

Sensing that more eyes were focused on him, Jacob frowned and kept the sword back in the case.

Just then, a piece of dazzling jewelry was displayed on the stage and attracted the crowd's attention.

With a soft clatter, a palm-sized bronze token was placed on Table No.12. At the same time, the young man from Table No.21 showed up.

Chapter 151

A tall mountain surrounded by a billow of clouds was carved on the token.

Jerry casually flipped the token to the other side and saw the words 'Mount Everest Sword Association' printed in gold.

Lifting his brows, he looked at the uninvited guest and asked, "What do you want, sir? If you'd like to sell it, please send it to the stage before the auction is over."

The young man paused and remained silent for a moment before he waved his hand and said in a deep voice, "You've mistaken me. I'm not here to sell the token, but I have a favor to ask.

"I don't intend to do you a favor." Jacob placed his right hand on the case with a nonchalant look.

The young man was startled as he didn't expect such a response from Jacob.

Thereafter, he regained his composure and said seriously, "The ancient sword in the case was the master sword of our sword association five hundred years ago. Around a hundred years ago, it was lost due to some accidents. Thank god we finally found it today!"

Jerry cast a glance at the young man and blurted, "You found it? Excuse me, sir. We spent fifty million to bid this sword. Why are you here telling us about your prehistoric story?"

"Of course, we're not the unreasonable kind." The young man waved his hand.

He turned his head to look toward Table No.21 and nodded at the guests at that table before retracting his gaze and continuing with a solemn

expression, "This bronze sword is very important to our sword association. As soon as we received the news, my senior and I rushed here immediately. But alas, we didn't bring enough money with us because we only got the news last minute."

Seeing Heidi yawn, Jacob became impatient.

Noticing Jacob's expression, Jerry interrupted the young man and said, "Get to your point."

"Four million!" The man held up four fingers. "Besides, we, the Mount Everest Sword Association, owe you a favor. Please give us the ancient sword."

"Four million and a favor? Do you think we need that money? As for your favor..." Jerry smirked and shook his head with a haughty expression. "We don't need it."

It's so hard to negotiate with them! The young man frowned in distress.

The middle-aged man at Table No.21 who was the companion of this young lad could not sit back anymore. While the auctioneer was introducing the other items passionately, he left his seat and strode toward Jacob's table.

"Hi, everyone." The middle-aged man sat down and posed a courteous gesture to Jacob and the others. Then, he introduced himself in a sonorous voice. "I'm Ludwig Juan from Mount Everest Sword Association. This is my junior, Krish Zelda. I apologize for interrupting you abruptly."

Heidi frowned upon seeing the two strangers and subconsciously hid behind Jacob to avoid the two men.

Noticing Heidi's movement, Jacob knitted his brows and caressed Heidi's head before saying to Ludwig in a serious manner, "You've disturbed my daughter's meal time."

"I guess you guys were not born and raised in Paramount." Ludwig's eyes glowed as he stared at Jacob.

Otherwise, you would have heard of the famous Mount Everest Sword Association. Nevertheless, a self-righteous man like Ludwig wouldn't possibly say it out loud.

Not born and raised in Paramount? Is the past two decades of our lives in Paramount an illusion? Moria and Jonah exchanged glances.

Ludwig became more confident upon perceiving the subtle change in the expression of Moria and Jonah. Then, he reached out his right hand and pointed his slender index finger at a plate of fruits on the table.

A mysterious surge of force traveled through the air and formed a finger-sized hole on a fist-sized apple on the fruit platter.

With that, a rich apple aroma spread in the air.

Chapter 152

Moiria and Jonah widened their eyes in shock as they stared at the apple. Oh my goodness! Is he a magician?

Seeing the surprised look on their faces, Ludwig smiled in satisfaction while Krish, sitting beside him, straightened his back proudly.

Ha! This must have taken you aback. We can send forces out of our bodies and control their movement with our minds. We can easily take one's life just by a snap of fingers!

However, Krish was perturbed when he turned to see Jacob and Jerry, who showed no signs of astonishment or shock.

Oh, come on! Can you at least give some reaction? My senior is one of the most experienced and reputable masters in Mount Everest Sword Association, and he doesn't usually show off his skills!

"I want to have that!" Heidi pointed at the apple as its rich aroma wafted into her nose.

Jacob reached out his hand to take the apple and passed it to Heidi.

Holding the apple which was almost the size of her face, the little girl took a huge bite on it. Jacob caressed her braids. Amused by Heidi's stuffed

mouth, he cooed gently, "Take it slow. No one is going to snatch it away from you."

On the other hand, Ludwig had never thought that Jacob would completely ignore him. His face darkened instantly as his eyes glowed with irritation.

Turning his head to look at Ludwig, Jacob retorted, "Please don't interrupt my daughter's meal time."

Standing aside, Jerry tilted his body forward. An inner force from his body formed an invisible needle and pierced through the air. "Did you hear that? You're not welcomed here."

Shocked, Ludwig dodged and gazed at Jerry with a nonplussed look.

After remaining silent for a moment, he did a fist-palm salute and said, "My apologies. We've been abrupt. Nevertheless, the proposal from us will always be effective."

"This is my contact number." Krish placed a white name card on the table and took back the token of Mount Everest Sword Association.

Fidgeting with the token, he cast a bizarre glance at Jacob and Jerry, thinking that they were ignorant.

"Let's go, Krish," Ludwig called out to his junior in a deep voice. Thereafter, the two men turned and walked toward the exit of the hall.

Watching the two figures disappear at the exit, Jerry took up the name card and glanced at it casually before throwing it back onto the table contemptuously.

Meanwhile, Jacob did not spare a glance at Ludwig and Krish since they left because all that was in his mind was his adorable daughter.

Outside the hall, Krish caught up with Ludwig and asked, "What happened to you just now, Master Ludwig?"

Ludwig halted his step and turned to look at Krish. "Didn't you feel it just now?"

“Feel what?” The latter was perplexed.

Blinking, he then nodded resentfully. “Yeah, I did feel that the two guys were looking down on Mount Everest Sword Association.”

Ludwig shook his head as his eyes darkened. Then, he continued walking forward.

Moments later, his voice came forth. “Keep an eye on them. We can’t lose the master sword of the association again!”

Chapter 153

The auction event reached its grand finale when a piece of ancient jade was introduced.

“I’m so full!” Heidi rubbed her round tummy while leaning against the chair with a giggle.

“You’ve not stopped eating ever since you sat down. You’re like a little pig!” Moira teased Heidi while looking at her.

“Fruits are good for health.” Jacob shot a glance at Moira.

Moira frowned and was about to retort to Jacob, but for some reason, she felt guilty upon recalling the scene tonight, so she bit her tongue.

With that, the bidding commenced, with a middle-aged businessman at Table No.18 making the opening bid.

“Three hundred and eighty thousand? What do you think, Boss?” Jerry looked toward Jacob.

Stroking Heidi’s round belly, Jacob glanced toward the stage to look at the white jade which had a tinge of yellow.

Sensing the elegance of the jade, he nodded and answered, “Anything within twenty million.”

“Twenty million?! Are you sure, Boss?” Jerry’s eyes widened in shock.

Jacob cast a glance at him and did not answer.

“I’m just asking casually.” Jerry giggled and raised his hand. “A million.”

The guests focused their gazes on Table No.12 when Jacob increased the bid again.

Perceiving the inquisitive stares, Jacob pressed his lips coldly.

On the other hand, Yuna’s expression was cold as ice.

Observing her countenance, Charlie mumbled weakly, “Stop stirring up trouble again, Yuna. Otherwise, dad might throw a fit!”

Yuna shot a fierce glare at him and snarled, “How dare you accuse me of stirring up trouble?! But don’t worry…”

She heaved a bitter sigh and spat through gritted teeth, “Since you’re going to send someone to teach them a lesson, there’s no point for me to fork out more money for this. I would rather keep the money to buy handbags and sports cars.”

“Glad to know that.” Charlie patted his chest gratefully.

He was so worried that Yuna would squander a huge sum of money again out of impulse.

“Hmph! You must be complaining about me inwardly!” Looking daggers, Yuna glared at her husband.

Charlie waved his hand about and blurted, “I won’t dare to!”

“You better mean what you say!” Yuna pouted.

Thereafter, she lifted her brows and asked, “By the way, are the men you hire reliable? Don’t forget that your bodyguards didn’t even have the chance to fight back previously and were directly struck unconscious.”

“Come on. You can trust me and leave it to me.” Charlie promised confidently.

After glancing at the surroundings, he drew close to Yuna and whispered in her ear.

A few seconds later, Yuna scolded with her eyes widened, "Do you have a death wish?! Why did you engage that bunch of ruthless rogues?"

Seeing the couple whispering within themselves, Simon, who was seated at Table No.3, held his wife's hand and muttered, "Do you believe that Yuna is plotting some evil schemes again?"

Alvina rolled her eyes at Simon. "Why are you constantly picking on Yuna? Or you grew to hate her because your love for her was unreciprocated? Perhaps I should glean some information from mom tonight."

Saying that, she pulled her hand away from Simon's.

Simon grasped Alvina's hand instantly and gasped, "I love her? Alvina, you can doubt my loyalty toward you, but please don't doubt my taste. I'll never fall for a woman like Yuna!"

Chapter 154

Coldness flashed through Jacob's eyes as he averted his attention from the crowd and said to Heidi lovingly, "Do you find it boring here? Shall we go out?"

Heidi stood up straight immediately and gasped, "Yes, please!"

A smile rested on Jacob's lips. "Call me dad and I'll bring you out to play."

Moir's blood boiled when she heard that from the side. This man is doing all he can to reunite with Heidi! In your dreams, Jacob!

The resentment that had accumulated over the past six years made Moira instantly forget the great blow that she had suffered tonight.

She stared daggers at Jacob before changing her expression immediately and turning to talk to Heidi with a smile. "It's getting late, Heidi. We should go home."

Hmph, so what if you're rich? Stop us from leaving if you're so capable. Moira threw out her chest.

Seeing Heidi about to leave the seat, Jacob tilted his head to give Jerry a look.

The latter gave Jacob an affirmative gaze and waved in a specific direction.

Soon, Moira's phone rang.

Moira glanced at the phone and quickly answered the call. "Hi Boss... Yeah, I'm seated at another table... Alright, I'll be there right away."

After waiting for the other party to hang up the call, she said to Jacob with a sulky face, "Help me look after Heidi for a while. I have some matters to attend to in the office."

"See you." His gaze fixed on Heidi, Jacob waved his hand without even glancing at Moira.

Damn it, you jerk!

Moira gritted her teeth in anger. Nevertheless, an ambitious woman like her wouldn't want to turn the boss down, especially when she had found favor with her boss.

"Let's go to check out the game room." After watching Moira leave, Jacob stretched out his hands to Heidi.

Heidi's eyes lit up at once at the mention of the game room. She reached out her hands to Jacob excitedly.

Jacob stood up in satisfaction while carrying Heidi and said to Jerry, "I'll leave the jade to you."

"Sure, Boss. Don't worry about that." Jerry thumped his chest.

In no time, there were only two men left at Table No.12.

Jonah shrugged uncomfortably and mumbled, "Uhhh... My family is over there. I'll go over and join them."

Jerry didn't bother looking at Jonah and raised his hand and yelled, "Fifty million."

Jonah was rendered speechless when Jerry shouted out a price that was twenty million higher than the last bid.

“Hmph! What’s so great about being wealthy?” he grumbled sourly after returning to Table No.17.

Jonah’s father, a middle-aged businessman who ran a business that earned an annual profit of more than ten million, asked solemnly, “What were you doing at Table No.12?”

Moments later, he hummed, “Stay away from those people at Table No.12.”

“Alright.” Jonah hummed gloomily.

Seated at Table No.2, Yuna curled her lips and nudged her husband’s arm. “Did you see that? That guy is gone!”

Charlie glanced backward and saw Jacob leaving with Heidi in his hands.

He averted his gaze to look at Yuna with a thoughtful look. “What do you want?”

Yuna drew close to Charlie’s ear and hissed softly with a wicked look, “Rather than wait until the auction is over, why don’t we get those men to teach him a lesson now!”

“That doesn’t sound good...” Charlie murmured in a quandary.

Chapter 155

Seeing Yuna’s menacing look, Charlie mumbled with a bitter face, “After all, we’re now at The Pavillion. I’m afraid things will get out of control if we cause a big scene.”

“Coward!” Yuna shot a glare at Charlie. “Let me ask you again. Are you going to call those men or not? If you don’t dare to, give me the phone and I’ll make the call!”

Faced with the crabby wife, Charlie took out his phone exasperatedly. “Okay, okay. There’s just nothing I can do about you. I’ll make the call now.”

“Hmph!” Yuna rolled her eyes at Charlie.

Moments later, she ordered, "Bring Brandon here after the call. There's a banquet to attend after the auction."

"Okay..." Charlie croaked sulkily while scrolling through the contact list on his phone.

After the lights in the game room were switched on, Heidi exclaimed excitedly and immediately scurried into the room when she saw various toys in it.

"You may be excused. I'll stay here." Jacob said to the hotel staff, who was also one of the Shadow Rangers.

"Yes, Boss!" The staff answered in a servile manner and closed the door gently when he left.

"I want to play that!" Heidi was all smiles pointing at a swing nearby.

Jacob hummed with a smile, "Sure."

In no time, the room was filled with Heidi's crisp laughter.

About ten minutes later, a group of men, who were dressed in different kinds of outfits, walked into the grand, well-illuminated hotel lobby.

A receptionist walked up to them and sized up the huge luggage most of them were carrying before greeting them. "Hi gentlemen, welcome to The Pavillion. How may I help you?"

"We're invited here by Paramount Chamber of Commerce." The leader answered with a smile.

After hesitating for a moment, the receptionist nodded and said, "I see. This way, please."

Ludwig, who was sitting straight on a couch in the lobby, had a change in expression when he saw the group of guests.

Sitting beside Ludwig, Krish was leafing through a magazine idly. Upon noticing the change in Ludwig's expression out of the corner of his eye, he lifted his head and asked, "What's wrong, Master Ludwig?"

“Nothing.” Ludwig shook his head and hummed as he saw the gang quickly enter the lift.

Meanwhile, the auction event was about to end as the last piece of jewelry was bought by a big shot at Table No.1 at the price of eighty million.

Jerry received a box with the jade in it from a member of Paramount Chamber of Commerce and placed it beside the ancient sword case. Then, he stood up and was ready to leave.

At Table No.2, Yuna caressed Brandon’s head, and asked gently, “Are you hungry? We’re going for a big feast later.”

At Table No.3, Simon held his wife’s hand and said, “The event is finally over. Let’s go home. Our girl must be missing us already.”

On the other hand, the group of visitors had arrived at the entrance of the hall. A manager from the Chamber of cCommerce blocked them and said, “I’m sorry, there’s an auction event organized by Paramount Chamber of Commerce going on in the hall. Only invited guests are allowed to enter.”

The leader, who was dressed in a green army suit and wore a pair of gray shades, smiled at the manager and said, “Oh, is it? But we’re invited here by your party.”

“Our party? Who is that? Why haven’t I heard of this?” The manager frowned.

The leader curled his lips into a surly smile and blurted, “He said his name is Charlie Wayne.”

“Mr. Wayne?”

Chapter 156

The manager pulled back his hand and thought to himself. What’s wrong with Mr. Wayne? The auction is going to end soon. Why did he invite this bunch of goons who seem like rogues here?

After hesitating for a moment, he took the walkie-talkie from his belt and said, “I’m sorry, I need to confirm this with Mr. Wayne.”

The leader shrugged and said, "That's unnecessary. We'll go in directly to meet him."

With that, he strode past the manager.

The manager got heated and yelled at the goons while holding his walkie-talkie, "Hey, you guys can't..."

"You're talking too much crap."

A tall thug, who only wore a piece of gray singlet, glared at the manager before reaching out his huge hand to seize the top part of the manager's head.

The manager felt an immense force and passed out immediately.

A few committees from the Chamber of Commerce noticed the situation, so they ran over and yelled, "Hey, what are you guys doing?!"

A figure appeared all of a sudden like a swift breeze and knocked them down.

Seconds later, a gorgeous woman in a red sheath dress was seen standing in the middle of the committees who had already lost consciousness.

A hotel staff at the end of the corridor witnessed the scene and was petrified. He quickly took out his phone to get help, but his mind went blank when he saw an empty signal bar on his phone. When he lifted up his head again, a punch came straight into his face...

Standing at the entrance of the hall, the leader held the handle of the door and turned to order the charming woman with a perfect body shape, "Jasmine, you have ten minutes to control the monitoring facilities of this hotel."

"Sure, Dave." Jasmine smiled and led two underlings, who were each carrying a piece of huge luggage, to the other end of the corridor.

"Follow me, Bugsy. Let's go in and find out what the upper class in Paramount is like." The leader smirked and pushed the door open.

“Ha! Upper class...” Bugsy cackled maliciously and waved his hand.

With that, the dozen fierce-looking goons, who were standing behind him, took out their machine guns from their backpacks.

Standing near the entrance, a committee shouted at the men when he saw them barge in. “Hey, who are you? This hall is...”

Bang!

A sudden noise of a gunshot interrupted the committees’ utterance.

As a miserable wail emerged in the hall, the leader pulled the trigger again.

Bang!

A bullet hole was seen on the forehead of the committee, who immediately started to cry.

Before the other guests could regain their composure, the bunch of young goons separated themselves and ran toward all corners of the hall with machine guns in their hands.

After everyone was in place, the leader gestured for Bugsy to close the door. Then, he walked straight up to the stage while holding his gun.

While the crowd was in an uproar, he walked past Table No.1 and Table No.2. Seeing that, the auctioneer freaked out and quickly ran down from the stage.

The gangster went onto the stage with a complacent smile and adjusted his shades under the spotlight. Then, he looked around the hall and straightened his back before croaking in a deep voice, “Good evening, everyone. My name is Dave Burrows...”

Chapter 157

The flabbergasted Yuna grasped Charlie’s hand and gasped, “What on earth is going on? Didn’t you ask them to go after that punk? Why are they here?”

Charlie stared blankly at Dave, who was standing on the stage, and answered weakly while shaking his head, "I... have no idea!"

Dave cast a glance at Charlie from the stage and wore a mocking smile.

After gazing at the big shots seated at Table No.1, he placed his hands on a table on the stage and announced, "We're here today for the money. Please cooperate with us, otherwise..."

Dave lifted his hand. With a loud bang, a bullet hole was formed on the forehead of the auctioneer, who was standing not far away from the stage. Instantly, the auctioneer collapsed to the ground while the phone that he was holding fell onto the ground too.

"Oh my gosh! He's dead!" Someone shrieked.

At once, the crowd was thrown into turmoil.

Bang!

Dave fired the gun into the air.

"Silence!" He glanced at the guests and hissed gloomily, "Anyone who doesn't cooperate will end up like him."

In the meantime, Jacob's heart fluttered all of a sudden while he was looking at Heidi enjoying herself in the game room.

He turned to look outside the window which was about twenty-five feet away from him. His eyes darkened with a glow when he saw an eye-catching red light suddenly appear at a corner of the city.

"Here I come!" Heidi exclaimed and went down the slide.

Hearing Heidi's crisp laughter, Jacob retracted his gaze and smiled at Heidi, whose cheeks were rosy.

At that moment, there were two security guards in the security room of The Pavillion. One of them was scrolling through his phone while the other was reading a magazine.

Suddenly, the door was flung open. The guards quickly put down the phone and magazine.

A security guard walked into the room and shook his head when he saw his colleagues pretending to focus on the monitoring screens.

When he glanced through the screens, he noticed something abnormal about the footage on the floor where the auction was held. "What's going on there?" He asked with a serious look.

"What do you mean?" The guard who was scrolling through his phone just now grumbled impatiently.

After remaining silent for a moment, the upright guard said in a deep voice, "I'll go and check the floor out. Stop slacking off and keep an eye on the monitors."

"Tsk! It's only been a few days since he started working here, yet he's ordering us about already!" The guard, who had been scrolling through his phone, took up his phone again the moment his colleague stepped out.

The other guard too picked up his magazine and flipped through it while saying, "Who knows he'll have the right to order us about a few days later."

"No way!" The first guard pouted while clicking into a game on his phone.

The second guard chuckled. "Oh well, he's dispatched here by the group."

Bang!

Suddenly, someone kicked the door open. Taken aback, the two guards automatically put down the phone and magazine swiftly.

When they realized the intruder was a gorgeous lady dressed in red, the guard who was reading a magazine frowned and said, "Miss, here's the security room. Only staff is allowed to enter."

"Oh, yeah?"

The smell of Jasmine's perfume filled the room. A captivating smile tugged at her lips as she took a step forward and stretched out her right hand.

There seemed to be a piece of silver item between her fingers, reflecting light from the lamps.

With the sound of a blade piercing through blood vessels, the guard who was reading a magazine just now widened his eyes and instinctively covered his neck with his hands.

In no time, blood oozed out between his fingers.

Appalled, the other guard immediately pushed away his chair and yelled, "What do you want?!"

Chapter 158

"I want to kill you." Jasmine smiled innocently and raised her fair arm all of a sudden.

The next second, the security guard lowered his head slowly to look at his chest with widened eyes. There was a short dagger stabbed into his chest. Feeling a sharp pain, the guard collapsed and passed away on the spot.

Jasmine walked over in an elegant manner and retrieved the dagger. The small dagger disappeared from her hand in the blink of an eye.

Looking at the monitoring screens, she wore a triumphant smile and waved to signal for the two underlings to come in and get their business done.

At the same time, a troop of trained, armed men in black valiantly darted into the hotel lobby.

The shrieks from the auction hall could be vaguely heard in the lobby. One of the hotel staff braced himself and walked up to the troop. "M-May I know where you guys are from?"

As the troop members dispersed themselves quickly, a tall, good-looking man walked into the lobby.

He walked up to the hotel staff and took out a booklet with a blue cover. "Hi. I'm Andrew Doyle, a member of the Paramount Special Operations Brigade. This is my ID." He said with a serious look.

With a frown, he then kept away the identity document and said solemnly, "According to our reliable sources, the guests at the charity auction event today are held hostage by a group of armed terrorists. My troop and I are ordered to handle this crisis."

Armed terrorists?

The hotel staff immediately thought of the gang of goons who went upstairs not long ago.

Panicked, he quickly nodded and uttered, "I see. How can we cooperate with you? Should I inform the managers of the hotel?"

Andrew shook his head. "That's not necessary. From now onward, everything will be under our control. You just have to stay at your workstations."

Sitting on the couch aside, Krish was a bundle of nerves when he saw an armed man walking toward them. "Master Ludwig, it seems like something is happening upstairs."

Ludwig sat straight with a glow flashed through his eyes. "Do not panic. We should observe the situation and not act recklessly."

Soon, the armed officer, who wore a uniform with the words 'Special Operation Brigade' on it, stood in front of them. "Sir, please cooperate with us and move to that room at the side."

"Master Ludwig?" Krish was perplexed.

Noticing the armed officer placing his finger on the machine gun's trigger, Ludwig narrowed his eyes and hummed calmly, "Sure."

On the other hand, the atmosphere in the auction hall was extremely tense.

Threatened by the guns, all the glamorous, suit-clad big shots reluctantly placed their jewelry and branded watches into a bag.

Standing on the stage, Dave shot a glance at Table No.1. His eyes darkened under the pair of shades.

In no time, a terrorist came to Table No.12 with the bag that was filled with loot.

His eyes glistened when he saw the two boxes on the table.

Jerry frowned and said, "Can you leave these two items alone?"

"Do you have a death wish?!" The terrorist widened his eyes in rage and placed his index finger on the gun trigger.

Jerry sighed, "You should ask that to yourself."

In the game room, Jacob carried Heidi and gently put her down on a trampoline.

The next second, there was a change in his expression as he turned to look in the direction of the entrance.

A moment later, the door was flung open with a loud bang, followed by an armed man walking in.

Chapter 159

The armed officer didn't expect to only see an adult and a child in the game room, so he was startled for a moment.

Jacob's gaze lingered on the words 'Special Operation Brigade' on the man's uniform for a second as he narrowed his eyes.

Sitting on the trampoline, Heidi nibbled her finger anxiously when she saw the armed officer.

"Sir, a group of terrorists has held some guests hostage in this hotel. Please bring your child and follow me right away." The officer said in a solemn tone while walking toward them.

Attacked by a group of terrorists? A frosty glow flashed through Jacob's eyes.

Meanwhile, in the auction hall, Jerry lifted his right hand slightly. Immediately, a wisp of silver gleam struck through the air.

A second later, a faint metal smell emerged in the air while the armed terrorist collapsed onto the ground with his eyes wide open and a ring of red mark on his neck.

After settling with the gangster as if he was slaughtering a chick, Jerry grabbed the two boxes which had the ancient sword and jade in them and swiftly moved to the entrance in the blink of an eye before the other terrorists noticed.

A goon at the entrance glared at Jerry and was about to pull the trigger.

Jerry strode up to him in a stone face and broke his neck with a high kick.

Under the exasperated gaze of the goon who was on the edge of death, Jerry bumped the sturdy door open and left the hall like a gust of wind while the other terrorists fired their guns ruthlessly at him.

“Stop!” Dave waved his hand and yelled in a deep voice as he watched the door of the hall riddled with bullets.

The burly Bugsy, who was standing beside Dave, stepped up and proclaimed, “Dave, I’ll go and get the guy!”

Dave shook his head. “That’s not necessary. We should focus on our main agenda. Go and find something to seal the door.”

After leaving the hall, Jerry sneaked into a room and hid the jade in a secret place. Then, he scurried upstairs with the sword in his hand.

There was pin drop silence in the long corridor, but Jerry could hear a weak sound of breathing at the end of the corridor.

With a sudden change in his expression, Jerry moved swiftly yet silently toward the source of the sound like a predator in the forest.

At that moment, around thirty people were already gathered in a big meeting room in The Pavillion.

Most of them were guests in the hotel while only a few were the hotel’s staff.

Jacob carried Heidi and was escorted to the meeting room by a special troop officer.

Standing at the entrance of the meeting room, he frowned when he saw four armed officers standing at each corner of the room.

Krish spotted Jacob in the meeting room and nudged Ludwig. "Look, Master Ludwig. The guy who took the sword away from us just now!"

Ludwig opened his eyes and looked toward the entrance.

"I shall grab this chance to persuade him." Krish said while standing up.

Immediately, one of the officers who was standing near Krish yelled, "You're not allowed to stand up. Sit still!"

Meanwhile, the officer who was escorting Jacob ordered rudely, "Don't block the entrance. Quickly get in!"

Jacob lowered his head to look at Heidi's bright eyes and said gently with a smile, "Don't be afraid. Daddy is here, so no one can harm you."

"Hey! Did you hear what I said?" Losing his patience, the special troop officer waved the machine gun in his hand.

Jacob turned to look at him with a fierce glow in his eyes. "You guys are not from the Ministry of Defense."

"What?"

Chapter 160

Hearing Jacob's statement, the officer fumed as his pupils dilated all of a sudden. He lifted his arm and was about to attack Jacob, but Jacob swiftly pressed Heidi down with his right hand and struck the officer's chest with his left elbow.

As blood oozed out of the officer's chest, Jacob bolted out of the meeting room and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

"Oh my god! He's dead!" Someone in the meeting room shrieked.

A special troop officer with a pair of piercing eyes commanded, "Stay calm, everyone. That guy must be an accomplice of the terrorist group. We'll make sure to catch him!"

An accomplice of the terrorist group? Looking flustered, the guests gradually calmed down.

Krish and Ludwig exchanged glances coincidentally.

After remaining silent for a moment, Krish mumbled, "Master Ludwig, I feel like..."

Ludwig's eyes darkened as he shook his head and said, "Keep calm and observe the situation."

On the other hand, Jacob carried Heidi to the stairway after leaving the meeting room.

"Are those men bad guys?" Heidi's crisp voice echoed in the empty stairway.

Jacob lowered his head to stare at Heidi with a bright smile. "You're such a smart girl. They are bad guys. But don't be afraid, daddy will protect you."

"But those bad guys have guns with them." The little girl shrank her body in fear.

"Don't be afraid. Daddy has support." Jacob patted Heidi's back gently and said, "Close your eyes. Daddy will bring you to find our support now."

"Okay." Heidi hummed and obediently closed her eyes after burying her head in Jacob's shoulder.

"What a good girl."

Jacob wore a grateful smile. Then, he moved swiftly up the staircase as if he was as light as a feather.

Jasmine was fiddling with her dagger in the security room. However, her expression turned solemn all of a sudden when she observed one of the screens.

Just then, the stairway door on one of the floors was flung open abruptly. With their eyes filled with ruthlessness, a group of armed officers swarmed out of the stairwell and spread out into a formation. In no time, a gust of wind gushed up from the floor below.

The next second, a black shadow suddenly appeared.

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of gunfire emerged incessantly.

As the smoke from the gunfire gradually dispersed, a piece of clothing that was riddled with holes was seen on the ground which was covered with bullet shells.

Taken aback, a team leader with a badge on his shoulder yelled, "Police Opera—"

Before he could finish the word, a rumble that resembled a monster's roar came forth.

While the rumble continued, streaks of Invisible Battle Qi pierced through the air like sharp-pointed arrows and ripped into a few officers' bodies.

As a bloody odor dispersed in the air, Jacob glided past the floor and continued moving toward the floor above.

Having witnessed this scene in the security room, Jasmine wore a serious expression and stopped fiddling with her dagger.

After contemplating for a second, she took up a walkie-talkie and said, "Dave, I have a problem here."

Standing in front of Table No.1 in the auction hall, Dave frowned and nodded. "Okay. I'll send Buggy to handle it right away."

After putting down the walkie-talkie, Dave turned to look at Benny and blurted with a smirk, "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Fest."

