

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 193-210

Chapter 193

Someone's causing this from behind the scenes!?

Kennedy found Simon's answer a little unsettling.

He furrowed his brows slightly and said in a low voice, "Ryan, tomorrow morning, I would like you to investigate our little squabble with the partners and suppliers. Find out which family is responsible for throwing shades on us."

"Understood, Grandpa." Ryan held his head high. He was being snobbish toward his cousin.

Hmph! What is there to be proud of? I was just a tad slower in figuring things out.

Simon pouted his lips in secret while lowering his head.

Inside the Logistics Department of the Western District Office in Paramount, Kiran Dupont, the office director walked into one of the regular offices on the third floor. It was situated near the tail end of a corridor.

As soon as he entered the office, he put on a grin and reported to the man inside. "Chief, someone's looking for you."

Jaylen was studying one of the documents intensely. He lifted his head to meet the voice. "Director, please don't call me Chief. I'm just a lowly deputy."

"Hahaha. It's just a matter of time." Kiran, who had spent the last ten years in the logistics department, replied to him with a smile. "Chief, you're young and capable. You'll definitely climb the ranks in no time!"

Kiran's jolly attitude was drastically different from his cold and arrogant self. Jaylen was no stranger to this. He had been in the Logistics Department for close to four years now. During this time, he was met with many two-faced, ultrarealistic personalities.

The only reason why the director was treating him with such friendliness was due to his family's recent promotion. The Mondez family head was favored by the State Governor. He was instantly promoted to the position of State Office Director in Paramount. The State Director's authority was all encompassing. Often times, people referred to him as the Ruler of Paramount.

A few years back, the old family head of Mondez chose the wrong team to side with. As a result, Mondez's influence deteriorated with each passing day. Now, to have their family head appointed as State Office Director, it was no doubt a much needed come back for the Mondez.

Once Albert establishes his presence in the State Office, in the near future, Mondez's influence would spread across the whole Paramount, reaching heights that were never seen before.

For that reason, those who mocked and exploited them in the past had to quickly replace their scorn with a smile. They were all eager to get on Mondez's good book.

Coming back to the Logistics Department. Previously, this old man, Kiran, was oblivious to Jaylen's existence. Now, he was willing to put aside his pride and showered Jaylen with his newfound kindness.

Jaylen wasn't blind to the situation. He had to control his temper and not resort to violence.

He faced his head toward Kiran and nodded smilingly. "Director, thank you for coming by and letting me know. May I know who's looking for me?"

"Hehe. No problem. Just a small matter." Kiran waved at him. He was grinning from ear to ear. "Do you want me to bring him over instead?"

Jaylen smiled after peering into his eyes. "Sure. Thank you."

"Chief, you're far too polite." Kiran puffed his chest. "Let me know next time if you need anything. Even though the Logistic Department has little to offer, I'm still able to make things happen for you."

"Certainly." Jaylen nodded at his remark.

Minutes later, Kiran led a man into the office. Matt, who was humiliated by Jacob during the class reunion entered the room. Since he was no one important, he felt uneasy. Matt wouldn't have been able to muster the courage to set foot in here if it wasn't out of spite. Furthermore, Albert's recent promotion gave him the last push which he needed. The Logistic Department of the West District Office had always served an important purpose in Paramount. It was expected that the people entering and leaving this place were all from reputable families.

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"Chief, I'll leave you guys to it. Give me a holler if you need anything. I'll be waiting downstairs." Kiran left them as soon as he finished his words. He gave them a meaningful glance before closing the door.

Jaylen set aside the document which he was holding. Then, he started frowning at Matt. "And you are?"

Matt gulped subconsciously. He quickly put on an apologetic smile and said, "Hello, Jaylen. I'm Matt. I was in the same batch as Jacob back in university."

Jacob?

There was a sudden flash in Jaylen's eyes.

For a moment, he fell silent. After that, he asked Matt in a nonchalant voice. "Why did you come to me?"

Hmmm, something's not right.

Matt blinked in confusion.

He was supposed to react more strongly when I mentioned the man who's responsible for stabbing him.

"I'm sorry. I need to get on with my documents. Please do not disturb me, if you don't have anything important to share." Jaylen took a glance at him before turning his attention back to the documents.

Is... is he really still the proud young master from Mondez?

Matt was completely stunned.

He felt uncomfortable to be standing there amidst the silence. In the end, he had no choice but to leave the room reluctantly. Matt was grinding his teeth as he made his way toward the door.

He wasn't satisfied with the outcome of the conversation. When he reached the door, Matt turned his head around and announced in a low voice, "Jacob has returned since two days ago."

He was gone after throwing those words out in the open.

Click! The door was gently closed shut and peace was restored to the office once again.

A short second later, someone bellowed from inside the office. "Jacob..."

The clouds were cushioning against the tall blue sky.

On the vast open sea, a fleet of cargo vessels had just departed the Eastern sector. They were riding the waves, sailing directly toward the Central Federation.

All of a sudden, on one of the horizons, a black dot was spotted. The dot grew larger with every minute. Soon, the men realized they were looking at an armada of armed battleships.

The alarm was immediately sounded by one of the leading vessels.

Half an hour later, news about the encounter was transmitted to the Fest Residence in Paramount via telegram.

"Unbelievable!" The outcry was accompanied by the breaking sound of teapots on the floor.

Inside the antiquated study room, the lingering smell of incense remained, but gone was the calmness and tranquility of its owner.

"Look it up! Look it up right now!" Kennedy was furious. He was staring down at his eldest and second eldest son. His hand was waving back and

forth. "Three hundred thousand barrels of oil gone just like that! Why would the Keystone Federation confiscate our cargo all of a sudden?"

Just as he was about to continue, the phone on the table started to ring. The second eldest son was closest to the table, so he went over to pick up the phone. After a few exchanges, his eyes began to widen.

"Dad..." Simon's father slowly put down the phone. His face was darker than coal.

"Don't keep me waiting! Tell me what's wrong!" Kennedy shot him a glare.

It was half past three in the evening. At the entrance of Little Professor kindergarten, children were rushing out of the gate like a flock of chickens. Jacob was leading his daughter out from the kindergarten as well. He could easily be spotted from a mile away.

Standing near the gate was Moira and her handful of bags. All the other male parents were quietly stealing glances at her. Moira on the other hand, was biting her tongue.

Hmph! I'm going to bring Heidi back today no matter what!

Heidi spotted her mom as soon as she set foot outside the gate. Her face turned into a grin. She called out to Dana with her childish voice while lifting her arm. "Aunt Moira!"

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Heidi's adorable appearance was enough to put a smile on Moira's face. She went over to her. "Did you listen to what teacher said today?"

"Of course!" Heidi was puffing her little chest. "Aunt Moira, take a look at this! The teacher has awarded me with a red flower."

Moira couldn't resist touching her ponytail after seeing her proud little face. She bent over and said, "Heidi, you're such a good girl!"

After praising Heidi, Moira straightened his back and rolled her eyes at Jacob.

Jacob frowned slightly before letting out a smile. After stopping momentarily, he continued leading Heidi to the side.

“Hey! Where are you bringing Heidi this time?” Moira said in an unfriendly tone. “I’m telling you now! I’ll bring Heidi home today no matter what!”

Jacob turned to look at her. “My car is parked there. I’ll give you guys a lift.”

Moira was caught off guard by his answer. At that instance, she was unable to find the words to protest.

Half an hour later, Jacob was driving his car into the small neighborhood.

“What are you doing?” Moira was a little startled.

Other than the residents themselves, no one was allowed to enter the neighborhood by car. Then, it crossed her mind that the man in front of her seemed pretty wealthy. Shortly after, she was able to come to her own conclusions. She was scoffing at Jacob silently.

Hmph! He thinks that cash is king.

Shortly after, the car came to a halt in front of Building No.2. After helping Heidi down the car, Moira gave him a look. “Alright, this is far enough. If Aunt Flora sees you...”

Moira thought she had Jacob all figured out. She continued to threaten lightly. “I don’t think you would want my aunt to learn about your little scheme. Not sure if she would just hand over her granddaughter to you.”

Jacob was not the type to falter when threatened. He looked at her calmly. “I can bring my daughter to meet her grandpa and grandma now.”

“You...” Moira was left speechless.

Jacob shook his head mockingly. He turned to tell her daughter in a gentle voice, “Come on now. Daddy’s going to bring you to the places that was mentioned earlier at the kindergarten.”

Heidi's eyes glowed with excitement. She was nodding her head enthusiastically. "Let's go! Let's Go! Quickly, Aunt Moira! Put me down now!"

Places? To see what?

Moira was befuddled. Heidi was wriggling in her hands, so she had to set her down on the floor.

The moment her feet touched the ground, Heidi sprinted toward Jacob. She grabbed him by his hand. "Let's go! I can't wait to see Dixy, Bugsby, and Slinky!"

"Hmph! I'm going to wait and see what you've got in store."

Moira watched as the two of them walked into Building No.2. She let out a scoff and followed after them.

They went into the elevator together. Moira thought to herself when she saw Jacob pressed the button to the twelfth floor.

I kept quiet because wanted to see what he has up his sleeves. I'm staying on the fifteenth floor together with Heidi, so why are we going to the twelfth floor instead?

Ding!

Heidi ran out of the elevator once the door opened.

"Slowly." Jacob reminded her and followed afterward.

Around the same time, at the Lynch Residence in Rowan Lane, Franklin announced himself upon entering the yard. "I'm back!"

Suzie poked her pretty head out from the second-floor window. "Why are you back so early today?"

"Don't you want me to be back early?" Franklin replied with a smile and quickly went up the stairs.

"Is Janelle back yet?" He asked while caressing the bulge on his wife's tummy.

“You jest!” Suzie rolled her eyes at her husband. “Janelle called just now, saying that she’ll be slightly late today. You still haven’t told me why are you back so early today.”

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Franklin smiled. “I went to ask Rich to help us out tomorrow, but he came just now in the afternoon. I brought him to visit all the departments and rushed here as soon as...”

Before he could finish his sentence, a faint buzzing noise came from outside.

“What’s that?” Franklin walked over to the window and leaned out curiously, but nothing was amiss.

A slender figure stood on the roof. As the wind blew, the person squinted.

Three drones were flying towards the tower in a triangle formation. One of them paused, and a launch platform opened at the bottom.

“Damn it!” The person on the roof growled as a small missile whizzed from the drone.

With a humming sound, a beam of silver light sliced towards the missile.

Bang! The missile was sliced in half before it could detonate.

Back in the room, Franklin furrowed his brows. “Suzie, did you hear a noise just now?”

“A noise?” She shook her head. “You must be hallucinating.”

He tilted his head to the side and listened for a moment. “I must have heard wrongly. The wind is strong here. Let’s go back before you get sick.”

Out in the yard, ten members of the Shadow Rangers looked towards the sky.

Sixtine, who had sworn to protect Lynch’s Parvus Building, spoke in a low voice. “Find the person controlling the drones.”

The rangers nodded and scattered in different directions.

On the roof, Sixtine raised his arm. The silver light appeared again, humming. One of the drones shattered and fell to the ground in pieces.

Whizz! The remaining drones ejected two missiles, one heading towards the roof, the other towards the building.

At the entrance of Harleydale Senior High, Janelle stepped out of the school with a bright-eyed girl.

A black sedan slowed down next to them. A window rolled down, and a gun muzzle appeared. Janelle froze in her spot as a metallic bullet carrying a deathly smell whizzed towards her forehead.

Willow and Jerry walked out of The Pavillion.

“So, against the Fest family, I’ll take charge of the business side. Investigations into the family and anything involving the outer districts will be your responsibility.” Willow said as they walked away from the hotel.

“Not a problem. Just forty-eight hours more, and the Fest family will not exist in Paramount.” Jerry nodded his head proudly. His expression changed, and he yanked Willow to the side.

Thud! A featherless iron arrow was embedded in the bricks on the ground where Willow was standing moments ago.

“Kill them!” With a yell, the pedestrians around the hotel rushed towards them with knives in hand.

Chapter 197

On the fifteenth floor, Jacob unlocked the door of unit 1502. Heidi squeezed in through the door and exclaimed, “Wow, what a big Dixy!”

“When did you buy a place here in Sector Little?” Moira asked as she followed behind Jacob. Her eyes widened in surprise when a room filled with toys of all sizes entered her view. “Do you have a business selling toys?”

Heidi jumped onto one of the larger toys in delight. Moira watched as Heidi rolled on the gigantic Dixy. "That Dixy looks familiar to me." She said suspiciously.

"Don't all toys look the same?" His eyes glinted.

"Is that so?" Moira scanned him.

She opened her mouth to speak.

A loud bang from outside shook the building. The windows rattled.

"Earthquake! Run!" As she yelled, Moira turned towards Heidi, but Jacob had reacted quicker. He carried Heidi in his arms.

"Why are you standing there? Run!" Moira yelled anxiously.

"It's not an earthquake." Jacob said.

"It's not an earthquake? Is there a gas leak then?" Moira glanced out the window.

Jacob's eyes glinted. "The explosion came from upstairs."

Upstairs? Moira looked up at the ceiling subconsciously.

Jacob's face darkened. "You live on the fifteenth floor, right?"

"You investigated me?!" Moira glared at him.

"Let's go downstairs." Jacob turned towards the door. Heidi sat quietly in his embrace.

Outside the building, the crowd stared at the sky. Smoke billowed from one of the building's floors.

Moira looked up and paled. "That's my house!? Aunt Flora is still in there!" She made a dash towards the entrance of the building, but Jacob grabbed her wrist.

"There's no one inside."

“How would you know there’s no one inside? It can’t be! Aunt Flora would be cooking in the kitchen at this hour!” Her eyes reddened as she panicked. How would she explain to her second aunt’s family if something had happened!

“With that amount of smoke, it must have been an explosion from a gas tank!” “But there’s no fire at all?” The crowd murmured.

“I use natural gas for cooking, I don’t have a gas tank in my home!” Moira was close to tears.

A middle-aged woman carrying a small parcel squeezed through the crowd. She looked up at the building and staggered towards Moira in shock.

“Moira, is that your house?”

Moira turned to the woman and exclaimed through her tears. “Aunt Flora, you’re not in the house! Oh, thank heavens!”

“I just went out to pick up a parcel that I’d forgotten, and the house is on fire?!” Flora’s face paled. “But I thought I’d shut the stove before I went out!”

Moira had calmed down. She comforted Flora, “It’s just a house. Nothing else matters if you are safe.”

Jacob, moved by the sight, walked into the crowd.

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“Boss!” A young man in his twenties called out to Jacob. “There’s something suspicious about the explosion. We suspect that some explosives were mixed into a parcel, and the parcel was sent to the house.”

Explosives? Parcel?

Jacob was infuriated yet relieved at the same time. If he hadn’t brought Heidi to the house with the toys... He gripped his daughter tightly.

His eyes reddened. “Find out who is behind this. Even if you must investigate every single person in Paramount.”

"Yes, boss!" The young man lowered his head in shame. The Shadow Squad's negligence was a disgrace. If something had happened to the boss' daughter, only death could compensate for their mistake!

Heidi, who was clinging to Jacob, watched with her bright eyes as the Shadow Ranger disappeared. She put her mouth close to Jacob's ears. "I have seen that man many times!"

"I asked him to protect Heidi Buddy. You can't tell anyone, okay?" Jacob said softly.

She pouted. "Not even Grandma, Grandpa, and Aunt Moira?"

Jacob's heart melted at his daughter's cuteness. "You can tell anyone you want." He paused and pulled out his phone to call Jerry.

When the call connected, Jacob raised his brow. "What's that noise in the background?"

At the entrance of The Pavilion, Jerry punched a man armed with a dagger to the ground. "Boss, it's nothing big. Just a few people with a death wish at the hotel."

"There's trouble at yours too?" Jacob frowned and said in a low voice, "Do you need backup?"

"No." Jerry snatched a dagger and slashed three men's necks with ease. "Boss, you've forgotten. This is Draco Chamber of Commerce's headquarters in Paramount. There's only about twenty men to fight here. It won't be enough for my men."

Tossing the dagger into the air, Jerry plunged it into a man dashing towards him. "Boss, I'll head to where you're at when I'm done."

"No. Go to Rowan Lane after this."

Jacob hung up the phone and called Trey. "Where are you now?"

"Boss, there's uninvited guests at Rowan Lane, but you don't have to worry. Your family is safe."

“Good,” Jacob nodded, “my family’s safety comes first. Show no mercy to any threats.”

At the entrance of Harleydale Senior High.

“Be careful.” A shadow flitted by Janelle. With a loud bang, the car rolled several times on the road before stopping overturned. Blood dripped from the car.

“Victoria?!” Janelle, on the ground, gaped as her new friend appeared next to the black sedan on the road and flipped it over with a punch.

Victoria turned towards Janelle. Her cornea was filled with blood. “Are you okay?”

“Watch out!” Janelle widened her eyes.

Chapter 199

Over an hour had passed since Harleydale Senior High had dismissed the students. There was hardly anyone passing by other than the occasional car.

A blood-soaked man crawled out of the overturned car, pointing a gun at Victoria.

Janelle, who had fallen to the ground, widened her eyes. She cried out at Victoria anxiously.

Bang!

Victoria’s body turned into a swirling cloud of crimson smoke, dodging the bullet effortlessly. She drifted towards the man and circled him. With a flash of crimson light, the man froze in his spot.

Clunk! A second bloodied man crawled out of the car. Victoria took a quick look and turned away, heading towards Janelle.

Noticing the gun in the man’s hand, Janelle shouted, “Watch out! He has a gun!”

Victoria smiled.

“Bang!” The first man turned towards the second man and shot his gun. The second man collapsed with a bullet in his head. As blood spilled out of the wound, his face was frozen with confusion. Why did his comrade pull the trigger on him?

Janelle stared in shock. Why did he kill his friend? Wait, that’s not important now. A man just committed murder here! Her face grew pale as she stared at the lifeless body on the ground.

Victoria reached out her hand towards Janelle. “Are you alright?” Her small face was filled with concern.

“Thanks. I’m good.” Looking at Victoria’s hand, she remembered that Victoria had just overturned a car with a punch. She hesitated for a moment.

Noticing the hesitation, Victoria pressed her lips together. Just as she pulled her hand back, Janelle grabbed her. She looked towards Janelle, who was smiling broadly.

“Victoria, thankfully you were with me! If you hadn’t pushed me away, I could have...” Janelle glanced at the man lying on the road. Her eyes flickered with fear. “I think we should leave now.” She said weakly.

Victoria looked back and nodded. “Let’s go.”

Walking a few meters away, Janelle sneaked a look at the first man, who was still frozen in his spot. Her eyes widened as the man seemed to move.

“Run! He’s following us!” She pulled Victoria along.

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Victoria opened her mouth to speak but stopped herself.

Janelle ran down the road as she pulled Victoria along. They disappeared at the corner of the road.

Honk! A car appeared at the end of the street. The car slowed down as it passed by the overturned car and sped up, leaving the scene.

The man, who had shot his friend, raised his head as his eyes glowed red eerily. With a cloud of red smoke surrounding him, he walked towards the car. He lifted the car off the road, his bones cracking as it fractured. He flipped the car over on the road, and glass shattered to the ground. Dragging his dislocated elbow, he bent down to pick up the body on the road, stuffing it into the car. After getting in the driver's seat, he drove the wrecked car forward.

Minutes later, pedestrians witnessed a black sedan ramming through the barricade and driving into a river, sinking to the riverbed.

The smell of gunpowder lingered in the air in Rowan Lane. In Lynch's Parvus Building, Franklin sat on the sofa with his wife in his arms in the second floor living room. He was anxious. Who was the person that Jacob had aggravated? They even used explosives!

Trey stood by the window silently.

Franklin broke the silence. "Do you know when Jacob will come? Is he in danger?"

Trey put on a plastic smile. "Sir, the boss will be back very soon."

Boss, in danger? The thought had never crossed his mind. The Dragon Guardians firmly believed that no one could rival their boss. The Warlord of Scarlet Dragons would never be in danger!

Trey returned his gaze outside the window.

As the time trickled by, rain clouds covered the sky. Franklin shivered as a cool breeze blew through the window.

A shadow flitted by the window.

"What was that!?" Franklin, who just happened to look out, exclaimed.

Trey looked towards Franklin. "Sir, the boss has returned."

Franklin leaped to his feet. "Jay is back?!"

Voices drifted up the stairs. Moments later, Jacob climbed the stairs with his daughter in his arms, Moira following behind him.

Franklin rushed to Jacob. "Jay, your sister is not here!"

"Dad, don't worry. Janelle is perfectly safe. She will be here soon." Jacob looked towards his father.

"That's good then." Franklin exhaled in relief, but still hoped that his daughter would return quickly.

"Moira, come here." Suzie, with one hand resting on her baby bump, waved from the sofa.

Jacob leaned Heidi towards Franklin. "Do you know who this is?"

Heidi nodded furiously. "It's grandpa!"

"You're right!" Franklin beamed, his eyes squinting into a thin line. His anxiety disappeared. "Come, give grandpa a hug!"

Chapter 201

A Shadow Ranger killed the final grey-clothed attacker at the entrance of the Pavillion.

Blood splattered all over the white marble floor, filling the air with its stench.

Willow stood near the entrance, guarded by two female Shadow Rangers. Seeing that the killing was over, she stepped forward and asked solemnly, "Who attacked us?"

"Willow, I think you should ask..." Jerry appeared threatening as he swung his arm and threw out a sharp dagger. "That man."

The dagger cut through the air and instantly arrived at a seemingly empty place about seven to eight meters away.

In the next second, the dagger that could easily pierce through a steel plate suddenly disappeared in mid-air.

"Is that the Convergence Technique?" Willow narrowed her eyes.

In the next moment, a dull 'clap' sounded. Invisible energy swirled midair and parted to reveal a thin figure, standing on the white granite steps seven or eight meters away.

"When did you notice me?" The person had an unremarkable appearance. At first glance, he seemed to be about forty years old but at a closer look appeared to be around fifty to sixty years old. He had deep-set eyes, and there was something chilling about his presence.

"When did I notice you?" Jerry smirked with disdain. "Hah, you weren't even concealing yourself properly. I noticed as soon as you arrived."

Then, he narrowed his eyes and continued, "Tell me. Who are you? Are these people whom you sent here to die your subordinates? I have to applaud your patience. You didn't retaliate even when we killed more than a dozen of them."

The man's eyes flashed cruelly as he replied, "Haha, they are nothing but materials."

Material? Jerry and Willow exchanged glances.

A dozen of Shadow Rangers were about to surround the man, but Jerry gestured to them to stay back. Then, he leaned slightly and looked at the man sternly. "Who the heck are you? No, let me rephrase it. Who the heck are you in the Meteorites?"

"Oh, you're quite clever." The man sounded impressed. "You managed to guess I'm from the Meteorites."

"Hmph, you have no idea what I'm capable of." Jerry arched an eyebrow and grinned.

Then, his expression changed, and his voice turned fierce. "I don't care who you are. Since you dared to attack us, don't dream of leaving here alive!"

"Haha, I'm a Master. Do you think you can kill me? Do you know who I am?" The man laughed.

A Master? Jerry's eyes flashed. His mouth curved into a strange smile. "What a coincidence. I'm a Domain Master."

After saying that, his body flashed brightly, and he began to emit a threatening aura. Then, he shot through the air in a gray flash and appeared before the man.

"Cunning little b*stard!" The man shouted and disappeared into a puff of smoke.

"An illusion?" Jerry stood on the white granite steps and glanced around murderously.

"Hey, brat. I'm Eidolon, East Master of the Meteorites. I shall let you experience my Blood Prison!"

A soft voice sounded, and bursts of red smog spread to a hundred-meter radius.

"Look at the corpses!" Willow widened her eyes in shock.

She saw dark red smoke rising from the grey-clothed corpses scattered all over. Then, she frowned and muttered, "Is this what he meant by materials?"

In the span of a few seconds, the whole place was fully enveloped in an endless expanse of dark red smog.

At the same time, the air became filled with a strange and revolting stench.

A Shadow Ranger called out painfully in the dense smog, "Mr. Locker, the smog is poisonous!"

Jerry held his breath and ordered, "Everyone, come to me!"

Chapter 202

"Hehe, everyone who enters my Blood Prison shall die in my hand. Skin him!"

As soon as the man said that a shrill scream sounded from somewhere in the smog.

The smell of blood wafted through the air. A sheet of human skin floated out of the smog and gradually landed before Jerry.

Jerry's expression darkened as he looked at the bloodied face by his feet. He could no longer hold back his fury.

"How dare you kill my subordinate? I'll kill you!" Jerry shouted.

A gush of violent wind surrounded his body and flashed with a cold gleam as it caused the dark red smog to roll turbulently.

Meanwhile, Janelle brought Victoria to her home at Rowan Lane.

As soon as she saw Jacob, her eyes welled up with tears, and her voice trembled as she said, "Jacob, just now... Someone tried..."

Jacob hugged Janelle and comforted her gently, "You're safe now. No one can harm you as long as I'm here!"

"Janelle, are you alright?" Franklin rushed to them.

"Dad, I'm fine." Janelle sniffled and reached out to pull Victoria forward. "If not for Victoria's help, I probably wouldn't have made it back here!"

"Sounds like it was really bad!" Fear flashed across Franklin's face. "Thank goodness you're alright!"

Then, he gave a long sigh and turned to Victoria, who appeared calm. "Miss, thank you for saving my daughter."

Victoria took a glance at Jacob before giving a Franklin brief smile. She gave a slight nod and replied in a crisp voice, "Mr. Lynch, Janelle has been a good friend since I joined Harleydale Senior High. I could not watch and do nothing when she was in danger."

"Still, you saved my daughter. I would like to thank you." Franklin insisted.

Jacob interrupted casually, "Dad, your pan is still cooking on the stove."

"Oh no, I forgot about it!" Franklin smacked his forehead and rushed to the kitchen.

Jacob arched his eyebrow at Victoria and nodded. "Please have a seat and make yourself at home."

Janelle grinned happily and nodded. "Jacob's right. Please make yourself at home, Victoria. Come with me. I'll introduce you to my niece. She's adorable."

Heidi sat quietly on a nearby couch, watching a TV program with full attention. At the same time, one could vaguely hear Suzie and Moira's gentle conversation from one of the bedrooms.

Jacob closed his eyes gently and sensed the homely atmosphere coming from the rooftop and yard. He felt comforted, but soon, a strong wave of murderous desire ignited in his heart.

I don't care who's behind it. Anyone who dares to disturb my family's peace shall pay. I will find you, even if I have to search through the whole Central Federation, and pulverize you!

Meanwhile, at the Pavillion, more and more passersby were noticing the strange dark red smog spreading rapidly everywhere.

In the midst of the general public's panic, a young man and woman were eye-catching as they stood still in a small garden in the middle of the street.

Rosalyn, the young woman, had an astonished expression as she looked at the cloud of dark red smog that shrouded most of the hotel. "That's a secret technique by Eidolon, the East Master of The Meteorites. It is called Blood Prison. No one has ever escaped once they get in there!"

She gasped and looked worried as she said, "Sir, will we be able to stop this abomination?"

"We don't have to stop him." Nataniel's silver mask gleamed. "We are not in the Meteorites' old lair in Cloudshill. That fellow is only an East Master. He won't be able to cause much trouble."

"Is that so?" Rosalyn turned to glance at him.

Chapter 203

Nataniel noticed Rosalyn's strange gaze and scolded in a low tone, "Why are you looking at me like that? The previous incident was only an accident!"

An accident?

Rosalyn smirked and rolled her eyes. "Alright. Whatever you say, Boss!"

Meanwhile, in the Lynch family's home at Rowan Street, Jacob stood frowning by the living room window; he put down his phone.

He considered for a moment before calling Tres, who was standing guard on the rooftop.

Then, he put down his phone again and mumbled, "Is his phone out of the service range? Is there a disruption to the phone signal?"

Suddenly, he sensed something and looked up to see Victoria approaching him expressionlessly.

"What is the matter?" Jacob asked calmly.

Victoria rolled her eyes and offered him her phone.

What is the meaning of this? Jacob frowned.

Janelle rushed to them at this moment. "Jacob, look at the phone. Someone posted that something strange is happening in Central District!"

Victoria added, "It's at a five-star hotel."

"Yes, that's right!" Janelle nodded eagerly. "It's at a five-star hotel called the Pavillion!"

A cold gleam flashed across Jacob's eyes. He took the phone from Victoria.

Then, he tapped on the video and saw the towering building nearly completely enveloped by a dark red smog. He frowned, and his expression gradually hardened.

He returned the phone to Victoria. His gaze turned stern.

He considered briefly before calling someone on his phone. "Something has happened to Jerry. I need you all to head there immediately to help him."

Tres sounded hesitant on the phone, "Sir, what if it is a distraction to make us leave..."

Jacob's eyes turned cold. He ordered firmly, "You all go ahead. I will be heading there too in a while. I don't want what happened in the south to happen again!"

"Yes, sir!" Tres answered immediately.

Janelle noticed the sadness in Jacob's stern expression. She took a step forward and asked with concern, "Jacob, are you alright?"

"I'm alright." Jacob saw how worried Janelle looked and smiled at her. "I'm afraid I won't be able to have dinner here tonight."

"We can have dinner another time." Janelle blinked and asked, "But are you going out now?"

Jacob turned to her and said, "Yes, I'll be heading out. But I'm not the only one. We are all going out."

"We?" Janelle was surprised by his answer.

Jacob vaguely heard the wind gushing past the rooftop. A chill flashed across his eyes as he nodded, "Yes, we are all going out. Go tell Dad, Suzie, and the others. I'll take you all out for dinner at Paramount's top five-star hotel."

At this moment, the Pavillion was surrounded by red smog even as gusts of cold wind continued to blow at it.

Suddenly, a pillar of grayish-white air current of around ten meters tall burst out from the surface of the red cloud.

The air current caused the red cloud to shake before expanding to double its size. Then, the red cloud swallowed the greyish-white air current like a giant formless beast.

Ghostly figures moved beneath the red cloud, and a haunting voice sounded from within. "I have control over all lives in my Blood Prison. Off with the head!"

Thud! A human head with eyes wide open rolled out from the depth of the red smog.

"D*mn it!"

Jerry saw the head roll to his feet and surged with a murderous aura. "Eidolon, I'll kill you!"

"You wish to kill me? Hehe, brat, you need to find me first!"

As Eidolon laughed with glee, a scream sounded. Then, another head with eyes wide open rolled out of the red cloud.

Chapter 204

"I'm god in this place! All of you shall die today!" Ghostly shrieks sounded from within the red smog, making it seem even more menacing than before.

"Jerry, stay calm. Don't let anger cloud your judgment!" Willow urged beside him. Her face had turned pale. "Don't forget who you are!"

Who I am? Jerry's eyes were bloodshot. He raised his head slightly and clenched his fists.

"Haha, all who enter my Blood Prison shall die. Cut out the heart!" As soon as Eidolon issued that order, a red and bloody heart shot into the air and dropped onto the ground.

Jerry was stunned when he saw the heart fall before him. It seemed to still be beating slightly.

"Jerry!" Willow took a step forward and shouted, "You are the leader of the Scarlet Dragon's Shadow Squad, king of assassins in the outer districts, and Lord of the Western Region! This is merely smog and an illusion. You can easily destroy it!"

“Leader of the Shadow Squad? King of assassins? Lord?” Jerry whispered to himself. His breath was so weak that one could hardly feel it.

“Haha, all lives in my Blood Prison are in the palm of my hand. Remove the intestines!”

Splat! A string of intestines still steaming with body heat suddenly flew out of the red smog.

Jerry's body shook as he looked up. His eyes had completely darkened, and his breath gradually faded.

In the next second, a gust of wind blew, and his body disappeared into the dense red smog.

Willow ceased to be able to sense Jerry's presence, but her lips curved into a smile. The Jerry who ruled over a domain has finally returned.

Clouds gathered high above in the sky, shrouding the ground with darkness.

The streets within a kilometer radius of the Pavillion were empty. Other than Nataniel and Rosalyn who stood in the garden in the middle of the streets, everyone else had run away.

At the same time, at the perimeter of the one-kilometer radius, hundreds of police officers stood nervously. They were armed with ammunition and had blocked all streets and roads leading into the area. Meanwhile, an armored car with 'Ministry of Defense Special Operations Brigade' printed on it was waiting on a street further away.

There was also a helicopter hovering more than a hundred meters above the streets.

It flew near the red smog. Swoosh! A missile shot out of the helicopter into the depths of the dense red smog.

An explosion followed. Clouds of smoke appeared in the blood-red smog.

“It didn't work?” Nataniel stood in the street garden and ordered, “Switch to high explosive missiles!”

A few seconds later, an even larger missile shot into the center of the red smog with a loud piercing noise.

Bang! The surface of the red smog rippled violently. Wisps of red smog fluttered into the sky.

“I can’t believe it!” Nataniel’s silver mask flashed brilliantly. “Again!”

Rosalyn realized that even after two strikes, the red smog did not diminish but grew in size. Thus, she could not help but frown. “Sir, it seems the missiles are not effective. Furthermore, there are probably many people still trapped inside. Instead of dispersing the smog, the missiles might kill them!”

Nataniel turned to her with a face devoid of expression. “Once someone is trapped within Eidolon’s Blood Prison, it is impossible to stay alive!”

Then, he waved his hand and ordered coldly, “Continue to strike it with high explosive missiles!”

The helicopter hovering a few hundred meters above ground circled the smog halfway and adjusted its aim. Swoosh! Another powerful high explosive missile shot out from the helicopter.

As the missile was about to hit the smog, a ray of cold light shot up from the ground and instantly split the missile in half.

Chapter 205

“Who’s that?”

The wind blew incessantly. Nataniel turned to glance at a spot seven to eight meters to his right.

Footsteps sounded as Ocho and seven Dragon Guardians stood in the middle of a wide street.

He observed Nataniel and Rosalyn. His gaze gleamed intimidatingly as he said in a stern tone, “Are you passersby or enemies?”

Ocho and the seven Dragon Guardians' presence filled the air with a heavy sense of threat. Nataniel's mask glowed brightly with a silverish-white light as he said, "Why does it matter whether we are passersby or enemies?"

One of the Dragon Guardians behind Ocho shouted threateningly, "Passersby are to scram, but enemies shall die!"

"Haha, how intimidating?" Nataniel sneered in anger.

"Seinove, Septo. You two are to stay here. Everyone else will follow me in." Ocho glanced at Nataniel indifferently before waving his hand to give out orders.

The Dragon Guardian who had spoken intimidatingly narrowed his eyes. "Why do I have to stay?"

Ocho turned around. He looked at Seinove and waved his fist. "Because my fist is stronger than yours."

Septo, who was also ordered to stay behind, sounded disappointed as he said, "Forget it, Seinove. Ocho worked closely with Tres. His fist is indeed stronger than yours."

"Nonsense!" Seinove widened his eyes in anger. They flashed intimidatingly as he said, "What's the use of comparing our fists? We should compare the number of enemies we have killed!"

After saying that, his body flashed as he dashed at lightning speed into the rolling blood-red smog.

"What the heck? Why won't you follow instructions? Ocho, I'll go and catch him." Septo prepared to dash forward as he spoke.

The remaining Dragon Guardians watched Seinove and Septo disappear into the mysterious red smog and exchanged glances with each other. Their eyes gleamed.

"Hey, Septo, you won't be able to stop Seinove by yourself. I'll help you!" One of the Dragon Guardians shouted and rushed ahead at lightning speed.

“Me too!”

Another Dragon Guardian ran into the blood-red smog.

“Wait for me...”

More Dragon Guardians dashed into the smog.

Soon, the wide street became empty except for Ocho.

Rosalyn observed them from the side and said with disdain, “What a disorganized team! Even if they are strong individually, what use are they like this?”

“No, I think it is nice to fight alongside people like them.” Nataniel shook his head. He seemed to be in deep thought.

“What do you mean?” Rosalyn frowned.

Subordinates who refused to listen to commands are useless; just like scattered sand. How can they hope to achieve anything?

“You don’t understand.” Nataniel looked solemn. “Let me ask you something. Would you dare to infiltrate this Blood Prison?”

Infiltrate it?

Rosalyn looked at the rippling surface of the blood-red smog. She could see the numerous ghostly figures underneath and hear the constant inhuman howls. Her gaze froze briefly, and she gradually shook her head.

Then, she bit her red lower lip and explained indignantly, “We have no idea about the situation inside. It’s unwise to infiltrate it.”

“In that case, why did they compete to be the first to get in?” Nataniel asked softly, “Were they so stupid that they could not see the danger within?”

“How would I know?” Rosalyn rolled her eyes.

“I suppose you don’t.” Nataniel smiled beneath the silver mask.

After a moment of silence, he looked at Ocho with confusion and asked, "You there? Why aren't you going in?"

Chapter 206

Ocho glanced at him with a trace of animosity between his brows. "I'll go in when I have to. But you have better watch out."

Nataniel was surprised, but he proceeded to smile and charged toward Ocho at lightning speed.

"It seems you wish to die!" Ocho shouted and shot out his fist.

In a fraction of a second, the two fists collided with a loud 'bang'. The impact sent shockwaves throughout their surroundings.

Nataniel's right hand trembled slightly. He retreated a couple of steps and commented in awe, "That is indeed a hard fist!"

"You're not so bad yourself." Ocho stood proudly on his spot with a gleam in his eyes. "It's my turn."

After saying that, he twisted his waist and swung a kick at Nataniel.

His leg moved through the air at a frightening speed. Nataniel's mask flared with silvery white light as he shot out a kick.

Rosalyn sneered with disdain as she watched the two men fight. "Boring!"

Nataniel and Ocho continued their fight. The force of their brawl left cracks all over the street surface and sent gravel flying. Then, Ocho clapped, creating a strong gush of wind.

He jumped out of the battle and sighed. However, his eyes flashed with excitement as he said, "You and I are equally matched. Shall we spar another time?"

Nataniel had fought Ocho simply because he wanted to. Thus, he smiled and nodded upon hearing Ocho. "Sure, I'm ready any time."

After saying that, he turned around and walked away.

He's leaving just like that? Rosalyn's eyes widened with astonishment. But she kept her curiosity to herself and got up to follow after Nataniel.

Ocho watched them walk away. The coldness in his eyes gradually dissipated. Hmm, at least you are sensible enough.

Once Nataniel and Rosalyn disappeared behind the police barricade, the helicopter hovering a few hundred meters in the air also turned and left.

Then, Ocho turned and looked at the dense red smog a short distance away. He stood dignified as a statue.

As time passed, the red smog that covered most of the road seemed to recede slowly as the cold breeze blew unceasingly. Roaring noises seemed to come from deep within the red smog.

At the same time, clouds gathered high above the sky. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed from time to time.

A high-end RV sped down a narrow road.

"Stop!" A police officer waved his hand and shouted, "This road is sealed. Please leave now!"

However, the RV did not slow down. The two police officers guarding the barricade had no choice but to jump out of the way as the RV crashed through the barricade and sped away.

In the RV, Franklin hugged his wife tightly and scolded his son, "Jacob, are you really bringing us out for dinner at a five-star hotel?"

Jacob hugged his daughter and pretended not to hear him.

Soon, the RV came to a stop. Jacob handed his daughter to Moira who was sitting beside him. He looked at everyone in the car and said solemnly, "I have to go out to deal with some matters. Once I'm done, we will have a feast."

Janelle seemed to sense that something was wrong. Her face was marred with concern as she said, "Be careful, Jacob."

“Don’t leave the car. Wait here for my return.” Jacob opened the door and arched his eyebrows.

Tres bowed before the car door. “Sir, please allow me to go in ahead of you and scout out a path!”

Jacob waved his hand dismissively. “Your job is to protect the people in this car. I’ll deal with the rest.”

“Yes, sir!” Tres replied confidently, “I will protect your family members with my life!”

“I’ll protect them too.” A Dragon Guardian beside Tres bowed and thumped his right hand to his chest. “I promise to protect your family with my life!”

“In that case, I shall entrust my family’s safety to you.” Jacob then looked up at the rolling dark red smog a few dozen meters away. His gaze turned cold.

“Understood!” Tres and the Dragon Guardian answered in unison.

Chapter 207

At a barricade on the main street, Nataniel looked at Rosalyn and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Rosalyn passed a report to an intelligence officer and frowned as she replied, “I’ve just received a report that a car broke through roadblock number thirteen.”

Nataniel’s mask glowed suddenly. “That person is here.” Rosalyn widened her eyes slightly. “Is he not concerned that this could be a trap by the Meteorites?”

“Who knows?” Nataniel answered indifferently.

After considering for a moment, he broke into a smile and said, “Our job tonight is to make sure no civilians get in there and get themselves killed. The rest is not our business.”

Rosalyn frowned.

She was aware that she was a member of the Special Forces Unit, so it was her responsibility to protect Paramount. Thus, she could not help but wonder if it was right to let a dangerous person wreak havoc in the city center.

“Sir.” Rosalyn bit her lower lip and asked softly, “Why did you stop the helicopter from firing another missile? What if...”

“There’s no what ifs!”

Nataniel glanced at her coldly.

After a brief pause, he explained, “I instructed the helicopter to leave because even if we fire more missiles, it would be useless against Eidolon’s Blood Prison. Furthermore, we saw those people entering it. If we shoot another missile, we will make them our enemy.”

Nataniel’s gaze turned solemn as he recalled fighting a man as strong as him. That man might have even more power than he had let on.

At this moment, Ocho, who was standing still as a statue at the edge of the red smog, suddenly began to move.

He turned around and saw a figure walking toward him at an even pace. He bowed slightly and greeted, “Sir!”

Jacob looked at Ocho and nodded. “Where are the rest of the guys?”

Ocho blinked and smirked, “Sir, those guys wouldn’t listen to my order and ran into the red smog.”

“Good, you should continue to stay here.” Jacob looked at the rolling red smog calmly.

“But sir...” Ocho was dumbfounded.

Jacob glanced sideways and smiled with amusement. “Whenever there is a dangerous situation, you guys always fight to be the first to get involved. It’s my turn now.”

“But sir...” Ocho’s eyes flashed with excitement. He stood straight and said, “We are your bodyguards. Of course, we should rush to face danger...”

“Are you disobeying my order?” Jacob frowned slightly.

Ocho was stunned. He bowed and said, “I wouldn’t dare.”

“Good that you don’t dare to.” Jacob smiled and waved. “Alright, stay here and be ready to help at anytime.”

“Yes, sir!” Ocho thumped his chest.

At this moment, the red smog suddenly rippled as if blown by a gush of strong wind.

Puff! A pale head with a distorted expression shot out and landed on the ground.

“You damn b*stard! Show yourself right now!” A furious yell sounded from deep within the red smog.

Seinove was somewhere within the bloody smog. There was a murderous aura surrounding him as he shot a cold ray of light from his hand.

“Seinove, it’s me!”

A deep voice sounded from within the rippling smog. Seinove became less fierce as Septo stepped out of the smog.

“Watch out. There’s something strange about this place.” Seinove narrowed his eyes slightly.

A ghostly howl suddenly sounded in the sky above them. Septo immediately squatted down, raised his right fist, and blasted his power into the sky.

Chapter 208

Bang! The smog rippled. A dark red ghostly figure flashed above them before disappearing into the dense smog.

“What the heck was that?” Septo put down his fist and frowned.

“Over there.” Seinove pointed some distance away. “On our nine o’clock. I think the energy is the strongest there.”

The intimidating force around Septo pulsed before disappearing into the dense smog. He nodded and took a step forward. “Let’s go.”

Meanwhile, at the edge of the smog, Jacob took a step in and was immediately assailed by smog so thick that he could not see his hands. He breathed in the smoggy air and felt slight dizziness. At the same time, he could sense the air eroding his lungs.

Thus, he narrowed his eyes and gradually exhaled the corrosive air. He also ignited the combat energy within his body and it instantly cleared the dizzy feeling.

“Fweet... Fweet...”

A ghostly whistle sounded from the smog around Jacob. However, he remained calm and walked resolutely in one direction.

After a few steps, he suddenly paused. His eyes flashed brightly as his hand reached to his right and grabbed onto something within the red smog.

“Fweet!”

The thing gave a startled whistle as Jacob dragged a dark red figure out of the smog.

“What the heck is this?”

Jacob arched his eyebrows in shock as he looked at the creature before him. The creature had a pale face with distorted features but the rest of its exposed skin was dark red.

“Fweet! Fweet!”

The creature looked at Jacob ferociously while suspended in the air. It was about a meter tall. Then, the strange creature opened its bloody mouth and screamed. It waved its sharp claws while struggling in Jacob’s grip.

Jacob looked at its crazed gaze and shook his head. He channeled a surge of energy from his body to his hand and caused the red creature to explode into a pile of ash.

“Hah, it seems another idiot has entered!” A chilling sneer sounded from the smog around Jacob.

Jacob narrowed his eyes and gathered a swirling ball of energy in his palm.

“Hehe, all who enter my Blood Prison shall die. Off with your head!” A bloody line suddenly shot out of the dense smog and flew toward Jacob.

However, Jacob easily snapped the bloody line with his fingers. Then, he smirked and muttered, “A childish trick.”

“Die! All who enter my Blood Prison shall die. I’ll cut out your heart!” A furious voice sounded, and a bloody claw flew out of the dense smog.

Jacob casually grabbed the claw flying toward his heart and shook his head. “Boring.”

“Damn you! I can easily kill anyone who enters my Blood Prison. Skin him!” Ghostly howls sounded. Soon, a mass the size of a human head floated out of the dense red smog.

It emitted waves of intoxicating smell that could knock a person out. Puff! The dark red smoky mass expanded a few times its size and engulfed Jacob.

“Heh, what a useless trick.”

A cold voice came from within the dark red smoky mass. In the next moment, roaring energy burst out and destroyed the deep red smoky mass. The force left tremors in the air for some time.

“My turn!”

Immediately after the shout, limitless murderous energy surged into the air, shaking the smog violently. There were ghostly shrieks all around.

Meanwhile, Willow sat cross-legged on the white granite steps as dense smog swirled over the Pavilion's entrance. She suddenly looked up and arched her eyebrows as she looked toward a direction.

Chapter 209

"Fweet... Fweet..."

Ghostly figures flashed in the dense smog.

Willow looked away and flicked her wrist, allowing a small silvery gun to slide into her grip.

Behind her, a few people, including two female Shadow Rangers who was guarding her, lay on the floor near the entrance. Their breath was weak. Fear flickered across their unconscious faces from time to time.

"Fweet!"

Willow suddenly heard a ghostly shriek. A dark red figure jumped out of the dense smog. Willow immediately narrowed her eyes, aimed, and pulled the trigger.

Bang! A powerful bullet flew out of her specially modified gun.

Boom! The dark red figure immediately burst into a cloud of bloody mist, brought away by a strong gust of wind.

"Fweet, fweet, fweet!"

More dark red figures swarmed at her from all directions. Willow gripped her gun tightly. Her beautiful but stern face hardened with determination.

Swoosh...

A gust of wind blew and slashed the dark red figures, breaking them apart.

Jerry suddenly stepped out of the turbulent smog, carrying an unconscious Shadow Ranger.

He noticed the exhaustion on Willow's face and said gently, "Willow, please hold on for a little longer. Jacob just entered."

“Yes, I sensed him too.” Willow sighed softly and forced herself to remain alert.

Jerry nodded. “Since Jacob is distracting that b*stard, I’ll go in and bring the remaining people here.”

After saying that, his body flashed and disappeared into the rolling smog.

“There’s no use hiding. Show yourself!” Jacob shouted into the smog.

His body was enveloped with immense energy, and his eyes shone brightly. He waved his arms and blasted energy in all directions.

The blast pierced the smog and wiped out all the ghostly figures within a ten-meter radius. The sky instantly turned bright and clear.

Meanwhile, at a commanding point a few hundred meters from the smog, an intelligence officer shouted, “The bloody fog is shrinking. But its density in the city center has increased by four, five percent... The surface area is predicted to shrink by one-third in ten seconds, but the density of the smog in the city center will probably double now at the least!”

The blood-red smog was shrinking. Ocho could see it clearly while standing at its edge.

Within a few minutes, the smog that was at his feet had receded at least five meters.

His expression changed slightly. He strode forward and continued to stand at the edge of the blood-red smog. At the same time, his eyes gleamed as he continued to observe the blood-red smog.

“I created this hell! All lives are within my control! Off with the head!”

A furious yell came from the denser part of the smog. Then, three blood-red lines shot out soundlessly from it.

“Stupid!” Jacob sneered. He stepped forward and waved his fist.

Waves of energy swirled around him. They dispersed the smog and wiped out the blood-red lines.

Jacob glared murderously. "I've caught you! Show yourself!"

Immense energy continued to gush out from Jacob. It caused the air to tremble violently and dispersed the blood-red smog, revealing a human figure.

"How is this possible?" Eidolon fell to his knees on the ground. He was pale with shock.

"Die!" Jacob shouted. His body was shrouded with immense energy. He propelled himself into the sky with a kick and shot down fist first toward Eidolon like an unstoppable missile.

"Blood Prison, solidify!"

Eidolon let out a roar. Dense smog rapidly wrapped his body and hardened to form a blood-red armor.

In the next second, Jacob's fist crashed against the blood-red armor.

Bang!

The air vibrated turbulently and dispersed the smog. At the same time, the blood-red armor shattered with a loud crack while Eidolon spat a mouthful of blood.

Chapter 210

"Impossible! You can't be this powerful!" Eidolon looked up at Jacob with horror.

When I activated Blood Prison at the Meteorite, even the fellow Masters had to act cautiously.

But not only was this young man unaffected by the poisonous vapor, his power was almost at a divine level. He was able to shatter Blood Prison Armor like it was nothing!

"Heh, what an ignorant fool." Jacob shook his head and raised his fist, ready to attack again.

Energy gushed out of his body, forming a life-like fist that was as heavy as a mountain. It burst through the air and appeared before Eidolon.

I can't stop it! It's impossible to block it!

Eidolon's heart sank and fear gripped his heart.

He gritted his teeth. Then, his expression turned cunning as he shouted, "Blood Prison. Illusion!"

A bright flash followed. Bloody mist gathered and formed a blood-red figure in mid-air. It had no hair and no facial features.

Bang! Jacob's fist completely submerged into the bloody figure, causing it to balloon up before exploding into a cloud of blood-red mist.

Then, Eidolon reappeared and hovered a few meters above the ground. He opened his mouth and vomited a lot of blood.

"Was that a Blood Shadow Clone? Interesting." Jacob arched an eyebrow. He remembered reading about it in the Cruor's Bible.

"But it only interests me a little. Time for you to die." After saying that, Jacob took a step forward, swung his arm, and punched Eidolon again.

Bam!

The air shook as energy rippled through it. A wave of incredible force pierced through the air and crashed into Eidolon's body.

"How dare you... Argh!" Those were Eidolon's last words before he exploded into a cloud of bloody mist.

At the same time, ghostly figures howled in the smog before a gust of wind blew and wiped them out.

Meanwhile, at the commanding point, an intelligence officer looked bewilderedly at a row of computer screens. "The bloody smog is fading rapidly. It will disappear in around thirty seconds!"

Nataniel dashed to one of the computer screens and looked at the indicators showing the rapid fading of the bloody smog, prompting him to frown in disbelief.

We are dealing with one of the Four Supreme Masters. How could someone like Eidolon, who could easily destroy a town overnight, die just like that?

It happened too fast!

Nataniel sighed and turned solemn.

If Jacob keeps growing in power, it will be problematic not only for Special Forces Unit but the Ministry of Defense, too. After all, it would be dangerous to anger someone powerful enough to easily destroy a city.

Meanwhile, at the Pavillion's entrance, Willow's tense expression gradually relaxed as a cool breeze blew at her face.

Suddenly, she narrowed her eyes as she saw figures appearing in the receding smog.

"Huh, the smog is fading?" Septo sighed as he realized he was able to see Seinove's back profile clearer than before.

Then, he glanced to his left. "Eh? When did you all get so close to us?"

"That smog affected our senses!"

"Yes, we couldn't even sense our orientation just now!"

"It's poisonous too!"

The few Dragon Guardians said embarrassedly as they regrouped.

They thought they would fight valiantly in a fierce battle. However, apart from killing a few strange dark-red beings, they had spent the rest of the time circling aimlessly in the smog.

"Hey! Look over here." Someone suddenly called out to them from nearby.