

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 1

Chapter 1

A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of a cypress tree in Silversand Cemetery which was on the outskirts of the West Side of Paramount.

A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of a cypress tree in Silversand Cemetery which was on the outskirts of the West Side of Paramount.

There, a tall male figure stood silently before a tombstone, as still as a statue.

'Here lies Noelle Warren, beloved daughter of Norman Warren.'

The man was Jacob Lynch. He looked at the smiling woman in the black and white photo on the tombstone. His handsome face was marked with endless sorrow and regret.

"Noelle, I'm back! Why didn't you wait for me?"

His eyes welled up with tears as he recalled a past memory. He remembered a beautiful girl saying to him timidly, "Don't cry. You need to stay strong..."

Six years ago, Jacob stopped a government official at a banquet to protect his girlfriend. The aftermath forced him to escape to the outland. On the other hand, Noelle remained in Paramount which was the Central Federation's capital in Avalon. Jacob thought she would be fine due to her family's status. He did not expect to return to find her dead.

While on the run, Jacob saved an old man who gave him a book called Secret Records of the World Deity before he died.

Jacob struggled to survive in the outland in the six years he was away, hoping to return home one day. He had trained in the most powerful techniques and challenged the strongest enemies.

Now, he returned to Central District with a body full of scars but with unparalleled power.

At this moment, Jacob kneeled before the tombstone in grief. However, his tone sounded murderous as he asked, "How did my girlfriend die?"

After he spoke, a two-meter-tall muscular man stepped out from the shadow of the cypress tree and said, "Sir, according to the investigation by the Shadow Squad, Miss Warren died of birth complications."

"Birth complications!?" Jacob's intimidating aura filled the surroundings.

He turned around and asked urgently, "When did it happen?"

The muscular man sensed Jacob's threatening aura and answered respectfully, "Sir, it happened five years ago. More accurately speaking, it was seven months after you left the Central District!"

"Seven months after I left?" A flash of realization appeared in Jacob's eyes. "Gerold, you mean..."

"Yes, sir." Gerold bowed and continued, "We found that Miss Warren was weak and died of birth complications despite medical treatment. However, due to the urgency of the investigation, we have not found answers to certain questions concerning Miss Warren's death..."

Jacob narrowed his eyes and raised his hand to pause Gerold.

His eyes filled with grief as he crossed the photo on the tombstone. Then, he spoke as if to comfort the woman in the photo. "Noelle, I owe you too much. If we meet again in the next life, I am willing to do anything to make it up to you." After that, he turned to Gerold and said sternly, "Gerold, I want concrete answers and not dubious guesses. If this happens again, you know the consequences!"

Gerold trembled and answered in a deep voice, "Yes."

Jacob sighed and asked urgently, "Where is my child with Noelle?"

Gerold bowed his head and answered, "Sir, the little princess has been under Miss Warren's parents' care since she was born. She is healthy and very beautiful!"

"Is there any photo? Show it to me now!"

Jacob turned around and extended his hand to Gerold impotently. Gerold seemed to have expected this and respectfully handed Jacob a phone.

Jacob took the phone and quickly scrolled through the photo album. He looked at the photo of a little girl smiling sweetly at him, prompting a smile to blossom on a face feared by many outland forces and organizations.

After looking at the photo for a long time, Jacob finally put down the phone and whispered solemnly, "Noeve, don't worry. I will make sure to raise our daughter well as long as I live!"

He looked at his girlfriend's photo longingly for some time. Then, he got up and said, "Gerold, I will be going to my home first before heading to see my daughter. I shall raise my daughter by myself."

Meanwhile, Rowan Lane in the South Precinct was undergoing demolition due to a development plan.

Suddenly, a black luxury car suddenly slowed down and stopped by a dirty and debris-ridden road. Soon, Jacob and his trusted subordinate, Gerold Thornton, got out. Gerold had a reputation as a ferocious killer in the outland.

Jacob stood at the entrance of the lane and breathed in the dust-filled air before taking a step forward.

He walked around two hundred meters and arrived at a three-story building that stood alone among the ruins.

A grey-haired man named Franklin Lynch stood firm amidst the roar of machinery, holding a shovel across his chest. His eyes burned with fury as he yelled, "I will fight anyone who dares to demolish my house!"

A group of South Precinct thugs stood before him. Their leader was a young man with long hair and sharp facial features.

He puffed his chest and shouted at Franklin, "Old man, don't say that I didn't warn you! Do you know who ordered this demolition project?"

The young man had a smug expression and looked at Franklin with disdain. "You old bastard! How dare you stand in our way! Do you know who is behind this demolition project?"

Franklin, who once had a net worth of tens of millions, yelled furiously, "I don't care who you are! No one can tear down my home!"

"You old bastard! Since you wish to die, I shall make your wish come true!" The long-haired man glared at Franklin furiously and gestured to the rest of the thugs. "Everyone, go and beat up this old bastard!"

The thugs waved their bats excitedly and charged ahead.

Suddenly, a gust of strong wind blew. Then, a ghostly figure appeared from out of nowhere.

The ghostly figure flitted and disappeared as a hallucination. Instantly, a gust of cold wind seemed to swirl around the thugs before Franklin, and a series of explosions like firecrackers sounded from the thugs.

"Argh..."

The thugs screamed as their bones splintered, spilling blood onto the brick and stone floor.

The other thugs turned pale with terror after witnessing the sudden horrifying scene. Their eyes became filled with horror. Even the roaring excavator stopped instantly.

"Who... Who was that?" The long-haired man immediately hid among the group of thugs and screamed when a gigantic figure appeared suddenly.

The gigantic man was none other than Gerold, glaring at the thugs with a cold and ruthless gaze.

Any thugs that met Gerold's gaze felt as if stabbed and quickly looked away. The scene fell into complete silence.

Gerold suddenly took a step forward and scolded the thugs, prompting them to run away. None of them wanted to end up in horrible deaths like their unlucky friends.

Top... Top, top...

A series of firm footsteps suddenly sounded from ofor ond kept moving closer.

Gerold bowed ond greeted, "Sir!"

The thugs wotched Jacob oppeor dressed in o block trench coot ond o poir of toll combot boots. He wolked through the crowd ond groduolly opprooched Fronklin.

Clong! The shovel fell to the ground os teors flowed onto Fronklin's weothered cheeks.

Jacob looked ot the groy stronds on his fother's heod ond noted the deep wrinkles on his forehead ond the corner of his eyes. He felt sod to see his fother like this ond kneeled on the ground. "Dod, I'm bock! I'm sorry for letting you suffer oll these yeors!"

Anyone who dores to bully my fother sholl poy with their blood!

A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of a cypress tree in Silversand Cemetery which was on the outskirts of the West Side of Paramount.

Chapitre 1664

Sentant que les hommes étaient malveillants, Clément s'est empressé de dissimuler sa respiration et les observait furtivement

A ce moment, ces hommes ont traverse le mur d'enceinte et se sont élancés vers Iyo a grande vitesse!

Iyo, bien que gravement blessée, était après tout un as du kung fu, donc elle a naturellement perçu les hommes qui s'approchaient d'e

En ce moment, elle voulait bien appeler à son ade les serviteurs, mais juste au moment où elle allait cher fort à l'aide, elle a renoncé, parce qu'elle a ressorti de la forme de ces hommes qu'ils étaient tous des ninjas!

Bien que pas mal des ninjas servent aussi dans leur famille Nakayama, Is n'étaient tous pas à Kyoto

Les ninjas étaient vraiment très forts et même si Iyo n'était pas blessée, elle n'était pas de taille à se mesurer avec un ninja ordinaire, sans parler de ces six ninjas qui semblaient être au niveau moyen!

Donc, Iyo a immédiatement compris qu'elle ne ferait pas le poids face à ces six ninjas, même en rassemblant toutes les forces du personnel de ce manoir

Dans ce cas, à quoi ça servirait de chercher à Taide ? Ça ne ferait qu'exposer inutilement les autres

Par conséquent quand les six hommes sont venus devant Iyo, Iyo a dit avec calme

- Messieurs, si vous voulez me tuer, je ne résisterai pas, mais je vous prie d'épargner la vie aux gens restants de ce manoir, ils n'ont pas des larmes du sang avec notre famille Nakayama, ils ne sont que des serviteurs innocents

L'homme en tête a dit en chantant

La fille aînée de la famille Nakayama, c'est vraiment extraordinaire!

Sur ce, il a détaché de sa ceinture un couteau tranchant et a dit froidement

-En effet, nous sommes venus te tuer! Ton père a tué quatre membres de ma famille Kawamoto et le jeune maître de la famille Umezawa, donc nous ne pouvons que te tuer pour nous venger de ton père

Clement était un peu choqué par les mots de l'homme

Kagetoki est mort. Il semble que la situation actuelle de Tokyo reste encore instable et troublée après mon départ

ce moment. Iyo, entourée de six hommes, a dit tout agitée

-Non, c'est impossible! Mon père n'est pas du genre à tuer sans retenue !! Il y a certainement eu un malentendu !

— Un malentendu ? a grondé l'homme en grinçant des dents il a congelé quatre top ninjas de ma hile Kawamoto et a brûlé le jeune maître de

famille Umezawa comment ça peut être un malentendu ?!

Je connais bien mon père, a dit Iyo d'un ton ferme, il n'est pas un homme bien, mais il a des principes est franc et droit, et surtout il ne poignarde absolument pas les autres dans le dos!

L'homme en tête a dit en ricanant .

On se voit pas les cœurs, Mile Iyo, tu ne connais pas vraiment ton père Eh bien, tu pourras le lui demander quand il 'aura retrouvée en enfer

Cela dit à l'homme à côté de lui

Apprête-toi à filmer je vais envoyer la vidéo de décapitation à Kinno Suke i

D'accord

A ce moment. l'homme en tête a tenu son couteau sur Iyo et a dit froidement

Iyo a hoché la tête et a fermé les yeux, murmurant tristement

Clement, adieu

L'homme en tête a soulevé et a tiré

Mile Iyo

serai mourir sans douleur et j'espère que tu ne naîtras pas dans une niche famille dans la vie prochaine !

son couteau vers le cou d' Iyo, en rassemblant toutes ses forces

Et Iyo rest toujours les yeux fermés, immobile, attendant la fin

Mais avant que le couteau de l'homme ait touché le cou d'Iyo, un éclat argenté a soudainement fondu sur l'homme avec une grande rapidité ! D'un seul coup, un shur très toxique a été lancé dans la glabella de l'homme!

L'homme en tête est mort!

Chapter 2

"J... Jacob, is that really you? You... You're back!" Franklin was excited to see the young man. However, he still felt that it was very surreal.

"J... Jacob, is that really you? You... You're back!" Franklin was excited to see the young man. However, he still felt that it was very surreal.

Jacob looked up with remorse-filled eyes and said, "Dad, I'm back! I am a terrible son for letting you suffer all these years!"

After stopping the official that tried to assault Noe, Jacob escaped out of the outland to avoid dragging his family into trouble.

Life in the outland was not easy even though Jacob had the Secret Record of the War Deity. He had experienced numerous close brushes with death.

Whenever Jacob was in danger of dying, he would think about his family and his beloved woman waiting for him to return to the Central District.

Thus, the stubborn will to live and the powers from the Secret Record of the War Deity enabled him to escape death time after time.

In those six years, Jacob made his mark in various regions of the outland. He defeated all his enemies no matter where he went. It did not matter whether they were from thousand-year-old prominent families or sects with a long history.

Jacob managed to defeat them and obtain prestige.

Stop!

A hand suddenly landed on his shoulder.

Gerold's brow twitched as he stood at the side. There were only three people who dared to stop Jacob's shoulder throughout the four outer domains. Now, he found another one in Central District.

"You stinking brat! It has been six years! Why didn't you send any news home?" Franklin's eyes were full of tears as he kept stopping his son's shoulders.

Jacob looked guilty as he said, "Dod, I am sorry!"

In the first two years Jacob left, he had to constantly struggle to survive. Thus, he did not have the liberty to consider sending a message home.

In the third year, Jacob finally managed to gain some standing after training in the Secret Record of the War Deity. Furthermore, he established the Scarlet Dragons. In the next three years, Jacob led a band of men and fought for dominance against various forces and organizations. Therefore, he did not have time to think about communicating with his family.

Then, he finally completed training from the Secret Record of the War Deity and dominated the four outer domains. Furthermore, he had just won a war seven days ago and firmly established the Scarlet Dragons' authority and rule in the outland. Now, he finally decided to return to Central District with glory.

Franklin looked at how much more mature his son seemed compared to six years ago. It made his heart ache, yet it also comforted him. "Good! All that matters is that you're back!"

Then, he glanced at Gerold standing still as a statue at the side and helped Jacob up. "Where have you been in the past six years?"

"Dod, I will tell you about it once I finish dealing with the matters here." Jacob patted his father's right arm.

Jacob had heard about his family's situation from Gerold before coming here. His family still suffered the consequences of what Jacob did despite him leaving to protect them. The authorities took his father's shops and ended his businesses. Within four years, his father lost all his wealth and was reduced to working menial jobs at construction sites.

In the recent two years, his father managed to open a food stall on a pedestrian street in South Precinct. That only barely allowed him to provide for his family of three.

Jacob noticed his father had aged a lot and had calluses on his hands. The sight saddened Jacob and ignited a burning killing intent in his heart.

Six years ago, Jacob had no power to fight back and could only escape.

But now, he was the head of the Scarlet Dragons and commanded hundreds of thousands of soldiers. He ruled over the entire four outer regions!

Thus, he was no longer powerless as before. Now, for those who oppressed them, he could make them pay an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth for their injustice.

"Dad, don't worry. No one shall bully our family from now on!" Jacob declared fiercely and smiled at his father's concerned expression.

Then, he turned around and faced the group of thugs with an intimidating glare. He pointed to the long-haired man who surrounded himself with other thugs. "You! Step out now!"

"What... What do you want?" The long-haired man cowered, but he gathered his courage and shouted, "I am warning you! This is Leonhard Kingston's territory! You better watch your..."

"Shut up!" Jacob narrowed his eyes, and one could still see the rage burning in them.

Swoosh! Jacob dashed into the group of thugs and dragged the long-haired man out.

The long-haired man did not even manage to say the word 'back' before he found his feet above the ground. He realized he was hanging in mid-air.

He looked at the eyes glaring at him, sending a sudden chill down his spine. His face turned pale with fear.

At the same time, his limbs froze, and he could not do anything other than begging weakly, "Please... Have mercy!"

The rest of the thugs exchanged glances before looking at their fallen comrades, who lay bloodied on the ground. They cowered and did not dare to speak.

Jacob had a deathly calm expression as he said, "Did you say you want to kill my father?"

"I... I..." The long-haired thug's face distorted with horror. "I was only obeying orders. You should look for Leonord Kingston!"

"Leonord Kingston?" A ferocious gleam flashed across Jacob's eyes. "Is he the one who wants to tear down my house?"

"Yes, yes!" The long-haired thug nodded quickly. "Leonord desires this oreo and plans to demolish the whole of Rowon Lone to build a high-end community. I... I am only one of his many subordinates..."

"An abettor to evil is equally despicable!" Jacob muttered before raising his hand and tapping the long-haired thug's chest several times.

"You... What have you done to me?" The long-haired thug touched his chest after staggering to the ground.

Suddenly, his expression changed drastically. He let out a blood-curdling scream before collapsing and twitching his limbs wildly.

That went on for around a minute. In the end, the long-haired thug looked drenched in sweat as if he had just gotten out of the water.

Jacob looked down at him gasping for breath and said, "Today is the day of my return, so I do not wish to kill anyone. However, you are to pass my word to Leonord and tell him I will pay a visit tomorrow to repay him for what he has done."

"Now, scream!"

The word sent a shockwave among the thugs. They widened their eyes in bewilderment and opened their mouths in shock.

The long-haired thug replied weakly, "Yes, we will scream now!"

He felt excruciating pain all over his body as if a swarm of ants biting his body. However, he quickly summoned two of the thugs to support him as they escape.

Even those fallen thugs were carried away by their comrades. Meanwhile, Jacob turned to his father with a smile.

Those arrogant thugs had all left with noils between their legs. Franklin blinked in bewilderment and wondered if he was dreaming.

Then, he turned to his son with a joyful smile. "Let's go home!"

"Yes, let's go home!" Jacob nodded. He had shed plenty of blood, broced numerous dangers, and killed many strong enemies to finally hear these words again.

However, the door suddenly burst open as Jacob and his father came near.

A petite figure appeared and shouted resentfully, "Go home? How can he go home? Has he not made us suffer enough?"

"Franklin Lynch, are you insane? How can you bring him home? Has he not ruined us enough? Do you want him to kill us all?"

The petite woman walked out of the house as she scolded. She glared at Jacob furiously.

"J... Jacob, is that really you? You... You're back!" Franklin was excited to see the young man. However, he still felt that it was very surreal.

Chapter 3

"Suzie, why did you come out here?" Franklin rushed to his wife. "I told you to stay inside!"

A dull gleam flashed across Jacob's eyes as he looked at his father and pregnant stepmother.

His biological mother had passed away twelve years ago. Half a year later, his father married his current stepmother, Suzie Atwell. At the time, Jacob was furious and hated his father for marrying so soon. He refused to speak to his family for a long time.

Then, he entered university and met Naeve. Her encouragement prompted him to gradually reconcile with his family.

Suzie did not hesitate to forgo having her own child for years so that she could better take care of his younger sister.

The heart grows fonder with time. After all these years, Jacob's anger and hatred towards Suzie had disappeared.

Furthermore, he had witnessed too much bloodshed and strife. Now, all he wanted was for his family to be safe and well. Nothing else mattered more than that.

Thus, he sighed and stepped towards the door.

"You stand there!"

At this moment, Suzie pursed her pink lips and widened her eyes as she scolded, "Our family finally managed to regain some semblance of normality. How dare you return now?"

Her beautiful face turned cold as she pointed to the nearby excavator. "When you ran away, you destroyed your father's business and caused him to lose the company! Now, you returned and offended the local thug. Do you think we have not suffered enough?"

Franklin supported his wife carefully and persuaded her softly, "Suzie, our son has been away for many years and finally manages to come home. Please don't be angry. Think of the baby!"

Meanwhile, Gerald remained around twenty steps away from them. His gaze turned cold as he thought. Jacob is the Scarlet Dragons' Deity of War that conquered various regions. No one dares to scold her this way.

Jacob suddenly felt a wave of murderous aura and glanced behind. Seeing Jacob, Gerald bowed immediately and took a step back.

Meanwhile, Suzie slapped her husband's hand away and glared at him with almond-shaped eyes. "He is your son, not mine! I stand firm with my words. If you dare to bring him home, we shall divorce!"

"There is no need to resort to that!" Franklin looked at his wife walking back into the house and stomped his foot frustratedly.

Then, a moment of silence followed before he turned to his son and said, "Jacob, Suzie is having her first pregnancy. The doctor said she has a prenatal health condition, so she is more bad-tempered than before..."

"Dad, don't worry."

Jacob interrupted his father. "You don't have to explain. As long as you are healthy and well, nothing else matters."

Then, he paused before asking, "Is Janelle home?"

"Oh..."

Franklin let out a long sigh before shaking his head and replied, "I sent your sister to your aunt's house and will bring her back in a few days."

Jacob frowned, and his gaze turned stern.

He looked at his father and said solemnly, "Dad, since I am back, you don't have to worry about anything. Don't worry. I will take care of everything!"

After saying that, Jacob turned around and left so as to not trouble his father.

Then, Jacob narrowed his eyes as a cruel gleam flashed across them. "Inform the Shadow Squad to find me the name of the boss of those thugs before nightfall!"

"Yes, sir!" Gerald answered with a bow.

Meanwhile, in Vigor Boxing Gym in South Precinct's Emerald Tower, numerous burly men were practicing boxing.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Sounds of punches filled the air before an unusual dull crashing noise sounded.

"Leonard, why would I dare to lie to you?" Shane Gard trembled as he saw how high the heavy sandbag swung. "That was what he said!"

Boom!

Leonard's muscles bulged as he punched the sandbag repeatedly. Hot vapors rose from his smooth and bald head.

He glared at Shane before asking coldly, "Have you found out anything about that brat?"

A tall bespectacled young man stepped out and answered, "Mr. Kingston, we can't find much in such a short time frame. All we know was he is Franklin Lynch's son. He got into trouble and escaped to the outland a few years ago before returning today."

"The outland?" Leonard reached out to still the sandbag.

Suddenly, his back muscle twitched, and he punched the sandbag hard, making it swing high. "I don't care who he is. Anyone who dares to cause trouble in my territory shall die!"

The bespectacled man nodded and said, "Mr. Kingston, I know what to do now." With that, the bespectacled man gestured at someone with his finger.

One of Leonard's fighters responded to the call. Shane stroked his long hair and followed behind.

They gathered in a corner of the boxing gym. The bespectacled man's eyes gave a threatening gleam. "I will let Drei Wolfe and the others go to Rowan Lane with you. Does he fight very well? Bring a gun with you too!"

"Yes..."

However, Shane suddenly widened his eyes and collapsed to the floor, twitching uncontrollably.

The bespectacled man stepped back in shock and said, "What's wrong with you?"

Leonard glanced at them from the center of the boxing gym. "What's wrong?"

The bespectacled man explained immediately, "It's nothing, Mr. Kingston. He has a withdrawal symptom."

Leonard frowned and ordered, "Throw him out! Don't let him dirty the floor!"

"Damn it! Of all the time his condition could recur, he just has to act out when ordered to do something!" The bespectacled man grumbled before calling over two burly men to carry the unconscious Shane away.

It was afternoon, and the sky began to drizzle.

The school was nearly over, so there were many cars parked near Little Professors kindergarten's entrance. Meanwhile, Jacob leaned against a big tree, watching everything attentively.

His eyes brightened with anticipation.

Soon, children walked out of the kindergarten in lines, following the lead of their teacher.

Jacob instantly recognized his daughter from a few dozen of children. She looked just like the photo of her mother when she was her age.

The little girl walked out carrying a small school bag and stood amidst the crowd of students and parents. Her twin braids bounced as she kept standing on tiptoes and searched around.

Suddenly, her eyes brightened, and she ran forward.

"Grandma! Grandma! I found you!"

Jacob smiled as he listened to his daughter's childish voice.

He looked at his daughter and could not help but remember Naeve. He recalled her smiles and laughter and thought that she was the last gift Naeve left for him.

Thud!

Suddenly, Gerald stood behind Jacob and said respectfully, "Sir, we have found the identity of the boss of the thugs."

"Sure."

Jacob responded and watched his daughter hugging Naeve's mother. When he turned around, his gaze turned cold and frost appeared on the grass he stepped on.

Even a slightly larger ant would dare to jump before a dragon!

"Sir." Gerald began to speak. "We received news from the Shadow Squad."

Jacob's eyes were warm and gentle as he watched his daughter hugging Naeve's father. Then, he instantly turned stern again and said, "What did they say?"

Chapter 4

The surrounding appeared dull due to the gloomy weather.

In the midst of the cold wind and rain, two vans suddenly appeared at the opening of the Rowan Lane. They seemed to carry ill intentions.

Then, the doors opened and around a dozen stern-faced young men rushed out of the vans. Despite the thick rain, one could see one of the men carrying a long hunting rifle.

A rowan tree with dense leaves stood alone amidst the ruins. The name of Rowan Alley came from this tree.

"Drei, this must be the house." A young man was holding a sharp machete pointed at a three-story house around two meters away.

Drei Wolfe was holding a hunting rifle. He narrowed his eyes and smirked. "Let's go!"

The group of people moved like a pack of wolves in the forest. They approached the house quietly as if approaching a prey they wished to kill.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure stepped out from behind the rowan tree.

The young man carrying a machete was the first to notice the shadowy figure. "Drei, there is someone watching us from under the tree!"

Drei glanced toward the tree and ordered indifferently, "Send two people there to get rid of him. Make sure not to leave any trace."

"Yes, Drei." Two men at the end of the group answered and headed toward the nearby rowan tree.

Two minutes later, two round objects suddenly dropped from the sky and landed before Drei and his men.

Drei narrowed his eyes at the stench of blood in the air and tightened his grip on his rifle.

Then, he saw two heads of his dead comrades laying on the ground, and his face was filled with terror. The young man with machete shouted, "Scar! Killian!"

In the light rain, they could make out a blurry human figure under the rowan tree. He seemed to be waving at them...

Chill from the rain seeped into their skin as the shadowy figure headed slowly in their direction. Drei and the others became alert and instinctively tightened their grips on their weapons. However, the shadowy figure suddenly reached them and unfurled his bloodied hands before grabbing their necks.

Cough!

Drei and his men could not help but stuck out their tongues from the pressure around their necks. They struggled hard, but soon ran out of strength. In the end, they could only struggle helplessly and watched the man tightening his grip on their necks before snapping them.

All this while, none of them had the chance to see the man's face.

The man let the bodies fall to the ground. More figures stepped out from behind the tree and dealt with the bodies quietly. Soon, there was not a trace of the slaughter, and Rowan Lane turned quiet again.

At the same time, all the lights were on in Vigor Boxing Gym in Emerald Tower.

Leonard sat in his seat and had a sudden bad feeling. He tightened his grip and sighed. "How is the progress of Drei's mission?"

A bespectacled man handed Leonard a towel and said, "Mr. Kingston, I received a call from Drei three hours ago, saying he had arrived."

"An hour ago?" Leonard frowned and wiped the sweat from his forehead before saying sternly, "Call them now and ask what is their progress."

Although the bespectacled man did not understand why Leonard urgently wanted to know, he still replied respectfully, "Sure, Leonard. I will call him."

Soon, the bespectacled man put down his phone and seemed confused. "Leonard, no one answered!"

Leonard frowned and said, "Keep calling him!"

Suddenly, they heard a loud boom. Someone had knocked down the boxing gym's steel and hardwood door.

Silence followed. Dozens of burly men exchanged astonished glances in the boxing gym. Then, their eyes widened with a ferocious glare.

Which crazy bastard dares to barge here? Is he asking to die?

Leonard's face twitched as he held a towel and looked at the entrance fiercely.

Soon, a bloody head rolled in under everyone's watch. It still had the horrified expression at the point of death.

Then, Jacob stepped in indifferently, dressed in his black trench coat.

"Drei?"

The brutes gasped as they noticed the head had a familiar face.

Drei was a fearsome soldier who had killed more than a dozen men on the battlefield. He was undefeatable as long as he had a gun.

It's Drei!

Leonard felt an unquenchable rage as he looked at the lifeless eyes and terrified expression of his most trusted subordinate.

Then, he saw Jacob walking unharmed as heads rolled around him and said threateningly, "I have never seen you before. Which area are you from?"

Jacob paused and stepped on the most eye-catching head in the room.

He looked at the tall and buffed bold brute in short gym clothes and answered coldly, "Rowan Lane." Then, a loud crack ensured, splattering blood everywhere.

Leonard widened his eyes and waved his arms furiously. "Everyone, attack him at once! Kill him!"

"Yes, Mr. Kingston!" The brutes answered in unison and charged toward Jacob to surround him.

However, a gigantic figure dashed in before they could get near Jacob.

The giant figure extended his iron hand to one of the brute's neck and gripped it tightly. Soon, blood gushed out from between those metal fingers.

As the brute was still screaming, the giant figure clenched his iron hand and punched an incoming brute in the chest. The brute widened his eyes in shock as his bones splintered. He spurted blood from his mouth.

Suddenly, someone threw a thirty-pound dumbbell toward the giant figure, but it did not faze him. He proceeded to punch ahead with his iron fist.

Boom! The dumbbell sunk deep into the floor with a clear fist mark on it.

The brute that threw the dumbbell widened his eyes bewilderedly as he saw a fist mark on it.

The dumbbell was made of metal alloy. It was tremendously difficult for a hammer to make a mark on it. How did that man...

The brute stood stunned with eyes full of terror.

By the time he came to his senses, a fist suddenly appeared before his eyes and blocked out his sight. "Argh..."

The giant figure fought like a ferocious demon and soon filled the boxing gym with a cloud of blood red mist.

Thick stench of blood filled the air. The remaining dozens of brutes cowered in a corner, shivering like quails in a thunderstorm.

On the other hand, Leonard stood alone in the center of the boxing gym. The intimidating aura that erupted from him suddenly disappeared without a trace.

He gulped and looked fearfully at the giant figure orchestrating a blood bath in his gym. Then, he turned to glance at Jacob.

Leonard breathed in the blood scented air and demanded, "I have never seen you before. What is the meaning of this?"

"Half an hour ago..." A cold glare flashed across Jacob's eyes. "You ordered a band of killers to Rowan street."

Leonard's expression changed instantly. "You... Are you Franklin's eldest son?"

Jacob let out a surge of threatening aura as he spoke. It was so oppressive that Leonard bowed slightly. Then, Jacob spoke ferociously like a beast about to devour its prey. "Initially, I only planned to find you after two days. Unfortunately..."

Jacob suddenly disappeared in a flash.

At the same time, a gunshot sounded. A bullet shot at where Jacob was standing less than a second ago and pierced into the floor.

However, another gunshot sounded. Another bullet was aimed toward Jacob!

Chapter 5

Clang!

Jacob turned, allowing the bullet to brush past his sleeve, and sank to the floor.

“Damn you!” Gerald yelled amidst the cloud of the blood of those he slew.

However, Jacob reacted faster and dashed across the room, appearing before the gun-wielding bespectacled young man.

“I will kill you!” The bespectacled man widened his eyes with fear and a hint of madness as he pulled the trigger recklessly.

Bang! Bang! A series of bullets pierced the air toward Jacob, hungering for his blood.

However, Jacob flicked his fingers in a fraction of a second.

Swoosh! The bespectacled man seemed to be in pain as blood gushed out of his chest.

Jacob glanced at the unconscious bespectacled man with disdain and took the gun from him. Then, with a flick of his wrist, the gun disintegrated into numerous parts and scattered onto the floor.

He can even flick away bullets at such a close distance?

Leonard watched in shock from nearby and felt a chill down his spine.

Jacob threw away the magazine in his hand and turned to glance at Leonard.

Leonard was sweating profusely. His legs gave way instantly, making him kneel on the bloodied floor.

Jacob narrowed his eyes coldly at the thugs he had killed.

The brutes who were cowering in a corner of the boxing gym noticed their leader was kneeling. Thus, they all rushed to kneel with him.

Jacob did not feel like killing enemies who had completely lost the will to fight. However, he thought about the fear and threat his father had gone through. It would be unjust to his father to let these people go without punishment.

Thus, he turned to Gerald and asked, “What do you think?”

Gerald had a murderous aura about him. However, Jacob's question prompted him to blink bewilderedly. What do I think? Don't we usually kill everyone in this kind of situation?

Leonard realized how precarious his life was and panicked. He sweated profusely as he wrecked his brain for a way to save himself.

Suddenly, his eyes gleamed with an idea. He moved closer on his knees and said in a terrified but respectful tone, "Sir... I was stupid to offend you and your father! As penance, I am willing to give you the land at Rowan Lane!"

Rowan Lane? Jacob's heart swayed slightly.

After a moment of consideration, Jacob frowned and said, "That is only a piece of land. I can easily get it on my own. On the other hand, you have threatened to tear down my house and oppressed my father..."

"Twenty million! I will compensate twenty million!" Leonard shouted in panic. "Please have mercy on me this time! I swear I will never even think of seeking revenge. If I do, I will get struck down by lightning or knocked down by a car!"

Jacob frowned as he watched Leonard and the other thugs begging for their life. Murderous intent gradually faded from his heart.

Suddenly, Jacob narrowed his eyes and produced a wave of sharp energy with a wave of his hand.

"Ah..." Leonard let out a muffled groan and covered his right eye with his hand. His face was pale as he secretly breathed a sigh of relief. "Sir, thank you for not killing me!"

Jacob furrowed his brow and took another look at Leonard before leaving.

"A man like you doesn't deserve an easy death!"

Jacob glared at Leonard before saying threateningly, "You have three days to carry out what you promised."

The boxing gym remained silent even after Jacob and Gerald left.

Leonard smelled the blood in the air and turned sullen. However, terror filled his eyes again, and he shuddered as he glanced at the bespectacled man's cold corpse.

He stood up gradually and looked at the bloodied mess all over the floor. The sight was enough for him to force down all the rebelliousness that popped up in his heart.

Leonard grumbled unhappily. His expression darkened as he ordered the cowering subordinates. "Don't stand there and do nothing! Get over here and clean up this place!"

"Yes, sir..." A group of brutes seemed to have lost their spirit after going through an unprecedented terrifying experience.

Meanwhile, Gerald had a confused expression after leaving the building. He asked Jacob, "Sir, I fear he will gather his power to seek revenge if we don't wipe him out."

"They are only a few thugs. If you are still worried, you can go ahead and kill them."

Jacob answered calmly and seemed unbothered by Gerald's concern.

Then, he turned to Gerald and asked, "So, are you going to get rid of them now?"

Gerald recalled the cowering thugs and frowned. "Sir, I fear I will only stain my hands by killing those trash that has lost all their will to fight back."

"That's settled then." Jacob waved his hand dismissively. "I need you to arrange a few people to infiltrate them in secret. If that bastard has the desire to harm my family, you can kill him then."

"I don't think they would ever dare to do anything again."

Then, Jacob ordered, "I need you to arrange a few Shadow Rangers to watch them all the time. Kill them if they failed to fulfill their promise on time!"

"Yes, sir," Gerald replied with a bow.

An hour later, the school ended and students came out through the gates of Harleydale Senior High in South Precinct.

A tall and pretty female student hugged a fair-skinned pretty girl as they walked through the gate. The former smiled and said, "Janelle, do you want to go shopping this weekend?"

Janelle Lynch wrinkled her nose and answered, "Cindy, forget it. I'm not in the mood these days."

Cindy frowned. "Are you still staying in your aunt's house?"

"Yes." Janelle waved her hand dejectedly. "My aunt and her family are bad enough! Then, there's their idiot son..."

"What's wrong? Did your perverted cousin do something to you?" Cindy widened her almond-shaped eyes. "Didn't I tell you to kick him if he touches you again... Huh? Janelle, why do you stop walking?"

Jacob stood among the students and looked at his sister with a warm smile.

It had been six years, and the little girl that liked to follow him around had grown into a beautiful young lady.

Janelle stood still near the gate even as other students bumped against her and stared at a direction among in the crowd.

"Janelle? Janelle! What's wrong with you?" Cindy grabbed her best friend and shook her slightly.

Suddenly, Cindy's expression changed. She turned around and slapped away a hand at her waist. "Hey! Don't touch me!"

"Hehe! What a fierce girl!" A delinquent-like male student in Harleydale Senior High uniform laughed.

"No wonder she is a well-known beauty in school. She looks pretty even when fierce!" Another male student laughed mockingly.

“Get lost!” Cindy glared at the two male students before grabbing Janelle’s hand and walked ahead.

The two male students exchanged glances and followed them with a sneer.

However, the male students had only walked a short way when a towering figure blocked their way. They glanced up and saw a man with a cold and stern face.

They took a few steps back and suddenly found Jacob glaring at them. They stood stunned with fear and began to panic.

“Who... Who the heck are you? How... How dare you scare us?”

The two male students bit their lower lips and pulled out daggers from their backpacks before running toward Janelle.

Chapter 6

“You bastards! How dare you harass my master’s sister?” Gerald stood tall like a mountain before the delinquent students and glared at them intimidatingly.

“What... What do you want?”

The delinquents looked at Gerald fearfully and hid their daggers behind them. “I’m warning you. We are Darryl Winston’s subordinates. If you...”

Gerald grabbed the two delinquents by their necks and said with a smirk, “Oh, you are his subordinates. Let’s have a chat in that alley.”

The security guard at the school gate glanced at them.

He recognized the two male students and knew they were delinquents. Thus, he shook his head and turned his face away.

“Janelle!”

Jacob shouted from among the crowd. He was worried that if he did not call out now, his sister’s friend would drag her out of his reach.

Is that really Jacob?

Janelle suddenly wrenched her hand from Cindy and smiled excitedly.

She turned around and looked at the handsome figure among the crowd. She could not contain the excitement in her heart and dashed toward him.

“Huh? Janelle, where are you going?” Cindy blinked bewilderedly.

Soon, Cindy widened her eyes in shock. Janelle has always kept her distance from men. But now, she suddenly flings herself into the arms of a young man. I can see he is handsome, but she doesn't have to be that crazy.

There were still many students near the school gate who saw what happened. The majority of the male students felt their hearts shatter as they saw Janelle hugging another man.

One should know Janelle and Cindy were known as the most beautiful girls in Harleydale Senior High. They attracted numerous young men's attention wherever they went.

Now, they witnessed Janelle who had always kept men at arm's length carelessly flinging herself into the arms of a young man.

Many young men who admired her could not believe what they saw.

“There, there. You are a big girl now. Don't cry.”

Jacob patted Janelle's back gently and spoke softly. The leaders of major forces and organizations in the outland would be shocked if they saw him now.

“I'm not crying!” Janelle protested. However, her eyes were still red as she stepped away from Jacob's arms.

Meanwhile, Cindy blinked bewilderedly before approaching Janelle with an astonished expression. “My goodness! Janelle, are you still the shy girl I knew?”

“Janelle, is she your classmate?” Jacob arched an eyebrow as he glanced at Cindy.

“Yes.” Janelle nodded obediently. Even the usually chatty Cindy became much more demure than usual.

Jacob patted Janelle’s hair and smiled. “Let’s go. I will send you home.”

Home? Janelle’s eyes brightened delightedly.

Cindy’s eyes brightened in surprise as she listened to their conversation. Does Janelle have a brother? Why did she never mention him before?

“Cindy, see you tomorrow!” Janelle held Jacob’s arm and happily waved goodbye to Cindy.

Cindy felt unbearably curious as she watched Janelle and Jacob leave.

Meanwhile, the two delinquents cowered in fear in an alley a few dozen meters from Harleydale Senior High’s gate.

“Sir, please have mercy! We were wrong, and we realize our mistake now!” The two delinquents kneeled on the floor. Their faces turned pale with fear.

They were terrified!

The tall man slammed his fist against the wall, leaving a dent. The delinquents did not dare to imagine what would happen if he punched their heads with that fist. Their brains would have splattered on the street.

Gerald brushed away the dust on his fist and said coldly, “If you wish to live, stay away from that lady from now on.”

Gerald used his bare fists to threaten two underaged students. If organizations in the outland saw this scene, they would be scared out of their minds too.

The two delinquents were stunned for a moment and did not understand who Gerald was talking about.

Luckily, one of them still had some wits and soon guessed that Gerald was talking about Janelle. Thus, he nodded quickly and said, “Sir, don’t worry. We will stay away from Janelle and make sure not to appear in the same places as her!”

“You better do as you say.” Gerald gave the delinquents a cold glare.

Meanwhile, Janelle and Jacob stood under a rowan tree at Rowan Lane.

“Jacob, are you sure you don’t want to head home with me?” Janelle had been confiding her thoughts to Jacob all along the journey home. She arched an eyebrow and wondered why Jacob would not go home.

Jacob glanced at the three-story house. He smiled and caressed Janelle’s hair. “When you get home, tell dad that I have resolved everything. I need you to inform him not to worry.”

Janelle pursed her lips. “You didn’t send any news for six years. Now that you’re back, you still won’t go home...”

After a pause, she began grumbling, “Suzie is mean! You were protecting your girlfriend then...”

“That’s enough. It is getting late. Dad will worry if you still aren’t home.” Jacob interrupted Janelle. “Everyone has their reasons. You should try to understand from their point of view. Anyway, you should head back now.”

“Okay...” Janelle replied and rushed home.

A gentle breeze blew as Jacob sat on the rowan tree’s thick root, watching Janelle disappear into the house.

He had been away for six years, so naturally, he wished he could go home too. However, Suzie was now pregnant and was more hot-tempered than before. Therefore, Jacob did not wish to put his father in a difficult position and decided to temporarily set aside his desire to go home.

Still, Jacob was thankful that he returned on time. If he was late by a couple of days...

His gaze darkened as he thought about what could have happened. He knew he would not be able to accept them.

After a while, he gave a long sigh. The fallen leaves around the rowan tree suddenly floated even though there was no wind.

“Luckily, there is still enough time for everything!” Jacob muttered softly and watched Janelle enter the house before getting up to leave.

He had just reached the opening of the lane when Gerald rushed toward him.

“What’s wrong?” Jacob frowned.

Gerald answered solemnly, “Sir, I just received the news. Your daughter was in an accident!”

He heard a rumbling noise the instant he finished speaking and felt the air shake slightly. Then, he felt a stir of invisible energy around him before the air in a ten-meter radius turned still as if frozen.

At the same time, Jacob’s clothes fluttered in the absence of wind, and his eyes flashed with urgency. “How is my daughter?”

Chapter 7

Gerald’s muscles tensed, and his veins throbbed as Jacob let out waves of oppressing aura. “Sir, your daughter is fine.”

The oppressive aura instantly dissipated.

“What happened?” Jacob furrowed his brow.

Gerald did not bother to wipe the sweat on his forehead as he replied, “It was around half an hour ago. She was walking to a shopping mall with her family when the accident happened. She is alright, but her grandmother fell from fright and fractured her tibia.”

“Thank goodness, she is alright.” Jacob nodded.

Then, he frowned and asked, “A fracture in her tibia? Where is her grandmother now?”

“They are at Newlife Hospital,” Gerald answered briefly.

“Start your engine. We are going to the hospital now.” Jacob waved his hand and headed to a black Land Rover parked at the side of the road.

They arrived at Newlife Hospital's orthopedics ward in half an hour.

There was a faint antiseptic smell in the air as Jacob headed to room number 603 without a word. He had already understood the layout of the ward within a few seconds of reaching here.

Unfortunately, Jacob did not see the little girl he was searching for even as he reached the end of the long corridor.

Jacob headed downstairs straight away.

Then, he turned to Gerald and frowned. "My daughter is not upstairs."

Gerald replied, "Sir, let me search for her!"

"No, that's too inefficient!" Jacob waved his hand.

"Sir, please forgive me for my incompetence!" Gerald looked down in shame. "Please give me three days. After three days, I promise..."

"Gerald." Jacob interrupted Gerald, "Each person has his specialties. I understand intelligence work is a little difficult for you."

Jacob pondered for a while and realized he felt a little restricted in whatever he did here. Thus, his eye brightened with an idea. "Call Jerry and tell him I want to see him tomorrow morning."

"Jerry?" Gerald trembled with excitement. "Understood!"

Jerry Locker was the leader of the Shadow Squad and one of the three major personnel in the Scarlet Dragons. He had astounding assassination techniques and was tremendously skilled in spying and intelligence gathering.

Furthermore, since Jacob called Jerry here, it meant the Scarlet Dragons would have a large-scale operation soon.

Gerald's eyes had a bloodthirsty gleam. Since the master has conquered the four outlands, does this mean he is setting his sight on Central District?

The following morning, Franklin kissed his soundly sleeping wife and pushed a modified electric tricycle out of the house.

The sky had just brightened when he arrived on the pedestrian street. However, there were already people hurrying about.

As he passed by a beauty accessories shop, the female owner greeted him playfully, "Hi, Mr. Lynch! You're here!"

Franklin nodded with a smile before getting down from his tricycle and setting up his stall.

The stall had only a surface area of around two to three square meters. He displayed stockings, cotton socks, gloves, and other daily knick-knacks. On good days, he could earn more than a hundred.

As time passed, the number of passersby grew.

In around three hours since opening, Franklin only managed to earn less than ten coins. Furthermore, he looked a little pale as he could not sleep last night. He kept thinking about his son who had finally returned to Central District but could not go home.

"Mr. Lynch, it seems business is not good today." The owner of the nearby beauty accessories shop came over to chat.

"Yes, it is hard to find business these days!" Gerald nodded sadly.

The shop owner pursed her lips. "Stop pretending, Mr. Lynch! I heard you have a property up for demolition. They must have compensated you at least a million to move away!"

"Huh, that's not true!" Franklin shook his head.

Previously, he fought against moving away because he was worried Jacob could not find them if he returned. Furthermore, the compensation proposed was too meager.

Franklin had spent a million to build that house. Now, the demolisher wanted to buy his house with only five hundred thousand. Based on Paramount's current housing prices, five hundred thousand was not even enough for the down payment of a two-bedroom apartment.

“No way!” The shop owner gave Franklin a sideways glance. “Mr. Lynch, you were a billionaire, so you must still have some property left. I believe even a small portion of what you own is enough for us commoners to live comfortably for a year!”

She paused and continued, “Could it be true that the rich are never satisfied with what they have? Mr. Lynch, you could have lived a comfortable life. Why do you keep working long hours here to earn little money?”

Franklin smiled bitterly and waved his hands in denial. “I am not a billionaire. That is all in the past. Now, I only desire for my family to reunite. Other things...”

However, his expression blanched before he could finish speaking.

The shop owner followed his line of sight and saw thugs coming toward them. She widened her eyes in shock and quickly slipped back into her shop.

“Mr. Kingston, it’s him!” A thug with two snake tattoos on his neck pointed at Franklin. He seemed eager to please Leonard.

Leonard had a black eye patch over his right eye. He glanced at the middle-aged Franklin with his remaining eye and sighed as he came nearer.

“What... What do you want?” Franklin gripped his phone tightly. He was on the verge of panicking but forced himself to appear strong. “I will call the police if you attempt anything!”

The thug with neck tattoos pointed at Franklin’s nose and shouted, “You old bastard, do you know who you are talking to? You want to call the police? Haha, with Mr. Kingston here, we have nothing to be scared of even if the police...”

Leonard’s mouth twitched as he kicked the thug at his waist.

The thug fell to the ground from immense pain. He looked at Leonard bewilderedly. “Mr. Kingston!”

“You have no right to speak here!” Leonard felt unbearable pain in his right eye and gritted his teeth as he scolded the tattooed thug.

Then, he turned to Franklin and said with a smile, “Mr. Lynch, I apologize on behalf of my subordinate for offending you. He is ignorant.”

Franklin was astonished to see a ferocious and bold burly man smiling at him. He nearly rubbed his eyes in disbelief.

Franklin had heard about Leonard’s fearsome reputation. If he had a choice, he would never dare to fight against such a person.

Yet, this ruthless man with powerful connections was behaving with courtesy and humility towards Franklin.

Leonard touched his eye patch and glanced around. Seeing that there was nothing unusual, Leonard decided to get straight to the point.

Thus, he placed a briefcase before Franklin. His subordinates immediately formed a half circle to block him from curious gazes before Leonard kneeled down before Franklin.

“Mr. Lynch, I did not know my place and offended you. Please have mercy and forgive me. I offer this five million as an apology.”

“In a few more days, I will bring you another fifteen million as compensation for putting you through emotional trauma!”

Franklin was stunned as he watched Leonard kneeling to apologize and present him with money. Why is he doing this?

Leonard accepted a heavy briefcase from his subordinate and placed it on the stall. “Mr. Lynch, this is five million. I will pay you another fifteen million in a couple of days.”

What? Five million in cash? He will give me another fifteen million?

Franklin widened his eyes in shock upon hearing Leonard.

Chapter 8

At the Catalina Airport, the largest airport in Avalon.

A large passenger plane flew from the far northern region under the bright blue sky. It landed slowly on the runway at the airport.

A bright red banner was hung in the air at the end of the runway. 'A warm welcome to Willow Milgrim, the President of Draco Chamber of Commerce! Sincerely, Paramount Chamber of Commerce.'

Under the banner stood many smartly dressed members of the Chamber of Commerce.

Soon, the huge plane stopped moving. The door of the plane opened. A young woman dressed in a beige trench coat walked out of the plane.

"Welcome, President Willow! You have taken a long ride here!"

The president of Paramount Chamber of Commerce and CEO of Everwin Group, one of Genovia's top 100 Group of Companies, Benny Fest, quickly stepped forward and stretched out his right hand.

Two young men in black trench coats stood behind the members of Draco Chamber of Commerce.

The person in front looked like a normal person. But he seemed extraordinarily outstanding. Behind him was a handsome and fair-skinned little guy.

When he saw President Willow being warmly welcomed by the rich of Paramount, he could not help but exclaim in awe, "Mr. Locker, when will we get such treatment? How I look forward to it!"

Jerry looked back and glanced at him. "Sure. I will tell the boss later to transfer an IT genius like you to the operations department."

After giving it a thought, the handsome guy shook his head. "Forget it. I'm used to being myself. I don't like dressing up in suits."

Jerry glared at him bitterly. "Then why are you still spouting nonsense? Why don't you think about what you should do later when you meet the boss later? The butler told me last night that the boss wants me to see him early this morning no matter what!"

“Hmm...” The young guy pondered for a moment. Then he clapped his hands and said, “Why don’t we put the blame on President Willow? We could say that we wanted to go see him early this morning, but President Willow insisted we stay with her.....”

“Forget it!” Jerry raised his eyebrows. “Do you plan to offend our source of income and reduce our income? Forget it. I don’t think you are reliable. Luckily, I have already prepared beforehand!”

He led the handsome guy out of the crowd while he spoke.

On the pedestrian, under the scrutiny of every passerby, Leonard Kingston knelt down and bowed his head low until it hit the floor with a loud ‘thud’.

“Mr. Leonard, what... What are you doing? Get up!” Franklin was startled. He jumped up. He was confused about whether he should help Leonard up. His face flushed as he got anxious.

All the gangsters, except Leonard’s subordinates, who stood behind Leonard stared at him with their eyes widened in disbelief.

The dignified and powerful Tiger from the South who had hundreds of loyal gang members had knelt before an old stall owner now!

A guy with such a gang would bully a dozen or more people in a day!

This made his gang members shocked and puzzled. They wondered if the person before them was really Leonard Kingston.

Leonard, who had his knees on the floor, felt extremely aggrieved at that moment.

His hands were stained with the blood of many. The only feelings people had when they heard his name were either fear or respect.

But now, he was actually on his knees in front of a stall owner whom he would have never looked at. He was actually begging him to take his five million and a piece of land worth almost eighty million.

But what other choice did he have? This man had the ruthless Fedrick Lynch who came from afar!

Leonard still could not forget the gory scene that looked like hell yesterday.

This was why he had quickly settled everyone at the gym and brought these documents and five million cash to this street.

However, Leonard had his own reasons too for not being able to fulfill the twenty million he had promised yesterday.

He had to give some condolence money to the thirty or more families of his subordinates who lost their lives last night. Moreover, he had to give some money as a settlement to those who sustained injuries too. It totaled up to a quite hefty sum.

He had spent a total of about ten million, which he had spent two or three years earning.

Leonard was extremely regretful about what had happened in the past twenty-four hours.

Why hadn't he looked into this old businessman before he started this fight? Who would have known that this businessman had such a ruthless son?

He could feel his right eye sting once more when he thought of this.

"Oh, Mr. Kingston, please get up! I can't let you kneel before me!" Franklin was at a loss when he saw The Tiger from the South kneeling before him. He quickly waved his arms in the air helplessly.

"No, I'm not getting up!" The bald man insisted. "Mr. Lynch, I'll only get up after you take this money and sign the documents. If not, I will kneel till death!"

He paused for a while before explaining embarrassedly, "I originally promised you twenty million, but my finances are a bit tight recently... However, don't worry. I will definitely bring you the rest of the money in two days no matter what!"

"Mr. Kingston, I really cannot take this money!"

Franklin frowned hard. He glanced at the documents for two seconds, then quickly continued, "As for the piece of land at Rowan Lane, I can't take it for no reason as well!"

So Franklin had refused him profusely just because it was "for no reason"! Leonard secretly rolled his eyes. He could already feel pain in his knees.

His cheeks twitched as he forced a smile on his face and attempted to persuade him. "Mr. Lynch, why would you say that this is for no reason? My subordinates had almost destroyed your expensive mansion. It is our fault, so please let us compensate you with money and this land!"

"But....." Franklin felt that something was amiss.

"Mr. Lynch, please accept it!" Leonard stood up while he spoke. He took out the documents from his folder and handed it to Franklin.

Franklin was confused, but he still took the pen and signed his name on the document.

"Mr. Lynch, see you in two days!"

Leonard picked up the document and bowed respectfully at Franklin. Then, he turned around to shout at the gangsters behind him, "What are you looking at? Are you not going to scam?"

"Hey..." Franklin returned to his senses shortly after, as he watched the group of people leave.

Then, he glanced at the huge suitcase next to his stall. He shivered slightly when he thought: It's five million in cash! It must be more than ten pounds!

The female owner of the jewelry store nearby walked over. She put on a seductive smile on her long and slim face. "Hello, Brother Lynch, I never expected you..."

Franklin ignored her. He felt guilty as he held the suitcase. This five million felt like a dream to him. It made him uneasy.

Shortly after, he hurriedly tidied up and returned home. He could not decide what to do with the money alone!

Franklin glanced at the lady blankly. Then, he closed his mouth slowly in embarrassment.

Chapter 9

The Pavilion was one of the five-star hotels owned by Paramount.

Jerry gently pushed the mahogany doors of the penthouse suite. He glanced at Gerald Thornton, who stood inside.

Before he could speak, a voice was heard. "Come." The tone was calm, and it did not betray any emotions.

"Oh."

Jerry hummed in response, then glanced at Gerald. Gerald raised his right hand, but his face was still expressionless.

"Hah. As expected from the ruthless butler!" Jerry mumbled softly, lowered his head, and headed into the hall.

"Boss, I'm late! Please punish me!" He knelt on one knee as soon as he entered the hall.

Jacob was seated on the sofa. He cast a nonchalant glance at Jerry. "Are you very busy?"

Jerry raised his head. His eyes darted quickly as he replied with a sly smile. "Boss, since the day you won that huge battle and subdued the four regions..."

Jacob frowned.

Jerry shrank his neck when he saw Jacob's frown. He quickly raised his right hand and said, "Boss, I found the rest of the Blood Thorns members at five this morning."

"The Blood Thorns?" Jacob snorted. The air in the hall suddenly turned stale and chilly.

Jacob narrowed his eyes. There was a sharp and dangerous glint in his eyes as he sneered, "I remember you telling me ten days ago that there were no Blood Thorns members left!"

Thirteen days ago, a powerful and famous secret organization, the Blood Thorns, attacked one of the Scarlet Dragons' subsidiaries in the south. More than 300 lives of the Scarlet Dragons members were lost during that brutal fight.

When the news got to the Scarlet Dragons' headquarters, Jacob was enraged. He brought his men all the way to the Blood Thorns' headquarters and had a blood bath for his revenge!

It was a terrifying scene at the Blood Thorns' headquarters. They even killed the four most powerful killers of the Blood Thorns. The life of the leader in charge of Blood Thorns' headquarters was taken in just three moves.

A short while later, three hundred of the Scarlet Dragons members arrived. A cold-blooded massacre broke out between East and South. The whole place was flooded with blood-thirsty warriors.

Only during dawn eight days ago, significant lead of forces from the East, West, North, and South built allies and raided the headquarters of Scarlet Dragons in the North. At that time, Jacob had swiftly managed his soldiers and fought gallantly. He was immediately acknowledged as the God of Warriors immediately after the war!

After the storm comes the calm. As for the Blood Thorns who had started the war, they were hunted down by Jerry's Shadow Squad until they became history.

But at that moment, the leader of the Shadow Squad, Jerry, who claimed to have wiped off the Blood Thorns, just confessed that some of the Blood Thorns members were alive.

When Jacob heard about this, his originally calm face instantly turned cold. His eyes hardened with a murderous glare.

The Blood Thorns had killed many of his loyal followers whom he called brothers during that war. They were all old followers of his and had been with him long before he became powerful.

When Jacob learned that more than three hundred of his brothers had died during that war, he had went all out and fought with all his might. Ultimately, he managed to kill all his enemies and returned peace to all four precincts.

The air became still instantly in the glamorously decorated hall. A dark, malignant aura could be felt surrounding them.

Jacob, whose eyes burnt with murderous desire, looked at his most capable subordinate, whom he regarded as his brother. His voice seeped with anger as he asked, "Where are the survivors?"

"Boss!" Jerry bowed his head in embarrassment. "After I learnt about their leftover forces, I immediately sent someone out to investigate. We found out in just three hours that..."

"Get straight to the point!" Jacob frowned and continued, "Where are they?"

Jerry lowered his eyes and said, "Princess Street at the West Side of Paramount."

Jacob got up. His coat swayed as he stood up hurriedly.

Jerry blinked and said, "Boss, they are just a few of them. I'll suffice in handling them." Jacob glanced at him and shook his head before he walked to the door.

"Let me lead the way, boss!" Jerry hurriedly stepped forward and opened the door.

Gerald remained silent as he watched the famous leader of the Shadow Rangers trying hard to please Jacob. He quietly followed Jacob out.

As the elevator went down, Jacob gave an order calmly without even looking at Jerry. "I'll give you three days to find out three things."

"Please tell me what it is." Jerry bowed as he answered Jacob.

"Firstly, find out who has been targeting my family since I left six years ago." A flash of solemnness could be seen in his eyes. "Secondly, find out the current situation of the Mondez Family in Paramount."

"The Mondez Family in Paramount?" Jerry raised his eyebrows lightly. "Boss, as far as I know, there are three Mondez family members in Paramount. I wonder which you are referring to."

"Jaylen Mondez." Jacob narrowed his eyes and uttered the name that had bothered him for the past six years.

Back then, Jaylen had pretended to be drunk and teased Jacob's girlfriend. At that time, Jacob was so furious that he stabbed Jaylen in the stomach with a knife.

A murderous intent flashed across Jacob's eyes as he gave out a deep breath. "Thirdly, check out for me whether my girlfriend's death was accidental or planned."

"Yes, boss!" Jerry spoke solemnly. "If I do not manage to find anything about this in three days, I shall jump off this building."

As soon as he finished speaking, the doors of the elevators opened with a ring.

At Rowan Lane, Franklin opened the doors of his house in awe.

Suzie Atwell, who was taking a walk in the yard, spotted her husband pushing his cart into the house. She approached him and asked curiously, "Franklin, why are you so early today?"

Franklin looked back and cast a quick glance at his wife. Then he quickly turned around and closed the door immediately. Before even taking more than two steps away from the door, he turned around once more and locked the door.

"What is wrong with you?" Suzie frowned and chided her husband as she watched his abnormal behavior.

"Suzie, I encountered something weird today. I'm uncertain though if it is good!" Franklin pushed his tricycle as he walked toward Suzie.

Suzie rolled her eyes at her husband. "What do you mean that you're uncertain if it's good?" Franklin took out the huge suitcase from his tricycle. "This is the thing I'm talking about!"

"Hah!" Suzie responded indifferently. "It's just an old suitcase. Are you going to tell me that it's a suitcase full of money?" Franklin blinked innocently. "It's really a suitcase full of money!"

Suzie glared at her husband disdainfully. "I think you're just crazy about money!"

Franklin shook his head. He did not answer Suzie. He picked up the suitcase and brought it in front of his wife and opened it before her. Stacks of bank notes were immediately revealed before them.

"Are they real bank notes?" Suzie exclaimed in surprise.

She paused a while. Then, a disappointed look covered her face. "Did you sell the house?"

"Sell the house?" Franklin shook his head. "Even if I were to sell this house, it wouldn't sell for five million!"

"Five million?" Suzie's eyes widened. "If it isn't money from selling the house, then where did this money come from? Did you rob the bank?"

Franklin was amused by his wife's reaction. "Do you think your husband is capable enough to rob the bank?"

He blinked and waved his hand in the air. Then he continued, "Speaking of which, I'm still a little dazed."

Ding dong!

At this moment, the doorbell rang.

Chapter 10

"Who is it?" Franklin quickly shut the suitcase full of money and shouted anxiously at the door.

"Mr. Lynch, Brother Leonard told us to bring some money over!" A respectfully toned down voice could be heard from outside the door.

Bring some money over? Franklin and Suzie exchanged glances.

Hold on. Franklin widened his eyes. Brother Leonard? Is it Leonard Kingston? But didn't he just give five million?

He held his doubts back, walked over and peeped outside through the crack of the door. After making sure that the people outside were those he had met in the streets just now, Franklin unlocked the door and opened it.

Military Adviser No.2 had taken over the position of the young man with glasses after he died. He cast a glance subconsciously at the big Rowan tree before greeting charmingly, "Hello, Mr. Lynch!"

Franklin looked at the grey suitcases in their hands and asked puzzledly, "What are you doing?"

"Well," Military Advisor No.2 said respectfully. "The money Brother Leonard gave you was short of fifteen million, wasn't it? He just received a sum of money, so he told me to bring it over to you right away."

Short of fifteen million? Suzie, who stood by the entrance and watched, widened her eyes when she heard Military Advisor No.2's words. She thought that she had heard him wrongly.

"Oh..." Franklin, who still hadn't regained his senses yet, waved his hands in the air and said, "No, you don't owe me any money. I have to return you this money!"

When Military Advisor No.2 heard this, his face turned green. "Don't, Mr. Lynch. Brother Leonard said that the money is our compensation towards you. If you don't take them, Brother Leonard will feel very guilty!"

He dropped the suitcase and fled as soon as he finished speaking. If he did not manage to pass Franklin the money and brought it back instead, Leonard will skin him alive!

"Sigh..."

Franklin sighed as he watched Military Advisor No.2 disappear into thin air right before him.

Suzie, who was still at the door, asked her husband excitedly, "Honey, what is going on?"

Franklin bent over and picked up the suitcase on the ground. He looked around to check the surroundings before him before frowning and urging his wife. "Let's go in and talk."

He locked the door upon entering the house. He opened the suitcase. The suitcase was filled with stacks of brand new banknotes.

Suzie's eyes lit up. She asked, "How much is this?"

"One million, I guess." Franklin had been a businessman for many years. He could tell how much money there was with just a glance.

"One million?" Suzie gaped.

If they added this money to the five million they had just gotten just now, it would make up to six million! And the man had said that they were still short of fifteen million... If they had given them one million now, there's fourteen million more?

"Honey, what is going on? Can you hurry up and tell me?" Suzie's face was red from the excitement.

"I'm actually not sure about what's going on either!" Franklin smiled wryly.

A while later, he frowned and sighed. "I was setting up my stall as usual on the streets. Then suddenly, the gangster from the Southern District, Leonard, came over. He knelt before me and begged me to accept his money, as well as this piece of land at Rowan Lane....."

"He knelt down and begged you to take his money and land?" Suzie was shocked. "Has he gone cuckoo?"

"Well, who knows?" Franklin was puzzled. "He said this was to compensate us."

Suzie asked worriedly, "Then are we going to demolish this house?"

"I don't think so?" Franklin replied uncertainly.

He took a short breath and looked at the suitcase in his hand once more. Then, he looked at the suitcase on the floor not far away. He suddenly thought of the documents he had signed earlier. He felt uneasy with how smoothly things have been progressing.

Why would a gangster give him something so valuable for no reason out of the blue?

Jacob, together with Jerry and four other Shadow Rangers, were walking down an old and deserted lane at Paramount's South Precinct. Jacob had a black trench coat on, whereas Jerry was dressed fully in white. The Shadow Rangers were wearing black trench coats as well.

"Boss, they are at the block next door." Jerry jumped over a puddle and pointed at a distance not far away.

A huge 'diagnosis' word was hung outside of the dilapidated building. Jacob frowned. "Are you sure they did not move anymore?"

Jerry paused for a while before answering. "This should be their old lair."

Jacob closed his eyes slightly for a while before slowly opening them again. Then he nodded at the four Shadow Rangers and ordered, "Two of you guard the back. If you see anyone running away, just kill them."

"Yes, my Lord." Two of the Shadow Rangers replied him respectfully. Then, in a flash of lightning, they disappeared into the narrow alley.

The other two Shadow Rangers who stayed back bowed respectfully. "My Lord, let us lead the way!"

Jacob nodded. "Go. Be careful. It seems a little off."

"Yes, my Lord!" The two Shadow Rangers bowed as they answered Jacob.

Approximately five minutes later, a crisp sound of glass shattering could be heard. Glass shards fell all over the ground and two Shadow Rangers fell from the sky.

Jerry's face twitched. "Boss?"

As soon as his voice fell, swooshes were heard. Three figures in red appeared before them.

Jerry frowned as he looked at those three figures. They looked exceptionally strong, with veins popping out of their arms.

Suddenly, flute music sounded from somewhere in the streets.

After the three red figures heard the sound of the flute, they trembled slightly. Then, their eyes reddened as they ran toward Jacob and Jerry.

"Are you going to do it? Or should I do it?" Jacob glanced at Jerry. Jerry's face had darkened slightly. A sharp glint flashed across his eyes. "I'll do it!"

Then, he moved swiftly like a gust of wind. He gave the three red figures a loud slap each.

He used so much strength that dust filled the surrounding air. The sounds of fists could be heard shortly after, mixed with a few painful roars, as well as the music from the flute.

"Swoosh."

A gust of wind blew. Jerry, who could barely catch his breath, appeared before Jacob.

"Boss, these three guys are powerful. They are of almost the same level as Aaron!" Jerry stared at the three red figures not far away. He looked solemn.

Then, the sound of the flute was heard once again. Jacob ordered, "Yes, their tactics are more or less of Thodo's, but they are crueller."

He turned around and waved at Jerry. "You try to stop these three guys. I will go and find their ringleader."

Before he could finish himself, he was brought into the air.

“Where are you going?”

Jerry roared with a low voice. Then he stomped his foot and released three of his arrows into the air. “Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!” Three swooshes later, the three red Shadow Ranger landed on the ground, hurt.

Jerry landed softly on the ground. He raised his eyebrows and asked arrogantly, “You’ll have to get my permission if you want to leave!”

“Roar!”

The sound of the flute was heard again. The three figures in red suddenly looked up at the sky and roared.

Their skin looked bright red, as if blood was flowing outside of their bodies.

“Mr. Locker...” One of the Shadow Ranger stepped forward and offered. “I can settle two of them at once.”

Jerry waved his hand in the air. “It’s alright. It’ll be just a short fight. Both of you can be on standby.”

The sound of the flute became hastier and hastier. The three red figures immediately moved their feet and leaped into the air.

“Swoosh!”

After a short while, Jerry suddenly appeared above the head of one of the enemies.

“Get down!” Jerry clapped the swirling air in between his palms to stop it.

“Bang!”

The airflow turned back to normal, and the four figures landed softly on the ground.

“Sob.....”

A sad melody of the flute sounded, then stopped abruptly. The three red figures suddenly froze with the paused flute melody.

Not long later, a black cloud was seen in the air. Jacob walked out from the black cloud. He waved his hand, and a loud noise emerged. It sounded like flesh dropping onto the ground. The next second, Jerry saw the figure from just now.

“Bravo, boss!”

Jerry squealed and rushed over.

A while later, another black cloud approached them once more. Someone was standing on the black cloud.

“Boss!”

Jerry sighed, then stepped forward.

Chapter 11

Jerry looked at the people held captive by Jacob. He pursed his lips and asked, “Is he the mastermind?”

He was very thin, to the extent that he looked frail and dead.

“Careful, this person is a little weird.” A hint of uneasiness flashed across Jacob’s eyes.

“Boss, what about these three?” Jerry pointed at the three red figures not long away.

Before he could let go, the three red figures, initially frozen at their own spots, suddenly moved. They moved as fast as lightning toward them.

“So good at pretending...” Jacob cast a glance at the man in Jerry’s arms.

He raised his knife. The blade flickered under the light, and Jacob sliced it in the air.

Within the next second, the three huge red figures were sliced into six sections.

The pungent stench of blood could be smelt in the air. The figure in Jerry's arms opened his eyes and spat a massive mouthful of blood.

Jacob frowned, turned around, and left.

Jerry held his nose with one hand and ordered his subordinates. "I'll leave this place for you to clean up."

It stinked so much! It was like the smell of corpses being exposed under the sun for three days.

A few moments later, a Shadow Ranger came over and whispered into Jerry's ear. Jerry smiled, walked before the Shadow Ranger, and disappeared into the dark.

The next second later, Jerry appeared before that person.

Half an hour later, at a corner in a deserted building.

"Did you say that your name was Rose?" Jerry had a sharp dagger in his hand. He gave her a strange look as he glanced at the thin figure lying on the ground in a pool of blood.

"Spat..."

Rose spat at the floor. There was blood in her saliva. Although she looked pale, there was still light flickering in her small eyes. "You better let me go if you don't want to die in an ugly state!"

"What if I don't let you go?" Jerry flicked his wrist and played with his dagger.

"Well, if you anger my cult leader, you will taste death!" Rose snickered.

"Do you think that my dagger is not sharp enough?" Jerry smiled maliciously. "Would you like to dare me to slice your flesh off right now?"

Jacob walked out from the side and asked, "What is your relationship with Aaron Arthur?" Rose glanced at him sideways and twitched her eyebrows. She ignored him.

Jerry became furious. He sliced off a piece of flesh from Rose's arm. It was as big as an adult's finger.

"Mmm..."

Rose gritted her teeth and moaned in pain. However, hatred still filled her eyes as she replied fiercely, "My cult leader will never let you get away with this!"

"Idiot!" Jacob snorted coldly. A huge and fierce energy enveloped him and surged into his body.

The next second, there was a heat wave in the air. Rose's facial features twisted and became disfigured. All the blood vessels in her body burst.

A few seconds later, his body emitted hot air. It was so hot that if Rose fell into the water, all the water on her would have evaporated at once.

"Hah! So do you know now how powerful we are?" Jerry flicked his knife once more.

"Okay, okay. I'll speak!" Rose breathed out a huge mouthful of hot air. She said in a weak voice, "I offended the elders in the cult twelve years ago. That is why I'm hiding here."

Jerry glared with his eyes wide open. "Is that it? Then why did his subordinates come to find you?"

"I don't know either!" Rose shook her head. "I have only seen Aaron two years ago."

She sighed and continued, "Those three figures wanted me to help them avenge Aaron. I did not entertain them, so they continued to bug me. In the end, they were so annoying that I had no choice but to... practice with the three of them."

"Just like that?" Jerry was dumbfounded.

He thought that he had found a huge secret about the Blood Thorns. But now, it was just an empty hope that had wasted half of their day.

He kept his dagger, and walked towards Jacob. "Boss, what should we do now? I think she is speaking the truth."

Rose, who was lying on the ground, clenched her fists tightly.

The Cruor Sect.....

Jacob eyes were calm. Suddenly a cold light flashed across the bottom of his eyes. "Jerry, I remember you telling me that the Cruor Sect always had funds that went missing every year."

"Boss, what do you mean?" Jerry tilted his head and looked at Rose.

The look on Rose's face changed instantly. She initially looked weak, but she had turned energetic and dashed towards the window the next second.

"There's no way you're getting away!" Jerry snorted and chased after Rose.

A blazing fire burnt the air as it flew towards Rose, and penetrated into her body.

Rose trembled. She turned around and cursed viciously, "The cruor sect will never let you go!"

She still refused to lose her will even when she was about to die!

Jerry, who had chased after her, had a sullen look on his face. The next second later, Rose who had a hole through her chest, fell limp.

Jacob watched Rose's corpse. He frowned and turned around slowly. Then he swept his sleeves and walked down the stairs.

Jerry looked at his work. He raised his eyebrows. His eyes were full of menacing light. "The cruor sect? Hah! I will show you what I can do sooner or later!"

At the same time, at Rowan Lane, in the hall of the Lynch Residence.

Franklin and Suzie stared at the huge stacks of bank notes before them. They had remained in this posture for more than ten minutes already.

Even if they had this amount of money a few years back, it was a grand sum too.

“Honey, am I dreaming?” Suzie exclaimed in awe as she watched the stacks of banknotes before her.

Franklin, who had been a multi-millionaire for several years, slowly recovered from the excitement.

He gently glanced at Suzie, his wife, and spoke guiltily, “Suzie, I have made you suffer for the past two years!”

“What nonsense are you spurring? You are my husband!” Suzie rolled her eyes at her husband.

With a twinkle in her eyes, she asked her husband for the hundredth time. “Are all this money really ours now?”

Franklin could not speak his mind when he saw the anticipated look on his wife’s face.

After keeping quiet for a moment, he quickly nodded and answered, “Well, if Leonard does not regret it and ask for it back, it will be ours!”

“It’s six million!” Suzie smiled brightly.

After a moment of silence, she frowned and spoke in a coquettish voice, “But why did Leonard offer us such gifts?”

“I don’t know.” Franklin smiled bitterly. Suddenly a familiar young face appeared in his mind.

At the same time, Suzie was thinking too. The Lynch family would never be able to do this, the only person capable of doing this was from her own family.

Ding Dong!

At this time, Suzie’s phone rang. She picked it up and took a look at it. Her eyes immediately lit up. The person she was thinking about was here.

“Cousin.”

Suzie smiled sweetly at her.

Cousin?

Jacob's frown deepened.

At this moment, a crisp ringtone of a mobile phone was heard.

"Cousin?" Suzie stared at her phone screen. Her mouth was slightly opened in awe.

Chapter 12

"Aww, honey, do tell me about it..."

Suzie's eyes brightened a bit. "Could it be because of my cousin? He knew about our family. He helped us too..."

"That call will end soon if you don't answer it." Franklin waved his hand in the air nonchalantly.

The man was just one of the secretary in the Paramount Chamber of Commerce. How could he possibly help?

As soon as she answered the call, she asked sweetly. "Cousin, how are you so free today to call me?"

Jacob's good mood immediately went to the dumps when he witnessed his wife talking over the phone happily to another guy.

As soon as he exited the hall, he waved his hand and mumbled gently.

"Hah! She's just a little face who got stuck in the door!"

Although it was rude to say so, but it was sufficient to express his thoughts.

Just as he was contemplating whether to eavesdrop their conversation, a strong whiff of fragrance could be smelled, and his wife ran out.

"Honey, honey!" Suzie smiled brightly. She waved the phone in her hand and exclaimed proudly, "My cousin said that he was the one who told them to send the money over!"

“How is that possible?” Franklin did not believe Suzie’s words.

That rascal was avaricious. How would he be willing to let someone have six million when he could have twenty million for himself?

“Do you mean that my cousin is a liar?” Suzie’s face darkened. “Franklin, how could you mistake my own cousin that way? He was just trying to lend us a hand!”

“Oh, Suzie! I don’t mean that!” Franklin quickly explained when he saw his wife getting angry. “I mean, it’s a huge amount. It’s six million, not six thousand. Why would your cousin be so nice to us all of a sudden without any reason?”

“Gah!” Suzie raised her head proudly and said, “My cousin and I grew up together!”

She blinked and bit her lip. She said doubtfully, “But it’s quite right too. Even if his wife was from a rich family, it’s six million...”

Franklin could no longer hold himself back anymore. “Suzie, do you think that Leonard could have changed his mind because of Jay?”

“What do you mean?” Suzie’s face darkened. She looked extremely disturbed. “I will give you another chance to rephrase what you mean.”

Franklin said scornfully, “Well, I mean, it has been such a long time since we had any news about your cousin. He must have become very successful now. If not, the gangsters would not have offered him so much money and land.”

“Of course!” Suzie agreed proudly. “He was nominated as the director of the Paramount Chamber of Commerce last month because of his excellent performance!”

Franklin frowned. Last month? Are they still in contact with each other?

“I’m going to prepare dinner.” He turned around abruptly and went downstairs.

“Hmph!”

Suzie wrinkled her nose as she watched her husband heading downstairs. "Well, I don't like you talking about your son too. So what if you don't like me talking about my cousin?"

At the same time, two Shadow Rangers had stopped a young man in a suit and leather shoes under the big Rowan tree. "Who are you looking for?"

"Who are you?" The young man raised his head slightly and challenged the shadow rangers. "Don't you know who I am?"

The Shadow Ranger who stood on the left said coldly. "Unauthorized people are not allowed to trespass!"

"Is this your home?"

The young man glared at him sideways and chided, "What can you do if I insist on going in?"

The Shadow Ranger on the right did not speak. He only took out a dagger and threw it out casually. The blade of the dagger poked into the tree trunk with a 'plop'.

The young man swallowed his saliva hard. He looked afraid. He shrank his neck embarrassedly. "It's a misunderstanding! Just a misunderstanding! I've mistaken the wrong house. Goodbye!"

The man disappeared in the blink of an eye. The two Shadow Rangers exchanged glances. They shook their heads and disappeared right that instant too.

The young man, who was already in the alley, glanced back in fear.

He reached into his coat and felt the envelope filled with a thick stack of cash. He pursed his lips embarrassedly. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. He looked like a weasel who had just stolen a chicken. Then, he got into a car parked at the side of the road happily.

At The Pavilion. In the VVIP suite.

"Boss!" Jerry pushed the door open. "I just received news that someone is hiring a driver for my niece."

Hiring a driver for my daughter? Jacob, who was seated on the carpet, slowly opened his eyes. "Who?"

Jerry simply replied. "Moir Thornborough."

Moir Thornborough? Jacob frowned.

A while later, the picture of a young girl with two thick braids appeared in his mind.

Naeve Warren's cousin, who likes to follow us? The pretty, quick-witted and carefree girl?

Jacob smiled. How much resentment did he have towards her in the past?

However, it was understandable that he despised her back then. She had always ruined the atmosphere between him and his girlfriend when they were on a date.

If she wasn't the closest cousin his girlfriend had back then, he would have paid a huge sum of money to get her kidnapped.

He smiled gently as he recalled the memories he had from the past.

"Boss?" When Jerry saw the strange expression on his boss' face, he called out to Jacob anxiously.

Jacob quickly regained his cool when he heard Jerry. "Why is Moir hiring a driver for my daughter? Because her grandfather injured his foot?"

Jerry nodded.

After a while later, he continued. "One more thing. About half an hour ago, one of the officers from the Paramount Chamber of Commerce sent someone to Rowan Lane.

"Who? What did they do there?" Jacob had a cold look on his face.

Jerry dropped his hands to the side and glanced at him. "That person's surname is Chegg. He went to your place... That cousin... According to our investigation, he brought some money over. But the Shadow Rangers stopped him before he could enter the house."

Cousin? A cold glint flashed across Jacob's eyes.

After a moment of silence later, he waved his hand. There was a cold look on his face. "Unauthorized people are not allowed to get near my house."

"Okay, Boss." Jerry bowed his head.

A while later, he raised his head and spoke slowly through his gritted teeth. "Boss, there is something else I'd like to report to you. But you cannot get agitated about it."

"Don't beat around the bush. Tell me." Jacob closed his eyes slowly and took a deep breath.

Jerry took a deep breath too before he started to speak slowly. "According to the investigation done by the Shadow Rangers, as well as my inference, there is something off about Ms. Warren's death!"

"I knew it!"

The air froze at that instant. Jacob stood up abruptly. There was a dangerous and murderous look in his eyes. It was as if he was about to devour someone up at that moment!

"What did you say?" Jacob widened his eyes. Anger could clearly be sensed erupting from his being.

Chapter 13

The Presidential Suite, initially brightly lit and elegantly furnished, suddenly felt like it was plunged into a dark and stormy evening.

"Tell me everything!" Jacob's face was emotionless. His narrowed eyes glinted with a steel cold glare, making Jerry shudder.

Bracing himself, he summoned all the strength he could muster to respond. "My niece's mother..."

"She's Mrs. Lynch!" Jacob interrupted as he withdrew his intimidating aura from the room.

Being able to breathe better, Jerry nodded quickly to agree with his boss. "Yes, Mrs. Lynch."

Before he could finish his narration, the door swung open and one of the bodyguards peeked in. "Sir, President Willow is here."

Jacob scrunched his brows together for a moment, before waving his hand to signal them to let her in.

Soon, the door swung wider as Willow strutted in, dressed in her royal purple evening gown.

"Sir!"

Willow was the president of Draco Chamber of Commerce and was invited to a dinner event hosted by the Paramount Chamber of Commerce that was held for her, but she remained respectful in Jacob's presence.

"Thank you for your efforts." Jacob nodded back at his liege as a sign of acknowledgement. "This hotel looks good; we should consider purchasing it."

Willow raised her eyebrows. "I agree. The Chamber requires a location to operate from too."

"You should rest soon if you have nothing else to do." Jacob tapped on his chin lightly as he observed her.

Willow glanced at Jerry. "Sir, I have a few ideas about how Draco Chamber of Commerce can break into Paramount's market..."

"We can talk about this tomorrow." Jacob raised his hand to stop her.

Should I inform him that this would involve billions in investments?

Willow exhaled slowly as she came to a decision. "Yes, Sir. Thank you for your concern – I shall leave now."

Jerry could smell the scent of her perfume even after she had left, leaving him alone with Jacob.

“Continue.” Jacob instructed Jerry, who straightened up immediately to continue with his narration. “Mrs. Lynch had a close friend who she met up with often before she gave birth.”

Alvina? I don’t recall Naeve mentioning this name. Jacob rolled his eyes up, pondering about the name.

“They took one and a half hours to arrive at the hospital, which was unusually long. The route should’ve taken them merely 40 minutes to arrive, and there weren’t any reported cases of traffic congestion.” Jerry continued slowly, all the while observing Jacob’s expression.

“Why wasn’t she warded since she knew that she was going to give birth?”

“She insisted on giving birth to the child despite her family’s protests. Estranged, she didn’t have much finances to stay in the hospital ward.”

Jerry watched as Jacob’s face fell in realization of this revelation.

Naeve was born with a silver spoon. She was a university student when she carried her child, but even so, she was willing to give up a life of comfort to keep her child. Without a man to protect her, she had to learn how to take care of herself and the child she was carrying despite never having a bad day in her life. Why did it take Naeve more than one hour to arrive at the hospital? Giving birth is a dangerous event – could she have died due to the delay? If only I was with her!

Jerry stuttered as he watched Jacob’s face scrunch up in agony.

“Spit it out!” Jacob growled when he realized Jerry was holding back his report.

“Mrs. Lynch applied to defer her studies for one year so that she could take care of her child well, but the university expelled her instead.”

Jacob felt his anger rumble from deep within him, and when he smashed his hand down, the carpet cracked into pieces from the force of the crash.

“Damn it!” His eyes were bulging with anger.

Naeve cared deeply for her studies because her family had high expectations of her, and because she had poured her heart and soul into it. And yet, she gave up her sacrifice and broke her parents' expectations of her so that she could keep her child!

Jacob clenched his jaw in frustration and remorse when he thought about how much discrimination Naeve must have endured.

Ding...

Jacob exhaled slowly as he pulled his phone out and glared at the screen.

Seeing that it was his father, he smothered his anger. "Yes, Father?"

"Someone sent money home today." Franklin whispered as he glanced around from Rowan Lane's top floor.

Jacob squeezed his eyes shut in an effort to keep his tone even. "I know that. I won't allow them to disturb you in the future, alright? I have something to deal with here. Shall we talk tomorrow?"

"Um, okay..." Franklin nodded, but he frowned as soon as he hung up on the phone call. Does that mean my wife's cousin managed to climb his way up and is contending with the big shots?

Meanwhile, Jacob lowered his phone slowly. His cold eyes bore into Jerry. "Are you implying that Alvina has something to do with Naeve's death?"

Jerry nodded. "According to my analysis, she must've had a hand in Mrs. Lynch's demise."

"I don't want conjectures! I want only the truth!" Jacob growled.

"Boss, give me another eight hours. I will uncover the truth!" Jerry vowed as he lowered his gaze.

Jacob took a deep breath in to calm down, before responding, "You have twenty-four hours to show me what happened all those years ago."

"Your wish is my command, sir!"

A ponderous silence muted their conversation. "You may go now," Jacob offered out of a sudden. "Prepare a car for me tomorrow and send one of the Shadow Rangers with us."

"Sir, what do you intend to do?"

Jacob leaned back. "Moirra wanted to employ a driver for my daughter. We need to make sure that I get the role, so kindly prepare the necessary background documents for me too."

Jerry could not believe his ears. Why would the boss want to work as a personal chauffeur?

Eventually he nodded, indicating that he understood his assignment.

The night was inky dark and the silence was only punctuated by the rustling of leaves by an occasional breeze. The dust on the floor of an abandoned tower swirled unnaturally as an incorporeal shadow drifted in.

The wind howled in agony as the shadow shuttled through the tower, before stopping at one of the floors. If someone stared hard enough through the dim moonlight shining through the cracks, they would see a slender person dressed in crimson sheathed within the swirling shadows.

As the shadows dissipated, an orange-red fire blossomed in the person's hand, casting the room in an eerie red light, which revealed the bloodbath that had happened only recently.

A scream of agony pierced the night as the crimson-dressed person unleashed their pain. "Who did this? Who killed my disciples? Who dares defile the Cruor Sect? I will flay you and break every bone in your body!"

Chapter 14

"What is your name?"

"Eustace Mooney."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."

“Do you own a car?”

“I own a Buick Envision.”

“Why do you want to be a chauffeur with us?”

Moira shut the document that she was reading, questioning the man with raised eyebrows. They were seated in a recruitment agency in the western region of the city.

Why does this man look familiar?

Jacob, on the other hand, could not believe his eyes. There is no way Naeve’s cousin could grow up to be such a beautiful woman! Furthermore, she looks almost identical to Naeve! Could it have been because the two of them hung out very often?

Moira returned the stare as she tapped impatiently on the desk. “Mr. Mooney, kindly answer my question.”

Snapping out of his nostalgia into the present, Jacob was thankful that he remembered that he was in an interview for a job. “Doing a nine-to-five took too much out of me. I just want a simple job.”

Moira lowered her gaze back to the document in her hands. “Mr. Mooney, you are the perfect candidate. In fact, you are beyond our expectations, however...”

Jacob looked at her quizzically.

He crafted the perfect resume so that he could get the job for certain and even had Jerry take care of the other two candidates who had excellent resumes too.

Jerry had either offered them a better job, or a small sum for their efforts.

If these methods failed, they would have to try the final trick up their sleeves – to utilize their connections.

Moira’s eyes glinted with mischief. “As you know, jobs like these are easy, which means that you are competing against many other candidates....”

Did she learn how to haggle and negotiate within these short years? Jacob sighed as he observed Moira's neat features and clear, porcelain-like skin. "I don't need a high salary to live comfortably."

"That's wonderful." Moira grinned without mirth and quickly returned to her usual unemotional demeanor. "You will be paid two thousand and eight hundred without any accommodation and food. You will work on Mondays to Fridays from seven thirty in the morning until three in the afternoon. On the weekends, we expect you to keep your phone close. You will be on call. If you agree to these conditions, shall you start tomorrow?"

Jacob had to suppress his bubbling joy as he nodded with a smile. "I agree."

I saved eight hundred! Moira rejoiced in secret, before adding, "I nearly forgot. You have a final test. Send me to the hospital now."

Jacob winced. I guess the proverb was right. Don't count your chickens before they hatch.

However, Jacob's wish came through one hour later. He passed the final test when they arrived at Naeve's father's hospital ward.

Jacob smiled to himself as he observed his daughter, who was peeking out at him from behind her grandmother. We will get to know each other very well soon, my daughter!

Having his eyes screwed tight upon his daughter was his folly, for he had forgotten to observe Naeve's parents' medical condition. This would come back to bite him in the butt later!

A meeting of the minds was held in one of the conference rooms on the twenty-seventh floor of the Paramount Police Bureau where the Ministry of Defense was situated. Despite the small number of people in the room, each of the attendees held high positions in their departments.

A curvaceous young woman, who wore elegantly designed spectacles, was hosting the meeting. Despite her beauty and the calm aura she carried, the reflected glow from the projector screen illuminated her with an eerie glow.

As she gestured, brutal crime scene photographs appeared on the screen behind her.

“The thirteenth police bureau in the southern region received a tip and cracked down on an illegal abattoir twenty-seven hours and thirty minutes ago.” The girl reported flatly with her face tightly drawn.

“As they were collecting evidence on the management of the abattoir, they found a mound of dead bodies. Even though there were fourteen heads that were at the scene, efforts to compose the bodies of the deceased have failed as the body parts were in small pieces.”

The Head of the Ministry of Defense, who was seated at the middle of the conference desk, looked away from the gruesome images and around the room at his colleagues. “This is the worst massacre Paramount has seen since its advent!”

The young woman revealed another photo.

“Dear sirs, kindly take note. One-and-a-half hour earlier, there was another body discovered in an abandoned house in the southern region. The body showed signs of traumatic torture and dismemberment. The victim is a doctor from a nearby district.”

She turned away, seemingly to wipe something away from her eye.

“Although these cases seem unrelated, after a series of investigations and after going through more than 48 hours of surveillance footage, we found some suspects.”

A picture of two people appeared on the projector screen.

“The suspects arrived at Paramount via a plane flight 63 hours and 10 minutes ago. According to initial reports, one of the men is Jacob Lynch, an outlaw who is on the run after assaulting his victim with a weapon.”

“He committed assault with a weapon? Isn’t it easy to solve this situation? Capture him, and the case is closed.” One of the supervisors from the Ministry of Defense piped up.

“The victim’s kin did not make a report against him.”

An unsettled silence filled the room once the supervisors heard what she had said.

Glancing at his subordinates, the head of the Ministry of Defense rapped the desk to capture their attention. "Why are we discussing these men? Who are they?"

"We have a problem. According to reports, the younger suspect is the leader of the Scarlet Dragons. The other one is a well-known murderer abroad."

Although a few of the supervisors could not hide their surprise, the head of the Ministry of Defense did not falter. "Are you referring to the Scarlet Dragons who have been raising hell in the east and the south?"

"Yes!" When she puffed her chest out in pride, the buttons on her top strained to hold the fabric together."

After a short silence, the head of the Ministry of Defense nodded. "Are you certain that the cases are related to both of these men?"

"We are fairly certain that these suspects are involved in these cases. Either that, or the Scarlet Dragons did it! But..." The girl winced. "We don't have any evidence that they committed the crime."

The head of the Ministry of Defense frowned. That's not good. If they were to arrest the leader of Scarlet Dragons without evidence that they committed the crime, it was akin to dropping an atomic bomb onto Paramount. This organization managed to incite a civil war between two regions!

The girl's eyebrows shot up as she listened in on the report that was sent to her earpiece. The head of the department watched as she took a sharp breath of shock.

"Sir! There is a report of another massacre!"

Chapter 15

Jacob jumped into his two-day-old car once the day broke and rushed to his girlfriend's house.

Ten minutes later, a well-dressed woman appeared, with a little girl tottering behind her.

“You’re early!” Moira exclaimed, as she nodded with approval, but Jacob’s attention was with the little girl.

Squatting down, he extended his hand to the girl, who was still rubbing the sleep crumbs out of her eyes. “Good morning, my princess!”

The girl gripped her aunt’s hand tighter and turned away.

“Apologies, Mr. Mooney. She doesn’t want to go to kindergarten.”

Moira explained as she squatted down to the child’s level. “You promised me, right? Be a good girl and call him Mr. Mooney.”

The girl squirmed unhappily before turning back to him. “Mr. Mooney.”

“Aye!” Jacob celebrated.

He put her into the car and got into the driver’s seat. As he drove, whenever he peeked at the little girl through the rear-view mirror, he felt like he would melt into a puddle of love.

When he pulled up at the kindergarten, Jacob felt like time flew past too quickly.

Jacob turned around and pretended to ask casually, “What is your name?”

Moira paused for a moment. “Her name is Heidi Lynch.”

Heidi Lynch? Thank you for your persistence and your gift, my love! Jacob’s eyes lit up, but he quickly looked down to hide his joy.

Moira contemplated him for a moment before opening the car door to get out. “Come on, Heidi. Class is starting soon!”

“I don’t like kindergarten!” The girl pouted, but slowly wiggled out of the car.

Jacob took a deep breath to calm down, before getting out of the car as well.

There were cars littered around the entrance as parents dropped their children off at the kindergarten.

A loud honk rang out suddenly, startling Heidi. She tripped and nearly fell over.

Jacob turned towards the unhappy looking young man in the black car behind his Buick Envision.

“Don’t be afraid, Heidi! Go on, class is starting soon!” Moira held her hand tightly as she guided the child into the kindergarten.

She took a few steps before pausing and asking the child, “What should you say now?”

Heidi turned around at Jacob and waved at him with her tubby arms. “Goodbye, Mr. Mooney!”

“Goodbye, Heidi!” Jacob beamed at the child, but his smile fell when he heard a car door slam.

Turning around, he saw the man striding towards him angrily.

“Are you deaf? Are you blind? Can’t you see that there is traffic congestion?” He hurled his insults even before closing the distance between them.

Jacob looked at his car quizzically. He neither parked in the middle of the road, nor was the road a major highway.

Jacob waited until Moira handed his daughter to a young teacher before allowing a cruel and sharp expression to fall onto his features.

“What are you looking at, dummy? I’m talking to you!” The young man was dressed casually, but his gold wrist watch caught the sunlight and was causing a glare.

Squinting, Jacob winced at the man. “Hey man, this is a kindergarten. Be careful with your language.”

“Damn your kindergarten!” The youth swore in defiance.

Jacob glared at the man, and shifted his weight. As if by magic, he pivoted on a foot and sent a fist into the man's guts.

The youth coughed in shock and pain as his legs gave way, and he crumpled into a heap.

"How dare you hit my husband?! I'll make you pay for it!" A plump woman screamed as she wiggled out of the black car.

Jacob grimaced at the woman as she flexed her arms, displaying her bejeweled fingers, then he saw a tubby boy get out of the car as well. Jacob's grimace sharpened into a murderous glare, which stopped the plump lady in her stride. As her face twitched nervously, her make-up fluttered down to the ground.

Raising his hands, Jacob offered a resolution. "Let's not teach the wrong thing to the next generation."

Moira observed the two figures at the entrance of the kindergarten questioningly after sending Heidi off. "What happened?"

"Nothing."

"Don't make trouble." Moira cautioned as she got into the car.

Noticing her chauffeur standing outside the car, she rolled the window down and raised her eyebrow at him. "What are you doing? Send me to the office! I'm going to be late!"

Jacob frowned and shook his head as he got into the car.

The woman watched as Jacob drove away before approaching her husband. "Are you okay, hubby?"

"Damn it! That man would have punctured my guts with his punch!" He rubbed his stomach as he got up slowly onto his feet.

"I will make a police report against him! How dare he hit you?" The woman seethed, but the man merely glared at his wife.

“What? The man is gone! What are you going to do? Do you even know him?”

“I know that!”

“That lady is my classmate’s aunt. I met her yesterday too!” The plump child’s face was animated as he explained.

“And that man must be the chauffeur. Hm! How dare he hit me?! I will not let this go!” The youth glared at the receding car.

Jacob dropped Moira at the Financial Center in the western region of the city thirty minutes later.

“Remember to pick Heidi up at three thirty!” Moira reminded Jacob as she got out of the car.

“Okay.”

Moira watched as the car slipped into the traffic and grinned to herself. I’ve managed to save on traveling too!

Meanwhile, Jacob glimpsed at the slim figure through his rearview mirror and felt his grin widen.

Glancing at his watch, he realized that he had time to drop by at his sister’s place to check on his father’s reaction after receiving money yesterday.

Jacob weaved through the famous metropolitan traffic along the wide highways.

As he turned a corner into a less congested highway, a car sped onto the road and swerved to a stop perpendicularly against the flow of the highway.

Jacob frowned at the ‘Ministry of Defense’ splayed out on the side of the car.

His phone suddenly began to ring.

Glancing at his phone, he saw Jerry’s name on the screen.

Meanwhile, another black and white car screeched out of an alley along the highway.

Chapter 16

Jacob stepped on the emergency brake when he noticed a car parked horizontally, blocking his way. He answered the phone call calmly, "What's the matter?"

"Boss." Jerry's voice sounded on the phone. "I just received news that Paramount Police Bureau's Ministry of Defense is targeting you. Please wait a moment."

A few seconds later, Jerry continued, "Boss, has someone from the Ministry of Defense come to see you?"

Jacob looked at 'Ministry of Defense' written on the car before him and nodded. "Yes."

Then, he glanced into the rearview mirror and saw a black and white car blocking his path of retreat.

"Do you want me to deal with them?" Jerry asked.

"No." Jacob arched an eyebrow and ended the call.

A burly man stepped out of the Ministry of Defense's car fully armed. He looked alert as he came to Jacob's car and shouted, "Put your hands where I can see!"

Jacob sensed at least three guns aimed in his direction and had no choice but to place his hands on the steering wheel.

The burly man looked into Jacob's car and saw nothing unusual. Then, he ordered, "Get out of the car!"

Jacob arched his eyebrow slightly and glanced out of the window before opening the car door.

The burly man gripped his gun tightly and pointed it at Jacob's temple. "Put your hands on your head and kneel!"

“Shut up!”

Jacob mumbled as his eyes flashed with a cold gleam. His figure suddenly flickered and reappeared in front of the burly man before snatching the gun from his hand and shaking it.

Soon, the gun broke apart and fell to the ground. There were also a few yellow-colored bullets littered among the gun parts.

Suddenly, a sniper fired a shot from a distance, sending a bullet silently toward Jacob. Jacob squinted his eyes and moved to dodge it. A loud bang ensued, and a crater the size of a ping pong ball appeared on the ground.

Then, the burly man began attacking Jacob again. He pulled out a dagger from his belt and slashed it toward Jacob.

Jacob sneered as he grabbed the wrist of the man’s dagger-wielding hand. At the same time, he slapped the burly man with his free hand.

A muffled slap sounded. The burly man widened his eyes as his body shot up into the air and turned a wide circle with Jacob’s grip on his wrist acting as a fulcrum.

Pop! Pop! The burly man groaned, and two bullets dropped from his body onto the ground.

Meanwhile, an armored car with the word ‘Ministry of Defense’ parked in a nearby alley. A middle-aged man with vigor in his eyes, gray-streaked hair, and dressed in a gray special combat suit sighed. “As expected of the leader of a large-scale organization whose power spans multiple domains. He can face an army alone and is unbelievably strong!”

Jacob stood in the middle of the road and threw the burly man about eight meters away. Then, he stepped aside to dodge a sniper bullet before shaping his hand like a sword and waving it.

Swoosh! The air tore apart with a boom, forming a white wave which grew in size as it rushed toward the car blocking the middle of the road and sliced through it like a blade.

In the blink of an eye, a loud crack sounded, and the car broke into two in the middle.

Jacob heard the panicked voices in the car and commanded, "Send me someone who has decision-making power."

A short silence ensued before a small team of Special Forces soldiers rushed out, fully armed from both ends of the road.

Jacob narrowed his eyes as fighting spirit and energy surged within his body, filling the air with his intimidating aura. However, the soldiers were only ordinary people armed with thermal weapons. Jacob believed he could destroy them easily.

However, before a confrontation could break out, an electronic message swept across the scene.

In the next moment, the group of Special Forces soldiers had no choice but to retreat with expressions of resentment and unwillingness.

Soon, the middle-aged man in the armored car stepped out. He was a squadron leader of the Special Operations Brigade under the Ministry of Defense.

He gestured to his men to carry away the burly men who attacked Jacob before tilting his head slightly and said, "Since I am here, what do you wish to say?"

Jacob had an indifferent expression as he said, "I don't bother anyone if no one bothers me. However, if you try to harm me, I will not hesitate to kill."

The middle-aged man seemed impressed. "But this is Avalon's capital, Paramount, and not the war torn Four Outer Districts!"

Jacob replied, "They are all the same to me."

The middle-aged man arched an eyebrow, "I have the power to arrest you for the crime of threatening national security!"

"You can try."

Jacob sneered. "If you wish to oppose me, be ready to face destruction."

Jacob seemed intimidating as he glanced at his surroundings. "Keep in mind that I do not mind subjecting the whole of Paramount to my wrath."

Suddenly, the strong wind howled and sent dust into the air. Then, the air within a hundred-meter radius of Jacob instantly froze and became still as ice.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath and gradually felt his limbs turn stiff. His pupils constricted as he felt fear to the depth of his heart.

It seems the intelligence department has way underestimated the leader of the Scarlet Dragons. He can affect the physical state of his surrounding with his willpower alone. Even the legendary few...

The middle-aged man let out a breath and raised his clenched right fist before forcing it back down.

In the span of a few breaths, his men finished clearing the road. Even the car that was slashed in half was pushed into a neighboring alley.

"Alright, Mr. Lynch. Let me introduce myself again. I am from Paramount Police Bureau and Ministry of Defense's Special Operations..."

"I am not interested in who you are." Jacob interrupted the middle-aged man. "Furthermore, I do not want to waste my time with you. Remember what I said. I won't bother anyone if no one bothers me. However, if anyone tries to harm me, I will kill without hesitation."

Then, he paused before continuing, "You can treat this as a warning." After that, Jacob got into his car and sped away.

"Hmph! What an arrogant fellow! Team Fernando, I request permission to use Thor-001 sniper bullet!"

Hearing the angry voice of Number One Sniper from the headset, Fernando clenched his right fist and gave a thumbs up before swinging it left and right three times to stop all operations.

Twenty seconds later, one of the three top leaders of the Ministry of Defense called on his phone. "Why did you cease the arrest operation?"

Fernando looked at the thin line that stretched nearly ten meters on the hard road and responded solemnly, "The target is not someone ordinary weapons can deal with. I request permission to increase the defense level. In addition, I suggest dispatching the Elite Forces..."

"You want to seek help from the Elite Forces? Fernando, stop finding excuses for your failure. I need you to return immediately. You are no longer in charge of this arrest operation!"

The caller hung up immediately. Fernando's expression turned gloomy and a little worried. What are those bureaucratic heads up to this time?

As everyone in the Ministry of Defense puzzled over how to proceed, Jacob had driven his blue car into an alley. Suddenly, a three-meter-tall street lamp crashed down and pierced the bonnet of his car.

Jacob narrowed his eyes as a murderous aura burst out from him!

Half an hour later, on a secluded road with gradually decreasing traffic, a three-meter-tall street lamp suddenly fell and pierced through the front of a blue car.

Chapter 17

A loud bang ensured, and the car flipped three hundred and sixty degrees in midair before landing.

Jacob kicked open the door from inside the car and instantly appeared on the road.

"Boss, are you okay?"

Hearing the voice on the phone, Jacob's expression remained calm as he replied, "It's nothing. I will call you later."

Roar! A noise that sounded like a roar of a wild beast came from a building nearby.

Jacob put his phone in his pocket and glanced at both ends of the road. There was no one else other than him on this road of around a few hundred meters long.

Have they disregarded my warning so soon? His gaze grew cold at the thought. Then, he looked up and noticed a blood-colored figure a hundred meters ahead.

Cruor Sect? Hmm, that's quite a decent plan. Jacob smirked and exuded a threatening aura.

Bang! The air trembled, and a giant blood-red figure shot out of a nearby shop. Its head burst as if pierced by a bullet, filling the air with a strong stench of blood.

Suddenly, the window of a three-story building beside the shop shattered, and another huge blood-red figure swooped down menacingly.

Jacob had an indifferent expression as he swiped through the air with his hands like a sword.

Swoosh! A white streak of light appeared in the air. The giant blood-red figure only managed to let out a roar before the white streak sliced him in half.

Bang!

The road's surface floated up and cracked as a bloody figure much bigger than the previous two leaped into the air, surrounded by blood-colored clouds.

Roar!

It roared into the air and shattered the glass on the buildings on both sides of the road. Then, he stepped onto the road with his thick and giant legs, forming a web of cracks wherever it stood. Suddenly, he turned to Jacob and swooped toward Jacob.

Jacob felt a gust of wind and looked up to see the ferocious copper eyes like the eyes of a beast. He immediately became alert and was ready to fight.

“Die!”

The blood-red figure opened his bloody mouth and roared. He raised his thick arms and slammed them through the air, creating explosive noises.

Boom!

Faced with a blood-red fist bigger than an average man’s head, Jacob stood firm on his feet and whipped out his right fist too.

In a thousandth of a second, the two fists collided.

In a hundredth of a second, the giant blood-red fist shattered.

In a tenth of a second, the thick blood red arm shattered.

A second later, the entire upper body of the blood-red figure instantly burst into a pile of bloody mess.

Vaporized blood fogged the air. His body filled with fighting spirit as his stern gaze pierced through the fog of blood and landed on the blood-red figure.

Meanwhile, a drone flew two hundred meters above the ground. The wireless camera under its fuselage recorded everything that happened on that street and transmitted the footage to the Ministry of Defense headquarters.

At the same time, a few intelligence officers from the Ministry of Defense gathered in a room full of monitoring equipment in Paramount Police Bureau, watching their computer screens closely.

“My goodness! What are these monsters?”

One of the intelligence officers shouted, prompting others to look at his screen.

“Are you watching another cat stealing food or dogs fighting? Stop making so much noise!” Another intelligence officer scolded angrily.

“You mustn’t blame me this time!” The first intelligence officer argued indignantly. “You will know once you see!”

“Everyone sit at your own places!” The team leader of these intelligence officers scolded, “Damn it! Have you all forgotten the regulations?” After saying that, he got up and went over to the first intelligence officer.

Then, he saw a strange figure flash across the screen and turned pale. “Have you forgotten everything I instructed you just now? Send this video to the higher-ups in the Ministry of Defense right now!”

Meanwhile, Jacob dashed a few hundred meters on the nameless street and punched another blood-red figure.

This blood-red figure wore a blood-colored mask, so only his eyes were visible, looking at Jacob mockingly. However, his gaze turned to terror in the next second.

Boom! A dull noise sounded as Jacob punched him and pulverized him into a cloud of bloody fog.

A strong wind blew and sent dust flying. Jacob stood where the previous blood-red figure was standing as another one came up behind him. He suddenly swiped his right foot in the air.

“How is that possible?”

The blood-red figure exclaimed as he suddenly shot into the air and flew into a building on the side of the street. That shook the buildings and caused the wall to crack.

That blood-red figure was called Inferno, one of the ten prominent elders of the Cruor Sect. He opened his mouth and vomited blood.

He glanced at Jacob with fear in his eyes. Then, he let out a sigh and said in a hoarse voice, “Good technique and observation skills! No wonder you were able to kill my disciples!”

The Cruor Sect was one of the top occult sects that had been in existence in the Central District for a hundred years. It had a million disciples and many expert fighters. A hundred years ago during the early days of the establishment of the Federation, the Cruor Sect had a bloody history of killing ten thousand civilians in one night.

Of course, to prevent public panic, some historical records were kept secret and unknown by ordinary people.

If this was six years ago when Jacob was only a university student, he would likely know nothing about this too. However, at the present, he could easily find out anything.

Presently, Jacob was not worried about people finding out he wiped out the disciples of the Cruor Sect. If he was worried, he knew numerous ways to clear all traces and make sure that no one could find out anything.

Jacob glanced a few dozen meters away at the car he had driven for less than a day. He frowned and turned around to the Cruor Sect elder whose body was surrounded by a faint cloud of blood-colored mist and said coldly, "You damaged my car."

Inferno's expression darkened slightly upon hearing Jacob.

Why is he still caring about that at this point? Is he not afraid of the Cruor Sect's blood-draining and tendon-pulling punishments? Perhaps he thought he already won after killing three of our followers?

Damn you! I was only careless just now! Inferno sneered and caused the blood-red mist to surge around his body.

A cool breeze blew and carried the blood-red mist higher in the air. Then, it grew into clouds of blood-red thick fog, spreading toward the front.

Squeak! Squeak!

A mouse snuck out half of its head from the sewer. However, it soon squealed as the blood-red fog surrounded it. In the end, there was nothing left of the mouse except its skin.

This technique was called Blood Fog and was one of the Three Great Apologetics techniques of the Cruor Sect. One must be a devotee to learn it. When used, the blood-colored fog it created would wipe out all living things in its midst.

Chapter 18

Jacob shuddered as he watched the crimson fog spread to his feet. With a low rumble, the cloud of smoke dissipated, and a rich, rust-like smell dispersed into the air.

“It’s no use! The blood fog devours everything in its path and the souls of those it touches. Once it’s out, there’s no way of stopping it. It’s only a matter of time before you’ll be reduced to nothing more than a hollow pile of decaying flesh. Your essence will do well as nourishment for my great power!”

Maniacal laughter rang out from amidst the turbulent cloud now in the shape of a skull, towering over him with its menacing glare.

But Jacob refused to cower. With a deep breath, he faced the intimidating wall of rust-colored fog before him. His eyes flashed a divine light as he stretched out his right hand. “I’d like to see what this soul eating blood fog is all about.” Immediately, a burst of energy radiated from his palm and began absorbing away at its opponent. Winds roared as the scarlet particles slowly broke away from its towering form, exposing whatever that laid within. A final wave of his hand and the blood fog dispersed completely, leaving only a dark red residue in its wake.

Brushing away its sticky remnants in his hands, he looked towards the depths of what the blood fog had been and shook his head. “Not as impressive as it looks.”

Inferno hissed in response. “Don’t be so vain. There’s more where that came from!” Blood fog began to make its way in again, along with equally red pillars of clouds that emerged from within. They rose high, joining in the middle to give the appearance of an octopus spreading its blood-soaked tentacles.

In the security room of police bureau, the sinister fog filled up the monitoring screens virtually whole. The sheer size of it was enough to leave the intelligence officers and their leader gawking in a mixture of shock and fear despite the countless abnormalities they had seen in their line of work.

On the contrary, Jacob looked unfazed even as the monstrous cloud loomed over him. What’s a measly battle in the hundreds of wars he’d

fought in? It was time for this to end. With that thought, he threw himself into the heart of the fog.

Everything was still for a moment. Then, the giant cloud structure began to convulse, vanishing into nothingness seconds later. What remained was only a large circular disk at the base, its corners corroded and its white tarnished into a shade of rusty gray.

There, in the center, was Inferno, laid on his back in defeat. Half of his mask had broken off, revealing a languid expression on his face. Jacob walked over to him and pressed a foot onto his chest, leaning forward just enough bear his cold gaze into Inferno's. "Do you wish to live or die?"

"You... how could this be..." Inferno choked out in disbelief. "The blood fog is Cruor sect's unique ability, personally hand-crafted, as for the mortal..." His sentence was cut short by the foot pressing deeper into his chest. He gasped for air, feeling like his sternum could burst open any moment under the crushing weight.

Jacob merely narrowed his eyes impatiently, ignoring the purple that had begun discoloring his opponent's face. "Don't make me ask you again. Do you wish to live or die?"

Inferno spat at Jacob's foot with all the breath he could muster and ground his teeth. "What does that matter?"

"Say you want to die, and I'll end you right here and now. But if you wish to live, surrender yourself and beg for mercy." Jacob straightened himself slowly.

Surrender? Inferno's jaw clenched at the word. Granted he wasn't as powerful compared to the other protectors. Still, he was among the ten dignified Elders of the Cruor sect. For someone of his status to bow before a nobody was simply absurd.

Still...

It was an ultimatum between that and his life. Refusal to comply would mean an instant stomp to the death. A death so humiliating that the old fart Elders would never let him live down for centuries. Not to mention, decades

of effort he'd put into cultivating his reputation and status would all go to waste.

Seeing as Inferno was silent, Jacob raised his leg, preparing to finish the deed.

"W-wait! I surrender!"

Jacob halted his foot, eyes narrowing imperceptibly at the man beneath him. After a moment of silence, he finally pulled away from Inferno. But no sooner had he taken a step back than a bullet whizzed down from the rooftop.

By instinct, Jason leaped backward, causing the bullet to hit the ground where he stood just seconds ago. He tried to trace the direction of the shots, yet another one was fired. This time producing a thunderclap so loud it echoed through the air with whatever it hit.

There was no need to guess what it was for long because a loud 'crack' soon followed. Inferno's skull had been busted open, its gnarly red and white insides dangling out for all to see.

Back in the security room of the police bureau, worried glances were exchanged between the officers at the unexpected turn of events. The team lead was first to break the silence with an annoyed sigh. "What are those Ministry of Defense bastards doing..." He mumbled, frowning while pinching the bridge of his nose. As he made a quick scan around the room, something in his peripheral vision shut him up immediately.

"Sir..." An officer to the side started, "Wasn't that shot earlier made by the legendary Thor 001 sniper bullet? What is the Defense Ministry doing? Aren't we..."

"Silence!" The team lead smacked him harshly on the back of his head. "You and I are only ordinary surveillance personnel. That is completely out of our scope, understood?" Those bastards in the Defense Ministry aren't even all that.

Jacob, who was just recently played by them, would also hold the same opinion. He imagined the Cruor sect would've had caught wind of what

happened here by now, and it wouldn't be long before they stormed in here in the name of vengeance.

Stretching out his palm, he drew the sniper bullet out from within the ground and into the palm of his hand. Clutching it tight, he turned around and looked up into the sky, casting his cold gaze upon seemingly nothing in the air.

In the surveillance room, the officer shrank back from the screen in fear. "Sir, why do I feel like that person's looking straight at us?"

"What? You're afraid he's going to eat you from that distance?" As if on cue, all monitoring screens in the room went black. "What's going on?!" The team lead exclaimed, suddenly sounding a lot more distraught than before.

The officer wasted no time in getting to work, fingers flying across the controls in swift and practiced motions. The screen crackled back on shortly after but was immediately met with a dented bullet straight to the face.

"Sir, this..."

"That's the Ministry of Defense's strongest soldier alright." The team lead chuckled and cleared his throat. The two drones were at an altitude of two hundred meters from the ground, with at least three hundred meters between them. And yet they were both taken down with the same single scrapped sniper bullet.

This man was not to be trifled with...

Jacob watched the two drones crashed onto the ground, making sure they were fully destroyed before turning to head for the street. "You can come now. Don't worry, you know I never leave my job unfinished."

Within an hour, the head of the Scarlet Dragons received a red alert from the Ministry of Defense. Around the same time, in the Lynch estate, Franklin gifted a credit card to his beloved wife. "This is for you. There's six million stored in here for your spending pleasure. The password is your birthday."

“Thank you, dear!” Suzie squealed from the bed and happily took the card from him. Gently stroking her bulging belly, she turned her almond eyes to gaze at her husband coquettishly. “Dear, remember how you said my cousin has done a lot for our family? Why don’t we invite him over for a meal?”

Franklin stiffened visibly at the question. The smile on his lips suddenly pressed into a cold, hard line.

Chapter 19

However, staring into the hopeful eyes of his wife, Franklin chuckled indifferently, “Fair enough, or it makes us look like an ungrateful bunch.”

He took another look of his wife’s expression and said softly, “Besides, Jacob is in town, if he doesn’t show up, would it make us look rude as well?”

Suzie furrowed her brows as she looked down at the bank card in her hands. Moments later, she uttered hesitantly, “Forget it, I’ll leave the past behind, as long as your son wants to return, but I must make it clear that...”

She patted on her belly with a stern look, “This money belongs to our child, nobody else will touch a single penny!”

“Of course not! All of these belongs to our son!”

Franklin secretly laughed to himself. The baby brain is real after all! What’s six million to me? I have fourteen million waiting out there!

When the time is right, I’ll just come up with an excuse and make sure the money gets to Jacob unnoticed, then, he and Janelle will be set for life...

“To hell with it! Nobody said it’s a son!” Suzie glared at Franklin, “I prefer a girl!”

“Of course, girls are great! They say daughters are born to warm a father’s heart!” Franklin smiled obsequiously.

At the entrance of Harleydale Senior High, Janelle walked into the guard’s office with an air of an angel descended from the heavens.

She noticed the new security guards at the school, who were standing in front of Jacob like a pair of bodyguards. "Jacob, is there anything you need from me?" She asked curiously.

Then, Janelle quickly realized Jacob's gray sideburns and became anxious, "What happened to your hair?"

Jacob raised a hand at the shadow rangers, impersonated as the security guards of the school, gesturing them to leave the pair, then responded with a smile, "Nothing, I'm just paying you a visit since I passed by, as for my hair..."

The smile instantly disappeared from his face as he spread his hands, "I dyed it, it won't come off."

"Why did you dye your hair gray all of a sudden?" Janelle found it difficult to understand.

"It's just for work, not like it cannot be dyed again." Jacob took two steps forward as he spoke, then reached out a hand to rub on his little sister's long, silky hair.

"Hey!" Janelle pouted her lips and slapped his hand away softly, "You're messing up my hair!"

Jacob laughed as he combed her hair with his fingers before retracting his hand.

Before Janelle started lashing out at him, he said calmly, "When you went home yesterday, did you realize anything strange about dad?"

Jerry had informed him everything about father's whereabouts today – he did not go to work and instead, made a trip to the bank.

"Nothing remarkable, why don't you go home and take a look for yourself?!" Janelle started finger combing her silky hair as she rolled her eyes at Jacob.

A few seconds later, she continued in her adorable voice, "But I noticed dad was in an exceptionally good mood when I saw him yesterday, as if he had found five million in his bank account!"

“Great, as long as he is happy.”

Jacob smiled lightly and nodded his head. What a surprise, a thug like Leonard actually has the brains. He knows to take another route and pass by dad, glad I kept him alive.

Janelle bit her lips and said softly, “Jacob, when are you moving home?”

Jacob took a glance at the clock on the wall and reached out his right hand, “I’ll go home when it’s time to go home, but for now, it’s time to go back to class.”

“I hate you! Stop messing with my hair!” Janelle swatted his hand away, leaving a pleasant scent in the air, then turned to look at the clock, “Oh dang, one minute to go! See you, Jacob!”

Standing by the guard’s office, Jacob stared at Janelle as she scuttered away into the school compound like a wild baby deer.

He came back to his senses and turned to the rangers standing next to him with straight backs. “I shall leave my sister’s safety in your hands.” He said with a stern look.

A dash of light flashed across the rangers’ eyes as they held a clenched fist over their chests, “We will die before letting anyone hurt her, sir!”

Jacob stepped out of the office and walked away casually as the rangers watched him attentively. He followed the path and came to a junction when a limousine sped towards him from behind.

The window was wound down to reveal Jerry’s face, “Boss!” Jacob kept his poise.

Upon entering the car, Jacob looked at the two files presented to him on the little coffee table, “You got what I told you to look into?” He asked with a frown.

Jerry straightened his back with a serious expression, “Boss, I’m glad to report that your request has been completed!”

Finishing what he had to say, Jerry lifted the first file, "This is the details of everyone who made your father's life more difficult when you left six years ago."

Jacob grabbed the file and scanned through each page briefly. A few minutes later, he closed the file with a sinister smile.

There were details of more than ten people compiled into the file, including their identity, background, and detailed records of how they poached the clients of the Lynch Family, swindled the assets of the Lynchs, and the way they rubbed salt into Franklin's wound over the years.

More ironic was the fact that there were a few who used to be close acquaintances before Jacob stabbed Jaylen with a dagger.

Jacob tossed the file back onto the coffee table and took on a cold expression, "Bring this file to Willow, tell her that she has seven days to do whatever she wants to make every single person on the file go broke, and their reputations must be crushed!"

Squinting his eyes with a vicious air, he continued, "This third person shall lose his arms, the seventh one, his tongue, and I want that last one to be locked in a cell until the last of his days."

Among the list of over ten individuals, these three were the most despicable. At this point, Jerry could see murderous intents in Jacob's eyes.

The third person was responsible for setting up Franklin and taking away the mall from him – one that Franklin had worked decades for. On the other hand, the seventh person on the list was a close friend of many years. When the incident took place, he backstabbed Franklin by spreading false rumors, so that nobody was willing to lend Franklin a hand.

As for the last one, he conspired with a few other businessmen on the list and set up a trap for Franklin, leading to over twenty million in losses overnight. That incident brought Franklin to the brink of suicide!

The car was filled with cold, dense air. Jerry nodded and said, "Boss, don't worry, I'll make sure these guys get what they deserve!"

Afterwards, he handed the second file to Jacob with both hands, "Boss, this file outlines the second and third tasks you'd given me. All the findings are in there."

Jacob had Jerry look into the Mondez family of the Paramount and the death of his girlfriend, Naeve, and Jerry found out about Alvina. This tickled Jacob's curiosity as he looked to find out more about what had happened while he was away from the Central Federation.

He took the file off Jerry's hands, drew a shallow breath, and slowly opened it.

Chapter 20

The wheels kept turning, and time passed slowly while Jacob closed the second file indifferently.

"Boss?" Jerry had a stern look with a dash of concern.

As brothers of many years, he understood that hidden underneath Jacob's apathetic expression was an active volcano waiting to erupt!

"Hoho..." Jacob broke the silence with a laughter, "Jerry, do you reckon I should've come back earlier? Or perhaps, I shouldn't have left in the first place!"

"Boss, please don't say that!" Jerry shook his head anxiously, "If it weren't for you, I would've been dead on a random street, President Willow would've just been a shrewish housewife, Black would've been killed in the ring, and Gerald might've also been shot dead by now..."

Jacob listened to Jerry's words as he recalled each incident that had happened, and each life he had changed. It brought life to what felt like soulless eyes.

Yes, he lost the love of his life by moving away, but for the same reason, he met these blood brothers and sisters and changed countless lives that would've gone the other way otherwise.

Besides...

He curved his lips into a wry smile. If I had chosen to stay here six years ago, my life would be no different to a prisoner's.

But now...

A flash of anger came before his eyes. I've gained enormous strength, I am untouchable, and I can do whatever I will. To the guys who have hurt my loved ones, it'll just be a matter of time before you taste death!

Slowly releasing his breath, the frown on Jacob's brows slowly disappeared.

Despite smelling murderous intent, Jerry could feel the air in the car become more relaxed as he heaved a sigh of relief.

Jacob was seen as the god of the Scarlet Dragons!

If the content of the files were leaked, knowing Black's impulsive nature, he would have brought along the three hundred Dragon Guardians under his wings and let the killing go wild!

If that had happened, it would lead to a war between the Central District and the Four Outer Districts!

Putting aside Black, who was based in the Outer Districts at the moment, Jerry was also fuming when he first saw the contents of the files. He too, had barely managed to stop himself from unleashing his wrath upon the egregious bunch who had made the Lynch family victims before!

At that thought, Jerry's blood started boiling, "Boss, what do we do to punish them?!"

"Punish?" Jacob gazed down at the file.

He could have lived a happy life with Naeve. All they had to do was finish studies, and judging by the wealth power of the two families, they would have been set for life.

In that world, they could have given birth to a child or two within two years, then lived happily ever after as a complete family.

But all of these had ended in what was supposed to be a normal banquet.

Perhaps the gods were jealous of the pair, so they arranged for the bastard of the Mondez family to attend it, and he happened to run into Naeve...

That stab of a knife had changed the lives of many.

Jacob did not regret stabbing Jaylen, the eldest young master of the Mondez. If he had not stood up for his girl when she was harassed, he would not have considered himself a man!

What he regretted was leaving the Central District without a word, leaving his girl behind and allowing her to become a target of gossips.

In the end, she even fell victim to a devious plan.

“Jaylen Mondez!”

There was a halo of burning fury deep in Jacob’s eyes. “You will pay for the pain I have suffered!”

An hour and a half later, they had arrived at the financial center of the west.

Moirra stood by the streets as she scanned the surrounding, “Where’s your car? I can’t see it.”

Toot! A blow of the honk sounded not more than three meters away.

“What? You’ve changed cars again?” She stepped into the car and asked with a raised brow.

Jacob, who had disguised himself once again, answered casually, “There is an issue with the other one.”

They set off, and silence filled the car.

Sitting at the back passengers’ seat, Moira felt uneasy by the silence. She leaned into Jacob with her petite figure and asked softly, “Hey Mr. Mark, I’m coming with you to pick up Heidi not because I don’t trust you, alright?”

Staring at her stunning face through the rearview mirror, Jacob raised a brow with a gentle expression.

He nodded his head softly and broke the silence after a few seconds, "It's great to know that someone cares about the kid."

Moira sensed the gloominess in the air and avoided eye contact through the mirror while using her phone.

Without another word, they had come to a halt at the kindergarten. Both sides of the gate were crowded with parents at this point, and the huge carpark was packed with cars.

Moira stepped off the car and slightly gaped her eyes as she was shocked by the crowd at the gate. "Didn't we arrive earlier, why is it so crowded here?!"

Meanwhile, standing under a tree opposite the kindergarten, was the young man who got beaten up by Jacob earlier in the morning. He tossed the cigarette on the ground viciously and said to himself, "Bloody bastard! You're finally here!"

Standing next to him were three young men who looked nothing too different to him. One of them had a cigarette in his mouth as he peered at the crowd, "Jackie, is the guy here? Where is he?"

"That dude driving the Regal!" The young man pointed at the car with an angry look, "Brothers, I'm going to need your help here today!"

"Jackie, don't you worry, let us take care of it!" Keeping the cigarette in his mouth, the man started making his way towards Jacob.

"Jackie, watch how we make him pay!" The other two men followed up as they spoke.

Standing next to the car, Moira tip-toed as she threw her gaze into the school, "Dang it, I got ten minutes left. I can't let my manager find out that I snuck out!"

"Don't worry, nobody will dare say a word even if you get caught." Jacob said with poise.

Moira went to work at a mid-tier investment company, and over three hours ago, the company had been successfully acquired by the Draco Chamber of Commerce.

The exact same had happened to the Little Professors – the school that Heidi went to, and of course, one of the two five-star hotels in the Central District, the Pavillion.

Draco even became one of the main shareholders of the private school that Janelle attended, under Willow's maneuvering behind the scenes.

Jacob had made significant planning ahead of his return this time.

"Humph, as if you're the boss at my work!" Moira rolled her eyes at him.

Suddenly, a frivolous voice sounded from behind, "Hey beautiful lady, one look at you and I can feel the magic between you and I!"

Moira straightened her back and swept around to glare at the three youngsters who were closing into them.

Meanwhile, Jacob squinted his eyes as a domineering and chilling air started surrounding him.