

## Chapter 2968 Distortion of Zedbar

In Montiria, several guards walked out quickly from a luxurious villa, carrying a large black cloth bag.

The shape of the bag was illustrative that a corpse was inside.

Zedbar touched his purplish, gnarly face, the mirror reflecting a disfigured image. His eyes were full of bloodshot veins, and his gaze was feral.

Under the oppressive atmosphere, all the maids in the room lowered their heads in fear, praying for the favor of the goddess of luck.

Someone knocked on the door, and the assistant walked into the room and quickly lowered his head as if staring at Zedbar for half a second would get him killed next.

After all, the last maid who stared at him had her eyes gouged out and was turned into fish food.

"We have dealt with the failure of a doctor, milord."

Zedbar turned his head, revealing a sinister smile on his face. "Do I look so grotesque that you guys are scared?"

The assistant trembled under the icy tone; the temperature in the room seemed to drop, making him shiver uncontrollably.

"Young master, I didn't mean that!"

"Then, lift your head and look at me when you speak."

However, as the assistant nervously raised his head, he felt a sharp pain in his neck. Blood surged in the air, and the assistant could say nothing.

"You hesitated!" Zedbar coldly pulled the pen from his assistant's neck and placed it back on the table.

"You two, come here!"

The maids he pointed at were instantly pale with fear, kneeling on the ground in terror.

"Young master, have mercy!" They were panicking as they grovelled.

But Zedbar showed a puzzled smile. "What are you doing? Did I say I was going to kill you?"

With that, he took out a high-end cigar laced with gold, and as the flame flickered, white smoke slowly rose.

As Zedbar snapped his fingers, the ash fell slowly, but the breeze through the window blew the ash away from the ashtray.

"Tsk, even the ash doesn't obey me now?"

Just as the maids were about to breathe a sigh of relief, one of them suddenly collapsed, blood streaming from her forehead, terrifying the other maid. The other maid went limp, fear and despair written all over her face.

Just as Zedbar was about to swing his ashtray again, someone at the doorway spoke. "Enough!"

Zedran walked in and frowned at the scene before him.

"Duke it out with the guy who upset you. Taking it out on the servants is not what a man would do."

After taking the cigar out of his mouth, Zedbar exhaled a thick cloud of white smoke, clearly unfazed by his father's reprimand.

No matter how outrageous his actions were, his father would only reprimand him at most.

"Dad, any news from Toby's side?"

Zedran waved his hand and waited until all the maids took the assistant's body out. He nodded.

"Matthew has already established himself in Seraphis, and he's expanding quickly. Too quickly. Toby doesn't want this, so there will be a banquet in a while, and you will come with me then."

As he spoke, he took out an invitation from his pocket.

Zedbar's eyes lit up as soon as he saw the invitation. "I got it!"

Zedran glanced at the horrifying scar on Zedbar's face; there was worry in his eyes, but not for his son.

"I must remind you that Matthew can be killed, but it should not be us doing the dirty deed. Seraphis is not strong, but it is still part of Cathay, even if on paper only."

Zedbar repeatedly expressed his understanding, but his specific thoughts were unknown.