## The Mighty Dragon Warrior Chapter 3 Chapter 3 Local Thug

"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! 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 swinged. "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?"

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