

Talented 1251

Chapter 1251

Freya took a step back, she looked at Cealan with a wary face, quietly reaching out in passing to grab the mobile phone she had left on the dressing table so that she could call Kieran to report the incident.

“Stahler, come with me!”

Not waiting for Freya to grab her phone, Cealan had already tightened his grip on her wrist in a death grip.

“Cealan, let go of me! Today is my wedding day, I won’t go with you!”

“Wedding?” Cealan laughed, he hooked his lips, those bloodthirsty eyes, the scarlet in them intensifying.

It was endlessly murderous and pervasive, pervaded by blood, condensed into red.

“Stahler, there’s no wedding today.”

Freya’s eyelids jumped as she subconsciously opened her mouth and asked, “Cealan, what do you mean by that?!”

Cealan raised his eyebrows cruelly and spoke on a cloud, “The groom is already dead!”

The last time she was in Arkpool City, on the day of her and Kieran’s wedding, she didn’t wait for Kieran, but instead saw the bloody corpse.

Thinking of the despair she felt the moment she saw Simon’s body, her heart, for a moment, was swept by overwhelming pain.

She clutched her heart in a death grip, she didn’t want to believe Cealan’s words, but the pain continued unabated.

“Cealan, you’re talking nonsense! How could Mr. Harper die! He said he would marry me, he would give me a grand wedding! Cealan, you don’t have to talk nonsense to me, I don’t believe a word you say!”

“Yes, he won’t die, he’ll grow old with me and we’ll be very, very happy!”

When Cealan saw that Freya actually cared so much about Layton, his face could not help but look unpleasant.

“Stahler, you’re really in love with that cripple Layton?!” Cealan’s voice was heavy with danger, “Stahler, I forbid you to fall in love with Layton! In this life, you can only be my woman!”

With that, he stepped forward, and pulled Freya into his arms with all his might.

Of course, Freya did not want to be this close to him. She pushed him away with the force of her hands, but his strength was so great that she struggled desperately, she hit him, she pushed him, but she was still held in his arms.

“Stahler, calm down! Don’t make me shoot you!”

“Cealan, you madman, let go of me! I’m going to find Mr. Harper! I don’t believe anything will happen to him! You psycho, don’t you touch me!”

“Stahler, Layton is dead!” The anger on Cealan’s handsome face, which was as white as a vampire, was all over the place, “Stahler, from now on, I won’t allow you to think about that dead man!”

“He won’t die!” Freya yelled in excitement, “Cealan, I told you, I don’t believe a word you said!”

“Won’t die?!” Cealan sneered, “Stahler, I was the one who personally blew up his car, I was the one who saw it with my own eyes, he was drenched in blood and splattered with blood, yet you say he won’t die, isn’t that ridiculous?”

Without waiting for Freya to speak, Cealan spoke again in a voice so gentle that it was almost eerie, “Stahler, Layton is dead, he will never live again! In this life, in the next life, in all lifetimes, he will never think of stealing you from me again!”

“Stahler, you are mine, so anyone who tries to snatch you away from me will not end well!”

“Cealan, you shut up! He’ll be fine! You get off me now! I’m going to find him! You can let me call him, too!”

Freya really didn’t want to believe Cealan’s words, but his expression, it didn’t look like he was lying at all, as if, Kieran was really dead.

“Stahler, you had to see with your own eyes the tragic state of Layton’s death before you would believe he was dead, didn’t you?”

Cealan laughed slyly, his voice gloomy and cold all over, “Luckily I had the foresight to do so, and in case you didn’t believe me, I had someone record a video of his tragic death.”

With that, Cealan sliced open his phone screen and placed his phone in front of Freya.

His mobile phone screen, at this point, was displaying a video that could not have been more ordinary.

The car that Kieran usually used to ride in was coming out of the old mansion, apparently, he was coming to the hotel, to hold a wedding ceremony with her.

However, that car hadn’t been moving smoothly for a few seconds before the sky was already falling apart on Cealan’s phone screen.

The car exploded.

The explosion was followed by a blazing fire, which engulfed the car in a flash.

The trunk was blown open, and Freya clearly saw Kieran’s wheelchair, smashing heavily to the ground.

And she, too, saw him.

The moment the sky exploded, the door on his side of the car was pushed open and he had no time to escape before his body, which had been viciously blown away.

Blood and flesh splattered in a gruesome manner.

The mask comes off to reveal a scarred face.

In fact, even if he had had an intact face, after such a tragic explosion, it had been completely disfigured.

And the groom's tuxedo he was wearing was torn, and the groom's corsage he had pinned to his body, soaked in his blood, grew brighter and brighter.

But with such a blinding red, Freya could not feel any semblance of life, only a desperate dead silence.

"NO!!!"

Freya yelled hysterically as she stretched out her hand, trying to pull the man who had fallen to the ground, but it was only a video and she could not touch his warmth.

The picture in the mobile phone came to an abrupt end, but Freya's heartbreak had only just begun.

"I don't believe it's him! It's not him! Cealan, let go of me! I'm going to find him! Let me go to him!"

Seeing that he already knew that Layton was dead, and Freya was still clamoring to find him, the last shred of patience of Cealan was exhausted.

"Stahler, I won't let you go to a dead man! Today, you must leave here with me!"

With that, Cealan didn't give her another chance to refuse, he picked her up in his arms and walked quickly outside the room.

Outside the hotel, the people who were originally from Edward had all been replaced with people from Cealan.

Looking at the exquisitely decorated and dreamy wedding venue, Freya's eyes were sore and tears almost rolled down her face.

Perhaps, this is a magic spell, she and Kieran really can't have a wedding.

Once the wedding has taken place, it is a desperate and heartbreaking parting of lives.

She had also thought that today's action would involve many dangers and sacrifices, but she could never have imagined that her Kieran would die so tragically!

No!

She's going to see her Kieran!

Even after watching that video and not seeing his body with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed that he was dead!

With this thought, Freya almost used all the strength she had in her life, and with a hard struggle, she actually broke free from Cealan's arms.

"Stahler!"

Cealan's face was horribly grim, "Come back!"

Seeing that Freya did not have the slightest intention to turn back, Cealane's eyes grew colder and colder as he stepped forward and pinned her to the wall with a deadly grip.

"Cealan, you beast!" Cealan was just about to kiss Freya fiercely so as to punish this woman, and Edward's stormy voice rang out in the air.

Chapter 1252

Cealan did not expect Edward to come over so quickly, and he was slightly surprised.

But in a flash, he regained his composure and he raised his eyes in self-deprecation, "Beast? Beast is born to you!"

Hearing these words from Cealan, Edward was even more furious, and his sharp eyes were still dense with pain that could not be dissolved.

"Cealan, you rebellious son, you killed Layton, didn't you? You beast, I will kill you to avenge Layton!"

Freya's heart thudded violently, and she felt that, for a moment, she could not breathe.

Edward also said he was dead, so could it be that the person who was blown to a bloody pulp was really him?

How can that be!

He had promised to stay with her, to be with her, to be grey-haired, until the end of his life, and he couldn't keep his word!

"Yes, and I killed your precious son! Do you hate me, Edward? Do you hate me so much that you want to kill me? Unfortunately, today, I'm afraid you can't!"

Edward drew his gun, the black muzzle of which was locked in a deadly grip on Cealan's heart, and the gun in Cealan's hand, which was also aimed at his heart, and their respective men, both of whom were nervous.

The light in Edward's eyes became more and more frightening, and he said word, "Cealan, Layton is your own brother! You are a wolf-hearted, ungrateful beast, you don't even spare your own brother, you are inhuman!"

"Heh!" Cealan laughed more and more wantonly, "Edward, I'm wolf-hearted and ungrateful, didn't I learn from you?!"

"You don't even care about your own son's life, why should I care about your precious son's life?! Edward, I'm a living, breathing human being, not a dog you've raised! You want me to saddle up for your precious son? You're dreaming! I will only send your precious son to the hell!"

"Cealan!"

Edward was so angry that his heart was heaving violently, he wanted to kill Cealan, but at this moment, the gun in his hand was also aimed at his heart, no matter how much he wanted to kill him, he could not play with his own life.

“Oh, Edward, you gave me my name, you shout it endlessly, it seems you really like it!”

“You!” Edward was so angry that his face turned red, and suddenly, he hooked his lips, and that cold, hard and violent face was tinted with a cruel smile again.

“Cealan, you think that because you colluded with Arlo, you can bring me down? I tell you, today, you must leave your life here and pay for my Layton’s life!”

As soon as Edward’s words left his mouth, Cealan’s mobile phone rang sharply.

After answering the phone, Cealan’s face faintly became pale, Arlo, that fool, had already been killed by this old fox Edward!

Along with the Scott family’s forces, they were also wiped out by Edward!

But even without Arlo’s help, he may not lose to Edward today!

“Cealan, did someone just call you to report how tragic Arlo’s death was?” Edward’s face had the certainty of control, “Arlo’s death was indeed tragic enough! No one who betrays me will have a good end!”

Only he knew in his heart how many of his men had died in eliminating Arlo’s forces.

“Cealan, it won’t end well for you either!”

Freya didn’t care to watch the confrontation between Edward and Cealan’s father and son. Right now, she only wanted to hurry up and go outside the old mansion to see how Kieran was doing.

Seeing that Cealan was not bothered about her at the moment, she brushed down the hem of her wedding dress and rushed ahead.

“Stop her!” Of course Cealan could not let Freya leave like that, he coldly ordered his men.

“Get out of the way! Get out of my way, all of you! I want to see Mr. Harper! I don’t believe he’s dead! Get off me, all of you!”

Thinking of the bloody images in the video, Freya’s eyes couldn’t help but become moist, she really didn’t want to show such weakness in front of this demon, Cealan, but that heart and soul splitting pain, she couldn’t contain it.

Edward looked at Freya with complicated eyes, and when he met the tears in her eyes, his heart, inexplicably, soothed.

With pain, Edward really needed empathy too much.

Seeing that Freya cared so much for his precious son, he felt relieved from the bottom of his heart.

“Send Freya to see Layton!” Having received Edward’s command, his men, in a rush, stepped forward and helped Freya break the grip of Cealan’s men.

The gunfire and explosions outside the hotel were getting more and more intense, and the fight under the hands of Cealan and Edward was getting harder and harder to separate.

Edward brought a little more people with him and eventually, Freya's body was, at last, set free.

She was immensely glad that today she had the foresight to wear a pair of pre-prepared flats instead of the high heels provided for her by her stylist.

With the hem of her wedding dress in her hand, she rushed outside the hotel in a gust of wind.

Edward's people said that the body had been sent back to the old mansion, and she was now, impatiently, rushing back to the old mansion so that she could ascertain whether the body, or not, was her Kieran.

When Cealan saw Freya running out, he had no desire to fight, he took advantage of Edward's unpreparedness and kicked the gun in his hand fiercely away, he was just about to fire when Edward had already dodged quickly and thrust a cold, shining dagger directly at him.

Cealan dodged nimbly, and although Edward was no longer young, he was still good enough.

He snatched the gun from his men's hands and he and Cealan fired at the same time, both of them wounded in the shoulder, neither of them taking advantage of the situation.

When Cealan saw that Freya's figure had disappeared from his sight, he flew up and kicked at the side where Edward had been injured, and taking advantage of his dodging, he went after Freya at a brisk pace.

Cealan's men, who were guarding various parts of the hotel, had all come down and they surrounded Edward and his men in the centre and there was another vicious battle between the two sides.

This hotel is not far from the old mansion, so Freya did not drive, and directly ran all the way to the old mansion.

Now, outside the hotel, there was gunfire and artillery everywhere, fighting to the death, and she was unable to drive directly on the road, so that a person, instead, was able to nimbly weave on the road, and soon, she was outside the old mansion.

The ground outside the old mansion had been cleared by the servants, but, faintly, traces of the explosion could still be seen on it.

The ground, even after being washed with water, is still a little stained, and there is also, vaguely, the smell of blood.

Standing at the entrance of the old mansion, Freya suddenly did not have the courage to push open the door and enter.

Close to her family, she was afraid that as soon as she entered the door, she would see Kieran's corpse.

Chapter 1253

But no matter how timid, how helpless, how panicky, there are things that have to be faced.

Freya took a deep breath, and with the force of her hand, she pushed open the hidden door in front of her.

There were servants guarding the gate and when they saw Freya, they hung their faces without speaking, only sighing softly.

Freya was unspeakably sad when a wedding turns into a funeral.

Just after entering the door, Freya ran into the housekeeper who was walking in front of him.

When the housekeeper saw Freya, his eyes instantly filled with tears, "Mrs. Harper, you've finally come back!"

Because of Kieran's instructions, although she has not yet married him, the servants inside the old mansion are already calling her Mrs. Harper.

"John, where is he? They all say he's dead, I don't believe! John, he's still resting in his room, isn't he? You take me to him, I miss him!"

"You tell me, this guy is really quite strange, it's only one night without seeing him, it's like years apart, I really miss him!"

Hearing Freya's words, the sorrow in John's eyes intensified a bit, he was a bit reluctant to tell Freya that tragic truth, but there were some things that could not be kept hidden forever.

He heaved a sigh and still spoke to Freya, "Mrs. Harper, second young master he's gone!"

"What do you mean?!"

Freya's psychological defenses crumbled for a moment, but she still deceived herself into not wanting to believe this fact, "John, you're saying he went to the hotel, aren't you? John, say it!"

John is a loyal servant of the Harper family, and even though he has done a lot of harmful things, his loyalty to the Harper family is impeccable.

Thinking of the tragic state of that corpse, John instantly burst into old tears, "Mrs. Harper, second young master is still inside the courtyard now, you go in you go in to see him one last time, it is also considered also considered to say goodbye to him"

Hearing these words from John, the last shred of hope in Freya's heart was completely shattered.

Her body trembled so violently that she could barely have stood if she hadn't held onto a wall to one side.

She used the wall to support herself for a while before she steadied herself.

She staggered inside the courtyard and just as she entered, she saw several people, gathered around a bed, cleaning the body that was on it.

The blood on the body had been cleaned up, because after an explosion and so much blood, his body, which smelt a bit bad, still had a strong smell of burning, and several servants had odour-removing sprays in their hands and kept spraying them on him.

His bloodied face had been re-covered with a brand new silver mask, and the parts of him that were broken had been sewn back together to perfection.

The groom's tuxedo had been removed from his body because of the need to deal with the broken parts of his body.

The black handmade suit, dark in colour, could not be seen clearly stained with blood, except that the large bloodstain on the white shirt was frightening.

The groom's corsage, stained with blood, fell to the ground, lifeless, like the man lying on the bed, and no matter how well the men beside him managed to dispose of his body in perfect condition, they still couldn't hide the heavy aura of death on him.

Desperate dead air.

Freya's face, too, was a sullen, deadly. Clearly, the corpse, close at hand, she could not move her feet, walk over to him, and clutch his hand tightly.

No, she didn't dare grab his hand anymore.

His hand, too, was visibly torn from the blast and had just been stitched up, and she was afraid that, if she grabbed his hand hard enough, it would crack his wound and he would hurt.

"Mrs. Harper, save your grief!" The housekeeper could not help but speak up to console Freya when she saw this look of silent tears falling from her eyes.

"John, that's not him, is it? He just happens to be wearing a groom's tuxedo and the same mask as him right?"

Seeing Freya's self-deceiving look, John did not say anything, but only sighed heavily.

There are no such coincidences.

Freya herself didn't even believe her words.

Unable to control her breakdown any longer, Freya flung herself onto the edge of the bed and allowed her tears to flood her eyes.

Before she could touch his body, a large, iron-clad hand had a death grip on her wrist.

His strength, surprisingly strong, caused her body to retreat in a contained manner, all the way, forcibly confined to his arms.

"Stahler, Layton is dead!"

"Cealan, you killed him! I'll kill you and avenge him!"

Freya hated it, and looking at Cealan's demonic and cruel face, she hated it so much that she couldn't breathe even more.

She also hated the fact that she had no sharp weapon in her hands, and with only her fists, she could not really hurt Cealan at all.

His skin was white, yet his body was as hard as iron and stone; he could not feel much pain as her fist slammed down on him, but she felt that the bones in her hand, were about to break.

“Stahler, calm down!”

Cealan couldn't stand the thought of Freya going crazy over another man, he shook her body, “Stahler, the one who died was Layton! You didn't love Layton at all, and he deserved to die!”

“Cealan, you shut up! I just want to kill you now! You ruined my wedding, you ruined the happiness of my life, I want to kill you!”

Seeing how unreasonable Freya was, Cealan directly carried her on his shoulders and was about to take her away by force.

If he took her away like this, she wouldn't be able to give her beloved man one last ride.

She kicked her feet hard and struggled desperately to jump off his shoulders.

But this time, Cealan didn't give her any chance to escape at all.

Seeing that Cealan's left shoulder was wounded, Freya's evil was born from her heart, and she grabbed his left shoulder with a fierce grip.

How could Cealan not expect Freya to suddenly attack his wound? His wound hurt violently, and the force in his hand involuntarily eased, and she finally slipped off his shoulder.

“Stahler, come back here!”

He had no time to ease the pain in his shoulder, and when he saw Freya rushing towards the bed again, he quickly stepped forward and strangled her wrist again.

Freya could not touch the body on the bed, and she was so anxious that tears kept falling from her eyes.

When Cealan saw that she really cared so much about Layton, his eyes grew colder, and eventually, no longer found a half-hearted warmth.

The old mansion was already under the control of Cealan's men, and the servants who were originally working on the traces on the corpse, all retreated to the side in fear.

Cealan half lowered his eyelids, he coolly glanced at the corpse on the bed, and then spoke to Freya not too gently, “Stahler, you care about him a lot, don't you?”

“Good, since you care so much about him, I'll destroy his body now!”

Chapter 1254

“Cealan, you mad dog! Don't you go crazy!”

Freya was trembling with hatred, she tried to stop Cealan's evil deeds, but he had several of his men directly holding her down so fiercely that she could not move a single inch.

All she could do was watch as Cealan lowered his gun and fired shot after shot, viciously, at the body on the bed.

The wound, which had been stitched up, was once again split open horribly by the bullet that hit it.

“That's enough! Stop it, Cealan! Stop!”

Freya's face, has been completely wet with tears, Cealan fired many shots one after another, bullets were gone, re-up, he fired so many shots, Freya, however, counted clearly.

Twenty-eight shots up.

The bullets, which hit the body above that one, also hit her hard in the heart.

It made her painful, and it hurt to breathe.

"Kieran my Kieran"

Freya murmured silently in her heart, her nails, fiercely piercing the flesh of her palm, she was oblivious to the fact that her heart hurt so much that she was about to die, and this physical pain was too insignificant.

"Stahler, you're still not willing to leave with me, are you?!"

The more he saw Freya's tearful appearance, the angrier Cealan became in his heart. He raised his gun and shot the corpse directly and viciously in the face.

Even with the silver mask covering it, the shot still went down miserably.

"NO!!!"

Freya roared her liver out and she shook her head like mad, but she could do nothing to stop it.

"Stahler, I'll ask one last time, do you want to leave with me?!"

Freya whimpered lowly, leaving with him, which she was naturally reluctant to do.

But no matter how reluctant she was, now that she was in his hands, even if she continued to struggle, she would not be free.

Her resistance only allowed Cealan to torture the corpse on the bed even more.

"Cealan, I'm going with you! I'll go with you", Freya choked out, and eventually, her words completely swallowed by a desperate whimper.

Having received a reply to his satisfaction, Cealan put the gun on his waist and then clutched Freya's hand tightly.

"Stahler, I've already bought an island, when I get rid of Edward, I'll take you there! From now on, we will never be apart again!"

Will Freya's walking corpse be held in Cealan's arms, never to be separated again?

She would only skin him and beat him into a sieve!

When he saw that Freya was no longer struggling, Cealan took her by the shoulders and led her outside the old mansion.

They had not gone far from the old mansion when a violent explosion suddenly sounded. Freya turned around sharply and the original majestic, grand old mansion was already shrouded in a cloud of smoke, its face completely unrecognisable.

Staring blankly at the broken wall not far ahead, Freya's brain, for a moment, froze.

Her brain couldn't think, but she knew with her toes that the old mansion, had been blown up by Cealan!

There's still Kieran's body in there!

Also, many innocent servants.

She had already agreed to go with him, but he still wanted Kieran dead and buried!

"Cealan, why aren't you the one who died? Cealan, go to hell!"

Freya waved her fists wildly, one at a time, all smashing viciously into the wound on Cealan's shoulder, but even if she punched him into a sieve, the man who died tragically at his hands would never come back.

In the end, Cealan still left her Kieran, dead and buried!

"Stahler, that's enough!"

Seeing Freya go against him again and again for another man, Cealan could not bear it.

"Stahler, if you continue to challenge my patience, I won't spare you!"

"Then you kill me! The person I loved most is dead anyway, and there's no point in my living!"

Instead of killing Freya, Cealan embraced her into his arms with force, his voice, with anger, but more, helplessness.

"Stahler, why is it that you can easily fall in love with someone else, but you won't love me no matter what! Stahler, it's not fair to me!"

"Stahler, from now on, I won't allow you to love anyone else, you can only love me!"

"Love you?" Freya laughed, with pathos and sadness, "Cealan, are you asking me to love a devil who has caused my family to break up and be displaced? Even if I were to die, I would not love a devil!"

"Cealan, today, you'd better kill me! Otherwise, I will definitely kill you and make you pay in blood!"

"Stahler, you won't! You will fall in love with me and you will die to stay with me!"

Cealan stubbornly hugged Freya, "Stahler, I know that you have lost loved ones because of me, but when we have a child, you will have new ones again and you will stay by my side willingly, no one will try to separate us!"

"Heh!"

Freya let out a low, cool laugh, now she really admired Cealan's head a bit, who gave him the courage to think that after she hated him to the bone, she could still follow him with all her heart and give him children!

"Cealan, it's still daytime and you're already dreaming!"

“I swear here that if I stay with you, I will be struck by thunder and lightning!”

“Cealan, you want me to give you children? Even if I were to give birth to a dog or a cat or a pig, I wouldn’t give birth a child to you!”

“Stahler, shut up!” Cealan didn’t want Freya to continue talking, but he couldn’t bear to tear her mouth apart, so he could only watch as her little mouth continued to open and close in anger.

The bitter hatred in her eyes stung him to the core.

“Cealan, you don’t dare to face reality do you?! If you’re afraid to face reality and can’t believe how disgusting you are, then go ahead and die! Cealan, you should have died a long time ago!”

“Stahler, I won’t die! I will grow old with you!” There was a morbid twist in Cealan’s eyes, and a terrible paranoia, “Stahler, you will bear me children, and we will have children and grandchildren!”

With that, he ignored the smoke and mirrors in front of him as he bent his face down and went to kiss Freya’s lips.

How could she kiss his murderer in front of his eyes?

She had to, bring his body, out from under that broken wall, she had to, bring him back home.

“Cealan! I’ll kill you!”

Hurriedly arriving, Edward noticed the gruesome appearance of the old mansion being blown up and he went completely mad.

He stared deadly at Cealan and spoke word for word, “You did this to my Layton, you made him die in vain, I will use your blood to sacrifice his dead spirit!”

With that, Edward ignored the gun in Cealan’s hand that would have sifted him into a sieve, and he pressed the gun in his hand with all his strength to send Cealan to hell, regardless of everything!

Chapter 1255

He was obviously not expecting Edward to shoot at him so recklessly. His body had only moved slightly, the bullet missed his heart, but it also pierced his left arm viciously.

Seeing the bright red blood splattered on Cealan’s left arm, the biting hatred in Edward’s eyes only cut down slightly, but he still had no intention of letting him go just like that.

He really was the best father in the world to Layton, but he was no better than a stranger to Cealan.

As far as he was concerned, Cealan had killed his beloved son, and he would let his precious son rest in peace even if he didn’t want his own life!

All his life’s work he had done to build up the kingdom, was to pave the way for his precious son, Layton, and now, with Layton dead, what was the point of having it all!

“Cealan, go to hell! Go to hell!”

Edward's old face twisted with resentment as he raised the gun in his hand and pressed it down again viciously.

Cealan was not stupid, of course he would not suffer death meekly, he dodged Edward's attack with a nimble dodge.

Seeing that Edward was about to shoot again, Cealan flew straight up and kicked him viciously.

Edward was no worse than Cealan, who nimbly dodged his kick and kept firing even when he couldn't stab him.

Edward and Cealan's men, too, fought to a standstill.

Amidst the hail of bullets, people kept falling, wailing and screaming.

Although Freya had encountered many dangers, this was the first time she had encountered such a tragic situation.

A man who had been alive and well, in a flash, was splattered with blood and collapsed beside her.

These bullets did not pierce her body, as Kieran had been instructing her in martial arts during the recent period.

Another bullet brushed past her ear and Freya dodged it with a quick dodge.

She turned her face sharply, her eyes red, and looked at the broken wall not far ahead.

Today, even if she survives, what can she do?

Her Kieran is no longer there, and even if she were alive, she would still be nothing more than a walking corpse.

No, she has to live!

Only if she lives can she bring his body home so that he can return to his roots.

Freya wiped away the wetness from the corners of her eyes, her body deftly weaving through this hail of bullets, she had to, while Cealan and Edward were fighting to the death and had no time to care about her, went to dig up her Kieran's body.

Freya had just run a short distance forward when she felt a sharp pain in her left arm, and when she looked down, she found that she had taken a bullet.

Bright red blood, rapidly oozing from her left arm, in an instant, stained her left arm blood red.

The person who gave her the shot was Edward.

"Stahler!"

When he saw that Freya was injured, Cealan went crazy with pain, he stared deadly at Freya's injured arm, waves of blood surging in his eyes, that look as if he could not tear Edward apart.

In Edward's view, Freya was, after all, the woman his precious son Layton truly loved, and he did not want to hurt her.

But now, he really wanted to avenge Layton too much, he and Cealan were evenly matched, it would be hard for him to kill him painfully today, he could tell that he cared for Freya, so why not use her as a breakthrough to avenge his precious son quickly!

“Edward, how dare you hurt Stahler!”

Cealan fired several shots at Edward in quick succession. His attack was so fierce that even though Edward pulled his men over to block the shots for him, his shoulder was still grazed.

Freya also did not expect Edward to make a move against her. She saw several of Edward’s men raising the guns in their hands and aiming them at her, and she was about to dodge in a hurry.

But now, she was in a position where most of Edward’s people were there, and it was much harder for her to escape.

“Cealan, put down the gun in your hand! Otherwise, I will kill this woman now!”

“Edward, how dare you! If you dare to touch Stahler one more minute, I will definitely cut you to death by a thousand cuts!”

Although he said so, in fact, Cealan’s heart was already in his throat.

Even if his current power was no longer inferior to that of Edward, now that Freya was surrounded by the other side’s people, it would be much harder for him to save her.

“Cut me to death by a thousand cuts?” Edward laughed coldly, he didn’t put Cealan’s threat in his eyes at all, “Cealan, that also depends on whether you have the ability to do so!”

“Even if you really can do this, by the time you have cut me to death by a thousand cuts, this woman, too, will have long since been beaten to death!”

“Doesn’t she like Layton? Layton likes her too, well, I’ll let her go down there to keep Layton company! If she goes down there, Layton will be very happy!”

With that, Edward turned around in a condensed manner and took a step towards Freya.

In fact, now that Edward’s back was turned to Cealan, he had his most vulnerable spot, on display, the best time for him to make his move.

But he didn’t dare to do it, he was afraid that if he killed Edward, his heart would be happy, but Freya would be beaten into a sieve by those soldiers.

It is true that with a soft spot, you cannot be impenetrable.

When he saw that his men were about to do something, he hurriedly spoke up to stop them, “Put down the gun! Don’t hurt Stahler!”

The corners of Edward’s lips restrained from rising when he heard Cealan’s voice.

He took three steps forward and two steps back to Freya, he raised his hand and the gun in his hand, he placed it dead center against her temple.

He turned his face, that rigid face with condescension, "Cealan, you die, or this woman dies, it's your decision!"

"Stay away from Stahler!" Cealan was afraid that Edward, a murderous demon, would smash Freya's head through, he was too busy to stop it, "Edward, what kind of an old man are you, bullying a little girl! Are you still considered a man!"

"Compared to this unquenchable revenge of killing my son, is it considered insignificant! Cealan, today, I only want to avenge my Layton! I'll say it one last time, you die, or she dies, it's your decision!"

"You, shoot yourself through the head, or I'll shoot her right now and leave her bleeding and dying a painful death!"

"It is a pity that such a young and beautiful girl die. Cealan, her life is entirely in your hands!"

After saying this, he turned his face again and looked at Freya with complicated eyes and spoke, "Freya, don't blame me! I am a father, and I must do whatever it takes to avenge my precious son!"

Chapter 1256

Hearing these words from Edward, Cealan laughed outright.

He laughed with a pale and sad smile, and those demon red eyes held an unbounded irony.

He would avenge his precious son, he had never treated Cealan as his son.

And today, for the sake of his Stahler, he really had to leave his life here, so that he could get what he wanted!

Cealan was just about to pick up the gun in his hand and ruthlessly blow his temple out, when Freya's voice, calmly and without a ripple, rang out in the air.

"Edward, kill me! I don't want to live when he's dead anyway!"

Freya would like to see Cealan die early and be reincarnated, but she does not want him to die because of her.

She didn't want to owe a demon a favour.

"Edward, before I die, I ask only one thing of you, find his body and take care of his body so that he can be buried in peace."

As she looked at the disfigured mansion in front of her, Freya's tears, again, could not be restrained from rolling down her throat, and it took a great deal of effort for her to regain her voice.

"He's pinned down, he's pinned down with that heavy, heavy dirt, he must be in pain. Please, don't make him hurt so much."

Edward's hand trembled violently, how could he not pull the trigger and blow Freya's head off.

He was ruthless, cold-blooded, treating human lives as if they were nothing, but he gave all his compassionate love to Layton.

He knew how much his precious son loved Freya, and even though he especially wanted to avenge his death quickly, he knew in his heart that his Layton wanted his beloved girl to be well.

If he really shot Freya, his Layton would not die in peace.

He is a very shrewd man, and the hesitation of Edward naturally could not escape his eyes.

He gave a wink to his men, who were standing at the front, rushed in the direction of Edward with a gust of wind.

Shots were fired, there was a lot of killing and the scene was instantly chaotic again.

When Edward saw that at this time Cealan had dared to let someone sneak up on him, he was furious and flipped his wrist violently before firing at the attacker.

Freya saw the right moment, she hurriedly broke away from Edward's grip. Without orders, his men, who did not know whether to shoot her or not, were safe for a moment.

Soon, Edward's men, too, could not take care of Freya.

Cealan's men, too, were all well-trained elites, plus he had already thought that he would fight Edward to the death, and he had usually kept his forces hidden, but now, with his sword out, he was unstoppable.

Freya picked up a gun from the ground, she clutched one in her hand, even if it didn't hurt anyone, at the very least, it would be some deterrent, so that others wouldn't dare to touch her easily again.

Countless more fell, uncountable figures, with blinding blood red, collapsed in front of Freya.

Cealan and Edward fought together, both of them with a lot of colour on their bodies.

However, for a while, the two sides were not able to distinguish between them, or rather, were on equal footing and could only be defeated.

Both Cealan and Edward have deployed almost all of their forces today, originally, densely packed with people, now, only a few dozen sparsely stepped on corpses and fought in blood.

Today, no matter which of them wins or loses, the power of the Harper family has suffered a devastating blow.

Edward had a large wave of soldiers at the base, and he took out his mobile phone, wanting to contact the leader of that wave of soldiers and ask them to come over quickly for support.

However, he made several calls to the ringleader, but no one answered.

Later on, Edward couldn't be bothered to continue the call; after all, Cealan was younger and had better stamina, and he attacked him harder and harder, one at a time, and he had to concentrate on the fight.

Cealan had developed a number of new weapons, but this Free State, after all, was Edward's home turf, and in the end, it was Edward who had the upper hand.

Dozens of Edward's men were still intact, but only three or four of Cealan's men remained.

Even though he had lost countless men, he still breathed a long sigh of relief as he looked at his men rushing over to protect him.

Today, there is no longer any suspense, Cealan will definitely die!

Edward hadn't been complacent for two seconds when Helen and Pete came rushing over with a group of men.

They attacked Edward's men regardless, and with them, they not only carried new weapons, but also spread poison everywhere. Even the well-trained soldiers were not able to fight back in the face of their desperate attacks.

Edward's face, too, was hard to see as he watched his men fall as fast as a tall building collapsing.

Helen was the most beloved adopted daughter of the Poison King, and any poison created by the Poison King was not to be underestimated and could not be resisted by ordinary people.

However, Edward had once taken a valuable pill, and after taking it, he was almost invulnerable to all poisons, so these poisonous gases did not affect him too much.

He gripped the gun in his hand and fired regardless, attacking in all directions like a beast on the brink of extinction.

He couldn't be bothered to wipe the blood from the corner of his lips, and lazily grasping the gun in his hand, he took one step towards Edward.

"Get up! Get up, you guys!"

Edward kicked one of his fallen men hard, but no matter how hard he kicked him, his man, still on the ground, did not move.

Edward was so angry that he could have vomited blood, but no matter how angry he was and how anxious he was, he could not rouse his men.

He was particularly eager to avenge Layton, but he knew in his heart that if he continued to stay here, he would not only be unable to avenge his precious son, but his life, too, would lose.

Alone, he was isolated and unable to fight this oncoming group, but he had one last card.

Edward did not dare to delay in the slightest as he lifted his feet and made a mad dash in the direction of the base.

Cealan saw his intentions, he had managed to gain the upper hand, and there was absolutely no way he was going to let him get reinforcements.

With a wave of his hand, Helen understood, and with a group of assassins at her head, she rushed towards Edward at a fast pace, surrounding him.

"Helen, I am the head of this Free State, you want to rebel, don't you!"

In the face of Edward's furious questioning, Helen's face did not change in the slightest, still looking as beautiful and cruel as ever.

“Chief Harper, I’m sorry! Today, I have to take your life! Because only with your death can I marry Cealan and become the new chief’s wife!”

With that, Helen aimed her gun at Edward.

Chapter 1257

Although Edward was at the end of his rope, he was not going to be foolish enough to wait to be made to die.

He has reigned over the world for decades, and it is impossible that he does not have any backstabbing.

With a quick dodge, dodging the shot from Helen, he grabbed one of the killers in front of him and slammed it down hard on her.

The killers around him were just about to make a move on him when they felt a pungent smell of smoke hit them and they instantly became black in front of them, unable to see around them for a moment.

“Cover your nose quickly!” Helen smelled that it was a highly toxic smoke bomb and she reacted quickly, covering her nose and jumping aside.

But those killers she had brought with her, even though they had taken some special antidotes, a number of them still collapsed.

The smoke in front of him, slowly dissipated, but Edward had lost sight of him.

Helen quickly had her men take the medicine she carried with her, and she didn’t dare to delay in the slightest, not waiting for her men to ease up before she ordered them to quickly go and find out where Edward was.

Since he was young, Cealan had learned how to make poisons from the Poison King, what poisons had he not been exposed to! He had long since developed a body that was invulnerable to all poisons, and this smoke bomb, however, did not make him half dizzy.

Freya thought that with the pungent poison here, she would have to faint a little, but surprisingly, her body, surprisingly, did not feel any discomfort.

She subconsciously touched her face, having been poisoned so viciously and bitten by poisonous insects, but to her surprise, in the end, she was blessed by the disaster, and the ordinary poison, surprisingly, could not hurt her anymore.

After seeing through Edward’s intention to escape towards the base just now, Helen had had the way to the base blocked, and now, he could only possibly go in the opposite direction, to the beach.

He certainly wouldn’t give him a chance to catch his breath, he didn’t dare to delay in the slightest, so he forcibly grabbed Freya’s arm and together they rushed towards the beach.

True to form, Edward had gone to the beach.

By the time they got there, he had already boarded a cruise ship.

After handing Freya into Helen’s hands, Cealan led his men and sprinted quickly towards the cruise ship.

The cruise ship had not yet sailed and Edward panicked and ordered the captain to hurry up and get the ship underway, only, it was too late.

The black muzzle of the gun was aimed rather tacitly at his heart, and even if he were to drive the cruise ship now, he would only be buried under this bullet.

“Unfilial son!”

Edward gritted his teeth and hissed at Cealan, “Cealan, you killed your brother and try to kill your father, there is no justice in heaven! You will not have a good end!”

Cealan smiled, obviously, the corners of his lips rose in an arc, evil and wanton, his face had no a half of a living person angry.

“I am going to kill my brother and kill my father today, what can you do to me?”

“Oh, I was wrong, I don’t have a brother at all, let alone a father!”

“Edward, from the day you killed my mother, I have been fatherless!”

Edward’s face changed dramatically, he could not have imagined that the hidden secret he had tried so hard to hide would be known to Cealan.

He had always thought that the real centrifugal relationship between father and son had begun on that occasion when he had abandoned him to save Layton, but little did he know that some of the mischief had already been sown long ago.

Seeing this shocked look on Edward’s face, Cealan spoke with a fierce smile, “Edward, you always thought that even if I die, I wouldn’t know the truth about my mother’s death, right? After all, at that time, I was still so young, and I wasn’t in front of my mother at the time, so how would I know!”

“But you forget that there is no impermeable wall under the sky, and since you did it, you will be exposed one day!”

“I can’t remember what my mother looked like, but there is one thing that I remember unmistakably: my mother, the best and most gentle woman in the world, was cruelly killed by you and insulted by those disgusting men you sent to you!”

“You deserve to die!”

With that, Cealan went crazy and targeted at Edward.

Edward also wanted to shoot him, but he sadly found that the gun in his hand had no more bullets inside.

Cealan’s shot, really good, he was almost bulletproof, each time, hitting Edward’s body.

A mouthful of fresh blood spurted out of Edward’s mouth as he staggered backwards, the once mighty lord of his generation, in an instant, had aged terribly.

He didn’t want to die, he really didn’t want to die, but today, this rebellious son simply wouldn’t give him a chance to live!

“Edward, what did you do with my mother’s body after she died?”

Cealan’s laughter was tinged with inseparable sorrow, “Yes, after she had been insulted by your men, you didn’t think it was enough, you took her corpse and gave it to a group of beggars.”

“Countless times in my midnight dreams, I dreamt that my mother was covered in blood and she asked me for help, she said, she was in pain, but I couldn’t save her! Edward, I couldn’t save her!”

“My mother died so tragically, without a body, with her dignity trampled into the mud, and you are the culprit of my mother’s misery, why can’t you be able to die in pain?”

“Edward, you don’t want to die either! Don’t you like to let beggars insult others? Fine, when you die, I’ll give your corpse to a group of beggars, and let you also taste that feeling of having your dignity fall to the bottom!”

“Chief of the Free State, high and mighty, to think of your death makes me feel, well, soothed!”

Cealan narrowed his cruel eyes with boundless hatred, and with a strong hand, he stabbed Edward in the heart with another fierce shot.

Edward’s eyes were rounded, and his tiger-like, ruthless eyes were filled with disbelief.

He dared not think that Cealan would be so ruthless as to spare even his corpse!

Edward knew that today, he was destined to be unable to turn the tide, but he had his pride and dignity after so many years on high, how could he tolerate that after his death, his body would be tortured into such an unpleasant state!

He would rather have fallen into the vast ocean and been torn apart and swallowed by a vicious shark than to suffer such a humiliating end!

Clenching his teeth, Edward used every last ounce of strength he had in him to turn around violently and leap off this deck in a flash, his body swallowed by the raging waves.

As if Cealan was afraid that Edward would not die completely enough, the moment he fell into the sea, he shot him several times.

It was only when the waves rolled in and he was no longer to be found that he lazily withdrew his gun.

After dealing with Edward, Cealan then took a step forward and walked up to Freya.

“Stahler, let’s go back to the hotel! Today, it’s your wedding with me!”

Chapter 1258

Hearing these words from Cealan, the cold hairs on Freya’s back spine instantly stood up.

She did not want to marry Cealan.

Moreover, the vast Free State has now turned into a hell on earth, there are scars and blood everywhere, especially the hotel that was originally used for the wedding, it was the place where Cealan and Edward’s people fought most fiercely. How can a wedding be held in that kind of blood-soaked place!

It's creepy to think about!

Freya was quite happy that Edward was dead, but she could not be happy when she thought that she was now in the hands of this demon, Cealan.

How could she marry another man when Kieran's body was still under the broken wall and he was still waiting for her to take him home!

Also, there was Jaden and Jayla, as well as Fabian, Jacob and Bradley, and she did not know how they were doing now.

Earlier, Edward said that Arlo's forces had all been wiped out, and Bradley had disguised himself as one of the Scott family's men, had he, too, been killed?!

She didn't know in what capacity Jacob and Fabian were hiding in this Free State, and if they were also involved in this strife, would they be dead or alive now?

In a place like this, where there are tigers and wolves everywhere, without the blessing of Fabian and the others, Jaden and Jayla are bound to be in bad luck too!

"Stahler, why don't you say anything? Is it because you're overjoyed at the thought of becoming my Cealan's bride soon?"

Cealan smiled with a warm and affectionate face, but his body, stained with stinging bright red, he smiled like this, making people not feel the slightest bit of warmth, only making their scalps tingle.

"Cealan, I will not marry you! Let me out of here, I'm going to find him!"

The last trace of warmth in his eyes disappeared when Cealan saw that even though Layton was dead, Freya was still pining for him.

"Stahler, say it again!"

"Cealan, I cannot marry you! You killed the man I loved the most, you are my mortal enemy, I can't wait to kill you, how can I marry you!"

"The man you love most?!"

Cealan sneered, "Freya, isn't the man you love the most Kieran?!"

"Cealan, cut the crap with her! This woman is no good! She'll get you killed!" Helen couldn't see Cealan treating Freya so well, and she spoke up in a hurry.

Originally, Cealan really loathed Helen, but this time, after all, she had done a great service, and he was a man of mercy and grudges, and he could not be too merciless towards her.

But when she said that about Freya, he was still not happy in his heart.

"Helen, this is the last time! If you ever speak of Stahler like that again in the future, I will not forgive you!"

Helen wanted to say something else, but thinking of the horrible experience she had had in the dungeon, she finally had the good sense to choose to shut up.

Cealan held the back of Freya's head, he was already very close to her, and he still took a step forward, "Stahler, you'll fall in love with me! You'll find that I'm better than Layton and Kieran!"

"Stahler, I'll wait for you and fall in love with me with all my heart!"

With that, he leaned his face down and his lips, went towards Freya's lips.

To be fair, Cealan is really exceptionally good looking.

Edward was already a rare and beautiful man, he inherited his virtues, and with his mother, who was also a great beauty, it would have been difficult for him to look bad.

His complexion is very white, as his eyes are so gloomy that they have a morbidly bloodthirsty look to them, but this still does not detract from his face, but, on the contrary, adds a bit of an evil, wild and mysterious air to his reserved and superior face.

It just didn't matter how good-looking Cealan was, his touch would only make Freya feel disgusted.

She jerked her face away from his lips, but he held the back of her head forcefully, as if he would not rest until he had achieved his goal.

A bad chill ran through Freya's heart, especially as the heavy smell of blood on Cealan's body made her gasp with discomfort.

She was just about to raise her hand so she could slap him hard and keep him from it when she heard several muffled grunts.

The many killers who had been standing like pillars of stone on the beach unexpectedly all collapsed to the ground in unison.

Cealan also noticed the scene and looked around him at Helen and Pete, who stood alone apart from him and Freya, and he blanched.

When he saw Kieran, who was sitting in a wheelchair, being pushed by Jonathan, slowly walking this way, he even paled.

Behind Kieran and Jonathan, they were followed by Fabian, Jacob, Bradley, Jaden, Jayla, and, in addition, a large number of elite men they had brought with them.

Taking advantage of Cealan's daze, Freya had already violently broken away from his embrace and rushed towards Kieran's direction with quick steps.

She was angry that he had not told her of his plan to cheat death, and that he had upset her for so long, but no matter how angry she was, it was not as good as the joy of having lost and found.

Her Kieran is still alive.

She knew that her Kieran was so clever and powerful, he didn't fall for others so easily and was blown to bits.

"Brother, stop Freya!"

When Helen saw that Freya had dared to run, she hastened to speak to Pete, who was closer to Freya.

Hearing Helen's words, Pete hurriedly and quickly stepped forward and was about to grab Freya.

Only, before he could grab her wrist, he was shot so hard in the wrist that he couldn't muster the strength to grab her.

"Stop right there!"

With such a shot to his wrist, Pete bared his teeth in pain, and his hatred for Freya grew stronger as he raised his other hand and aimed the gun in his hand directly at her back.

"Freya, if you take one more step forward, I'll shoot you! If you want to die, keep moving forward!"

Before Pete could fire, his hand, which held the gun, took another shot.

The intense pain, which ran down the wound, faded quickly, and before he could get a proper reprieve, he was shot several more times, and the gun he was holding, went straight out of his hand.

Pete looked incredulously in Kieran's direction, his hands, which were notoriously good in the Free State, had never thought that this man's marksmanship, which was so powerful, would leave him no chance to counterattack.

Jacob raised the gun in his hand with an expressionless face, all fury, but unable to suppress it in any way.

Obviously, the person who had just shot was Jacob.

Seeing that Pete could not get Freya over, Cealan took a direct hand himself, stepping forward quickly and grabbing her by the shoulders.

The gun in his hand was against the back of her head.

"Layton, I can't believe you're still alive! Tell your men to put down the guns in their hands, or I will kill her now!"

No sooner had Cealan finished speaking than the sharp sound of a gunshot rang out abruptly in the air.

Chapter 1259

The demonic eyes of Cealan abruptly widened as he looked at Freya incredulously, and then, waves of blood surged in his eyes, a shocked pain that could not be dissolved.

He couldn't have imagined that Freya would shoot him!

He liked Freya too much and trusted her too much, and even when she wouldn't accept him, he still felt that her Stahlers could not possibly hurt him.

So, being such a cautious man, he had not even noticed that Freya had pinned a gun in a concealed pocket at his waist.

The shot she took, in his shoulder, was not fatal, but, it broke his heart.

"Stahler!"

Cealan looked at Freya with a look of shock and pain, the force of the gun in his hand against the back of her head increased a little, but he couldn't press it down enough to make her head bleed.

"Cealan, let go of me! Otherwise, we die together!"

Freya turned around with difficulty, she put the muzzle of the gun in her hand, dead against Cealan's heart, and spoke one word at a time.

Helen's tears were on the verge of falling out of her eyes as she saw that Cealan had injured his shoulder again, "Cealan!"

"Freya, you crazy woman, who told you to hurt Cealan? Cealan is so good to you, do you have a heart at all? You are ungrateful!"

"Freya, don't be impulsive!" Kieran saw that Freya had made a move against Cealan, and his eyes, which were always unfathomable, were filled with tension.

It wasn't that he was distressed that Freya had injured Cealan, he was just worried that, on impulse, she might harm her own life.

When Kieran spoke this time, his voice was not deliberately disguised, and Cealan jerked his face around, his eyes falling on his face for a split second.

"You're not Layton!"

Cealan narrowed his eyes dangerously, "You are Kieran!"

As Edward was already dead and Cealan was at the end of his tether, there was no need for Kieran to continue his disguise. He took off the silver mask on his face without any haste, and then, uncovered the hideous scars, just like that, the handsome and peerless face, was Kieran.

The face of Cealan was hard to see, and his brows were locked in a frown, but he had always been intelligent, and in a flash, he figured out the cause and effect of all this.

He did not talk to Kieran, but stared at Freya with a smile, "No wonder you are so devoted to him! I was still wondering why you changed your mind so quickly, but it turns out that Layton is actually Kieran!"

"So, you already knew that he was Kieran! Stahler, you've fooled me so much!"

"Yes, Cealan, I already knew he was Kieran, otherwise, how could I have been with him! Cealan, you can die of this, I don't love you, even if you kill me, I can't love you!"

"Stahler!" Cealan's eyes were red with desire, he could tolerate Freya lying to her, but he couldn't stand it, she wouldn't love him even if she were dead.

On what grounds!

He was no less fond of her than Kieran was, and even, he had known her earlier.

Why, when she can be so devoted to Kieran, she is not even willing to give him a second glance?

"Stahler, it's not fair! You're not being fair to me!" Cealan shouted heartily, the gun in his hand pressed even tighter against Freya's head, with that look, as if he could not immediately blow her head off.

Seeing this image, Jayla was so anxious that tears fell from her eyes, and she cried and shouted at Cealan, "Bad man, don't you hit my mother! I forbid you to hit my mum!"

Jaden's tears did not fall down, his lips dead pursed, it was obvious that he was also anxious to the extreme, all calm was holding on.

Kieran's handsome face was dark, his fists clenched, but for a moment, he did not dare to make a rash move.

"Cealan, let Freya go!"

Kieran lifted his face and spoke in a cold voice to Cealan, "Let her go and you can have my life!"

"Kieran, it's okay with me! I forbid you to do anything stupid!"

She had already made up her mind to die with him, and if he shot, she would definitely not show any mercy.

It was Helen, on the contrary, who couldn't stand to watch, and when she clutched the gun in her hand, she pressed down hard.

The target, obviously, was the back of Freya's mind.

"Helen, you're mad!"

The bullet grazed through his arm, bringing down a sleeve and bloodstain, the wound was not serious, but revealed other scary scars on his arm.

Seeing the wounds on Kieran's arm, Freya was stunned, and she was just about to ask him what these wounds were all about when the sharp sound of gunshots rose and fell in the air again.

In a trance, she felt Kieran holding her injured left arm and asked her if it hurt.

Jacob and Fabian did it together, Helen and Pete, both shot, and it was as hard as hell for them to fight back.

When Helen and the others had come over to support Cealan, they had thought of a way back, there was a cruise ship waiting for them on the beach and if they boarded it and left, they would be safe.

Helen and Pete looked at each other and without the slightest delay they dashed off in the direction where their cruise ship was located.

Seeing that Cealan had no intention of leaving and wanted to snatch Freya, Helen was so anxious that she was about to cry.

"Cealan, get out of here! There are too many of them, we can't fight them, why don't we leave first and think about it in the long run!"

Helen was right, they and Edward were torn between two sides, now Kieran appeared, completely sitting on the fishery, fighting with him, they only had to die!

"Cealan, don't hesitate any longer! Any later and you won't come"

Before Helen could finish her sentence, she took a hard shot to the shoulder.

She was, now, standing on the beach, and her body, uncontrollably, stumbled backwards and almost plunged into the sea.

Jacob had no intention of letting her go, he pressed the gun in his hand again, this time, hitting her directly in the heart, and her body, uncontrollably, plunged into the vast ocean.

“Helen!” Pete roared, tearing his heart out as he tried to grab Helen, but one of his hands was injured and he couldn’t muster the strength.

Moreover, Jacob’s marksmanship, so good that it was truly terrifying, was also shot. He kept his body leaning forward and after taking a few more shots, his body fell into the sea.

The small patch of seawater around it was instantly stained blood red.

Helen and Pete fell into the sea, Cealan was expressionless, he only stared at Freya for an instant, in his eyes, the mourning was so thick and heavy that one could not breathe.

“Stahler, is it true that in this life, no matter how much I treat you well, you will never fall in love with me?!”

Chapter 1260

Not waiting for Freya to speak, Cealan, with red eyes again, sneered, “Stahler, is it true that as long as Kieran is still alive, you will never fall in love with me!”

“Cealan, we’re not from the same world! I only have Kieran in my heart, I can’t possibly love you!”

“But Stahler, you once said that you would marry me!”

“Cealan, what I said as a child cannot be taken seriously! I just want to grow old with Kieran!”

Cealan said as he stepped back, “Stahler, it turns out that the promise I’ve kept for so many years, in your heart, is nothing more than a sentence that cannot be taken seriously! Stahler, what exactly do you take me for!”

Looking at the sad-looking Cealan in front of him, Freya couldn’t help but think again of that once, as if he had been abandoned by the world, with no half-light in his eyes.

Her heart, inexplicably, choked.

She was sad for the little Cealan she had once been, but she would never be sad for Cealan.

She knew that Cealan loved her, and perhaps, for her, he was willing to risk his life.

But so what?

A person who is full of evil, no matter how deep his love is, will only cause countless people to be displaced, families to be broken and lovers to be separated from each other.

By being soft on him, she was aiding and abetting the enemy.

“Cealan, in my heart, you are a criminal, you have done evil and your hands are stained with blood, you should pay the price!” After a long silence, Freya spoke in a soft voice.

Hearing Freya’s words, Cealan couldn’t help but laugh out loud, it turned out that loving her so deeply, to the point that his heart hurt, in the end, he was nothing more than a criminal who deserved to die in her heart!

Cealan stopped laughing, he looked at Freya coldly, there was deep love in his eyes, but in the end, all the depth of love was suppressed by the heavy violence and hatred.

“Good, Stahler, since in your mind I’m just a criminal, I’ll carry out this charge to the end!”

With that, he jerked his gun around and aimed it precisely at Kieran’s heart.

Kieran’s face had the slightest ripple, “Cealan, do you think, now, you can still turn the tide?!”

“Heh! Then you try it!”

With that, Cealan pressed down hard.

The bullet in his hand, didn’t stab Kieran, Jonathan moved incredibly fast, he flew up and kicked hard at Cealan’s wrist.

Cealan dodged quickly and Jonathan did not hurt him, but because of this dodge, the bullet was deflected and did not hurt Kieran.

Cealan is very skilled, and Jonathan, alone, is no match for him.

Even with the addition of Fabian, he may not be a match for him.

But after all, two fists could not defeat four hands. Jacob and the others had all surrounded him, plus they had a large number of elites with guns in their hands, so even if he was powerful, he could not hold out for long.

Soon, a few more scary bruises were added to Cealan’s body.

Miyakin and the others pressed on, and he was soon forced to the beach.

Jacob stared coldly at Cealan, the murderous aura on his body, along with the monstrous fury, poured out quickly, he raised the gun in his hand fiercely, and the bullets flew viciously towards Cealan.

And at that moment, Cealan’s gun was empty of bullets.

Jacob’s shot hit Cealan right in the heart, and his body, staggering violently, plunged into the sea.

The moment he fell, he took many more shots to his body.

His body plunging heavily into the sea, the cool waters of the ocean, instantly submerged his head.

But, after a few seconds, he showed his head again.

He rushed towards Freya and held out his hand, his eyes with pain in them.

He moved those demon red lips and softly spat out her name, “Stahler

Freya lowered her eyes as she looked steadily at the hand that Cealan was extending towards her.

Things change, as if, at this moment, he is not the murderous demon Cealan, but just a somewhat fragile, somewhat self-absorbed, and somewhat difficult to get along with little Cealan.

She subconsciously reached out and tried to take his hand.

In the end, it was reason that prevailed.

Letting the tiger go back to the mountain will only allow the tiger to hurt more people.

She couldn't let a moment of pity forge a mistake that would never end!

Freya only nodded and withdrew her hand, she looked at Cealan expressionlessly, and met the coldness in her eyes, the last trace of expectation and warmth in his heart also disappeared.

Cealan is not afraid of death.

All his life, he has been killing people, what kind of great storms he has not experienced!

From the first time he killed someone as a young boy, he knew that one day he would die at the hands of others, as the blood of those he had killed had been spilled.

From that moment on, he too had put his life at risk.

It's just that he hurts too.

It never occurred to him that the love he so cherished, others simply didn't care.

And the girl he holds so dear only wishes him to die!

Several more bullets flew, and several more bloody holes were instantly added to Cealan's arms and body, leaving him, no longer, with the strength to raise his hands.

The sea, once again, swallowed his body, completely, and drowned the last few moments of sincerity in his heart.

See you, Stahler!

If I die, you and I will never meet again.

But if I don't die, neither of us will ever see the light of day again!

Successive shots rang out over the sea, and large splashes of blood quickly fizzing away.

In the end, the wind calmed down and the sea, returned to its original form, as if the blood, the parting of lives and deaths, the love-hate entanglements, had never existed.

Freya looked in awe at the sea that had returned to calm, and tears rolled down without a sound, the wind blew by, and soon there was no trace of them.

"Mommy!"

Jaden and Jayla rushed to Freya with red eyes.

Looking at his beloved son and daughter, Freya embraced them into her arms with all her might.

No words are needed, just a gentle snuggle.

Once she fell into the hands of Cealan and was brought to this hellish place in Free State, Freya thought that in this life, only pain and parting would be left, but to her surprise, her Kieran was still alive, her Alistair was also well, her Jaden and Jayla were getting smarter and cuter, and their family could still be happily reunited.

This is so, so good.

Kieran reached out his hand and he gently took Freya and the two little ones into his arms.

He spoke softly, his voice as low and melodious as the most beautiful tune.

“Freya, I’m taking you home. Let’s go home”

Freya nodded vigorously, and before she could hug Kieran hard enough, his body, leaning backwards violently, collapsed heavily onto the ground, motionless.