

Versatile 2991

Chapter 2991: A New Heart

2991 A New Heart

Lingling pulled the tip of the Sacred Tooth Staff out from the back. The tip passed by Mo Fan's heart leaving a scary hole in his torso.

The red lava slowly flowed into the hole in his chest. The Frost of Alternate Space that remained in his heart slowly subsided as the hot lava melted it. The lava was like the blood in Mo Fan's body. It was expanding the shriveled heart and reviving it!

Badump!

A clear heartbeat reverberated. At the same time, a sharp fluctuation occurred in the lava pool and river that covered the entire hole!

Badump! Badump!

The heartbeat resounded twice in a row. The red world suddenly went crazy. There was a raging eruption of lava and flames. Numerous fire pillars shot up into the sky.

Badump! Badump! Badump!

The heart began to beat rapidly. The area to the west of Osaka instantly erupted with spectacular and violent flames like volcanoes. It was quite startling!

In the flames of the volcano, a body drifted up. He was bathed in the inexhaustible lava fire. He regained his vitality and was eventually reborn, just like the son of the sun!

Shalitha slumped against the swaying rock in fright.

He thought he had killed Mo Fan and won the battle. However, he hadn't expected that an inconspicuous girl would be the reason for his defeat!

When Mo Fan came into contact with fire, he was reborn!

The Wicked God was immortal and had the most powerful flame in the world. If he was not killed in time, no one knew what catastrophe he would bring to this world.

Shalitha could not move his eyes away from Mo Fan at all.

Mo Fan's heart kept beating as though it had never been frozen by the Frost of Alternate Space. After his rebirth, his heart seemed to have gotten even stronger. It was like a scorching sun that kept burning.

The aura of the Red Sun hit Shalitha's festering face. He could sense that this Wicked God with a new heart was even stronger than before. The flame might be even superior to the Flame Saint of the Holy City!

The Wicked God had been growing all this time. Shalitha was terrified not just because he was powerless to fight this Wicked God but also because he had created an invincible demon!

If he did not kill Mo Fan today, he knew Mo Fan would become terrifying as time passed!

“Y-You have no idea what you’ve done!” Shalitha’s voice trembled. He no longer sounded arrogant.

“If the Holy City is full of ruthless scum like you, it shouldn’t exist in this world at all!” said Lingling.

Flames were everywhere, but the ground was not hot at all. Mo Fan, who had a new heart, landed beside Lingling. His body had no raging flames and shocking demon patterns anymore.

Mo Fan looked neat and clean, just like an ordinary man. The flames all over the sky had already shown his extraordinary power despite the lack of demon aura on his body. If he issued an order, the flames in the sky would descend. The flames of the Wicked God would burn Osaka, the vast mountains nearby, and even the ocean at a distance!

This was the real power of a god that could crush thousands of lives in a single move.

If Mo Fan were a real Wicked God, with resentment toward the world and endless contempt in his heart, he could burn everything to the ground.

Mo Fan only wanted to kill one person. Archangel Shalitha, who represented the Holy City, was his target.

Mo Fan walked toward Shalitha.

Shalitha’s eyes betrayed the fear he felt. He also felt annoyed and regretful.

‘Why did I create such a dangerous creature?’ he thought.

“You probably can’t honor the Holy City in the way that you want, but you can die in the Holy City, if you want.” Mo Fan smiled brightly.

“You won against me, but you can never win against the Holy City. So, I still win even if you kill me now. You have become the enemy of the Holy City. So, now you are a criminal everywhere around the world. You can run away, hide, and fight, but what about the people around you? They will also be rejected by this world. You still lose, no matter what. You still lose!” Even though Shalitha was afraid of death, he provoked Mo Fan.

“You’re right.” Mo Fan nodded.

“If I’m alive, I’ll be your only enemy. If I’m dead, your enemy is the Holy City, the Five Continents Magic Association, the Forbidden Curse Association, and countless countries and powerful people loyal to the Holy City,” Shalitha continued.

“Does it mean I’ll have a way out if I don’t kill you?” Mo Fan smiled.

“Yes. We can let go of the past and stop fighting. In fact, there are many secret agreements like this in the Holy City,” said Shalitha.

Shalitha has already lost, so he could only bargain with Mo Fan with his identity as an Archangel. He knew what Mo Fan needed and what was important to him. He could use it to his advantage.

"I agree to your second condition," said Shalitha. He knew Mo Fan was questioning what choice he should make.

"Next time, you should agree to my condition before destroying half the city. Unfortunately, I don't want there to be a next time." Mo Fan reached Shalitha.

Mo Fan extended his hands and held Shalitha's ugly head. With a smile, Mo Fan slowly applied force and lifted Shalitha's head while he stepped on Shalitha's body to hold him down.

Shalitha's neck stretched, and he felt the pain of suffocation as his head was pulled up. He struggled.

"You're such an exquisite and perfect Archangel. How can you have such an ugly head? I'll help you remove it slowly. This is also a great time to reflect on what you have done wrong and why you made the situation worse. Try not to make such a mistake in your next life, or your head will be pulled off like this again," said Mo Fan as he continued to pull his head off.

He sounded like a gentle elder giving sound advice. But the bones of Shalitha's neck cracked. His agony was apparent in his struggle.

Chapter 2992: The Mourning of The Holy City

2992 The Mourning of The Holy City

Shlick!

Shalitha's head was finally separated from his body. Mo Fan picked up his head like a melon from a farm. He looked at it and thought there was nothing special about it. He then casually flung it to the side.

Shalitha's body twitched.

Mo Fan crouched down by the side. He observed the body for a while in case the archangel had any supernatural abilities that would have allowed him to be resurrected from the dead.

It was only after Mo Fan confirmed that Shalitha was truly dead that he left in satisfaction.

Mo Fan walked to Lingling. He noticed that her hands had turned purple as a result of frostbite.

He took her hands into his. A gush of gentleness and warmth spread and gradually removed the chill in her body.

Lingling looked pale. It took a few minutes before her cheeks turned pinkish again.

Mo Fan's heart was full of conflicting emotions as he looked at Lingling.

Lingling was indeed not an ordinary girl. Even the Forbidden Mages from Osaka dared not approach this place, and yet, she did. She also saved him from the valley of death in front of Shalitha.

"What if Shalitha still had some energy left in him and killed you with a snap of his finger? Promise me. No more of such foolishness in the future," said Mo Fan. His heart ached for her.

Lingling was truly fearless. She saved him from the Archangel of Murder. Even the newly promoted Wicked God almost died in that archangel's hands.

“Instead of waiting for an uncertain outcome like a fool, I might as well take the risk,” said Lingling.

“You’re right. We picked the right bet, but we didn’t win. What should we do next?” Mo Fan breathed out a long sigh. It was not a sigh of relief of having survived this dangerous encounter. It was because he knew that the real horror had just begun.

“We don’t have a way out of this anymore,” said Lingling.

“We?” Upon hearing Lingling’s words, he could not help but reach out to hold her face. “It’s not us, this time. It’s me. Girl, are you really sure you want to join me in overthrowing the Holy City?”

“Don’t you even think about leaving me behind,” said Lingling fiercely as she slapped Mo Fan’s hand away.

“I don’t intend to leave anyone behind, but I have my own plans. You should go back to school and study hard. I now find that magic can’t change the world, but knowledge can,” said Mo Fan to Lingling.

“What’s your plan?” Lingling panicked. She could somewhat guess what he was thinking.

“I need more time. I can’t start a war with the Holy City now, so I’ve decided to go to the Holy City and let them hold me for trial. With that, I can stall for time,” said Mo Fan.

“If you go to them now, they won’t treat you fairly!” said Lingling furiously.

Mo Fan tried to persuade Lingling that things were not that bad. “Lingling, don’t be so quick to judge everything negatively because of that scum of an angel. How sure are you to say that the Holy City and its entire ruling class are hopeless? Even if they are, I’ll still fight till the end. At the end of the day—”

“You don’t want to get us involved in the situation. That is what you are planning! I am not a child!” retorted Lingling.

“I know you aren’t a child anymore. You’ve always been smarter than most people, and you’re better at judging a situation than anyone else,” said Mo Fan.

“You chose to face judgment in the Holy City because you want to protect others. But you have to know that those people whom you want to protect are willing to go to hell and back with you if you face a life-or-death situation!” Lingling shouted at Mo Fan.

‘Those people whom you want to protect are willing to go to hell and back with you...’

Mo fan felt a gush of warmth in his heart after hearing those words.

“If that’s the case, I think I’ve lived a good life.” Mo Fan did not expect Lingling to say such touching words. He hugged her.

“So, are you still going to surrender yourself?” Lingling buried her head in his arms.

“I’m not surrendering myself. We all need more time,” said Mo Fan.

“But...”

Lingling's words were on the tip of her tongue when she felt slightly suffocated because her heart was full. Mo Fan hugged her tightly, as if just a simple hug wouldn't be enough to make an impact on his memories.

Lingling, though, saw it as another goodbye. She remained silent. She cherished the moment. At least she was prepared for it. Lingling finally let go of her restlessness.

"I like—"

"You're still young. Don't say things like that."

"I liked the days when we used to catch demons together."

"Oh, okay—"

...

The foothill on the east of the Alps Mountain was the world's cleanest wilderness nourished by snow and ice. It was a vast and endless land. A magnificent and ancient city was built on the land.

Stepping into the land felt like returning to Europe's prosperous era. There were tall city walls and an ancient gate. It was surrounded by crystal-clear ice and snow.

The architecture of the city was exquisite. The streets were spotless. The colorful magical barriers were like sheer veils. They were formed to protect the noble lady—the Holy City. The barriers enhanced the beauty of the city.

This was a city where miracles happened. Its distinctive style attracted numerous tourists every year. The city had a strong religious presence. It was the Mages' supreme religion. The magical cultivation path was long and difficult. It was tedious and painful. The thought of being able to occupy a place in the Holy City filled them with hope and power.

The Holy City was full of colors, especially with the gold that represented holiness. The rose gold represented femininity, the white gold represented purity, and the brownish gold represented majesty.

However, the Holy City had another color today. It was shrouded in black. Black signified mourning. Black symbols were seen everywhere.

Black feathers filled up the corners of the streets.

Black flags were everywhere.

Devotees of the Holy City strolled slowly through the streets while dressed in monk-style black clothing. They held a black chalice filled with clean water with a willow branch dipped in it. They sprinkled the water onto the roads.

This was a ritual of sorts.

It was a custom of mourning in the Holy City. If one of the Archangels passed away in Holy City, they would hold this ritual to mourn for them. It was a solemn sight.

"He died for us."

“Shalitha’s name will be engraved on the majestic monument on the sacred peak of Alps Mountain.”

“We’ll remember him in our hearts. We’ll bring that demon to justice!”

“We’ll search for him even to the ends of the world. We’ll trace his demonic aura. We won’t rest until we catch him and put him to death. We pray this in the name of the Archangel Shalitha!”

The foghorn-like voice of the Archangel Ramiel swore to heaven over the city gates.

People used the bridge to enter and exit the city. They lowered their heads and dared not even utter a word or bring up the subject.

Three days ago, sensational news spread around the world. One of the archangels who monitored the world, the Archangel Shalitha, was tragically beheaded in Japan. And the murderer was Mo Fan!

Today, the Holy City mourned for the death of the Archangel Shalitha. The Mages who entered the city felt its wrath. The supreme, divine right of the Holy City had never been trampled this way before in the past!

“You don’t have to pursue me to the ends of the world. I’m right here.”

The Archangel Ramiel’s shout resounded throughout the city when a man in front of the city gate removed his hood. The man had his hands in his pockets and stood before the priesthood of the Holy City.

“M-Mo Fan!”

“Mo Fan!”

“He’s the Wicked God!”

“No, he’s a demon!”

The crowd was so scared that they fled everywhere. Meanwhile, the priests and Archangels mourning for Shalitha’s death looked confused.

Chapter 2993: That Person Is Mo Fan

2993 That Person Is Mo Fan

Black feathers, black flags for mourning, and black flower petals were sprinkled all over the streets in the Holy City .

in front of the audience, Mo Fan made his way to the end of the city’s boulevard.

The Holy Palace was in the city center. The Holy City had a total of seven avenues. From above, they could see how crowded with structures the city’s center was. The seven avenues from the edges of the city led to the majestic Holy Palace and intersected at the perfect center point of the city. The avenues divided the Holy City into fourteen areas, and each area was presented in the shape of a fan.

The Holy City was divided into a Front City and a Back City.

The Front City was the seventh area that was near to the Alps Mountain. It was also the only entrance to the Holy City.

After they entered through the city, the path led straight to the Holy Palace. When Mo Fan noticed that the First Avenue of the Holy City was filled with black thorny flowers and roses, he gave them a smile.

"I didn't expect such a big welcome from you. I'm flattered," he said to the Archangel Ramiel who escorted him.

Ramiel blew his beard and scowled. He was so furious. "We're mourning for Shalitha. This will also be your funeral!"

"Archangel, didn't you have a rule that said whoever willingly recited the divine oath would be fairly judged? I am still innocent until proven guilty.," said Mo Fan with solemnity.

"Do you think you can survive the judgment?!" said Ramiel.

Mo Fan sighed. "Judging from the tone of your voice, I can sense that you will convict me without hesitation on Judgment Day."

"You're right. You may be able to deceive the world with your various lies, but we're aware of how Shalitha died. Are you aware of the severity of your sin for killing an Archangel? You will be subjected to the harshest sanction of the Holy City!" Ramiel said without hesitation.

"You're not the only person who decides the outcome of the judgment," said Mo Fan.

"We all know what will happen to you. Here's a reminder for you, the last person who faced similar judgment was a Greek called Wen Tai," said Ramiel.

"It's my honor to be treated unfairly just like him," answered Mo Fan.

"Stop spewing nonsense! The reason he was executed was because of our fairness. Regardless of your position, identity, or religion, the people from the Holy City will never allow a heretic to survive in this world," Ramiel said, firmly.

Mo Fan did not say anything more. It would be meaningless if he continued to debate with someone like him.

There were no vehicles on the Holy City avenues. Everyone traveled on foot.

The clergymen dressed lavishly, including the Archangel Ramiel. He wore a purple-gold divine armor. Even his feathers glowed in a golden luster. He looked majestic.

The sight was impressive. Such a situation did not often appear in the Holy City. The pedestrians were forcibly pushed to the sides. Only the clergymen could walk on the clean and spacious First Avenue.

The truth was that the people did not look at the clergymen. They focused on Mo Fan, who was at the front of the line.

They found it hard to believe that the legendary three-headed and six-armed demon was actually an Eastern boy who looked so ordinary. His demonic aura was not intense, and he did not have rageful golden irises.

He had the typical Eastern features with neat, black short hair and a pair of black-brown eyes.

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Mo Fan walked toward the Holy Palace. He recited the divine oath, so no one could put shackles on him.

The Archangel Ramiel stood behind Mo Fan and glared at him.

The clergymen reacted as if they were facing a great enemy. They kept a close watch on their surroundings and acted cautiously.

‘Was it true that the killer of the Archangel Shalitha surrendered to them without a fight?’ They wondered. He was arrogant and looked down upon the Holy City. ‘Would he truly allow the people of the Holy City to take him into the palace in chains?’ There must be some kind of conspiracy. They could not let down their guard. They had to be prepared for a battle!

They continued to march forward. Both sides of First Avenue of the Holy City were crowded. They dared not step into the middle of the road. They stared at Mo Fan. They discussed him in fear.

The journey was long. It was so long that by the time Mo Fan stepped into the Holy Palace, the world already knew of his arrival.

People from St. Kai’s Altar in Australia, Cape of Good Hope, Magic Castle from Africa, St. Paul’s Holy Church from Europe, and the Divine Palace of Freedom from America congratulated Ramiel and his group. Shalitha’s death had shocked everyone from the Magic Association. Thus, the Enforcement Union from the Magic Association immediately listed Mo Fan as the most dangerous and wanted criminal.

The directive was issued from the continental level to the national level before spreading to various famous cities like wildfire. Finally, the people from the Magic Association learned about the news. It had been years since a directive was issued with immediate effect. Similarly, they had never revoked such a high-level directive in only three days.

Mo Fan had truly put the people from the Magic Association on edge these three days.

None of the Magic Association, including the continental Magic Association wanted to take over the troublesome case. After all, who would dare to arrest the person who was capable of killing the Archangel Shalitha?

Mo Fan surrendered himself. And that was the best outcome!

Asian Magic Association was the only association that did not immediately issue a wanted notice. Meanwhile, China Magic Association tore the wanted notice after receiving it from the Holy City.

No matter how heated the debate or the world was, Mo Fan slowly entered the Holy Palace and vanished in the midst of the Holy Judges while being covered in live social media posts from many different nations!

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At the City of Canals in Venice, a gothic style sanatorium was situated near the hills. It provided a perfect view. They could enjoy the beautiful sunset of Venice from here.

Many people admired the view and took some pictures. Some of them lamented the fact that it had been such a long time since they had enjoyed the sunset in Venice. They had not enjoyed such a golden, serene, and picturesque sight for a while now.

A lady sat quietly on her chair. She rested her gaze on a frivolous young man who was goofing around. He looked comical, and he flirted with one of the nurses as if no one was around.

“Mother, what are you looking at?” Zhao Youqian peeled off the skin of the grapes and held it up to her mouth.

The lady shook her head. She had no intention of eating the grapes.

She smiled. “Manyan used to be like him. He always looked as though he lost his soul and his mind whenever he saw pretty girls. He ignored everyone. When he was young, he only played with girls with good looks, both older and younger than him. If he were still alive, he would be about the same age as that young man.”

Chapter 2994: How Are You Doing Down There

2994 How Are You Doing Down There

Zhao Youqian’s face turned somber.

He did not want to hear his younger brother’s name, especially since he knew that his brother had not perished as expected.

“Mother, take a rest. I’ll come and visit you next time.” Zhao Youqian rose, straightened his suit, and bid farewell to the lady.

“Do you have something else to do again?” asked the lady.

“Yes, I’ve a lot of things to handle. Ever since the trend of the Dragon Mage started in Europe, our family business has been severely affected. The crowd goes to the auctions where dragons are held for sale. They care less and less about us. Our old customers who used to fawn on us go to buy things from our competitors now,” Zhao Youqian said with great dissatisfaction.

“Old customers? They cooperated with us because they respected your father. Now that your father is gone—” said the lady.

“Why do you always talk like that? Why must you always do that? Regardless of our topics of conversation, you always have to mention it. Mother, why can’t you keep yourself in check? How can I chat with you if you continue behaving this way?” said Zhao Youqian impatiently.

The lady was so shocked when she watched Zhao Youqian become furious. Soon, she calmed herself down.

“I can mention them only to you. Don’t you miss them at all? We were a family...” The lady looked slightly disappointed.

Zhao Manqian realized that he had lost his temper and quickly took a few deep breaths to calm himself.

"I didn't mean that. It's just that I feel sad whenever you mention them. I don't want to feel sad. I want to move on with our lives," Zhao Manqian said softly.

"Whenever I mention them, you look angry instead of sad."

"Mother, I wasn't—"

"Fine. I understand how you feel. I saw a young man who resembled your younger brother, and I inevitably thought of him. Go back and do your work. You must spend a lot of effort on the family's business." The lady regained her composure.

"Okay. Rest well. When the weather turns warm and you get better, I'll take you home," said Zhao Manqian.

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Zhao Manqian left in a haste. He panicked. It was as if he was afraid that his mother saw through his true inner thoughts.

Meanwhile, the lady Bai Miaoying fixed her gaze on Zhao Manqian's silhouette. She did not blink even for a second.

She wondered when her family had reached such a state. Regardless of how beautiful Venice was, it could not sweep away the pathos in her heart.

Bai Miaoying closed her eyes and tried to rest with restlessness and torment in her heart. She waited for time to pass meaninglessly.

It was almost night. The weather was cold. Still, Bai Miaoying refused to go back to the house. She did not want to feel suffocated by the stuffy air inside the house.

Not long ago, she had learnt the news about her family from an old caregiver. The news was the reason Mai Biaoying became seriously ill and was admitted into the hospital.

She could not accept the truth. She could not help but suspect her son.

'Was it true that Zhao Youqian was the one who did it?'

Thump! Thump! Thump!

She heard footsteps approaching her.

Bai Miaoying ignored the sound. Someone wrapped a warm, wool coat around her and gently placed his hands on her shoulders. Bai Miaoying opened her eyes.

She was greeted by the sight of a handsome and familiar face. He always smiled even when he was serious or angry.

He liked to smile. Bai Miaoying remembered that when he was young, he often gave people a warm smile. He could not stop giggling. The corners of his lips curled upward even when he was engrossed with something around him.

This was also the reason why Bai Miaoying and her husband were so fond of him. It was as if he was born to love his home and everything that his parents gave to him.

“Are you Xiao Manman?” At that moment, Bai Miaoying could not quite believe what she saw upon watching his face.

Her first thought was not that her son had risen from the dead, but that she had fallen asleep in her chair and subconsciously entered a dreamland.

“Ahem, I told you not to call me by that name after I turned eighteen,” the man said, appearing embarrassed.

“As long as I am alive, I will call you that. Xiao Manman, where’s your father? Did he come to visit me with you? How are you doing down there? Did the ghosts mistreat you? Are you well-fed? Do you have enough money to spend? Did you receive the things that I burned for you in Venice during Tomb-Sweeping Day last year? Oh, dear! I forgot that Venice is a foreign country. I guess the Italian ghosts have confiscated the money. Even if they didn’t, the money has to go through the customs of the underworld. They must have withheld a lot of stuff. I’ll return to the country and add more things for you—” Bai Miaoying was so excited that she talked nonstop, as if she wanted to say everything within those few seconds.

“Mother, I’m sorry that I couldn’t bring Dad to visit you.” Zhao Manyan sat on the chair.

“Why? Didn’t you meet each other? You must rely on each other. Don’t go separate ways just because of minor arguments. I know he’s very strict. He always hopes that you can become successful and gain the right to speak in society just like him. But he also told me that your spontaneousness is an admirable quality. People live to enjoy their lives, and it’s counted as a blessing as long as they can live peacefully. If you’re happy and keep that cheerful smile, he won’t force you to join the Chamber of Commerce, an elite in the political arena, or the man among men—” Bai Miaoying truly had a lot to say. She finished everything in a single breath, as if she was afraid that she would not have a chance later.

After Zhao Manyan heard her words, he stopped smiling. Grievance showed up in his eyes.

“Mother, I can’t bring Dad to visit you because I’m not down there. I’m still alive. I’m living a good life. You’re not dreaming. Look at your surroundings. Your dream can’t be so real that even mosquitoes are around to bite you.” He patted Bai Miaoying’s arm.

Bai Miaoying felt a searing pain. Her complexion kept changing. The expressions on her face alternated between shock, joy, and doubt.

“Xiao Manman, Is it really you?” Bai Miaoying could not quite contain her excitement.

“Yes, it’s me. I’ve been wandering outside for a few years. I miss home. Above all, I miss you.” Zhao Manyan smiled. He gave his mother a big hug.

Chapter 2995: Zhao Manyan’s Lies

2995 Zhao Manyan’s Lies

Bai Miaoying's eagerness was still too much to handle after a while. Perhaps, it was because she had suppressed her emotions for a very long time. She wanted to burst out in tears, but her eyes were so dry that she felt pain.

"Let's go in and talk," said Bai Miaoying to Zhao Manyan as she tried to calm herself.

"It's okay. Let's chat here. I know what you're worried about," said Zhao Manyan.

"Let me take a good look at you." Bai Miaoying looked at Zhao Manyan. She reached out to touch his face.

Zhao Manyan was no longer as fair as he was, and his skin was not as soft and supple anymore. He had been maintaining his good looks for a very long time. He had dyed his hair a vibrant color. It made him look pompous and overly fashionable.

Today, the outline of his face seemed to show his character. He looked more regal and bold. He used to have a pair of innocent-looking eyes, but at that moment, they looked deep and full of complicated emotions. Even though he looked as frivolous as before, Bai Miaoying noticed this was just his outer appearance, a state of mind that he had been maintaining for a very long time.

He had gone through a lot. He had changed a lot. He had experienced sadness and torment. Still, he had not lost himself. He had grown into himself.

Perhaps, he had become more mature. But Bai Miaoying believed Zhao Manyan was more than just a mature man.

"You look more like your father now." Bai Miaoying let go of his face. She looked relieved.

"Maybe." Zhao Manyan tried to recall his father's face.

"You and your brothers are very different in terms of your personalities. Youqian obeyed your father since he was young. He did everything according to your father's orders. He seldom went against him. After he grew up, he wanted to take over the family business. As for you, you don't really show any interest in the family business. You did the opposite of what your father told you. But now, Youqian has changed. And you, you grew up to be like your father." Bai Miaoying sighed.

Zhao Manyan did not say anything. He sat by her side and listened attentively to her.

Bai Miaoying could talk endlessly. Back then, she often nagged Zhao Manyan. He played games while listening to her nagging. In fact, he did not really pay attention to her words.

This time, it was surprising to see Zhao Manyan sitting there quietly and listening to his mother. He listened attentively to every word she spoke.

In the past, he would become impatient. But at that moment, he found that he enjoyed listening to her talk endlessly.

"There's something I have to tell you." Bai Miaoying's face changed. She looked bitter.

"What is it?"

“Your father could have lived longer, but Youqian...” Bai Miaoying felt as if something was stuck in her chest.

She had no intention of telling Zhao Manyan about it. She had just gotten him back. However, considering her younger son’s safety as well as Zhao Youqian’s change of character over the years, she had to warn Zhao Manyan to be wary of his older brother.

Now that Zhao Manyan was alive, the family succession, that had been dragged out for a very long time, would fall into his hands. She could not guarantee that Zhao Youqian would not do something reckless.

Bai Miaoying told her younger son about what she had learnt from the old caregiver. Zhao Youqian was the one who had unplugged his father’s medical equipment so that his father passed away earlier.

“Mother, how can you simply listen to the old caregiver’s words? No matter how much of a scum Zhao Youqian is, he would never use Father’s life as a bargaining chip for the family competition. Don’t be absurd, Mother.” Zhao Manyan refused to believe it.

“Youqian has been lost these years. I feel that I no longer know him anymore. He loses control of his emotions. Xiao Manman, even though he’s your older brother, we’re a large family, and there are many things that cannot be maintained solely through family relationships. No matter what, you must be careful!” Bai Miaoying trusted the old caregiver.

“There’s something I haven’t told you,” said Zhao Manyan. “I was inside the ward when my father passed away.” Zhao Manyan told Bai Miaoying part of the story when he had sneaked into the ward.

Zhao Manyan only told her the part that his mother would be able to accept and be at peace. He didn’t tell her about his brother giving the orders to unplug the medical equipment.

“Is it true?” Bai Miaoying cried out in shock.

Zhao Manyan spoke in detail. Bai Miaoying wanted to believe him, but she was still worried.

“Of course, it’s true. The Black Vatican laid their eyes on me. I didn’t show up all this while because I don’t want to get you into trouble. Mother, don’t worry. Youqian is not as bad as you think. Perhaps, the people from other clans deliberately wanted to crush us after knowing about such a big change in our family. So, they simply made up stories,” said Zhao Manyan.

“T-That’s great! I almost believed them! Do you know how sad I was when I heard it? I even felt like killing myself. Our family was doing fine. I was shocked to see it turn into something like this.” Bai Miaoying’s tears streamed down her face.

She heaved a long, relieved sigh.

After learning the “truth” from Zhao Manyan, Bai Miaoying felt as if she had finally gotten rid of the despair and pain. The air was fresher, even the night in Venice looked more breathtaking.

Bai Miaoying could not quite accept the fact of Zhao Manyan’s death. She knew he was terribly sick, and she knew he wouldn’t have survived for long. His illness had triggered internal strife in the family. As a result, Bai Miaoying was so dejected that she did not even have the courage to live on.

Finally, Bai Miaoying could rest assured that both of her sons were well and good!

“Stop thinking about unnecessary stuff. Take good care of your health. Eat well. Who knows, maybe you will live long enough to see your own grandchildren in a couple of years. By then, we may need your help to take care of the children. If you aren’t here, I don’t want to have a child,” said Zhao Manyan with a warm smile.

Bai Miaoying slapped Zhao Manyan’s head playfully. “Don’t simply spew nonsense! You must have at least seven or eight children and contribute to growing our family. Otherwise, you will be sorry for the young girls you’ve flirted with!”

Chapter 2996: The Man and the Turtle

2996 The Man and the Turtle

Contributing to the birth of seven or eight children was quite a challenge for Zhao Manyan. However, getting seven or eight wives would be a simple task.

“Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing in the last few years?” said Bai Miaoying.

“I’ll pick the most exciting stories to tell you!”

“I don’t want to learn about your promiscuous life!” Bai Miaoying said gruffly.

“No! I am talking about heroic stories about saving people and maintaining peace in the world!” said Zhao Manyan.

“Are you sure you did all that?” Bai Miaoying raised one of her eyebrows and looked at him skeptically.

...

They sat there and chatted for a very long time. Zhao Manyan noticed Bai Miaoying was so tired that she squinted her eyes while talking. Even so, she, like a child, refused to go to bed. She insisted on waiting for him to finish his story.

Zhao Manyan helped her into the house and handed her over to the nurse.

“I’ll be in Venice for a while. I will come over to visit you. Go to bed now and get well soon,” said Zhao Manyan to Bai Miaoying.

“I’m not sick. All I have is that sorrow in my heart. I’ve finally gotten rid of that and have even gotten back my son—” said Bai Miaoying.

“Well, you hardly have the strength to talk. Go and take a rest first. I still have something I need to do,” said Zhao Manyan.

“What is it that you need to do?” Bai Miaoying asked firmly as though she would refuse to rest if he didn’t answer her last question.

“A friend of mine is in big trouble. He might need the help of our family’s influence in the international arena,” said Zhao Manyan.

“So, are you coming back to the family?”

“Yes. I didn’t master the magical skills, so I must come back to inherit our family business,” said Zhao Manyan.

“But your older brother—”

“It’s fine. I’ll talk with Youqian. He’s my biological brother. We should support each other,” said Zhao Manyan.

Bai Miaoying nodded. Even though she believed Zhao Youqian was not easy to communicate with, they were, after all, biological brothers. They would sit down and talk things through. It wouldn’t matter who inherited the family business.

...

Zhao Manyan walked down along the sycamore forest path. He was about to leave the sanatorium when a man in a cyan-patterned formal suit appeared in his path. He stared at Zhao Manyan with his razor-sharp gaze.

Zhao Manyan did not look surprised when he saw the man. He walked toward him.

“I heard your conversation,” said the man in a cyan-patterned formal suit in a low voice.

“This is the difference between you and me. Of course, the main point is I don’t want Mother to live in pain because of the things you did. Father has passed away, and she is already very sad about it. I know she expects you to be innocent from the bottom of her heart. Besides, you’ve been behaving well before her. I don’t want to ruin her impressions of you,” said Zhao Manyan calmly.

“You’re indeed my good younger brother. You’re very considerate. Since you defended me this time, I won’t kill you. If you promise to live the life of a scum and never get involved in the family affairs, I can guarantee that you can live in peace away from here.” Zhao Youqian walked out of the forest. A group of people in dark golden monastery robes appeared behind him.

The people in monastery robes had their foreheads covered by the brim of their hats. They were masked in breathable gauze. It was clear that they did not want Zhao Manyan to see their faces.

But they had imposing auras. The forest was dead silent. There was not even a single chirping sound from the birds or insects. Even the air turned so cold that it was about to freeze everything!

They were a group of top-notch experts!

“If this were the past, I would have given you all the things that father left for us. But I won’t do that anymore. I need the power of the Venice Chamber of Commerce,” said Zhao Manyan.

“You leave me no choice, then. I will cripple you first before sending you to a mental hospital with a nice environment,” said Zhao Youqian.

“That was exactly what I wanted to do to you. However, considering that doing that will raise our mother’s suspicion, I decided to forgive you temporarily. Everything you did was insane and heartless. It resulted in two outcomes: I’m not dead yet; second, father passed away by his own choice. Based on these factors, we can still stay together as a family. We can, at the least, pretend to be one for our mother’s sake,” said Zhao Manyan.

“I don’t need your forgiveness. I’m the one who is in control of the situation. You should beg me. I can spare your life for mother’s sake,” Zhao Youqian said ruthlessly.

“I don’t care what you feel about me. It’s up to me how I want to treat both of us. Anyway, you guys can lock Zhao Youqian up and throw him into the water prison to calm him down. Let him think clearly about who is in control of the situation now,” said Zhao Manyan as he snapped his fingers.

Zhao Youqian was stunned. He thought Zhao Manyan had brought along many experts with him. However, he soon found out that Zhao Manyan was not talking to himself.

“You’re still using such childish tricks—” Zhao Youqian was about to mock him when he felt someone grab his arms from behind.

Ahh!

Before Zhao Youqian recovered his senses, two people had twisted his arms upward behind his back. His joints were about to break. Zhao Youqian gritted his teeth in pain!

“What are you doing?!” Zhao Youqian turned around and realized that the people in dark golden monastery robes were the ones grabbing his arms.

‘What was going on? Are they under Zhao Manyan’s spell?’

“You’ve been in close contact with the Killer Palace. I’ve dug out the background of the pair who struck me in Venice last time.” Zhao Manyan approached Zhao Youqian.

Another two people in golden dark monastery robes walked to Zhao Manyan’s back and stood behind him respectfully. They bowed to Zhao Manyan.

“That’s impossible. How can they pledge their loyalty to you? They—” Zhao Youqian was both shocked and furious. He had spent a lot of money training the Guardian Mages.

“Simple. If they refuse to pledge their loyalty to me, they must die. You assume they will do anything for money including sacrificing themselves. You assume they won’t betray you if you can pay them a handsome sum of money. The truth is, compared to their lives, they don’t give a sh*t about how much money you give them,” said Zhao Manyan.

“How shameless of you to even call yourself the guardians of the Killer Palace!” Zhao Youqian cursed at them.

The guardians of the Killer Palace stood there in silence.

The Killer Palace had its own rules: dignity, and religion. Unfortunately, none of these were worth mentioning when they came to face a scornful Black Totem Turtle that was as big as an island.

They had seen the massive thing with their own eyes. It lunged at them like a black mountain range emerging from the middle of the sea. It was a terrifying creature that was almost certainly close to, if not already an emperor-level creature!

When the blonde man and his turtle appeared inside the hidden monastery, the Killer Palace, no one dared to go against him.

Chapter 2997: Business Summit in Venice

2997 Business Summit in Venice

Their power and tactics appeared weak before the absolutely powerful creature.

Zhao Youqian never expected to be subdued with such ease. He had a large network and was in control of many assets. He had gained various titles in the world arena. However, at that moment, all this appeared to be meaningless.

The water prison lived up to its title.

The water inside the water prison was very freezing. When he was first dropped inside the water, he did not quite feel the cold. After staying in it for a while, he gradually felt bone-chilling pain which became unbearable.

The water prison was dimly lit, hence it lulled one into a sense of peace. However, the water was smelly, and the humid environment made it difficult to close one's eyes.

Zhao Youqian was not a Mage. He did not have even the slightest interest in magic cultivation. He had a very weak physique. He collapsed easily inside a common water prison.

It took a few days before someone finally opened the water prison door. A middle-aged man in a Zhongshan suit took Zhao Youqian out of the water prison.

After Zhao Youqian left the water prison, he saw a carpet on the floor. He grabbed the carpet and wrapped it around himself like a crazy man. Even so, his lips had turned purple because of the cold. He could barely walk.

"Uncle Qing, what took you so long to save me?! Do you know how I've been living in the past two days?! It has to be Zhao Manyan's doing! I won't spare him! I'll assign someone to dig him out!" said Zhao Youqian furiously.

"Youqian, it's Manyan who asked me to release you. He told me your mother's health has improved. She will be discharged from the hospital today. Manyan will be attending the Business Summit in Venice, so he can't pick Mrs. Zhao up. He said you must wash and dress up so that Mrs. Zhao won't suspect anything," said Uncle Qing.

"Did you say he's going to attend the Business Summit? Does he have the ability to attend the Business Summit? Damn it! I've worked so hard to accumulate the resources and form a good rapport with various parties, and he comes back suddenly and takes it all away!" Zhao Youqian shouted hysterically.

Zhao Youqian's many years of hard work had been squandered. He couldn't accept it, especially not when the person was his most hated younger brother.

"You should be more sensible. Many of our family members heeded his orders. Moreover, you are aware that his current status is not inferior to an international great mentor of Forbidden Curse level. Based on this factor alone, hardly anyone in Zhao Group dares to go against him. You'd better take good care of Mrs. Zhao from now on, or you really risk spending your life inside the water prison," said Uncle Qing with a long sigh.

Uncle Qing was one of the elders in the Zhao Group. He was their father's right-hand man. He knew the ins and outs of the corporate sector.

Later, he worked for Zhao Youqian. He managed everything so well even in the absence of his father.

Zhao Youqian had not figured out his own situation even to this day. He no longer had the upper hand!

"How is that possible? Don't be ridiculous! Where's Zhao Jing? Did Zhao Jing's group agree to accept him into the Zhao Group, too?" asked Zhao Youqian.

"Zhao Jing's group submitted to someone else long ago. We didn't know who that person was before. But I assume you should know who that person is now," said Uncle Qing.

"Is it Zhao Manyan?" Zhao Youqian was baffled.

Zhao Jing's supporters were the younger generation in the Zhao Group that were able to compete with Zhao Youqian. Originally, he thought Zhao Jing's group would select a new leader to preside over the situation after Zhao Jing went missing. Zhao Youqian did not expect that the person would be Zhao Manyan.

Zhao Manyan was about to inherit the massive fortunes of the Zhao Group. Instead of supporting the sidekick, Zhao Jing, they might have decided to support Zhao Manyan. After all, Zhao Manyan was the rightful heir. On top of that, despite the passing of Mr. Zhao, many elderly people in the business arena showed their respect to him. They only dealt with Mr. Zhao's immediate family members and ignored the rest of the people in Zhao Group.

Zhao Group encountered a severe economic crisis. They needed someone to preside over the situation and lead the company. Zhao Group had to maintain the right to speak at the Business Summit in Venice!

"Take me to the Business Summit. Take me there. He is going to ruin the Zhao Group! He will get us into trouble. He's still young and is a stranger to those cunning men from the commercial arena. They don't recognize him!" said Zhao Youqian.

"If you insist, I'll have to send you back to the water prison. You only have one choice now. Go wash and dress up, then pick Mrs. Zhao up from the sanatorium and chat with her at home," said Uncle Qing.

"Uncle Qing, what do you mean? Do you mean I—" Zhao Youqian stared at the elder of the family. When he saw the firmness in his eyes, Zhao Youqian realized something.

Uncle Qing was on Zhao Manyan's side!

'Why did Uncle Qing think that Zhao Manyan was capable of leading the whole Zhao family and Zhao Group?!'

"Fine. I'll see how he deals with the cunning old men in the commercial arena. I'll see how he's going to give an explanation to our mother. If he messes up things in the Business Summit, Zhao Group's reputation will be ruined on the international stage. When he dies, I'll see how he will answer to our father!" Zhao Youqian was so angry that he smashed all the bottles and jars beside him.

...

Zhao Group chaired the Business Summit in Venice. The Five Continents Chambers of Commerce gathered to discuss the development of the major Chambers of Commerce for the next two years. They wanted to set some codes of conduct for the Chambers of Commerce Alliance to avoid damages because of the malicious competitions. They also wanted to exchange ideas with one another. After all, even the hidden clan from the Parthenon Temple would attend the Business Summit, let alone the various continents of consortium and great families that held control of the commercial lifelines!

In the past, too, Zhao Group hosted the Business Summit in Venice.

This year, Zhao Manyan's father was no longer the host. He had passed away. As his father's successor, Zhao Youqian worked very hard to prepare for this in the past few years so that he could formally present himself before the world's chiefs of major consortia, the presidents of the National Chambers of Commerce, the heads of prestigious families, and the major royal focal points.

However, in the end, Zhao Manyan took over his place.

Zhao Youqian's willpower collapsed.

Zhao Youqian had been waiting for this day. He did everything he could to get ready for this day. He did not expect Zhao Manyan to pretend to be dead all this time and sweep in on this day to take his place!

...

The Business Summit started.

They saw a young man. He looked so young that he did not even have a beard around his mouth.

The young man had blonde hair, which did not quite suit the solemn occasion. Even though he was dressed in a standard burgundy tuxedo, had an upright posture, and exuded an imposing aura, he did not look like someone who was reliable to the VIPs in the commercial arena.

Most of the time, only the leading bosses or highly respected people would host such an occasion. Most of the guests had not seen the young man before.

"Ladies and gentlemen, good to see you. Perhaps, many of you don't recognize me. I'm Zhao Manyan, the heir of Zhao Group. You can address me as President Zhao. My father has passed away. I'm not here to continue his legend. I'm here to bring all of us to achieve new glory in the commercial arena." Zhao Manyan gave a simple introductory speech. The warm smile on his face showed his confidence and strength.

Chapter 2998: The Person In Charge of Zhao Group

2998 The Person In Charge of Zhao Group

"You're still a novice. We can guide you closely for the sake of Mr. Zhao. Regarding the contract between our royal family and Zhao Group that disallowed the merchants from selling silver jewelry in the Indian Ocean, could you nullify it from today onward?" snorted Prince Beny from the Spanish royal family.

The Spanish royal family was an old guest of the Business Summit in Venice. They were one of the most important members within the Chambers of Commerce. Their main business activity was noble silver and rare pearls.

“Of course, I can nullify the contract. After all, the value of your trinket productions pales in comparison to the small crafts from Yiwu, China that are exported worldwide. You can trade in the Indian Ocean. Sign the contract and you will no longer be on the list of the Chambers of Commerce of Venice,” replied Zhao Manyan calmly.

The members from the Spanish royal family turned pale upon hearing his words.

Did the young man have God with him? Even Mr. Zhao dared not strike their names off from the Chambers of Commerce of Venice!

“Chambers of Commerce of Andeas will take over your place. Prince Beny, instead of spending time chatting with your female seniors and juniors in Ojos Holy School, you should spend more time supervising the processing chain of your noble silver jewelry. See for yourself the number of complaints and criticisms from European countries.” As Zhao Manyan was speaking, he shot a glance at the lady next to him.

The lady placed a stack of documents before the Spanish royal family and Prince Beny.

Under the crowd’s stare, Prince Beny did not have the courage to flip through the documents. He was well aware of the contents inside the documents. Before this, Zhao Youqian was in charge of the Chambers Of Commerce, and he had helped Prince Beny handle the issue in silence. However, the new heir had exposed the issue.

“The Zhao family has two more years as the president of Chambers of Commerce, and I’ll be running the show for these two years. Regardless of our titles or statuses, we are all businessmen at heart. Even a fruit vendor can pick out rotten fruits from a pile of fruits, so why can’t you, especially in luxurious goods trades? How disappointing!”

“Does anyone here have any comments on the change of quota?” Zhao Manyan looked around the room.

Some of them had business dealings with the Spanish royal family. Before they could raise objections, Zhao Manyan went on to say, “If you have any opinions, you don’t have to talk to me. You can talk to the Chambers of Commerce of Andeas Alliance.”

Right after he said that most of them decided not to speak up for the Spanish Royal family.

The Chambers of Commerce of Andeas Alliance was a bold, new country.

Their National Chambers of Commerce practiced the same culture. They would fight to death with anyone who stopped them from gaining wealth. Most of the attendees in the Business Summit traded internationally, and they were well aware of the situation in South America.

The Spanish royal family did not have much power. Meanwhile, the Chambers of Commerce of Andeas Alliance was different. The Chambers of Commerce was tied to the union countries.

It was clear that the new president had obtained the Chambers of Commerce of Andean Alliance's full support. Otherwise, the countries in South America would not show their interests in the Chambers of Commerce of Venice.

Zhao Manyan had just joined the Chambers of Commerce of Venice, and he had already struck the Spanish royal family off the list and replaced it with a new Chamber of Commerce. Many, in the beginning, wanted to show their dissatisfaction. But they kept quiet.

The Chamber of Commerce was not as simple as it appeared to be.

Not only were members of the Chambers of Commerce scheming and fighting against one another, but Zhao Group itself was riddled with flaws. Despite Zhao Youqian's efforts, his influence was far less than that of his father.

Even if Zhao Youqian was the one who came to power, he, too, would be questioned in many ways. He might even be requested to step down on the spot to give way to someone else who had more power to take over the presidency of the Chambers of Commerce of Venice.

Zhao Youqian's purpose was not to daunt the business tycoons. All he had to do was to keep Zhao Group's two-year appointment as the president of Chambers of Commerce.

"I am a suspicious person by nature. Regardless of which country, which field, or which forces you serve, I have never heard of your name before. Your understanding about the Chambers of Commerce may be even lesser than that of my servant. May I know how you intend to lead us to glory? Since Mr. Zhao has passed away, we should hold a general election soon. After all, your auctions have been noticeably empty in recent years, at least in Europe. I don't care much about it in other regions," said Nozankasa of the Kasa family.

"From now on, things will change," said Zhao Manyan.

"How are you going to make the change? I don't want to listen to your empty and childish development plan. I need to see something practical. If none, please return to your seat in the Chambers of Commerce, and I'll be the host today. After all, we have basically confirmed the Kasa family as the next president to serve. It's not a bad thing to serve the Chambers of Commerce two years earlier," Nozankasa said provocatively.

When the Kasa family took the lead, many European consortia and royal families expressed their dissatisfaction and requested to immediately hold a general election.

"Everyone. Silence, please." said Zhao Manyan.

However, the arguments continued. It was clear that the crowd refused to listen to Zhao Manyan. Just then, Nozankasa raised his hand and clenched his fist.

Within a moment, the crowd fell silent. They showed their respect to Nozankasa, as if he was their leader. They waited for him to make his speech.

"Please show us that your family's auction and magic bazaar continue to occupy the largest share of the Chambers of Commerce among all of the countries." Nozankasa extended an inviting hand. The gesture made him look like a gentleman, but he was, in fact, being aggressive.

“Does that mean that we will continue to preside over the Chambers of Commerce over the next two years if I manage to show you the proof?” asked Zhao Manyan.

“At least I won’t have any refuting opinions on that,” said Nozankasa with a smile.

The European Kasa family was involved in a wide array of activities, one of which was close to Zhao Group’s main business activities, auction and magic bazaar.

They were aware that Zhao Group’s operation of auction in various countries was no longer as profitable as it used to be.

Without Mr. Zhao, Zhao Group was still able to stand firm in the international arena, but they lacked the qualification to preside over the Chambers of Commerce of Venice.

“This is our contract with the Victorian Dragon Taming family. We will be in charge of all the dragon-related auctions in Europe, Asia, and America in the future.” Zhao Manyan snapped his fingers.

A blonde, blue-eyed Italian woman dressed in a professional suit walked up to Nozankasa and passed him a copy of the documents.

Nozankasa was stunned. He quickly flipped through the copy of the documents. The contents were lengthy. He did not read everything in detail, but he noticed Duke Ayleen’s signature at the end of the contract!

Duke Ayleen was the first heir of the Victorian Dragon Taming family. They were told that the title of “heir” could be removed now because Ayleen had already taken the reins of the Victorian Dragon Taming family.

The Victorian Dragon Taming family was at their height of power. They were the only great family that surpassed the Kasa family in Europe!

Chapter 2999: Zhao Group’s Leader

2999 Zhao Group’s Leader

“When did you sign the contract?” Nazankasa sprang up from his seat and questioned Zhao Manyan.

“It’s been some time since I signed it. Before this, my older brother, Zhao Youqian, helped to handle our family business. He’s not very close with Duke Ayleen. The contract officially came into effect after I took over his position,” said Zhao Manyan.

Nozankasa flipped through the documents. There was a supplemental agreement after the contract.

He frowned.

They had the audacity to challenge Zhao Group in this field all because they had obtained young dragons from the Victorian Dragon Taming family.

As a result, Zhao Group’s bidding clubs faced serious problems. The dragon auction became trendy in Europe. Any industry that produced dragon-related products made a lot of money. Moreover, there was a great demand from several rich continents.

Therefore, people criticized Zhao Group for this. This was probably the reason they had been pulled down from their altar. Zhao Youqian had a very poor relationship with the Victorian Dragon Taming family.

Little did they know that right after the Zhao family changed their heir, the Victorian Dragon Taming family gave them their exclusive auction right. This had not only strengthened Zhao Group's financial resources, but they had also obtained Duke Ayleen and her group's deep trust.

The confusion was that Zhao Manyan was still very young, so how had he obtained Duke Ayleen's trust?

"Mr. Nozankasa, I've another contract. We plan to acquire all of your bidding clubs and use them specially for our dragon auction venue. You can look at our proposed price and see if it satisfies you." Apparently, Zhao Manyan came prepared for the Chambers of Commerce of Venice. He snapped his fingers again.

A third pretty lady came out with a new contract and passed it to Nozankasa.

Nozankasa was stunned. 'What the heck?!'

He had come here to oppress Zhao Group's bidding clubs. How did it turn out that Zhao Group wanted to acquire his clubs?

"We have no intention of selling our bidding clubs. Please take back your contract," said Nozankasa gruffly.

"I only proposed the acquisition once. After all, we still have many other choices. I thought your family has high prestige in Europe, so your auction will be trustworthy," said Zhao Manyan.

Nozankasa sneered. Meanwhile, the consultant beside him read the contract in detail.

After the consultant finished reading the contract, he whispered to Nozankasa, "Sir, if Zhao Group monopolizes the bidding market, we won't be able to compete with them. Instead of letting it gradually fall into disuse, we might as well accept his offer. After all, the money can be used to make up for the energy stone mining problem we invested in South America. We should focus on the energy magic stone now. There's no need to compete with Zhao Group in the bidding industry."

After hearing his consultant's advice, Nozankasa could not help but read the contract carefully.

The price offered was indeed very enticing. Zhao Group was filthy rich, after all!

If they could splurge to acquire his bidding clubs, then the Zhao Group had ample funds. A businessman could not act recklessly.

"I'll consider the price offered. I'll read the contract in detail." Nozankasa smiled.

"I hope we can work well together," said Zhao Manyan.

...

When the Kasa family stopped asking Zhao Manyan to step down from his position, the rest of the representatives with lesser power naturally shut their mouths. None of the leading bosses had the intention to start a war with Zhao Group, thus, the rest of the great families, consortia, and royal

families did not dare to oppose them. After all, Zhao Group was still the host for Chambers of Commerce of Venice. Zhao Manyan had sent them a very clear message by kicking the Spanish royal families out of the Chambers Of Commerce.

Issues targeting Zhao Group gradually reduced. What was left was some conflicts among the major consortia. The president of the Chambers of Commerce had to stand up to mediate the dispute.

Zhao Manyan was not very good at mediation. Thus, he passed it to an elder of the Zhao family.

People had to act according to their abilities. The scale of the Chambers of Commerce of Venice was large, and the knowledge about it was as deep as the ocean. Zhao Manyan still had a lot of things to learn.

...

“Old Dong, I hope these cunning old men won’t think about replacing me anymore,” said Zhao Manyan to an elder beside him during the break.

“They won’t bring up the issue this year, but I’m not sure about next year. It all depends on our harvest this year.” Old Dong gave him a smile.

“Why are you smiling?” Zhao Manyan asked in confusion.

“Young Master Zhao, the fact that you’re an admirable Mage has contributed a lot to our family. For a very long time, the great families and royal families from Europe have been prejudiced against us. They assumed we’re just businessmen, and that a businessman is not as noble as a Mage. They criticized us for raising prices, sensationalizing the commodities, and tinkering with the finance market. They said we didn’t make any contribution to society,” said Old Dong.

“Really? I’d say doing anything is pretty much the same,” replied Zhao Manyan.

“Cultivation is the noblest of human pursuits. Our foundation is built in the Magic City. You’re the hero of the city. Even your father failed to build a rapport with some of the great families’ alliance or Chambers of Commerce Alliance. But as soon as you took over, success came naturally. All this could be done because of your respectable image in the Magic City. After all, who would doubt a businessman who can give his life for a city?” said Old Dong calmly.

Zhao Manyan had never thought of it that way. After all, everything he did all these years was mostly because he had been dragged down by someone else. Perhaps, he had been dragged down too frequently, hence, he unknowingly fell into the pit himself again.

“Maybe.” Zhao Manyan was puzzled.

“You’ve gotten first place in the World College Tournament. The Europeans look highly on these titles. In fact, the world regards these titles very highly. Zhao Group spent a lot of money to invest in students from prestigious schools. We hope that they will bring us back the corresponding glory. Unfortunately, the return on investment is very poor. Still, we have to spend the money on them. But now, you alone are a powerful and great mage. Your aura is different from the leaders of consortia who still need the protection of the Guardian Mages. Therefore, I believe your uniqueness and glory, as well as your talent

and ability in the commercial arena will make you do better than your father someday," said Old Dong from the bottom of his heart.

"Old Dong, you think too highly of me. I'm worse than Zhao Youqian in terms of doing business." Zhao Manyan shook his head. He was aware of his own ability.

"You're different. It's true that he's an outstanding businessman, but he's not an outstanding leader. Zhao Group has a lot of outstanding businessmen, but we need a motivating and committed leader." It was clear that Old Dong thought very highly of Zhao Manyan.

Chapter 3000: You're The Supreme Pontiff

3000 You're The Supreme Pontiff

As the old saying went, he who was able to go through the hardest hardships would stand out from other men.

In the past, Zhao Manyan was a playboy who lacked ambitions.

Today, despite his playboy appearance, those who had a good sense of judgment because of their wealth of experience from their lives could see that Zhao Manyan showed his open-mindedness through his seemingly lackadaisical behavior, because he had seen the beauty, ugliness, goodness and evil of the world.

Not every young heirs was open-minded. However, most successful people were open-minded.

While the experienced businessmen were good at careful planning and budget-conscious, Zhao Manyan had to be the one to conquer the arrogant European consortia, European ancient, great families, and European royal families.

Zhao Group was not short of money, but they lacked the respect from the world!

...

After the meeting was over, Zhao Manyan sat alone at the top of the chambers of commerce tower. Behind him was an ancient bell engraved with dragons and mountains.

He could enjoy the full view of Venice. He still remembered the day he was forced to the valley of death by Zhao Youqian.

How could he possibly not feel dejected?

Whenever he recalled his father at the time of his death, his father did not look angry or resentful. Instead, his father looked regretful. Zhao Manyan finally understood why father looked so.

For a very long time, Zhao Manyan hated his older brother so much that he wanted to kill him...

Zhao Manyan could not wait to tell their mother how scum Zhao Youqian actually was. Zhao Manyan did everything he could to make himself stronger so that he had the resources to take revenge.

However, by the time he had the ability to take revenge, Zhao Manyan was reluctant to speak out the truth when he saw his mother looking at a loss, as if someone had sucked away her soul. He could not afford to set off a bloody revenge.

So, he decided to cripple Zhao Youqian's most powerful weapon. Zhao Manyan did not stop Zhao Youqian from being a businessman. As long as Zhao Youqian took good care of their mother and family business, Zhao Manyan would not hold a grudge against him. After all, his father did not show any resentment toward Zhao Youqian. Whenever Zhao Youqian had a few screws loose in his head, Zhao Manyan would send him to the mental hospital and let him stay there for a couple of days.

"There you are! Have you finished the meeting? Why don't you take a rest?" A soft voice rose.

"Mother, why are you here?" Zhao Manyan turned his head around. He was surprised to see Bai Miaoying. Her complexion improved a lot compared to last time.

"I learned from Old Dong that you did a great job today. If your father is here, he'll be very happy about it." Bai Miaoying took her seat.

"I've asked the ladies to record the video. I'll send him the video later. I suppose there's internet down there," said Zhao Manyan.

Bai Miaoying rolled her eyes at Zhao Manyan.

"I don't understand. How did you make the Victorian Dragon Taming family sign the contract? Even if you have a close relationship with Duke Ayleen, she can't possibly agree to sign such an important contract with you." Bai Miaoying asked in puzzlement.

"Mother, what is my greatest talent?" asked Zhao Manyan.

"Magic?"

Zhao Manyan shook his head.

"Doing business?"

Zhao Manyan shook his head again.

"Then, what is it?" Bai Miaoying could not think of anything else.

"Courting girls!" Zhao Manyan said proudly.

Bai Miaoying was stunned. It took her a while before she recovered her senses.

"Really?" she cried out in surprise.

"It's true. There was once I went for a vacation in the Victorian Dragon Taming family's house with two friends. Initially, I intend to shamelessly ask for a flying dragon from Ayleen. Two of my friends only had their eyes on dragons, and they racked their brains to conquer the dragons. However, I'm smart enough to realize that as long as I'm able to conquer Ayleen, I'll be able to get all the dragons," said Zhao Manyan.

Bai Miaoying could not help but let her jaw-dropped upon hearing his words.

He was a talented man.

His son was truly a talent!

"I've seen that girl before. She is a nice girl. Despite coming from a distinguished family, she can adapt to any environment. Bring her over for a meal if there's a chance," said Bai Miaoying.

"Ahem, actually, I'm still courting her. This is by far the most difficult girl I can get my hands on," said Zhao Manyan embarrassedly.

"Then you have to work harder and show her your true feelings. Stop using those lousy tricks," said Bai Miaoying.

"Okay. Mother, there's something I might need your help with," said Zhao Manyan.

"What is it?" Zhao Manyan looked solemn. It was clear that he had something serious to talk to her about.

"We must have the final say in Venice. I need to whitewash someone."

"Whitewash someone. Are you referring to the Holy City's case...?" Bai Miaoying widened her eyes.

"Yes."

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After the heavy rain, the olives outside Athens City bloomed flawlessly. Unique fragrance came from the clusters of pale yellow stamens, and it made the city look like an enchanting woman.

The Parthenon Temple Goddess election that had been postponed numerous times finally took place this year. People in Athens City felt as if they had been through a long war, and that the days of darkness finally came to an end.

Inside the city stood two sculptures. The sculptures represented the candidates of the goddess who had reached the final stage.

One of them was Ye Xinxia, the other was Izisha.

Izisha's sculpture had a long spear in her hand and was covered in magnificent armor. She made her sculpture a symbol of victory and gave off the aura of a fighting saintess.

Meanwhile, Ye Xinxia's sculpture was unarmed. The sculpture perfectly depicted her aura of gentleness and meekness. Her sculpture held a long olive branch, with the other hand resting on her chest. Her sculpture looked serene and elegant, which represented peace and wisdom.

The two saintess portrayed two different styles. It was difficult to conclude which of the two the people preferred.

But one thing for sure, the one who failed would have her sculpture knocked down on the spot. According to the final stage of the previous goddess election, most of the losers ended up poorly. After

all, this was not a beauty pageant contest. The Greek government was closely-related to the Parthenon Temple election. They were all about fighting and competing for personal interests.

After the two saintess finished giving their speeches, the Athens City stirred up. The crowd could not wait to salute and give their allegiance to their goddess in advance.

The speech was the final public canvassing. It would then be followed by the Flower Festival before the final election results.

They returned to the Parthenon Mountain. The path was neither too narrow or wide. The other female attendants had left, leaving only Izisha and Ye Xinxia. They would return to their respective Saintess' Hall at the intersection in front of them.

Izisha stopped at the intersection and turned around.

"All this time, I've been mistaken about one thing. Probably this was also the reason why you can grow to become so strong within a short period of time," said Izisha to Ye Xinxia.

Ye Xinxia turned around and looked at Izisha in puzzlement.

"I admitted that I'm the one who plotted everything. I'm the one who set you up to become the Red Cardinal Salan. I know your blood relationship with Salan," said Izisha bluntly.

"Everyone knows about it." said Ye Xinxia coolly.

"But I didn't accuse you. It's just that I've always been wrong about one thing." Izisha never took her eyes off Ye Xinxia.

"What is it?" Ye Xinxia asked nonchalantly.

"You're not the Red Cardinal. You're the Supreme Pontiff Ye Xinxia!" said Izisha with great conviction.