

BloodLine 901

Chapter 901: Part 2: Compensation Negotiation

From MC's Perspective:

After some contemplation, I decided it was time to discuss their offer more seriously.

"Head, I'm willing to accept the compensation.

However, I have specific requirements," I said, fixing my gaze on them.

"Specific requirements?" Ben raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued.

The Family Representatives exchanged subtle glances, a sense of satisfaction settling in their expressions.

They were pleased-Zack Lockwood was willing to work toward resolving the issue.

Their trip here was proving to be worthwhile, and the prospect of avoiding the wrath of their Family Heads back home was a relief.

The Federation Head, sensing an opportunity, leaned forward slightly.

"Do you need lightning resources?" he asked, his voice thoughtful.

The moment his words hit the air, the representatives' faces showed understanding.

They knew exactly what was needed.

A small smile crept onto my face as I replied, "Yes, I need lightning resources and, additionally, resources to enhance my physical strength."

The Federation Head nodded, unsurprised by my response.

He turned his attention to the representatives.

"The lightning element is notoriously domineering.

Without a robust body, you risk serious injury.

You've heard his request-what are your thoughts?"

The representatives exchanged looks once more before nodding in agreement.

The Grage Family representative was the first to speak up.

"We are prepared to meet your request," he said firmly.

One by one, the other representatives followed suit, their voices a chorus of reluctant agreement.

Seeing this, the Federation Head's mood visibly improved.

The tension that had clouded the room began to dissipate, replaced by a sense of resolution.

Zack Lockwood had made a decision that spoke volumes about his understanding of the situation.

Despite his youth, he had demonstrated a keen sense of pragmatism, choosing to harness the opportunity before him rather than be driven by vengeance.

Resources like the ones Zack requested-lightning and body-strengthening materials-were exceedingly rare and required substantial wealth to obtain.

Even the Federation could provide Zack with these resources, but nothing compared to receiving them at no cost.

“When can I expect to receive the resources?” I asked, my eyes betraying a hint of expectation.

With my recent breakthrough in lightning essence, only my body strength needed to catch up.

If they delivered the resources soon, reaching the Peak Stage would be inevitable.

From there, the SSS-ELITE Rank would be within my grasp.

The representatives hesitated, exchanging uneasy glances.

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Not all families were on equal footing; some needed time to gather such precious resources.

Even the Grage Family representative, usually so decisive, remained silent.

He couldn’t commit without consulting his Family Head, and the others were in similar situations.

Federation Head Ben, understanding their predicament, intervened.

“Very well, I want all of you to submit the resources within one week,” he declared, his tone leaving no room for argument.

The representatives collectively sighed in relief, grateful for the extended timeline.

A flicker of regret crossed my mind, but I quickly dismissed it.

I knew these resources were not easy to procure.

Shortly after, the representatives departed, leaving me alone with the Federation Head.

Ben turned to me, his expression softening.

“Zack, I know this isn’t the ideal outcome for you.

But we’re facing significant challenges right now.

I need the cooperation of the Silver Mark Warriors in these families,” he explained, his voice carrying a note of concern.

“In ordinary circumstances, I could have imposed stricter measures, but the current situation is critical,” he added.

I offered him a reassuring smile.

“Head, there’s no need to explain.

I understand the situation.

I just hope my teacher returns safely.”

Ben’s laughter was filled with genuine relief.

“Ha...Ha...Ha...

Good,” he chuckled.

“Don’t worry, your teacher is fine, but he’s occupied at the moment.

I can’t bring him back right now.”

“As long as he’s safe, that’s all that matters,” I replied, standing up.

I thanked him for his time and made my way out.

As I left, Ben leaned back in his chair, a deep sense of relief washing over him.

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Meanwhile, inside the grand halls of Lowell Castle, the atmosphere was thick with tension.

Jonathan, seated in his private study, was poring over strategic maps when a knock at the door interrupted his thoughts.

One of his trusted aids, bearing news about the Grage Family’s shops.

A few minutes later, as Jonathan absorbed the information, a mix of emotions flickered across his face.

The Federation Head Ben had informed him that the situation with Zack Lockwood had been resolved.

The issue that had threatened to escalate into a full-blown conflict was now settled, and the Federation Head Ben had made it clear that further action was unnecessary.

Jonathan clenched his fist, his knuckles whitening as he wrestled with the urge for revenge.

The desire to retaliate had burned fiercely within him, but now, with Young Master Zack Lockwood choosing to accept the resources, the rationale for vengeance was slipping through his fingers like sand.

His thoughts were conflicted, but Jonathan was nothing if not pragmatic.

He knew that the Federation Head's decision was made in the best interest of the current situation.

The overarching threats facing their inner post region were far more pressing than personal vendettas.

He could not afford to let emotions cloud his judgment.

His anger, once a raging inferno, simmered down to embers.

Revenge would have to wait-if it was necessary at all.

However, Jonathan's mind was not at ease.

He understood the delicacy of the situation and the importance of maintaining alliances.

The resources promised to Zack were crucial, but so was the integrity of the families involved.

Jonathan couldn't shake the concern that these families might renege on their commitments.

He knew how quickly loyalty could shift when power and resources were at stake.

With a heavy sigh, Jonathan pushed himself away from his desk, his thoughts turning to the future.

He knew he needed to address the situation directly.

Tomorrow, he would speak to Young Master Zack Lockwood himself.

It was imperative to ensure that their understandings were aligned and that no miscommunication or lingering resentment could threaten the fragile peace that had been brokered.

As the evening shadows lengthened across the stone walls of Lowell Castle, Jonathan's resolve hardened.

He had chosen the path of caution for now, but he would be vigilant.

The peace had been bought, but it was a tenuous one, and he would ensure that the promises made to Master Lowell were kept-by any means necessary.

Chapter 902: Part 1: A sense of normalcy is returning

From MC's Perspective:

The Following Day,

As soon as I awoke and shook off the remnants of sleep, my thoughts immediately turned to the compensation list.

It had been promised to me within a week, and the anticipation was enough to make my eyes gleam with a flicker of excitement.

"They assured me the resources would be provided on time," I muttered to myself, my mind running through the potential rewards.

“Let’s hope they keep their word.”

With that thought lingering, I began my daily routine, letting the morning’s familiar actions ground me.

But even as I went through the motions, my mind was far from settled.

After removing the unnecessary thoughts, I decided to focus on training first.

Elsewhere, the situation across the boundaries had finally started to stabilize.

The leaders of the top forces, relentless in their pursuit, had successfully managed to defeat and eliminate the unknown monsters that had breached their territories.

These monsters, fierce and alien, had posed a significant threat, but their eradication brought a much-needed respite.

Most crucially, the ominous space cracks-portals from which these monsters had emerged-had ceased to appear.

This was a turning point, halting the influx of unknown beasts and providing the Silver Mark Warriors with the opportunity to regain control.

But this victory had not come without sacrifice.

Several Silver Mark Warriors had fallen in the line of duty, their loss a heavy toll on the forces they represented.

In the aftermath, these forces were forced to lay low, mourning their losses while regrouping for what might come next.

The Silver Mark Warriors, highly esteemed and considered irreplaceable assets, would need time to recuperate, as would the forces that depended on them.

In these uncertain times, everyone understood the importance of being prepared; no one knew when or if a similar event might happen again.

Yet, the leaders of the top forces were troubled by more than just their immediate losses.

Ever since the monsters had appeared at their borders, all contact with the forces in the Tier-4 region had been severed.

Now that the situation was stabilizing, re-establishing communication with the Tier-4 forces had become a top priority.

The lack of information from that region was unsettling, and the need to reconnect was urgent.

Because of these developments, hostilities among the top forces in the inner post region had temporarily ceased.

This unexpected truce was a rare moment of peace, allowing everyone to focus on recovery and rebuilding rather than conflict.

Time passed, and two days later, the Silver Mark Warriors began returning to their respective organizations.

They had spent the last 48 hours monitoring the affected areas, ensuring that no new space cracks appeared.

Their return brought with it a collective sigh of relief-this time, it seemed, the crisis was truly over.

Meanwhile, word finally began to trickle in from the Tier-4 region.

The forces there had managed to regain control of their situation as well.

It was thanks to their efforts that the space cracks had stopped appearing, sparing the inner post region from further devastation.

However, the cost had been high.

Unlike the top forces in the inner post region, the Tier-4 forces had suffered heavy casualties.

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The loss of so many young warriors left a noticeable gap in their ranks-a gap that would take time and effort to fill.

The young warriors of the Tier-4 region had always held the potential to rise beyond the rank of Gold Mark Warrior, a future filled with promise.

But now, this attack had forced the Tier-4 forces to make a difficult decision.

They would not only need to replenish their ranks but also bolster them.

To do this, they planned to recruit young warriors not just from their own region but from the inner post region as well.

Previously, such recruitment was tightly controlled, with quotas and competition rankings determining who would be chosen.

But this time, the situation was different.

The Tier-4 forces would be seeking new recruits without imposing the usual stringent conditions, casting a wider net than ever before.

It would only be a matter of time before representatives from the Tier-4 region arrived in the inner post region.

For the young warriors here, this presented an unprecedented opportunity-one that could very well change the course of their lives.

The tides were shifting, and with them came new possibilities.

For those ready to seize the moment, the future held limitless potential.

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Lowell Castle:

As dusk settled over the sprawling expanse of Lowell Castle, casting long shadows across its ancient stone walls, Lowell McClain finally returned home.

The weight of his recent battles hung heavy on his broad shoulders.

He had spent countless hours guarding the boundary, fending off threats without a moment's rest, and now, all he craved was a brief respite before facing the next challenge-the impending meeting with the Federation Head.

As Lowell strode into the castle, his presence immediately drew the attention of the servants and maids who were busy with their evening duties.

Their eyes widened in surprise, and then quickly filled with joy as they rushed to greet him, their voices carrying a mix of relief and happiness.

Their master had returned safely-a welcome sight after the days of turmoil.

“Master McClain, welcome back!” they chorused, their faces lighting up with warm smiles.

At that moment, Jonathan, Lowell’s most trusted steward, appeared from the grand hallway.

A man of few words, Jonathan’s sharp eyes scanned his master, noting the exhaustion etched into his features.

Seeing that Lowell was unharmed, a deep sigh of relief escaped him, though he kept his emotions carefully guarded.

“Master, has the danger passed?” Jonathan asked, his tone respectful but tinged with concern.

Lowell offered a tired but reassuring smile.

“For now, everything seems alright,” he replied, though his voice carried a hint of uncertainty.

“I can’t say what the future holds.”

Jonathan’s eyes flickered.

He feels that Master is hiding something.

May be Master knows better than him.

He decides not to ask anymore questions.

He can see that Master is extremely tired.

Chapter 903: Part 2: A sense of normalcy is returning

Lowell Castle:

Jonathan nodded, though he knew his master well enough to sense the unspoken worries that lingered behind those words.

The threats had been neutralized, but the game was far from over.

There was always another move to consider, another danger lurking on the horizon.

"Alright, I'm going to rest now," Lowell said, his voice firm with finality.

With that, he turned and made his way up the grand staircase, heading towards his private quarters.

The toll of sleepless nights spent in vigilant defense had left him weary, and all he desired was a good night's sleep-a rare luxury in these troubled times.

As Lowell disappeared down the corridor, Jonathan remained in the entryway, his eyes reflecting a complex mix of emotions.

He had served the McClain family for many years and understood his master's mind better than most.

Jonathan knew that Lowell McClain was a man who did not easily forgive or forget.

The families that had wronged Young Master Zack would not escape unscathed.

Justice, in Lowell's eyes, was not merely a concept but a duty-one that he would fulfill regardless of the cost.

Yet, despite his loyalty, Jonathan couldn't help but worry.

He knew the delicate balance of power within the inner post region, and how close the McClain family was to losing their standing as one of the top forces.

The cracks were already showing, and Lowell's single-minded focus on protecting Zack had only hastened the decline.

Many in the family whispered that Lowell's decision to distance himself from his own kin in favor of Zack was a mistake-a mistake that could cost them everything.

But Jonathan also knew that Lowell would not act rashly.

The Federation Head's words carried weight, and if there was anyone Lowell might heed, it was him.

Jonathan could only hope that the Federation Head's influence would temper his master's resolve for revenge.

After all, a vendetta could easily spiral out of control, especially when the family's future hung in the balance.

As he turned to oversee the evening's duties, Jonathan's thoughts lingered on the precarious situation.

The McClain family's fortunes were waning, and it was only a matter of time before they faced the consequences of their choices.

The once-proud family was at a crossroads, and the decisions made in the coming days would determine whether they would rise again-or fall, perhaps irrevocably, from their position of power.

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Federation Headquarters:

Federation Head Ben leaned back in his grand, high-backed chair, allowing himself a rare moment of relaxation.

His mood had significantly improved over the past few days as the situation across the region began to stabilize.

The return to normalcy had lifted a great weight off his shoulders, granting him a long-overdue peace of mind.

The recent crisis had been a severe test of his leadership, and although the stakes had been high, the Federation had emerged largely unscathed.

Ben couldn't help but feel a deep sense of relief and gratitude.

While other organizations had suffered grievous losses, particularly among their elite forces, his own Silver Mark Warriors had come through the ordeal intact.

It was no small feat-these warriors, the backbone of the Federation's defense, were irreplaceable.

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The thought of losing even one of them had haunted Ben during the height of the crisis, but now, knowing that every single one had survived, he was filled with immense pride.

The fact that they had avoided the fate that befell so many others was a testament to their skill, discipline, and the Federation's preparedness.

Ben's thoughts drifted briefly to the other organizations that had not been so fortunate.

He knew that many were now mourning the loss of their warriors, and that such losses would not be easily overcome.

In the world of power and politics, every Silver Mark Warrior was a critical asset, and the death of even a few could shift the balance of power.

But for the Federation, at least for now, that was a worry he could set aside.

With this in mind, Ben turned his attention to the next pressing matter.

He had been attempting to establish communication with the Star University, but so far, every effort had been met with silence.

This was unusual and troubling.

The Star University was not only a prestigious institution but also a critical ally.

Their expertise in both research and combat training was unparalleled, and their counsel had always been invaluable to the Federation.

The fact that he had been unable to reach them left a gnawing sense of unease at the back of his mind.

The lack of communication from such a key ally was not something he could ignore.

It was imperative that he re-establish contact, not just to ensure their well-being, but to coordinate their efforts moving forward.

Ben rose from his chair and walked over to the large window that overlooked the sprawling Federation compound.

The setting sun bathed the grounds in a warm, golden light, casting long shadows that stretched across the landscape.

As he gazed out, his thoughts remained fixed on the Star University.

What could have caused the silence?

Was it simply a communication breakdown, or was there something more sinister at play?

He knew that the unknown monsters and the sudden appearance of space cracks had taken everyone by surprise.

The chaos had stretched resources thin and disrupted normal operations across the entire region.

But the Star University was known for its resilience and advanced technologies-surely they would have found a way to reach out by now if everything were under control.

Ben's brow furrowed as he considered the possibilities.

If something had happened to the Star University, the repercussions could be severe.

The Federation relied on the University's research and innovations to stay ahead of the curve, and without their input, future defenses could be compromised.

Determined not to let this uncertainty fester, Ben made a decision.

He would intensify efforts to make contact, even if it meant sending a delegation in person.

The situation required answers, and he could not afford to wait any longer.

As he turned away from the window, Ben's resolve hardened.

The Federation had come through the latest crisis stronger than before, but new challenges were already on the horizon.

And as Federation Head, it was his responsibility to meet them head-on, ensuring that both the Federation and its allies remained united and prepared for whatever might come next.

Chapter 904: Intense discussion

From MC's Perspective:

The following day dawned like any other, with the faint light of morning filtering through the curtains of my room.

After getting ready, I left the comfort of my quarters, intending to head straight to the essence chamber to continue my training.

But just as I was about to step out, my comm device buzzed, interrupting my thoughts.

I glanced at the screen, and my breath caught for a moment when I saw the name displayed.

"Teacher is back," I murmured, recognizing the name instantly.

Lowell, my mentor, had been away on an important mission, and his sudden return was unexpected.

Without hesitation, I accepted the call.

"Zack, I'm back.

I'm on the way to HQ right now," came Lowell's voice, sharp and serious.

There was an edge to his tone that I hadn't heard in a while.

For a split second, I was stunned, the weight of his words sinking in.

“Alright, teacher.

I’m waiting for you here,” I replied, trying to keep my voice steady, though my mind was already racing with questions.

As soon as the call ended, I furrowed my brows in deep thought.

It was clear that Teacher Lowell had learned about the recent attacks orchestrated by Simon and his cohorts.

The implications of those events were serious enough that my teacher would go straight to the Federation Head without delay.

This wasn’t just a routine visit-Teacher Lowell was preparing for a serious discussion, and I had no doubt it would be about the threats I had faced.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Lowell turned to face Jonathan, his most trusted aide, who stood before him with a tense expression.

Jonathan had just finished briefing him on the details of the attack, recounting everything that had transpired.

As he spoke, a flicker of complicated emotions danced in his eyes.

He could sense the storm brewing within his master, the quiet before an inevitable eruption.

Lowell’s expression remained impassive, but there was no mistaking the cold fury simmering beneath the surface.

“Those families have chosen the perfect time to stir up trouble,” he remarked, his voice icy.

There was a dangerous undertone to his words, a promise of retribution.

Though he knew the Federation Head was reluctant to pursue the matter further, Lowell wasn't one to let such an offense go unanswered.

He decided to bide his time, waiting for the right opportunity to strike back at those who had dared to threaten his student.

For now, however, he would set his anger aside and focus on the more immediate task at hand.

With a final, steely glance at Jonathan, Lowell declared, “I’m going to the HQ now.” Without waiting for a response, he stood up and left the room, his mind already set on his next move.

Jonathan watched his master leave, understanding that this was far from over.

Lowell would not let the matter rest until justice was served.

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He could only imagine what form that justice would take.

Shortly afterward, Lowell arrived at HQ.

His presence was a force to be reckoned with, and those who passed him in the halls could feel the intensity radiating from him.

I had been waiting in front of the elevator, my mind still occupied with thoughts of the impending confrontation.

The soft *creak* of the elevator doors opening pulled me from my reverie.

I looked up just as Lowell stepped out, his aura more powerful than I remembered.

It was clear that his time away had not been wasted-his strength had grown, and it showed.

“Zack, how have you been?” he asked, his stern expression softening slightly as he looked at me.

“Teacher, I’ve reached the Peak Stage in essence,” I replied, unable to hide a hint of pride.

“Now I’m working on doing the same with my body strength.”

Lowell’s eyes widened slightly in surprise, though he quickly masked it.

He had given me the silver ring to conceal my cultivation progress, and it seemed my advancements had exceeded even his expectations.

Nodding in approval, he said, “Come with me.

We need to speak with the Federation Head.

I heard they’ve asked for a week’s time, but I don’t think we need to wait any longer.”

I nodded in agreement, sensing that Lowell was ready to take action.

Together, we entered the lift and ascended to the top floor where the Federation Head’s office was located.

As the elevator doors slid open, we were greeted by the sight of the office door already ajar, as if the Federation Head had been expecting us.

We stepped inside, and there, sitting behind a grand desk, was Federation Head Ben.

His demeanor was calm, though there was a knowing glint in his eyes as he looked up at us.

"I knew you would come," Ben said with a smile, gesturing for us to take a seat.

"Please, both of you."

Despite his outward friendliness, I could sense the underlying tension in the room.

Ben was well aware that Lowell was displeased with the way the situation had been handled-the fact that the families involved had used compensation to escape harsher consequences did not sit well with him.

Yet, Ben had been in a difficult position, forced to navigate the delicate balance of power among the influential families and the law.

As my teacher and I took our seats, I could only hope that Lowell's anger wouldn't spill over during this meeting.

The Federation Head was in a bind, but I knew that Lowell wouldn't let the matter slide easily.

Those families may have been clever, but they had also made a grave mistake in underestimating Lowell's resolve.

Lowell, I know you dislike the compensation idea.

But trust me, in the future, they will suffer.

Especially once Zack joins Star University.

They won't dare to trouble him again," Ben said, his voice laced with a rare seriousness.

His gaze was steady, but there was a flicker of something darker beneath the surface, a promise of retribution yet to come.

Lowell sighed deeply, the tension in his shoulders momentarily easing as he responded, "I know, Head, but the future is uncertain.

I don't want something like this to happen again."

Ben was taken aback by Lowell's words, a momentary flash of surprise crossing his face.

He had anticipated Lowell's frustration, but there was a weight to his concern that hadn't fully registered until now.

After a brief pause, Ben leaned forward, his expression thoughtful.

"Are you worried that we might face a similar situation again?" he asked, his tone more introspective.

Lowell nodded, his jaw tightening slightly as he did.

He knew all too well the dangers that lurked in the shadows, especially for someone like Zack, who was destined for greatness but also marked by his enemies.

The uncertainty of the future gnawed at him, and he wasn't one to leave things to chance.

Ben's eyes flickered with understanding as he shifted his gaze to me, sitting quietly next to Lowell.

There were unspoken concerns, things he couldn't address openly in front of me, but his resolve was clear.

He turned back to Lowell, his voice firm yet reassuring.

"Don't worry.

I will provide Zack with some additional life-saving methods later."

Lowell finally allowed a small smile to break through his stern demeanor.

He had already equipped me with a destruction bead, a powerful artifact capable of devastating even Black Warriors and those above.

Yet, he knew that more protections would be necessary, particularly against threats that might come from those below that level.

Lowell was not one to underestimate his enemies, and ensuring my safety was his top priority.

On the other hand, I sat quietly, absorbing every word exchanged between them.

The tension in the room had been palpable, but now, with the promise of additional safeguards, it seemed to ease.

Seeing that there was no conflict, I sighed inwardly, relieved that the meeting hadn't escalated into something more confrontational.

But even as I listened, I couldn't shake the feeling that this was just the beginning.

The path ahead was fraught with challenges, and I would need every ounce of strength-and every bit of protection-if I was to navigate it successfully.

“Head, I think they should give the compensation right away.

They are delaying unnecessary things.

If not I’m ready to go and meet them,” Lowell said with a smile.

Ben’s mouth twitches.

He knows his assurance was not enough to convince Lowell.

He really needs to warn those families again.

Otherwise, Lowell might visit there in person.

After giving some thought for a moment, he replied,”Alright, I’ll ask them to provide compensation within one hour.”

“If we pressed any further, it would raise their dissatisfaction,” He added.

“Thank you, head.

It’s enough.

If they do something in future, I will act against them,” Lowell said without hiding anything.

Sigh!

"Alright, I know.

Now you can relax," Ben said.

On the other hand, my eyes gleamed with a twinkle.

I didn't expect the teacher to be this fierce.

Looks like he really doesn't want to back down.

Chapter 905: Collecting resources

From MC's Perspective:

After a few more minutes of intense discussion, we finally wrapped up our meeting and left the office.

The atmosphere was heavy with the implications of our conversation.

As we reached my floor, I hesitated for a moment before turning to ask the question that had been weighing on my mind.

"Teacher, when do you think they would recruit me?" My voice was steady, but inside, I was anxious.

Lowell's eyes flickered with understanding.

It was clear that he knew exactly what I was referring to-the prestigious and elusive Star University.

A place where only the most exceptional talents were invited, a place that had been on my mind for a long time.

He responded with a calm but firm tone, “We don’t know the situation on the other side.

Just focus on your breakthrough.

I’ll handle those families at the right time.”

His words were reassuring, yet they carried an unspoken weight.

Lowell McClain was not a man to be underestimated, and his influence over the powerful families was undeniable.

I nodded in agreement, feeling a sense of relief.

We spoke for a few more minutes, discussing plans and strategies, before he finally took his leave.

As the door closed behind him, I felt a renewed sense of purpose.

I headed straight to the essence chamber, ready to dive back into cultivation.

—

Meanwhile, news of Lowell McClain’s return spread like wildfire among the influential families.

The Grage Family, along with several others, knew what his presence meant.

They had no choice but to prepare for his demands, for if they didn’t, they would soon find themselves on the wrong side of his wrath.

Anticipating the inevitable, they received a call from the Federation Head.

The order was clear: all required resources were to be submitted by the next morning.

The directive was non-negotiable.

Several family heads gritted their teeth in frustration.

They knew there was no room for excuses.

Any attempt to resist or delay would not only bring the ire of the Federation Head but also provoke Lowell McClain—a man rumored to be on the verge of becoming a Gold Mark Warrior, a level of power that was both feared and respected.

Desperation set in as the families scrambled to gather the necessary resources.

Among them, the Grage Family worked tirelessly to find the rare and valuable items needed, particularly those that would aid in strengthening my body.

They knew that failure was not an option.

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The following day, representatives from the various families arrived at the Federation Headquarters.

Tension was thick in the air as they met with Federation Head Ben, each hoping to avoid any further trouble.

They handed over the storage rings filled with the meticulously gathered resources, their faces betraying the anxiety that plagued them.

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Federation Head Ben accepted the offerings with a stern nod, but his eyes held a promise of consequences.

"Since you've provided the resources, there will be no further scrutiny," he assured them, though his tone suggested otherwise.

The representatives, visibly relieved, left the headquarters.

They were unaware that their relief was short-lived.

Federation Head Ben had no intention of letting them off the hook so easily.

He had already promised Lowell and me that these families would face consequences soon enough.

—

Back in my training chamber, I was deep in my gravity training when my communicator buzzed.

Seeing that it was the Federation Head calling, I quickly deactivated the gravity field.

The oppressive force that had filled the room vanished in an instant.

I answered the call.

"Zack, come to the office," Federation Head Ben's voice was calm but firm.

Excitement coursed through me.

I had a feeling I knew what this was about.

I quickly showered and changed into fresh clothes, anticipation building with every moment.

When I arrived at the top floor, the doors of the lift slid open with a soft chime.

I stepped out and made my way to the Federation Head's office, my steps quick and purposeful.

As I entered, I saw Ben standing behind his desk, a collection of storage rings laid out before him.

"Zack, you're here.

Come and take these storage rings.

They've been provided by the families," Ben said with a satisfied smile.

I couldn't help but return the smile.

"Thank you, elder."

He nodded, his eyes gleaming with approval.

"Don't worry, just focus on your training.

I believe you'll hear some good news in the coming days."

I understood his implication and felt a surge of determination.

After collecting the storage rings, I thanked him once more and left the room, eager to examine the treasures I had received.

However, before indulging in the resources, I knew I had to inform my teacher.

—

Back in my quarters, I quickly called Lowell, informing him of the latest developments.

He instructed me to use the resources and attempt a breakthrough immediately.

His confidence in my abilities was evident, and it fueled my resolve.

After ending the call, I changed into my practice attire and returned to the essence chamber.

The air was thick with the scent of energy-rich materials, and I could hardly contain my excitement as I powered up the chamber and set the parameters.

I sat cross-legged on the platform, reaching into one of the storage rings.

The contents were staggering-piles of resources, including precious attribute stones.

Among them, I found a collection of lightning attribute resources that made my heart skip a beat.

The families had even included materials tailored to my specific abilities.

Suppressing the excitement bubbling within, I continued to inspect the other items.

Rare herbs, potent fruits, and a variety of high-grade pills filled the ring.

But something felt off.

These resources seemed too perfect, too well-suited for my needs.

A hint of suspicion crept into my mind.

I decided to check the other storage rings.

If there was anything amiss, I would need to alert my teacher immediately.

The stakes were too high to take any chances.

Then I started to check other resources one by one.

Chapter 906: Sinister actions

Meanwhile, inside the Grage Family's grand estate, the atmosphere was tense as the Family Head, Lord Grage, sat behind his imposing mahogany desk.

His sharp eyes bore into the representative standing before him, who had just returned from the Federation Headquarters.

The weight of the family's future seemed to hang in the balance.

"Did the Federation Head inspect those resources?" Lord Grage's voice was low, but it carried an edge that made the representative flinch slightly.

The representative, eager to please and hoping to deliver good news, shook his head with a grin.

“No, Head.

The Federation Head simply handed the storage rings over to that brat without even inspecting them.”

A sly smile curled at the corners of Lord Grage’s lips, but his eyes remained calculating.

“And what of the boy?

Do you think he’ll notice anything unusual?”

The representative hesitated, unsure of how to answer.

“Well, Head, do you think that kid would discover anything?”

Lord Grage let out a dismissive snort, his expression turning cold.

“Unlikely.

A few pills were slightly tampered with-nothing that would be immediately noticeable.

They weren’t meant for enhancing physical strength, as they appear to be.

Instead, they’re designed to affect the mind.”

His voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper as he continued, “Those particular resources require precise guidance when consumed.

If that boy consumes them without the proper assistance, he’s bound to face severe backlash.

His mind could be affected in ways he won't expect.

It's a subtle move, but one that could cause significant harm if everything goes according to plan."

The representative's eyes widened with a mix of awe and fear.

Lord Grage was known for his cunning, and this scheme only solidified his reputation.

"You're a genius, Head.

That boy won't know what hit him."

Lord Grage leaned back in his chair, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips.

"Let's hope so.

The less they suspect, the better for us.

The Federation might have its eyes on me, but they won't see this coming.

And when that boy falls, we'll be ready to move."

The representative nodded eagerly, the gravity of the situation settling in.

Lord Grage's plan was risky, but if it succeeded, it could cripple their enemies from within.

As he left the room, the weight of the Family Head's words lingered in the air, a chilling reminder of the ruthless games played in the shadows of power.

“Ha...

Ha...

Ha...” Lord Grage’s laughter echoed through the dimly lit room, a sinister sound that sent chills down the spine of anyone who might have heard it.

The corners of his mouth curled into a wicked grin, the satisfaction of his plot seeping into every fiber of his being.

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At first, Lord Grage hadn’t intended to resort to such measures.

He preferred to maintain a façade of civility, avoiding unnecessary conflicts with the Federation.

But the compensation demanded for Zack Lockwood had hit him hard-too hard.

Those resources, painstakingly gathered over the years, represented a significant portion of the family’s wealth.

They were rare, valuable, and not easily replaced.

The loss was a bitter pill to swallow.

As he reflected on the situation, his expression darkened.

The thought of seeing Zack grow stronger, fueled by the resources his family had sacrificed, was intolerable.

Though the tampering wouldn't kill the boy outright, it was a subtle, insidious attack.

Injuries from the tampered pills could undermine Zack's foundation, slowing his progress or worse-crippling his future potential.

And the beauty of it all?

There would be no way to trace it back to him.

Since the Federation Head hadn't bothered to inspect the storage rings before handing them over, there would be no evidence, no proof of his involvement.

Even if Zack suspected something, the damage would already be done, and there would be nothing he could do about it.

Lord Grage's confidence in his scheme grew with each passing moment.

He leaned back in his chair, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the armrest as he savored the thought of Zack struggling, his path to power disrupted by unseen forces.

The boy might never know what hit him, and by the time he realized something was wrong, it would be too late.

"He won't die," Lord Grage mused, his voice dripping with malice, "but he'll suffer.

And that suffering will be enough to make all of this worth it."

In his mind, the plan was flawless.

The Federation Head's negligence would shield him from suspicion, and Zack's misfortune would be seen as nothing more than an unfortunate accident-one of many that could befall a young warrior on the rise.

It was a scheme born of desperation and greed, but one that might just tip the scales back in his favor.

Satisfied with his plotting, Lord Grage allowed himself a final chuckle.

"Yes, this will work.

And when it does, I'll have my revenge without even lifting a finger."

With that, he leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with malevolent glee, ready to watch as his enemies unknowingly fell into the trap he had so carefully laid.

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The representative stood frozen, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the Grage Family Head's reaction.

The sinister laughter that filled the room sent a shiver down his spine, and he could feel the cold sweat beginning to bead on his forehead.

He had known Lord Grage to be a shrewd and calculating man, but this...

this was something else entirely.

As the realization of what had just transpired sank in, the representative's unease grew.

He hadn't expected the Family Head to seize this opportunity to inflict further damage, especially not in such a subtle and devious manner.

The compensation had already been a heavy blow, but now it was clear that Lord Grage intended to extract a different kind of payment-one that would hurt even more.

The representative swallowed hard, trying to keep his composure.

Lord Grage was not just making the best of a bad situation; he was weaponizing it.

With the Federation Head's apparent negligence in inspecting the storage rings, Lord Grage had found a way to strike at Zack without fear of reprisal.

The timing was perfect, and no one would dare to question the Family Head's actions-not now, when tensions were high and loyalties were tested.

Chapter 907: Unveiling the sinister plot

From MC's Perspective:

About 20 minutes later, as I meticulously sorted through the various storage rings, I finally noticed something that set off alarm bells.

Out of all the rings, one seemed different-its collection felt off in a way I couldn't quite place.

The unease gnawed at me, and though the other rings appeared to be fine, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

Erring on the side of caution, I decided to contact Teacher Lowell.

When the call connected, I wasted no time in sharing my concerns.

The moment the words left my mouth, I could sense the shock in Teacher Lowell's silence.

His usually calm and composed demeanor faltered, and after a brief pause, he instructed me not to consume anything from the rings.

He insisted on coming over to inspect them himself, a clear sign that my suspicion had struck a nerve.

Hearing his response, a wave of relief washed over me.

With Teacher Lowell coming, I knew I wouldn't have to worry about the resources potentially being compromised.

However, a flicker of doubt lingered in my mind.

I had no idea which storage ring belonged to which family, and the thought unsettled me.

What if my suspicion was correct?

If any of the influential families had tampered with the rings, they were essentially poking a sleeping tiger.

And if the Federation Head-our ultimate authority-were to find out and become enraged, the consequences would be dire for those involved.

I pushed these thoughts aside as I waited for Teacher Lowell to arrive.

Thirty minutes later, Teacher Lowell finally arrived at my place, his presence commanding as always.

Without wasting a moment, he asked to see the storage rings.

I quickly laid them out on the table before him, all ten of them, each holding a wealth of resources that could significantly impact my future growth.

"Let me check.

Whether they've done anything wrong," Lowell said, his voice measured as he picked up the first storage ring.

I sat across from him, trying to maintain my composure as I watched him work.

He inspected each ring with a practiced eye, his focus intense.

At first, everything seemed in order.

The collection in the first ring was perfectly fine, and I could see no sign of tampering.

He moved on to the next, and the next, and still, nothing seemed out of place.

About ten minutes later, he had nearly finished examining all of the rings.

Only the last one remained.

So far, he hadn't found anything suspicious, and I could sense a shift in his demeanor-a subtle hint that perhaps he thought I was being overly cautious.

On the other hand, I couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

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Doubt crept into my thoughts, and I began to question my own judgment.

After all, Teacher Lowell was a seasoned Silver Mark Warrior, with years of experience and a sharp intuition honed by countless encounters.

If anyone could detect something wrong, it would be him.

Maybe I had been too paranoid, too quick to assume the worst.

But then, Lowell picked up the last storage ring.

His expression remained unreadable as he began his final inspection, and despite my earlier doubts, a sliver of unease returned.

This was the moment of truth.

Lowell peered into the storage ring, observing the neatly arranged piles of resources within.

With the practiced ease of a seasoned warrior, he extended his mental power to inspect each item.

The lightning attribute stones, often prized for their raw elemental energy, seemed perfectly intact—nothing unusual there.

But as his mental power swept over the rows of pill boxes, his expression shifted.

Something felt off, an inexplicable sense of unease that gnawed at him.

He furrowed his brow in concentration, trying to pinpoint the source of his discomfort.

Deciding to take a closer look, Lowell carefully picked up one of the pill boxes and opened it, examining the pills one by one.

His eyes narrowed as his gaze fell on a particular pill.

Recognition dawned almost immediately-it was a body-strengthening pill, a common tool among those who followed a path of body cultivation.

Such pills were essential for warriors who relied on their physical prowess, as they required external resources to bolster their strength and endurance.

These pills were widely available on the market, though their price fluctuated depending on their grade and efficacy.

However, as Lowell brought the pill closer to his nose, his expression darkened.

A sharp, acrid scent filled his nostrils, and his heart sank.

The pill's quality was far below standard-practically a mockery of what it should be.

The realization hit him like a bolt of lightning: this pill was not only subpar, it was dangerous.

Under no circumstances should anyone consume it, especially not Zack, who was on the verge of a critical breakthrough.

Across the table, I noticed the sudden change in Teacher Lowell's demeanor.

His face, usually a mask of calm authority, now bore traces of anger and concern.

My pulse quickened as a sense of dread settled in my stomach.

"What happened, Teacher?" I asked, my voice tinged with apprehension.

“Wait a minute,” he responded tersely, his focus returning to the task at hand.

He carefully placed the offending pill back into its box before methodically checking the others.

As he opened each box, his expression grew more severe.

Although the other pills weren’t outright waste, they were not what they appeared to be either.

They were rare, obscure pills-items that had nearly vanished from the market.

A cold, murderous glint flashed in Lowell’s eyes as the realization sank in.

These were combination body-strengthening pills, a relic from a bygone era.

Their use had dwindled over the years due to their inherent risks.

The energy they provided was potent but volatile; without the correct combination pill to balance the effects, the energy could easily turn poisonous, wreaking havoc on the user’s body.

Such pills were still in circulation among families and organizations that clung to body cultivation traditions, but their rarity and the difficulty of crafting them made them a dangerous gamble.

The fact that they had ended up in Zack’s possession was deeply troubling.

This wasn’t just a simple oversight-there was a sinister intent behind it.

Someone had either been dangerously ignorant or deliberately malicious.

Lowell's blood ran cold as the implications of this began to crystallize in his mind.

Was this a calculated move by one of the families, an attempt to sabotage Zack's progress?

Or had they simply failed to secure the necessary combination pill, dooming Zack to a potentially lethal mistake?

The thought sent a chill down Lowell's spine.

Whoever was responsible, they were playing with fire, and if this came to light, the wrath of the Federation Head would be swift and unforgiving.

If Zack hadn't alerted him, the consequences could have been catastrophic.

These pills, while not immediately lethal, were far from harmless.

They were slow-acting poisons, designed to subtly erode a warrior's progress over time.

The insidious nature of these pills meant that the damage wouldn't be immediate or obvious, but it would be profound.

The toxins would gradually build up in Zack's body, creeping into his system like a shadow.

Over time, this accumulation could create an almost imperceptible barrier, hindering his ability to break through to higher levels.

The most terrifying aspect was the potential for long-term damage.

If these toxins weren't purged from Zack's system, they could lead to the exhaustion of his innate potential-a death sentence for any aspiring warrior.

The path of cultivation is one of constant progress, and the loss of potential would effectively halt Zack's journey, locking him in place, forever unable to reach the heights he was destined for.

Lowell shuddered at the thought of how close they had come to such a disastrous outcome.

Now that Lowell had uncovered this insidious plot, there was no way he would let the responsible family escape unscathed.

The audacity of their actions filled him with a cold, burning rage.

This wasn't just a careless mistake; it was a deliberate attempt to sabotage Zack's future.

Someone had tried to clip the wings of a rising star, and that was something Lowell would never forgive.

He would ensure that whoever was behind this paid dearly for their treachery.

Turning to Zack, Lowell's expression was stern but reassuring.

"I'm going to take these storage rings to the Head's office," he said, his voice firm.

"I want to hear his opinion on this matter.

You stay here and wait for my return."

I nodded, feeling a mix of relief and unease.

I couldn't be sure what Teacher Lowell had found, but his expression left little doubt that something was seriously wrong with the last storage ring.

The atmosphere in the room felt heavy, charged with the weight of unspoken threats and unresolved tension.

As Lowell gathered the storage rings and prepared to leave, I couldn't shake the feeling that this was only the beginning.

The discovery of the tampered ring was like pulling on a thread, one that could unravel a much larger and more dangerous web of intrigue.

For now, all I could do was wait, my mind racing with questions and my heart pounding with a mix of fear and anticipation.

Chapter 908: Part 1: Ben's realisation

Lowell left the dimly lit chamber, his face hard and resolute after collecting the tampered storage rings.

His mind was already made up.

He would confront the heads of those powerful families, and they would pay dearly for their treachery.

His eyes flickered with a dangerous glint, and his fists clenched as he strode forward.

The lessons he intended to teach would be seared into the minds of those who had crossed him.

But for now, his priority was to uncover the true mastermind behind the tampering of the storage ring.

Who could have orchestrated such an intricate ploy?

His thoughts churned as he moved swiftly to the top floor of the grand Federation building.

The air seemed thick with tension, each step echoing his impatience.

Upon reaching the top floor, he made his way to the office, where the Head of the Federation worked diligently behind his desk, surrounded by piles of documents and glowing data screens.

Ben, the Federation Head, looked up as Lowell entered, his brows knitting together in concern.

It was not often that Lowell appeared with such a stormy expression.

"I expected you'd come to check on him," Ben began, his voice carrying the weight of authority.

"What happened?

Wasn't he satisfied?"

Lowell didn't respond immediately.

His silence, coupled with the cold fire in his eyes, spoke volumes.

Reaching into his pouch, he pulled out the tampered storage ring and set it down before Ben, the metallic clink echoing ominously in the quiet room.

"There's something wrong with the pills provided by a certain family," Lowell stated flatly, his voice laced with barely controlled anger.

Ben's expression shifted sharply from concern to alarm.

His eyes narrowed as he reached for the ring, his fingers trembling slightly as he took it.

Without wasting a moment, he extended his mental power to scan the contents.

The usual treasures were there-common materials and rare items-but it was the pills he was after.

His mental power swept over the boxes of pills with precision and intent.

As soon as he inspected the first pill, his gut twisted.

The color-off, dulled, almost lifeless-reminded him of waste pills, the kind that were often discarded after failed concoctions.

His frown deepened as he continued to check the others.

One after another, each pill gave him the same unsettling feeling.

Unable to fully trust his mental scan, Ben took the pills out of the box, holding one between his fingers.

He brought it close to his face, inhaling the faint scent.

His expression darkened like a gathering storm.

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"Waste pills," he muttered, his tone now icy, his eyes flickering with barely concealed fury.

But it wasn't just waste pills.

Ben hurriedly sifted through the remaining pills.

Among them, he recognized something else-a rare body-strengthening pill, used by body-cultivating warriors to enhance their physical prowess.

A precious commodity, now tainted.

He set it down, dread settling in his chest.

His mind raced as he thought of combination pills.

He scanned the ring again, searching desperately for them.

But there were none.

Nothing.

Ben's face grew even more grave.

The absence of combination pills wasn't just negligence; it was a calculated attack.

These pills, when taken without the proper combination, were nothing but slow-acting poison.

The damage would be subtle at first, but over time it would cripple even the strongest warrior.

Lowell watched Ben intently, noting every change in his expression.

He didn't need to say anything more.

The Federation Head had seen for himself how dire the situation was.

Ben finally exhaled, his gaze hard and cold.

He met Lowell's eyes, and for a moment, there was a shared understanding between them.

Lowell didn't need to speak his request aloud, but it was clear as day: permission to retaliate.

And Ben, his mind weighed down by the enormity of the betrayal, knew there was only one course of action left.

A few minutes later, Ben meticulously placed the pills back into their respective boxes, the weight of their significance heavy in his hands.

He slipped the boxes into the storage ring, sealing away the evidence of the treachery.

When he turned to face Lowell, his eyes gleamed with a complex mixture of frustration, disappointment, and something else-perhaps guilt.

"Lowell," Ben began, his voice unusually soft, almost regretful.

"I apologize.

I never expected those families to exploit my leniency in such a way.

I've always strived to maintain balance, but it seems my kindness has given them room to take advantage."

Lowell blinked in surprise at the apology.

It wasn't often that the Federation Head admitted fault.

Shaking his head slightly, Lowell replied firmly, "Head, there's no need for you to apologize.

But you know as well as I do, these pills-they're more than just flawed.

They're a slow-acting poison, designed with intent to cripple, if not kill.

And they dared to design this against my student."

The anger in Lowell's voice simmered beneath the surface, barely controlled.

His eyes burned with intensity as he continued, "If I don't respond, they'll think they can get away with it.

This will only embolden them to try again in the future, with someone else."

Ben sighed deeply, the weight of leadership pressing down on him.

He had long walked the fine line between keeping the peace and maintaining authority, especially in the delicate political climate they found themselves in.

With external threats looming, internal conflicts were the last thing he had wanted to stir up.

But now, it seems inevitable.

"They've crossed a line," Ben murmured, his gaze distant for a moment as if reflecting on the years he had spent negotiating and appeasing the power-hungry families.

"I didn't want conflict within the Federation, especially not now with the current situation.

But it seems that some have taken my reluctance for weakness."

He paused, thinking of Zack Lockwood, Lowell's promising student.

The boy had an extraordinary chance of enrolling in Star University, a rare and prestigious opportunity.

The last thing Ben wanted was for anything to happen to Zack before that.

This plot, now revealed, was not just an attack on Lowell-it was an affront to the Federation itself, and to him personally.

Chapter 909: Part 2: Ben's realisation

Ben's eyes darkened as his resolve hardened.

Whoever was behind this vile scheme had not only underestimated Lowell's protective nature but had also disrespected him as the Federation Head.

If these families were bold enough to carry out such a plot under his very nose, then they clearly no longer feared him.

"They've angered not just you, Lowell, but me as well," Ben continued, his tone growing sharper.

"For too long, they've assumed they could act without consequences, thinking they could manipulate things from the shadows.

But now, their scheme is exposed, and we can't afford to let this slide."

His gaze met Lowell's, and in that moment, a silent understanding passed between them.

There would be no holding back.

"I want you to handle this," Ben said, his voice resolute.

“Teach them a lesson they’ll never forget.

Whoever is behind this must understand that such treachery will not be tolerated, not by you, and certainly not by me.”

Lowell gave a grim nod, his mind already racing with plans.

He would make sure that the heads of those families realized the full weight of their mistake.

This wasn’t just about revenge-it was about restoring order and showing that the Federation’s authority could not be undermined.

Ben watched him closely, knowing that once unleashed, Lowell’s fury would be a force to reckon with.

He could already imagine the storm that was about to hit those responsible, and for once, Ben was more than willing to let it rage.

“Alright, Lowell,” Ben said, his voice sharp with renewed determination.

“Let’s teach these b@stards a lesson.

But first, let’s figure out who exactly brought this storage ring in.”

Lowell’s stern expression softened slightly, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Relief washed over him.

For a moment, he had worried that Head Ben might still harbor some reluctance, but hearing those words from him put those fears to rest.

Now, he was certain-Ben was fully on board with confronting the families.

This wasn't just personal anymore; it had become a matter of Federation integrity.

Ben wasted no time.

He turned to the sleek digital console on his desk, tapping a series of commands into the screen.

Within moments, a blue holographic display flickered to life, casting a soft glow over the room.

The device connected to the Federation's extensive security archives, where they kept records of all official visits and transactions, particularly those involving high-level resources.

"Fortunately," Ben began as he pulled up the relevant file, "the storage rings from these families are distinctive.

They have a tradition of crafting their rings with unique features so their warriors can be easily identified.

This isn't just for status; it's a practical safeguard against looting and murder.

If something happens to their people, they can trace it back to the ring."

Lowell nodded, understanding the strategic logic behind it.

Each family had their own insignia or style embedded in the design of their storage rings, making it possible to determine not just the family but sometimes even the specific branch of that family.

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It would make identifying the culprit much easier.

The screen shimmered as the footage began to play.

Both men's eyes locked onto the video as the images unfolded before them.

The video showed the representatives who had come to hand over the resources earlier in the day.

The recording was crystal clear, every detail captured perfectly

Several figures entered the room in the video, each wearing the insignia of a prominent family.

Their movements were calm, professional-there was no hint of the treachery that had been hidden in their actions.

The representatives approached the Federation Head, exchanging polite greetings and handing over the storage rings as if nothing was amiss.

But Lowell and Ben were watching closely, their eyes scanning every detail.

As the footage continued, Ben paused the video, zooming in on one of the rings being handed over.

It was distinct-a silver band with intricate blue carvings, unmistakably belonging to the Grage family.

Lowell's eyes narrowed

"Grage Family," Ben muttered, his voice darkening.

"One of the more influential families, but I didn't think they'd be involved in something like this.

Arrogant, yes-but this?

Poisoning pills meant for his student?"

Lowell's jaw tightened as he watched the figure in the video.

The Grage family was known for their ambition, always maneuvering for more power.

But this-this crossed a line that could not be ignored.

It wasn't just an attack on Zack Lockwood, his student; it was an attack on the future of the Federation itself.

"Of course," Ben said with a sigh of frustration.

"The Grage Family, always playing their games in the background, pulling strings where they can't be seen.

I should have expected this."

Lowell watched the footage carefully, his mind already beginning to formulate his next moves.

The families were bold, but their arrogance had made them sloppy.

They had left traces, and now, with the evidence in hand, there was no way they could deny their involvement.

They had underestimated the Federation-and more importantly, they had underestimated him.

As the footage continued, more families came into view, each storage ring revealing new layers to the conspiracy.

By the time the video finished, both Ben and Lowell had a clear picture of who had been involved.

Ben leaned back in his chair, exhaling slowly.

“Well, we know who they are now,” he said, his tone resolute.

“Let’s make sure they regret ever thinking they could pull something like this.”

Lowell nodded, his expression fierce.

“They won’t just regret it-they’ll fear it.”

It’s just that other storage rings collections were not that worse compared to the Grage Family.

But Lowell has decided to use this opportunity to teach small lesson to other families as well.

In this way, no one would do it in future.

Ben said,”It appears that the Grage Family is the real culprit.

Even though the resources of other families weren’t satisfying.

There weren’t any ill intentions.”

Hearing that Lowell nodded to him.

But he wasn't planning to inflict heavy damage to others.

Chapter 910: Lowell's rage

Federation HQ

"Alright, leave these storage rings here.

You can request new compensation from the Grage Family Head," Federation Head Ben said, offering a fresh solution with a subtle firmness in his voice.

His eyes were steady, masking the internal turmoil he felt over the situation.

He knew this issue could snowball if not handled swiftly and decisively.

Lowell McClain, standing tall before Ben, gave a curt nod, his sharp gaze reflecting both relief and determination.

He finally had the go-ahead.

Without another word, he turned on his heel and left the chamber, the weight of his cloak trailing behind him as if marking the urgency of his next move.

His mind was already racing ahead to his imminent confrontation with the Grage Family.

Once Lowell had disappeared from sight, Ben let out a deep, slow sigh, his shoulders slumping slightly in the quiet solitude of the room.

Inwardly, he cursed his earlier oversight.

"How could I not check the contents of those rings earlier?" he thought, shaking his head in frustration.

This mistake had already set a cascade of events into motion, ones he could no longer control.

Clearing his mind of useless regrets, he refocused.

The situation had escalated, and now all he could do was wait for Lowell to return with the resolution he sought.

—

Meanwhile, Lowell arrived at his student's room.

The atmosphere in the room was tense, yet Zack Lockwood looked at his teacher with a spark of hope in his eyes.

Lowell gave him a brief rundown of the recent developments, his voice firm yet reassuring.

"Don't worry, Zack.

I'll ensure the Grage Family compensates you properly.

You'll get what you deserve," Lowell said, his words carrying both a promise and an unspoken threat.

Zack, though still burdened by the injustice done to him, felt a small sense of relief as he watched his teacher depart swiftly from the headquarters.

He knew Lowell would see this through.

—

At the Grage Family Estate

Alnod Grage, the head of the Grage Family, sat behind his ornate desk, shuffling through a series of scrolls and reports.

His fingers drummed lazily against the polished wood as his mind wandered, no longer concerned about the compensation matter.

In his eyes, the issue had been resolved the moment those storage rings were handed over to the Federation Head.

Little did he know, his deceitful plot had been laid bare.

The estate grounds were quiet, the sun casting long shadows as the afternoon wore on.

For now, everything seemed peaceful, but that tranquility would soon shatter.

—

One hour later!

Lowell McClain arrived above the Grage Family's estate, hovering silently in the air like a shadow of impending judgment.

His eyes, sharp and calculating, swept over the compound, scanning for any signs of resistance, any powerful auras that might pose a threat.

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Finding none that concerned him, he descended with a calm yet terrifying grace, landing in the heart of the compound.

His sudden appearance was like a storm breaking without warning.

Guards stationed near the main gate froze as they felt an overwhelming pressure crush down upon them, their legs trembling beneath them.

Some stumbled backward, while others could only stand paralyzed in sheer terror as the suffocating force radiated from Lowell.

Without so much as a glance in their direction, Lowell began striding toward the grand doors of the family's main hall.

Each step he took seemed to echo with authority, his presence alone enough to send ripples of panic throughout the estate.

The guards whispered hurriedly among themselves, trying to muster the courage to act but failing in the face of the Silver Mark Warrior's undeniable power.

The disturbance quickly caught the attention of the Grage family's more powerful members.

Within moments, warriors of Commander Rank and General Rank were rushing to the scene.

But when they arrived and laid eyes on Lowell, their faces paled.

They knew exactly who he was-and more importantly, they knew why he was here.

One of the family elders, an aging man with a weathered face, stepped forward, his voice betraying his nerves.

"Lord Lowell, what brings you here?" he asked cautiously, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity.

Lowell's eyes, cold and unyielding, flicked toward the elder as he spoke in a voice that was as sharp as the edge of a blade.

"Where is your family head?"

The question was simple, but it was laced with an unmistakable menace.

The elder's mouth went dry, and he could see the other family members exchange uneasy glances.

Everyone present knew that Simon Grage, the young master of the family, had recently made some bold, reckless moves against Zack Lockwood.

The pieces fell into place-this wasn't just a visit, it was retribution.

An elderly woman, her face lined with age but her posture still upright, stepped forward.

Her aura flared briefly, revealing her as a Black Mark Warrior, but even she knew her power was no match for Lowell's.

She was keenly aware that should things turn violent, the Grage family wouldn't stand a chance.

"Lord Lowell," she began, her voice trembling ever so slightly, "we already sent compensation to the Federation Head.

There's no need for this! what are you doing here?"

Her question hung in the air, the fear palpable.

Lowell remained unmoved by her words, his eyes narrowing slightly.

He hadn't come for excuses.

His mere presence here was enough to instill dread, and the Grage Family knew they were cornered.

The tension in the compound grew thicker with every passing second, as the once-confident members of the Grage Family felt the crushing reality of their situation sink in.

Lowell immediately sensed a foreign presence approaching.

He turned to face the intruder, his eyes widening in recognition.

It was Alnod Grage.

Alnod, initially confused by the commotion, was utterly shocked when he saw the person standing before him.

"Lowell McClain?"

What is he doing here?" His heart pounded in his chest as he processed the unexpected encounter.

On the other hand, Lowell's eyes flashed with a murderous glint upon seeing Alnod.

With a swift movement, he vanished from his original position, reappearing before Alnod in an instant.

Alnod's expression shifted dramatically as he tried to defend himself.

But before he could react, Lowell's fist connected with his face.

Boom!

A powerful explosion echoed through the room as Alnod flew backward, crashing into the wall.

The elders, witnessing the shocking display of power, were frozen in disbelief.

They instinctively reached to intervene, but upon meeting Lowell's cold, unforgiving gaze, they retreated in fear.

Alnod's heart pounded in his chest as panic clawed at him.

He could feel the sweat beading on his brow, every inch of his body on edge.

"Damn it, they've found me out," The weight of his suspicion grew heavier with each passing second.

His pulse raced as he scrambled to free himself from the debris surrounding him, shards of stone and dust clinging to his clothes like accusations.

Before he could even think about escape, a dark shadow loomed over him.

THUD

Pain exploded through his chest as Lowell's boot slammed down with brutal force.

The air rushed out of Alnod's lungs.

"Pfff!"

Alnod coughed violently, spewing blood from his mouth.

He gasped for air, his vision blurring momentarily as he stared up at Lowell's cold, unyielding gaze.

The taste of blood filled his mouth, metallic and bitter, as humiliation and fury boiled inside him.

"This can't be happening," he thought as Lowell's foot ground deeper into his ribs, each second feeling like an eternity.

Rage surged through Alnod's veins.

"How dare he?" This was an insult he couldn't forgive.

But despite his burning anger, he knew the truth: he was powerless.

Lowell was stronger.

Far stronger.

"Lord Lowell, what...what are you doing?" Alnod's voice wavered as he forced the words past his lips, his pride wounded more than his body.

Lowell's eyes narrowed, a flash of disdain flickering across his face.

His voice was icy, dripping with venom.

"You dare send us those pathetic pills and think I wouldn't notice?" Lowell sneered.

"Do you take me for a fool?"

Those trash pills couldn't fool a child.

You think I wouldn't recognize the combination?"

Alnod's stomach dropped.

His mind raced.

"He knows.

How did he find out?" For a split second, a flicker of panic danced in his eyes, but he quickly masked it with a cold glare of his own.

He couldn't afford to falter now, not in front of everyone.

Admitting to this would only seal his fate-and Lowell's wrath was something he couldn't survive.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Alnod stammered, feigning ignorance.

"Deny everything." It was his only option now, to lie and hope that Lowell had nothing more than suspicions.

The elderly women and others are shocked.

They don't know what's going on?

They couldn't believe what Lord Lowell is saying right now.

Everyone is staring at the Family Head.

Seeing that he was denying.

Everyone exchanged their looks.

At this time, there is an elder among them.

He was the one who went earlier to handover those resources.

The elderly women and others were dumbfounded, their minds reeling from the shocking revelation.

They couldn't comprehend the words that had just escaped Lord Lowell's lips.

A wave of disbelief washed over the crowd as they stared at the Family Head, his denial hanging in the air.

As everyone exchanged confused glances, an elder among them stepped forward.

He was the one who had earlier delivered the resources to the Federation Head.