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After finishing the Antarctic hot pot meal, Charlie spent two days relaxing with Lin Wan’er at the Nordic research station.

During those two days, although Yun Ruge and Song Ruyu had not entered complete seclusion, they preferred not to disturb the couple for most of the time. As a result, they spent almost all their time meditating and cultivating in their rooms, absorbing the spiritual energy contained in the spirit stones.

Charlie and Lin Wan’er, meanwhile, did not engage in any particularly intimate behavior. Instead, they spent most of their time walking hand in hand across the vast, desolate Antarctic ice fields outside the research station. Each time, they would walk several kilometers at an unhurried pace, until the research station was no longer visible and they could hardly find any traces left behind by modern technology.

For some reason, Charlie had begun to develop a fondness for Antarctica during the polar night.

On this modernized planet, there might never be another place so pristine, where one could truly escape the hustle and bustle of the world and experience the planet’s most primitive wilderness and rugged beauty.

Here, one could witness the most beautiful auroras on Earth and the most dazzling stars in the night sky. Whenever Charlie looked up at the endless stars and the vast universe from the Antarctic ice fields, he would think of the cultivators who had once left this place.

If they were not originally from Earth, then this must have been the place closest to their homeland. As they gazed up at the stars, perhaps one of those distant points of light marked the path they had once traveled.

Meanwhile, in Miami, United States, Wu Yongzhen, the Grand Commander of the Left Army Command, was sitting in front of his phone, his face flushed with excitement.

Simply because one of his subordinate scholars had established a connection with the Rothschild family, he had managed to rake in a staggering one billion dollars in net profit within just a few days. It was something he would never even have dared to dream of.

Although the businesses under his effective control were already worth well over a hundred billion dollars, those were all genuine assets belonging to the Qing Restoration Society. The vast majority of them were officially registered, and he was merely the CEO of the group's North American division.

Business operations, cost accounting, and profit reporting were no different from those of any multinational corporation. The Qing Restoration Society's financial team strictly audited every single income and expense. Consequently, the amount of money that actually ended up in his own pocket was not particularly substantial.

This was also consistent with Wu Feiyan's usual character.

She was naturally suspicious and wary of everyone, always keeping her guard up. Moreover, she had no children of her own and had lived for far too long, leaving her with little sense of familial attachment.

She had appointed members of the Wu family to lead the Five Armies Command, not because she wanted to look after her relatives, but primarily because she considered her own family more trustworthy. However, when it came to granting them substantial benefits, she was still reluctant.

Money could sometimes be a universal source of power. Once people accumulated enough wealth, they would grow ambitious. With ambition came the desire for independence, and eventually, they might slip beyond one's control. Therefore, she did not want the Wu family members to possess too much personal wealth.

The ideal arrangement, in her eyes, was to grant them authority and positions that could be revoked at any moment, while preventing them from accumulating too many personal assets. That way, they would remain loyal to her forever.

However, their loyalty was merely Wu Feiyan's own assumption. In this world, nothing was harder to control or restrain, or more difficult to predict logically, than the human heart.

Wu Yongzhen had long been secretly lining his own pockets. However, the old method of siphoning off small amounts of money through concealed transactions was simply too inefficient.

Things were different now. Previously, he could only slowly transfer small amounts of wealth out of the Qing Restoration Society's assets. But now, he believed he had discovered an extraordinary shortcut to fortune and success.

Making one billion dollars in just a few days had further strengthened his trust in Rachel Getty.

As soon as the money was deposited, he immediately fulfilled his promise. He arranged for Cheng Yanni to personally visit the Getty family at the earliest opportunity, where she met Rachel's mother and handed her a bronze token bearing a dragon emblem, along with a six-month supply of antidote.