

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 161-180

Chapter 161

Benny lifted his head to gaze at Dave and answered calmly, "Paramount is the capital city of the Central Federation. You're digging your own grave by doing this."

Dave sneered, "Ha! Don't worry about that. All of you are big shots. Of course, I won't dare to lay a finger on you. However, it's rare for my comrades and I to show up. It would be inappropriate for us to leave empty-handed. You might not know this..."

He wore a triumphant smile before continuing, "In order to buy us more time to get along with each other, I spent a great deal of effort to avert the attention of the police officers."

There was a sudden change in the expressions of the big shots who were counting on the police officers to come to their rescue.

Benny took a deep breath and asked solemnly, "Spit it. What do you want?"

"Money, of course." Dave waved the gun in his hand. "We're not asking for too much. One billion from each of you from Table No.1 and a hundred million from each guest from Table No.2. As for Table No.3, fifty million each will do."

Seated at Table No.3, Simon mumbled crabily, "Why is he asking fifty million less from us as compared to Table No.2? He's obviously looking down on us!"

The terrified Alvina rolled her eyes at her husband in exasperation as she pinched his arm and whispered, "Come on! I can't believe you're upset by that at this moment. Fifty million from each of us from Table No.3 would total up to two hundred and fifty million!"

"Exactly!" Simon pulled a long face. "You, me, and uncle's family. That would add up to two hundred and fifty million!"

Meanwhile, Benny lifted his brows and blurted. "One billion from each of us would total up to nine billion. Are you able to bring away so much money?"

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Fest. Nonetheless, your calculation is wrong. I'm expecting twelve billion from your table instead of nine."

"Twelve billion?!" The big shots furrowed their brows. Didn't he say one billion from each person? There are nine guests at our table, so who's going to fork out the extra three billion?

Two businessmen, who were overjoyed to be seated at the same table as the big shots, were now eating their hearts out.

If they sat at Table No.2, they would have saved ninety million!

"You heard me right. It's twelve billion." Dave nodded.

Just then, the extraordinarily muscular Bugsy walked toward Dave with a laptop in his hand.

Dave took over the laptop and ordered, "There's a difficult guy out there that needs you to handle him. Jasmine will tell you his location in a while."

"Roger that." Bugsy guffawed menacingly with his chest muscles pumped.

After switching on the laptop and placing it on Table No.1, Dave glanced at the guests and fixed his gaze on Willow in the end. "President Willow from Draco Chamber of Commerce. What a pleasure to meet you! You've invested tens of billions in Paramount in just a few days. I doubt an extra three billion would be a problem for you."

"So, you're expecting four billion from me?" Willow cast a nonchalant glance at Dave.

"You're right." Dave nodded with a grin. "Do you have any issue with that?"

"I do." Willow wore a faint smile. "I'm not sure if you're familiar with the security system of the central bank of the Central Federation."

"Don't worry. We're not dumb." Dave lifted his brows and continued, "The Central Federation has no control over the foreign territories."

“Foreign territories?” A mysterious smile tugged at Willow’s lips as she blinked and nodded. “Alright then, I have no issue with that.”

“Great. I’m glad that you can set a good example for Mr. Fest and the others.” Dave said while clicking on the laptop.

“Interesting. It’s my first time encountering a theft since I became the president of Draco Chamber of Commerce.”

A theft?

Besides being impressed with Willow’s boldness, the other big shots were distressed that they were soon going to lose their hard-earned money.

It’s a freaking billion!

This is not theft at all. It’s a bloody heist!

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At the second table, Yuna glared at her husband angrily as she gritted her teeth. “Is this the person you found to avenge for us? What an idiot? Did you hook up with him to swindle my family’s money?”

“Yuna, I would never dare to do that!” Charlie was at a loss for words.

However, after giving it some thought, although shocked and exasperated he came to a conclusion. It might be very possible that I was the one who invited the criminals over! I told that sexy and flirty woman about the big shots that would join the charity auction today.

On the third floor from the top of The Pavillion, Jacob flitted through the door from the stairs into a dark corridor which looked dangerous.

“Gerald, it’s me.” After speaking gently to a corner, he gently patted Heidi’s shoulders, knowing that she was afraid of the dark.

“Sir.” A faint smell of blood wafted into his nose as a huge, dark figure loomed out of thin air like a spirit.

“Don’t scare my daughter.”

He glanced at Gerald's blood stained hands. Behind the latter, a few broken limbs were seen scattered around.

Jacob retreated back to the stairs and arched his eyebrows as he asked, "How's the situation with the hotel?"

Gerald lowered his head. "Sir, the criminals who suddenly barged into the hotel have taken control of the lower levels. But the Shadow Rangers are clearing the floors one after another. I think they will reach the 12th floor in thirty minutes."

"Thirty minutes?" Jacob's brows knitted tightly into a frown.

Unfortunately, Trey was not here. Otherwise, they could easily overpower all the criminals that took over the hotel.

Even though he could easily defeat all of them, he tried not to involve himself for his daughter's sake.

At this moment, a gentle breeze blew past the corridor.

A sharp look flickered across Jacob, who shook his head at Gerald. "It's Jerry."

Moments later, Jerry walked to them soundlessly. "Boss, all nine floors below us have been cleaned."

"That means the only remaining floors are from the first to the 16th." Jacob nodded and gave a wave. When he lowered his head, he saw the adorable flutter of his daughter's eyelashes. "I'll let you guys take care of the rest, I'm bringing my daughter upstairs."

Swinging the bronze sword in his hands, Jerry replied solemnly, "No problem, Boss. We'll take care of everything."

Jacob's eyebrows twitched slightly when he saw the blood on the sword, but he soon forgot about it.

Since the sword is a weapon, it's meant to be used. It would be fine as long as he cleans it up carefully after this.

With a shake of his head, he quickly took his daughter up the stairs.

In the monitoring room on the 15th floor, more than half of the monitors were malfunctioning. Looking at the black screens, Jasmine spoke into the walkie-talkie seriously. "Dave, we have a major problem."

In the auction hall, Dave Burrows put down his walkie-talkie before pointing his gun at Edwin Townsend, a congressman of the Central Parliament, who was looking at the webpage stonily.

With a sarcastic smile playing on his lips, he placed his hand on the trigger. "Mr. Congressman, do you think that your life is not even worth a billion?"

Facing the gun, Edwin's pupils constricted slightly before he gave an exasperated wave. "I don't have that much money!"

Next to him, the other prominent figures at table one shifted their gazes elsewhere.

At this moment, a slender arm suddenly reached out and typed a series of numbers into the bank transfer page.

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After pressing the confirmation button, Willow winked at Edwin. "Since we have already given four billion, one more billion for you is considered nothing."

Edwin nodded at her with a warm smile. "Thanks!"

On the other hand, Benny sighed in frustration. I was just a second slower!

Opposite to The Pavillion, there were three people in a garden that spanned more than 100 square meters in the city, two of whom were standing, while the other one sat on a bench.

The person who was sitting was none other than Nathaniel, the team leader of the Elite Forces. As he listened to the buzz of the gun through the night, a slight smile appeared on his lips.

Standing next to him, the Fire God, Luke, finally broke a smile. "Sir, are you sure we are going to do this?"

Rosalyn, who had a voluptuous figure, rolled her eyes at him. "What do you want, then?"

"Why are we wasting our time here? We should go in there and beat up all the guys who are impersonating us!" Luke complained.

As Nathaniel turned around to look at him, the silver mask that covered most of his face gleamed brightly. "Don't forget our promise – as long as that man is there, we have to avoid him at all costs."

Luke rolled his eyes. Avoid him at all costs? Who would believe such a stupid promise?

The screeching of tyres suddenly pierced through the air, as a black motorcycle sped past the road. It braked right in front of the fancy entrance of The Pavillion.

With a thud, a young man in a black leather jacket and a pair of boots got off the bike.

In the garden, Luke slightly narrowed his eyes when he saw this. "Who is that guy? He's just a delinquent! I almost can't bear to see him get shot like a mannequin!"

Standing in front of the hotel, Trey turned around and shot a glance in a certain direction.

After a pause, he retracted his gaze and walked up the stairs.

"Sir, is it possible that he noticed us?" Luke blinked.

Rosalyn's eyes were closed, but she immediately opened them with a shimmer of excitement. "That man is very strong."

"How strong is he?" Luke wrapped his arms in front of his chest, and his fire stripes shone on his head before disappearing shortly after.

Rosalyn shot him a glance. "Judging by his energy level, he is at least two folds stronger than you."

He merely arched an eyebrow. "We'll only know after a fight."

“We are just bystanders tonight,” Nathaniel reminded nonchalantly as he leaned against the chair.

In the opulent hotel lobby, around eight gunmen in fighting suits pointed their guns at the figure standing outside the door.

Knock, knock, knock!

Trey knocked on the door three times.

After a moment of hesitation, one of the gunmen opened the door slightly. “Who are you? This place is already under strict control. Please leave if you have nothing to do here!”

Trey looked at him indifferently. “My boss is still inside.”

His boss?

The gunman froze for a moment before bellowing coldly, “Go back home! You are prohibited from entering!”

“Got it.” Trey nodded before he stretched his right arm through the tiny opening of the door. Then, he grabbed hold of the gunman and pushed his shoulder at the door. With a loud crash, the glass door shattered into pieces.

Then, he burst through the shards.

“Open fire!”

What immediately ensued after that order was a series of gunfire.

In the city garden, Luke said gleefully after hearing the gunshots, “He barged in there without any defenses. Unless he is made of steel, he’s dead.”

After all, human beings simply could not take the powerful attacks of modern weapons.

Apparently, all the other gunmen had the same thought as him.

“Stop!”

After another order, all of them stopped firing.

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As the smell of blood gradually spread, a bloody figure, that did not resemble a human anymore, stood out from the glass shards.

As a breeze from the outside blew past them, coldness was not the only thing it brought in; it also took a few of the gunmen's lives.

Thud! Thud!

They fell to the ground and blood spilled on the clean marble floor.

With indifference in his eyes, Trey glanced around the lobby and suddenly disappeared

Meanwhile, Jasmine took in a deep breath as she witnessed this from the surveillance room.

She took up her walkie-talkie and reported anxiously, "Be quick. We are running out of time."

In the auction hall, Dave nodded slowly when he heard her voice through his earpiece. "Gather at the rooftop in five minutes."

With that, he lowered his right arm and passed a laptop to his subordinate before focusing his gaze on the man who held a prominent position in the Central Parliament, Edwin.

"Dear Mr. Congressman, I need your help." Flashing a cold smile, Dave looked at him.

In the surveillance room, Jasmine saw Trey, a young man who suddenly appeared out of nowhere, quickly defeating dozens of well-trained gunmen, and was now almost at the tenth floor.

Taking another deep breath, she spoke her walkie-talkie once again. "You have two minutes left, at most."

"Change of plans – carry out plan B."

A deep, male voice suddenly rang in both Jasmine and Dave's ears.

Dave froze momentarily before he quickly grabbed Edwin by the throat to yank him out of his seat.

"Let him go!" Benny yelled loudly to stop him.

However, Dave turned around and pointed his gun at Benny's head.

Sitting at the second table, Yuna grabbed her husband's arms tightly. "Q-Quick, save my Dad!"

Charlie quietly rolled his eyes before patting her hand to console her. "Don't worry. He won't dare to open fire at your dad."

Benny, who had been in the business field for decades, did not even flinch when the gun was directed at him. "If you have the guts to hurt Mr. Townsend, there would be no place for you in Paramount."

"If I hear any more nonsense coming from you, I'll kill you!" Dave warned lethally before he retracted his gun and dragged Edwin to the door.

"Finally... Those criminals are now gone!" Benny heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that the rest of the criminals had followed their leader and left.

Suddenly, a loud bang reverberated through the room. The door was kicked open, and people from the Special Operations Brigade barged into the room.

The unexpected attack stunned all the criminals, Dave included. They were apprehended before they could even contemplate the situation.

Seeing that the incident had a sudden, pleasant twist, all the guests in the hall unanimously sighed in relief.

"Mr. Congressman, you must have been in great shock!" A tall man walked through the door with his back straight. "I'm Andrew Doyle, the leader of the Special Operations Brigade. I was tasked with the mission to save everyone here."

Looking at the promising young man wearing a uniform with the words “Ministry of Defense” sewn in front of his chest, Edwin slowly nodded. “Very good. You guys came just at the right time.”

At the same time the door of the elevator opened to the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel, followed by a burly man who emanated murderous intent entering the room.

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Heidi’s face was flushed as she jumped on the soft and comfortable couch in a luxurious supreme suite.

“Come here and have some water.” Jacob took a glass of warm water and smiled happily as he saw how lively and happy Heidi was.

Heidi drank two gulps of water before looking around curiously and paused at a stuffed elk head on the wall.

She held the glass with both hands and asked, “What is that? Is it a small horse?”

Jacob took the glass from Heidi and answered, “It is not a horse but an elk. If you like it, I can take you to see a live one.”

“Is it lost? Poor thing!” Heidi pursed her lips.

Jacob shook his head and smiled but did not say anything.

In the next second, Jacob’s smile instantly disappeared, and his eyes flashed with alertness.

A muffled ‘bang’ sounded before the hard mahogany door slammed open. Then, a man tall and large like a grizzly bear stepped in.

“Haha, I found you!” Buggy grinned and licked the corner of his mouth. “Come over and let me kill you!”

Jacob looked at him with a frown. “How did you get up here?”

“The elevator, of course... Enough with your nonsense. Get over here and let me punch you!” Buggy glared at Jacob ferociously.

The elevator?

Jacob smiled in amazement. This little bug is not a big deal to me.

Then, he saw his daughter's terrified expression and narrowed his eyes. However, I can't forgive him for scaring my daughter.

Jacob carried his daughter gently and walked toward a bedroom in the north corner of the suite.

"Are you running away? You haven't asked for my permission!" Bugsy shouted furiously and dashed toward Jacob. His body was shrouded in a threatening aura as he extended his hand.

Jacob's body remained still, but his legs moved in a flash and transported him as if by teleportation across the living room. Then, he opened the bedroom door and went in.

"Huh? You're quite the fast runner!" Bugsy muttered before chasing after Jacob.

In the next second, Jacob opened the bedroom door and walked out before closing it gently. Then, he glared at Bugsy. "You deserve to die for scaring my daughter!"

After saying that, Jacob raised his arm and punched Bugsy.

Boom! Bugsy was muscular and weighed around two hundred and forty kilograms. However, that did not stop him from flying a few meters backward before landing with a loud 'smack', causing the floor to vibrate slightly.

"Damn you! That hurts!"

His copper eyes instantly turned bloodshot. Then, he roared, making his already buffed body grow even more buff.

Seeing that his punch was less effective than usual, Jacob arched his eyebrow and muttered, "What a thick skin."

Suddenly, gusts of wind appeared in the luxurious living room.

Bugsy's body rolled with heat as he got onto all fours and bent his head slightly, looking like a mad rhino ready to attack.

Thump! Thump! Thump! As footsteps sounded, Jacob stood ready. He kept his right hand at his side and gathered battle qi in his palm.

As a threatening wave of energy came charging at Jacob, he swung his arm and threw a punch.

Boom!

The air vibrated. Bugsy staggered back and forth as if he was drunk.

Seeing that his punch failed to knock Bugsy out again, Jacob frowned and complimented, "What firm muscles."

However, that did not bother Jacob. After all, he had never lost a battle since leading the Scarlet Dragon to success.

Thus, he narrowed his eyes and charged forward.

At the same time, battle qi surged from his body, rolling like turbulent waves and shining like dazzling light.

He punched Bugsy and sent him flying.

Boom! The floor shook, and Bugsy broke through the wall.

Is he still not dead? Jacob frowned as dust floated in the air.

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In the next second, a beast-like roar came from the corridor beyond the wall.

Suddenly, a loud 'bang' sounded, and fists the size of an adult's head punched through the reinforced wall.

Then, the air was still for a moment before it started burning intensively as if someone had lit a can of gasoline.

At the same time, Jacob sensed a violent aura before a blood-red giant broke the wall and stepped in.

“I... Will... Kill... You!”

Bugsy was nearly 2.5 meters tall. His muscles swelled and looked hard as rocks. Veins popped up all over him, looking like small snakes all over his body. Furthermore, his bloodshot eyes flashed murderously.

“You want to kill me?” Jacob’s expression remained indifferent, but anger gradually rose in his eyes. “Do it then. Let’s see who gets killed first!”

Jacob charged at Bugsy.

He released his battle qi in full, causing the air to vibrate as invisible energy swept madly in all directions like tidal waves.

Then, he shot out a punch, causing the floor to shake.

Bang!

A mist of blood burst out of nowhere and shards of bones fell onto a carpet that had been torn to shreds.

“These bones are so hard!”

Jacob’s eyes flashed as he looked at the slight metallic gleam of the bone shards on the ground.

Meanwhile, in the park opposite The Pavillion, Luke listened for a while before blinking and waving at Nataniel. “Sir, are we only going to observe? If we still don’t go in, The Meteorites’ plan will succeed!”

Nataniel glanced at him and replied, “I’ve said it before. We are only here to observe tonight.”

“But...” Luke took a step forward. “The Meteorites’ men...”

“That’s enough. The team leader is in there. You have nothing to worry about!” Rosalyn rolled her eyes. “They are merely three generals from The Meteorites. It is of no concern!”

Suddenly, noises of car tires screeching attracted their attention.

As the entrance of the hotel was still in a mess, a sports car stopped right below the stairwell.

Then, a muscular figure jumped out of the car and dashed into the hotel.

Rosalyn widened her eyes slightly. "It's another person with a high level of power!"

Luke glanced at the silver gray sports car for a few seconds before asking enviously, "How high?"

Rosalyn glanced at him and answered, "It's a little higher than you."

Luke became indignant and said furiously, "Why are those b*stards here? Previously, hardly anyone ever came here, now people keep coming!"

Rosalyn's eyes glimmered as she looked at Nataniel, who was sitting in a chair. "Sir, is the Scarlet Dragon that powerful outside this city?"

"It doesn't matter. We are in Paramount." Nataniel opened his eyes. His face was proud under the silver-white mask.

Meanwhile, in a meeting room. Krish walked to the door and bent down to pick up a submachine gun after the fighters had retreated.

He fiddled with it curiously and turned to the approaching Ludwig with a confused expression. "Master Ludwig, what was wrong with them? Why did they leave without taking their guns?"

Swoosh! Ocho rushed out of the stairwell with an intimidating aura.

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"Who are you?"

Krish sensed a threatening aura and grabbed the gun to point at the incoming man.

Ocho saw someone pointing a gun at him as soon as he stepped out of the stairwell. Thus, he smirked and transformed himself into a gush of strong wind before rushing toward Krish and Ludwig.

“Step aside!”

Ludwig jumped into action and dragged Krish aside. Then, he took a step forward, pointed his two fingers as if wielding a sword, and pierced them through the air.

At the same time, he sent a wave of sharp energy from his fingers, causing it to collide against the invisible energy around Ocho's fist.

A muffled 'bang' sounded and the impact created strong gushes of wind. Ludwig's expression changed slightly as he retreated a step.

“Sword finger? Interesting.”

Ocho's eyes brightened as he clenched his fist and swung it toward Ludwig. Ludwig quickly leaned to the side and blocked the punch.

The three hundred Dragon Guardians liked to live their lives dangerously.

Thus, Ocho did not step back but charged ahead even though the immense energy from the Sword Finger technique was about to pierce his chest. At the same time, he swung his left fist toward Ludwig and straightened his upper body to gather battle qi in his chest.

A muffled slap sounded. Followed by a light scoff.

Ludwig kept retreating under the strong turbulent air and was nearly forced out of the meeting room. His face was flushed, and his right arm shook slightly.

On the other hand, Ocho looked down at the slight indentation on his chest and demanded, “Again!”

Krish quickly threw away the submachine gun at the side before waving his hands urgently and explaining, “It's a misunderstanding! We are hotel guests who were here for the charity auction!”

Krish could finally see that this man who had managed to defeat his master with two punches was not on the robber's side.

"Hotel guests?" Ocho tilted his head and glanced at Krish.

In the end, Ocho could see from Krish and Ludwig's aura that they were not the ones who had attacked him downstairs. Thus, he shook his head and returned to the stairwell to continue heading upstairs.

Ding! The elevator door closed gradually.

Krish let out his breath and patted his chest fearfully. "Luckily, I made the right assessment!"

Then, he rushed to the door and asked Ludwig worriedly, "Master Ludwig, are you alright? Are you injured?"

Ludwig's chest heaved as he breathed. His flushed face gradually returned to normal, and he shook his head slowly. "It's nothing serious. I will be fine after resting for two to three days."

Resting for two to three days? Doesn't that mean he is injured?

Krish's expression turned solemn.

He took a deep breath and said fearfully, "Master Ludwig, that man had a murderous aura."

Ludwig narrowed his eyes and nodded solemnly. "He must be used to facing ruthless fighters. If you had not revealed our identity, I fear we might have..."

Krish was surprised. Even the arrogant Master Ludwig admitted his inferiority to that man.

After a moment of silence, Krish said softly, "Master Ludwig, what should we do now? Should we continue to stay here? Since there is no one here now, should we..."

Ludwig smiled bitterly. "The situation is unfavorable to us. We better leave."

The brief confrontation just was a much more severe blow than he let on.

Ludwig had trained the Sword Finger technique for decades and attained the peak of that skill. Yet, that man was able to resist Ludwig's attack with his body and did not suffer any damage.

That was a devastating blow to Ludwig's confidence.

Since his technique had turned useless, he had no choice but to retreat.

Although he felt indignant, he could only step back and re-evaluate the situation.

Soon, the rest of the hotel guests came into the conference room. Krish and Ludwig followed the crowd and headed downstairs.

While waiting near the elevator on the auction site's level, Benny saw Edwin entering the elevator flanked by guards from the Ministry of Defense.

Seeing the elevator go up, he raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Shouldn't he be going downstairs? Why did he go up instead?"

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A business tycoon standing near the elevator door guessed, "Perhaps it is safer to go upstairs. After all, Congressman Townsend is an important figure in Central Federation. He can easily arrange a helicopter for himself."

Is that so? Willow's eyes flickered slightly.

Meanwhile, at the venue's entrance, Moira walked out slowly with the other guests and was busy typing on her phone.

Behind the crowd, Charlie took his wife's arm and whispered, "Remember, we didn't do anything tonight!"

Yuna gave him a sideways glance and said, "You should see what a loser you are!"

After pausing for a moment, her eyes filled with resentment as she said, "I'm so unlucky tonight! Those damn robbers! Why can't they just drop dead?"

Charles recalled how the robber had robbed their one hundred million and added sadly, "We suffered a severe loss tonight!"

Nearby, Alvina comforted her husband, Simon, "All that matters is that we are not hurt. We can earn back the money we have lost."

"What else can we do?" Simon sighed gloomily. "It's not like we can go after those ruthless robbers and make them return our money!"

Then, he glanced toward the auctioneer's corpse left forgotten behind the auction stand and shook his head slowly. "It is still better than losing our lives."

In the control room, Trey pierced through two armed robbers with a strike.

As the smell of blood filled the air, he followed the traces left behind by the third robber and chased him.

"Trey!" A familiar voice sounded nearby, prompting Trey to turn around indifferently. "You're here."

Ocho appeared at the control room door in a flash and said, "Sixtine and the others will be here shortly."

Trey narrowed his eyes and said, "The safety of our boss and his family is of utmost importance. It doesn't matter how many robbers we kill here."

"Trey, don't worry." Ocho nodded. "Dreineun and his people are not coming."

After pondering for a while, Trey instructed sternly, "Tell Sixtine and his people to guard the hotel's perimeter. None of the enemies shall escape here tonight!"

Ocho bowed and beat his chest with his right hand. "Understood!"

Meanwhile, in one of the supreme suite's bedrooms on the top floor, Jacob heard his phone ringing and frowned before saying to his daughter gently, "Stay here and don't go anywhere. I will go answer the phone."

“Okay.” Heidi sprawled on the large and soft bed, watching TV shows on the large TV screen.

Jacob left the bedroom and smelled traces of blood stench in the air. He went to the corner of the living room and took his phone from the couch.

An anxious voice sounded the moment Jacob answered the phone. “Thank goodness! You finally answered! How is Heidi? Where are you now? Do you know what happened during the auction?”

Jacob moved the phone slightly further from his ear until the person finished questioning. Then, he placed the phone by his ear again and said, “My daughter and I are fine. You should take care of yourself.”

As he spoke, he suddenly heard footsteps in the corridor outside the suite. Thus, he hung up and went to open the door.

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Standing outside the venue, amid the crowd, Moira was panting heavily. Her delicate cheeks were flushed all over, and steam was shooting out of her ears from anger.

“Damn it, how dare he hang up on me?!” She clutched the phone firmly and clenched her jaws.

“Moira!” Jonah finally found an excuse to get away from his family. He squeezed through the crowd and trudged in her direction.

“No, what if they run into more of them...” Face filled with concern, Moira urgently pushed through the crowd and made her way toward the stairs.

Meanwhile, Jonah, who had been completely disregarded, stared dejectedly at Moira as she moved farther away.

On the fourteenth floor, with a hefty punch to knock out the last of the robbers, Gerald sensed some movement and swept around to look at the stairs.

The door slammed open to reveal two masculine figures.

"You're here." Gerald looked at them with a nod.

"Everything okay?" Trey asked with a deep voice.

"With Gerald and I around, what could go wrong?" Jerry came out of nowhere with a gust of wind.

Looking at the pair, he raised a brow slightly, "Have you taken care of everything downstairs?"

Ocho responded with a dash of arrogance, "Mr. Locker, they are just a bunch of thugs who can't take a beating."

"Just a bunch of thugs?" Jerry frowned, "Did you run into a woman on your way up? Or a tall and husky man?"

Woman? Husky man?

Trey and Ocho shook their heads collectively.

Jerry immediately lost his poise, "Bloody hell! Their leader has gone up to the top floor!"

Without hesitation, Gerald spun around and charged up the stairs with a murderous air.

"What happened?" Trey asked.

"The boss and his daughter are in the suite room." Jerry responded and promptly disappeared into thin air with another gust of wind.

"Boss!" Trey and Ocho shouted, then stomped on the ground furiously before shape-shifting into a pair of dragons and following suit.

Meanwhile, at the suite room entrance of the top floor, the Federal Senator was being escorted out of the lift and toward the stairs by a group of gunmen dressed in Ministry of Defense uniform. Jacob stared at them as he put his phone back into his pocket calmly and collectedly.

"Sir, it is dangerous out here, please leave at once!" A gunman with a machine gun in his hands walked up to him in large strides.

Jasmine, who had her hands cuffed, was taken aback as she said softly, "Boss, this is the man Bugsy was after!"

Bugsy?

Andrew shut his eyes briefly before shooting them wide open.

There was a ball of fury in his eyes as he glared at Jacob, "Bugsy is dead! Kill him!"

What?!

Dave and Jasmine's jaws dropped to the ground, Bugsy, the invincible man who possesses the bones of steel, who was unharmed after throwing himself at a bomb, is... Dead?

Edwin was just as surprised. Aren't you the captain of the special forces who was sent to protect me by the Ministry of Defense? Why do you look like you're one of the robbers?!

With a click, the man who was disguised as a member of the special forces pulled the trigger on his gun.

Bullets pushed through the barrel, into the air, accompanied by gun fire and smoke.

Jacob's eyes turned cold as he took a step forward amid the gun fires.

Under the protection of his Invisible Battle Qi, he caught the traveling bullets with his bare hands and with a flick of his wrist, bounced them back in the opposite direction.

'Thud!' The gunmen had no time to respond, and before they realized, blood went everywhere as they fell to the ground breathless.

"You got what you asked for!"

Dave broke the handcuffs by simply twisting his hands, then removed the shades off his face.

Under the reflection of lights, two beams of laser fired from the center of his gray pupils.

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“The Mutated Pupils?” Jacob furrowed his brows and shifted two steps to the left.

‘Tss...’ What followed after was a soft, crisp sound, and he found two holes not far away from him, the size of a pencil lead.

“Mr. Doyle, go, I’ll take care of him!” Dave tossed away the shades in his hand and pressed his fingers to both of his temples.

“Dave!” Jasmine hesitated, but Dave insisted, “Protect Mr. Doyle and head to the top floor!”

Andrew grabbed Edwin by the shoulder and said solemnly, “We’ll wait for you upstairs.”

“Nobody leaves here.” Jacob uttered coldly before shifting his feet nimbly and launching himself at the men.

Dave gaped his eyes open and fired a second round of laser beam – this time, the beams were so strong that bright lights covered the corridor.

Jacob squinted his eyes and unleashed more battle qi to form an invisible layer around his palm.

‘P-poooh’ a series of thuds followed as the particles in the air vibrated violently to form waves in the air, swallowing the laser beams like a black hole.

“Dave, let me help you!”

Looking at the man who effortlessly killed the invincible Bugsy closing in till he was three meters away from Dave, Jasmine could no longer hold back. She spread her arms and a beam of chilly silver light instantly blasted from her mouth.

Jacob on the other hand, was unfazed by the murderous lights. He twitched his fist to launch a wave of battle qi that surrounded his body.

Within a split second, sonic booms formed in the space and converted the silver light into elegant, harmless sparkles, negating all killing powers it once had.

“Watch out!”

Dave gaped his eyes as he shouted. What came rushing towards his face felt like an unstoppable force. He reached out and pulled Jasmine into his embrace.

Meanwhile, Andrew had dragged the powerless Edwin into the stairwell before Jasmine had even jumped forward.

Under the formidable gusts of wind that surrounded him, Dave started shuddering and finally threw up a mouthful of blood.

“Dave...” It pained Jasmine to see him in his state, though she also had blood faintly streaming from the corner of her lips.

Towering over the pair was Jacob, with an enigmatic expression.

Life slowly left Dave’s eyes, and his face turned blue and pale as he gathered the last of his strength to say, “Y-you... Must... Survive!”

“No!” Jasmine gasped in disbelief, “Without you, I am nothing!”

“D-don’t... Fool y-yourself...”

He had not finished his words when he lost his breath.

“Dave!” Jasmine screamed at the top of her lungs.

Staring down at the pair, Jacob started to let his emotions get to him. After a moment of silence, he uttered, “You chose to go down this path.”

Jasmine gently rested Dave’s body on the floor before raising her head abruptly with a vicious look, “You killed my beloved, I will make you and everyone related to you pay for this!”

Finishing what she had to say, she removed the thin garments that were barely covering her body.

Her skin had not been revealed when silver lights instantly filled the room.

With a blink of an eye, her petite figure was covered in bright, silver lights.

“I shall kill you first! Then kill your beloved!” Jasmine’s silver eyes screamed murder and relentlessness, while her tone could send chills down anyone’s spine.

But Jacob was unfazed. “You can try.” He raised his brows slightly.

The next second.

“Die!”

The mutated Jasmine let out a scream before an explosion went off in the corridor, filling the space with silver light.

Chapter 171

“I don’t care who you are, I will kill you!”

Jasmine’s eyes flooded with hatred. Countless silver spikes formed at the surface of her skin as she bellowed thunderously. It only took a snap of her fingers to pierce the floor and walls with tiny yet deep holes.

Looking at the mutated being before his eyes, Jacob frowned slightly, “You’d scare my little girl with that look.”

Then, he balled his fist, turned his hip, and launched a punch into the air.

Under the potent pressure of the battle qi, Jasmine’s razor-sharp spikes started breaking and rapidly turned into dust as seen by the naked eyes.

As silver dust sprinkled in the air, Jasmine, in her mutated form, started showing signs of web-like cracks on her skin.

“No!” She roared – almost disfigured at this point with the number of cracks on her face, “I gave up my body and settled as a mutant just so I can kill you! But why...”

Jacob took a step forward with an apathetic expression, “You talk too much, die!”

The moment he finished his sentence, the surrounding air started shaking once again. Jasmine gaped her eyes, and 'boom' – she exploded from a build-up of internal pressure.

Silver dust filled the corridor, floating in the air and slowly landing on the ground under the gust of wind. Soon, a thick layer of said dust formed on top of Dave's body.

Jacob gazed down at the body with a mysterious face.

After a moment of silence, he raised his head to look at the end of the corridor. 'Swoosh', with a soft sound, the window cracked open, and a gentle breeze came through.

A dark shadow flashed, and Jerry landed with his knees bent, holding the Ancient Jade Bronze Sword in his hands.

He could not help but notice the remaining silver dust around the space as he stood to his feet, "Boss, are you alright?"

He had just finished his words when the stairwell doors opened with a slam, and Gerald stormed in violently followed by Trey and Ocho.

They saw Jacob standing quietly with his back straight in the middle of the corridor and they bowed courteously, "Please forgive us for arriving late!"

Jacob held up a hand as a gesture of mercy, "There's one more up there, someone take care of him. Gerald, go downstairs and work with Willow to calm the crowd."

"Yes, sir!"

Four of them responded collectively. Jerry brought the dragons with him and headed to the top floor as Gerald left for the ground floor.

As for Jacob, he took a last glance at the silver dust on the ground before returning to the suite room.

Upon entering the room, he saw the little kid staring at the TV unblinkingly. This brought a tinge of warmth to his heart as he smiled and sat crossed-leg on the thick rug next to her.

His phone went off abruptly. Looking at the caller's name, Jacob slightly knitted his brows before declining the call.

Meanwhile, at another corner of the hotel, Moira was gritting her teeth furiously, "Damn it! Trying to hide Heidi from me? Humph, dream on!"

She started tapping on the screen vigorously and sent a text message.

'Ding,' Jacob's notification bell went off, and he swiped to unlock it.

'You have three minutes to send little Heidi back to me!'

Jacob replied coolly, 'What if I don't?'

This guy is pushing my limits!

Moira started panting heavily when she saw the reply. Her bubbly eyes shot wide open at this point as she typed another message and sent it.

'I'll call the police!'

Police? Jacob was unruffled by her threat as he responded with two words and a period.

'Don't care.'

Moira secretly clenched her jaws, but after pondering for a moment, she had to admit that the policemen would not have the time to attend to a missing case of a little girl – considering the mess and aftermath of what had happened that night.

She heaved a sigh to calm herself before deciding to use her last resort.

'If you don't bring Heidi back to me, I'll call my aunt immediately!'

This time, Jacob squinted his eyes as he stared at the reply on his screen.

Chapter 172

In the city garden, the Fire God – Luke – looked up at the sky out of boredom.

Suddenly, surprise flickered across his eyes as he pointed upward. "Sir, look at that. Those Meteorite guys actually called a helicopter for support!"

Standing next to him, Rosalyn rolled her eyes. "Luke, it's just a helicopter, and that's within our expectations. Don't worry, they can't get further than ten kilometers."

"B-But... that's a military attack helicopter!" Luke was dumbfounded to see it.

What?

Nathaniel, who had been sitting on the bench casually, immediately raised his head to look at the sky above The Pavillion.

"It really is an attack helicopter!" His eyes widened in shock as light bounced off his silver mask. "What on earth is the military doing? I can't believe that they would let—"

The rest of his words were drowned out by a huge bang.

The three of them could not believe their eyes when they saw three missile shots being shot from the helicopter.

"This has just been elevated to a completely different scale!" Rosalyn exclaimed after feeling the heat from the attack.

At the same time, Jerry and the other two people surrounded Andrew, who had kidnapped Edwin.

Not far from them, a dark green military helicopter was waiting mid-air.

Just seconds before this, it had shot a missile that had taken off a corner of the building.

Amidst the strong wind, Andrew yelled triumphantly, "If you cherish your life, get your asses out of my way!"

"Do you have a death wish?" Jerry held his bronze sword tightly as he took a step forward.

"He's already a dead man." Next to him, Trey also took a step.

“How’s Boss doing?”

Ocho looked at the corner of the building which had just been destroyed. If his judgements were correct, that was where the second bedroom of the presidential suite was located.

In the next second, a loud blast appeared on the rooftop, followed by the appearance of Jacob with Heidi in his arms.

He was well equipped with fighting intent, looking lethal and dangerous.

“Sir!”

The three of them immediately abandoned Andrew and went to him.

The helicopter continued to stay mid-air, sending waves of air pressure to them.

A sharp glint flickered across Jacob’s narrowed eyes, as he raised his head to look at the helicopter.

“They were the ones who shot the missile just now?” he asked coldly.

“Yes, sir!” Trey hung his head low guiltily. “It’s because of our incapacibilities that you had to suffer a shock!”

“Give me my sword.” With his left hand still holding Heidi, he stretched his right hand toward them.

Jerry passed the bronze sword to him. After looking at Heidi, who had her eyes closed, but with tear streaks on her cheeks, he asked solemnly, “Boss, is little Heidi fine?”

“She’s fine. She was just shocked, and she hasn’t stop crying since. In order to not agitate her, I—”

A loud bang sounded and a hole the size of a ping pong ball appeared on the ground of the top floor.

Standing ten meters away from them, amidst the strong wind, Andrew smiled. “You guys are too arrogant!”

"I'll kill him right this instant!" Ocho started moving angrily.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, fire blazed mid-air.

Chapter 173

"Be careful!" Jerry let out a low shriek as he leaped in front of Jacob.

"Get out of my way!" A ferocious look appeared in Jacob's eyes.

He shifted half a step sideways and wielded the sword with one hand, focusing his fighting powers into the sword itself.

In the next second, the sword accumulated enough power and became a translucent sword that was almost a meter tall. Its energy shot right up into the sky and cut the small missile into half in a slash.

With a thud, the missile that was still warm, landed on the top floor.

How is that possible?

The triumphant smile on Andrew turned into a mask of horror.

Even Edwin, who had a gun pressing on his back, widened his eyes in disbelief.

Upon seeing the helicopter above them preparing to attack again, killing intent bubbled in Jacob.

"Protect my daughter!" He quickly passed Heidi to Jerry before he took two steps forward with the bronze sword in his hands.

On his third step, the top floor trembled. The ancient sword which was made entirely of bronze, slowly oozed sword energy when he concentrated his power into it.

Slash!

A flicker of light appeared in the air, sending chills down the spines of the people present, a signal that death was imminent.

In the surveillance room, Willow looked at the monitors which showed people frantically trying to escape. She looked back at Gerald, who was at least a couple of inches taller than her, and said, "Ask the Shadow Rangers to work with the hotel staff to evacuate the people to a safe place."

"I think you are good to take charge here. I'm Boss' close guard. What I'm supposed to do now is protect him!" With that, he shot her a final glance before turning around to leave.

As his muscular figure disappeared around the door, Willow shook her head slightly before looking back at the footage of the surveillance cameras.

At the entrance of the hotel, a group of guests were running out in panic.

Moira, who was being forced to do the same with the crowd, lifted her head to look at the sky anxiously.

Warning lights shone from police cars a few streets away, as they rushed to the scene.

On a street that was not far from the hotel, Nathaniel and his team were also gazing at the sky.

"Sir, are we really going to sit around and do nothing?" Luke asked hesitantly as he saw another streak of fire across the sky.

"There's nothing we can do even if we head over now." A bitter smile appeared on his face.

The appearance of the attack helicopter had completely destroyed his confidence that they were in control. What they should do now was to keep the situation under their control.

"Let the military know about this, and ask them to send at least three attack helicopters!" Rosalyn waved.

"We shouldn't let anyone from The Meteorites escape!" Nathaniel said with a dark expression on his face.

Looking at the people who had escaped from the hotel to the streets nearby, Luke pouted nonchalantly.

With another loud thud, a piece of concrete the size of a human's brain was sent flying down from the sky. When it hit the ground right outside of the hotel, a few tiles broke and sent some flying shards.

Nathaniel shifted his gaze to that and instructed, "We must evacuate the crowd as soon as possible. We will be in huge trouble if there are too many casualties or injuries."

On top of the hotel, the helicopter sent turbulent air waves around them.

When he saw the micro missile that was coming straight at him, Jacob raised his bronze sword that was encompassed by sword energy before throwing it.

Chapter 174

With a whoosh, the ancient sword swiftly left his hands and crushed the micro missile into dust. After that, it continued its trajectory through the night wind and reached the attack helicopter.

In the next second, among the whirring of the engines a slight thud could be heard, signalling a successful attack.

As the sword energy touched the helicopter, the entire helicopter immediately turned to ruins. It wobbled in the air as drops of blood fell from the sky.

Bang!

After the millennium of sword energy in the bronze sword had completely released, it broke into pieces due to the remaining fighting energy around it.

Under the sword's energy, the shards that broke away from the sword entered the engine like metal bullets.

Right after that, the engine stopped working, and flickers of flame rose in the cabin.

Suddenly, the attack helicopter burst into fires in a loud bang.

At the same time, the broken sword fell in front of Jerry with a thud.

He lowered his head and looked at the sword, which was still oozing heat energy. Then, his eyebrows slightly trembled as he turned around to look at the tall figure that stood amidst the night wind.

“What is this? It nearly hit our Boss!” Trey took a step forward and kicked the sword several meters away.

The corner of Jerry’s lips twitched before he shot a glance at Trey. “What is this? Haha, it’s nothing much; just the hilt of a bronze sword we just bought with 5 million.”

“5 million?” Ocho’s mouth fell agape. After a moment of silence, he looked at Jacob respectfully. “He’s quite impressive indeed. He used something that costed 5 million for just one attack.”

“How dare you talk about him behind his back? You’re asking for it!” With that, Trey slapped his head.

Although the night wind still raging turbulently, Jacob’s sleeves still blew flimsily. He frowned exasperatedly as he gently shook his head.

Standing next to them, Andrew took a sharp breath when he looked at the pitch black sky. Where did this monster come from? He brought out a helicopter with just a sword!

As Jacob walked toward him, he placed his finger on the trigger cautiously. “Stop! If you take another step, I’ll shoot!”

Shoot? Jacob paused and smiled, before he continued to walk toward Andrew.

Andrew’s pupils were slightly constricted, but he pressed the gun behind Edwin’s back as he yelled loudly, “Do you know this is Congressman Townsend, who holds a high position in the Central Parliament? If he dies here, no matter how strong you are, you will never be able to stop their wrath!”

With a frown on his face, Jacob continued to move forward.

“You!” Andrew’s expression changed immediately, with a frantic look flitting across his eyes.

If Jacob really did not care about Edwin’s safety, Andrew had no idea how to negotiate the situation.

Suddenly, he had an idea and raised his voice. “Actually, we don’t have any grudges with each other. Why don’t you let us go graciously? The Meteorites will definitely repay your kindness!”

The Meteorites? Jacob stopped his pace.

Upon seeing this, Andrew looked pleasantly delighted. “5 billion! As long as you let me go, I’ll give you 5 billion immediately!”

Standing next to them, Jerry and the four other people looked at him disdainfully.

He’s planning to use 5 billion to bribe us? What a delusional man!

“You should go to hell now.” A callous look crossed Jacob’s eyes.

Chapter 175

In front of The Pavillion, police sirens blasted along the warning lights as a crowd gathered to look at the incident.

Dozens of meters away from the city center, billows of thick black smoke arise from the ruins of a helicopter.

At the investigation area that had been taped off by the police, Travis Feron, the chief superintendent of Paramount Police Bureau came to a police car with Nathaniel and his team members.

When he saw the prominent figures from Paramount Chamber of Commerce, he gave them a solemn salute. “Mr. Fest, I’m sure it’s been a great shock for you today.”

Benny raised his head to look at him before nodding. After a moment of silence, he asked cautiously, “How is Congressman Townsend doing?”

Travis was taken aback by the question, while Nathaniel exchanged a confused gaze with his team.

Noticing their reactions, Benny asked in confusion, "Don't you guys know that he had been brought away by one of the team leaders from the Special Operations Brigade?"

Nathaniel was unable to suppress himself any further and took a step forward. "Mr. Fest, do you know what is the name of that team leader?"

Benny thought through it and replied, "Andrew Doyle."

"Andrew Doyle? Is there such a person in the Special Operations Brigade?"

"Yes." Rosalyn's expression changed upon replying. "But he and his team left to Lightspring early in the morning for training."

Lightspring? That's a thousand kilometers away from Paramount!

Nathaniel's heart sank upon hearing the information. He immediately took out his phone and found a picture before passing it over to Benny. "Can you please check if this is the Andrew Doyle you are referring to?"

Feeling that something was off, Benny lowered his head to look at the phone. When he finally made out the person in the picture, he looked aghast. "It's not him! The person who took Congressman Townsend is not this man!"

Oh, no! This is serious!

As the evening breeze blew past them, they felt as though their body temperatures had dropped several degrees.

If the Central Parliament knows that one of their congressmen was brought away by some strangers, it would be a huge scandal! Even the person in charge of Paramount would not get away from this, let alone us!

Travis's face darkened as he bellowed out an order with a wave. "Search for him right now! You have to find him immediately!"

Nathaniel raised his head to look at The Pavillion; with a silver glow gleaming from his mask he said, "If I'm correct, he should still be in there."

"But..." Rosalyn bit her red lips. "According to the intel from the hotel, everyone has already been evacuated."

"No, there's one more spot." Nathaniel shook his head as bitterness filled his heart.

Rosalyn also lifted her head to look at the hotel with a solemn expression on her beautiful face. "Are you implying that they are still on the rooftop?"

Meanwhile, on the rooftop, the wind raged ferociously on the few people that were moving swiftly, blurring their figures.

Andrew suddenly felt a shiver down his spine. Just as his pupils narrowed, he subconsciously pointed his gun at a figure that suddenly materialized in front of him.

Bang!

With the pull of the trigger, a metal bullet dashed across the air.

I know that you're a good fighter, but I'm sure you'll be injured by bullets! A savage and vindictive expression flashed across his eyes.

Right when the bullet was about to enter Jacob's forehead, his eyes suddenly sparkled brightly. With a buzz, a shockwave rippled through the air like waves.

"What?"

Chapter 176

Being forced to stand in front of Andrew, Edwin widened his eyes incredulously when he was greeted with the strong wind.

Through the lights from the hotel building, he could clearly see that the alloyed bullet that could easily pierce through a 5-millimeter steel board was floating mid-air as if it had been frozen.

I didn't expect him to be an expert in telekinesis too!

At this point, Andrew let out a sigh that was either out of shock or annoyance.

He did not understand why their operation, which had been going smoothly, had sunk into complete chaos upon meeting Jacob.

The word 'failure' had completely taken over Andrew's thoughts as the wind blew strongly against him.

I'm known as General Quill, one of the Eighteen Great Generals. How could it be possible that I have failed? It's just a moment of defeat! He shook his head, with a glint in his eyes.

Even though the moment seemed long, only a fraction of a second had passed.

Jacob, whose eyebrows were knotted into a deep frown as he blocked the bullet in front of his forehead, focused his energy and stretched out his right arm.

Planning to catch me? Andrew smiled arrogantly as he suddenly made a quick move.

In a split second, he leaped over a meter away. After taking another step, he was another hundred meters away from them with energy surrounding his body.

With his arm still extended, Jacob patted Edwin's shoulders. The latter was still in a daze when he said, "Stand behind me."

Edwin quickly returned to his senses and nodded before running over to Jerry and the rest.

Looking at the flow of energy surrounding Andrew, a sharp glint flitted across Jacob's eyes. "Leaving? Have you asked for my permission?"

Andrew took another half step before he replied, "I don't deny that you are very skilled indeed – I can't win. But you can't stop me from leaving!" He took a pause before continuing his speech solemnly. "You destroyed an important mission of The Meteorites. In no time, my Four Supreme Masters

will pay you a visit personally. When that time comes, I hope you are still as confident as now.”

“I’ll be waiting, then.” Jacob’s eyes narrowed. “But don’t you leave.” With that, he leaped into the air.

“Heheh!” Andrew had expected such a move from Jacob. When he let out a snigger, he also leaped to the roof.

Amidst the night breeze, he resembled a dandelion as he floated away, hundreds of meters high in the air.

“Zephyr Flying Technique?” Ocho’s eyes lit up.

“No.” Trey shook his head. “It should be one of the special abilities.”

“Good.” Ocho heaved a sigh of relief. “Otherwise, he is worse than me—”

“Haha, enjoy the last of your days!” Tens of meters away from them in the sky, Andrew mocked them while energy surrounded his body.

When he lowered his head and saw the attack helicopter that was reduced to cinders, he looked at them ferociously and threatened, “The Meteorites will never let you go! It’s not just you guys— even your family and friends won’t be pardoned!”

“You’re asking for death!” Trey immediately bellowed in anger and took a piece of concrete on the ground that was the size of a child’s knuckle before aiming it at Andrew. In a whoosh, the concrete was sent flying through the night sky.

With a loud thud, it hit Andrew, but he was not injured at all. Instead, because of the force, he flew a few meters away from them.

“Hmph! Your attacks are useless!” He smirked at them. “I’m using my energy to protect myself. None of your attacks will work on me. Just you wait for us to take revenge on you cruelly!”

“A cruel revenge?” Surrounded by killing intent, Jacob stood at the edge of the building. “At the very least, you won’t be able to see that.”

With that, he leaped from the building.

Chapter 177

“Look! Someone is in the sky!” someone exclaimed outside the area that had been closed off by the police.

Nathaniel, who was getting ready to enter the hotel, immediately looked up at the sky when he heard that.

As they were in the city, they were surrounded by bright lights that shone everywhere.

With the help of those lights, the people who looked up at the sky could see a man floating in the air without the help of any equipment.

“Damn it!” A silver light gleamed on Nathaniel’s mask.

The only person who could gently descend in the air was none other than Randall Hanson, also known as General Quill, who was one of the Eighteen Great Generals in The Meteorites.

There’s some errors in the intel we got from the Ministry of Defense!

“My goodness! Another person jumped from the building!” Another bout of exclamation rang.

The reason why they used the word ‘jump’ was because the laws of gravity did not seem to apply to the small figure. Under the crowd’s gaze, his trajectory was directed at the other person mid-air in a straight line.

“Is that person out of his mind? General Quill is known as ‘Neverlanding Quill’. Let alone a hundred meters – even if he falls from a thousand meters, he won’t be hurt. He–”

On the ground, Luke shook his head regretfully.

Meanwhile, on the rooftop of the hotel, Edwin’s expression immediately changed when he saw Jacob leap from the building.

He then turned around to look at Jerry and the rest of them while saying agitatedly, "Why did he jump? Even if that criminal runs away, we can catch him afterward!"

However, Jerry lowered his head to look at Heidi. After making sure that she was still fast asleep, he raised his head and glared at Edwin in annoyance. "Be quiet, Mr. Townsend. If you wake up my boss' daughter, you will face severe consequences."

"Why do you look so—?" Edwin lowered his voice. Upon seeing the nonchalant expressions on the three of them, he paused.

"Unperturbed?" Ocho shook his head. "It's just a few meters. To him, it's just like jumping from a small slope. It's not difficult at all."

"Not difficult at all?" Edwin asked with widened eyes.

He suddenly recalled what he had just experienced and immediately closed his mouth.

People like Jacob should be regarded at a different level. To him, it very likely could be that a hundred-meter-tall building was nothing more than a tiny slope.

In the air, the fake Andrew, who was actually one of the Eighteen Great Generals, Randall Hanson, looked at Jacob who was charging toward him in horror. It seemed that the latter was using Zephyr Flying Technique.

Soon, the distance between them was less than two meters.

Amidst the raging wind, Jacob threatened sinisterly, "Those who threaten my family's lives shall die."

With that, he attacked with a spurt of his fighting energy.

The molecules of air vibrated vigorously as he hit Randall's head. The energy that was surrounding the latter's body immediately disappeared.

"How is this possible?" he yelped. Soon, he lost consciousness as he rapidly plunged to the ground.

In just a few seconds, a loud thud was heard. Just like that, General Quill – one of the Eighteen Great Generals of The Meteorites, landed on the hard ground like a piece of dead meat. His body broke into pieces, and he was dead.

This elicited some shrieks among the crowd. About eight meters away from the body, the three members of the Elite Forces looked at it with dark looks on their faces.

The Meteorites had been one of the strongest groups in the Central Federation for the past century.

Their leader, known as The Emperor, had a mysterious background. Under his command, there were Four Supreme Masters, who were equipped with both powers and intellect. The Eighteen Great Generals worked under the Four Supreme Masters, and they either had unique abilities or great fighting techniques.

Chapter 178

Under the control of the Eighteen Great Generals were the Thirty-Six Captains. Any one of them could stir up trouble in a region.

Going further down, there were hundreds of vice captains and tens of thousands of soldiers under the Thirty-Six Captains. Even soldiers at the lowest rank were more skillful than the army troops of the Central Federation.

Now, General Quill, who had been under a few higher-ranked people and in command of tens of thousands of people beneath him, landed on the ground like a piece of dead meat. If this piece of news spread out, The Meteorites, who were working on some secret plan over the years, might stir up even more trouble.

Thinking of this, Nathaniel felt his temples throb violently.

In the next second, a figure landed from the air. Where he landed, the ground was slightly dented as his energy brought up some dust.

After he raised his foot from the concrete ground, Jacob looked at Nathaniel coldly, who was not far away.

Standing right next to him, Luke cowered involuntarily.

In a police car outside the sealed off area, Benny slightly frowned when he saw the tall man suddenly appear in front of him.

He focused his attention on that man, but after a while, he retracted his gaze with a shake of his head. It was too far away for him to discern who the man was.

Suddenly, a flurry of footsteps rang, followed by a dozen policemen warily besieging Jacob with guns in their hands.

“Put your hands behind your head and kneel on the ground!” The lead policeman of the small group commanded strictly.

You are asking him to do that? Luke shook his head wildly. Are you sick of living? Or do you have a death wish?

Jacob looked around him and saw the guns pointing at him with a frown on his face.

Another flurry of footsteps sounded, followed by tens of young men wearing the security uniform of The Pavillion barging into the sealed-off area.

“Who are you, and what do you want? Get out of here!” At the edge of the taped area, a third-class police officer bellowed loudly.

The security guards of The Pavillion had fierce looks in their eyes as they surrounded the gunned policemen. Looking at Jacob solemnly, they placed their right hands on their chests and said unanimously, “Sir, the Shadow Rangers have arrived, we await your orders!”

Their loud announcement made the atmosphere seem majestic.

Under such pressure, the gunned policemen immediately tightened their hold on their guns nervously.

“Outrageous! Who are these guys?”

Not far from them, Travis, who had just completed his orders, flared up when he saw his subordinates being surrounded by another group of

people. He immediately gave orders to apprehend them as his blood boiled in his veins.

“Mr. Feron, calm down.”

Though he was happy to see Jacob get into trouble, Nathaniel did not wish for any further loss of human lives, so he quickly walked over to stop Travis.

“What on earth have you been doing?” Travis looked at him, displeased.

Nathaniel replied coldly, “I don’t think we from the Elite Forces need to report to you, Mr. Feron. You just need to do the things within your job scope.”

Receiving a signal from Nathaniel, Luke chased the police officers away as though they were ducks.

“Shoo! Pack your guns away and leave!”

After making sure that they had left, his expression changed immediately when he turned around to look at the Shadow Rangers in security uniforms. With a bright smile on his face, he said, “Good evening, Mr. Lynch! Here we meet again!”

Jacob merely shot him a cold stare and turned around to walk to the hotel without uttering another word.

Chapter 179

“Aren’t we going to do something about it, sir?” As Luke watched Jacob enter the hotel with his subordinates, he scratched the back of his head.

“What?” Nathaniel shot him a glance. “Even General Quill is dead. I’m sure the other three generals are also gone. Just hand the rest of the small fries to the police bureau.”

“So tonight we really are just bystanders!” Luke complained quietly.

Rosalyn rolled her eyes at him. “Why do you have so many complaints? You have to write the report tonight as a punishment.”

“No!” Luke yelled tragically. “That is too complicated! It would be better for you or the team leader to do it. I’m just a nobody here.”

“Let’s go.” A dark silver glint shone on Nathaniel’s mask.

After the three of them walked out of the taped-off area, they went into a Land Rover and left.

About eight meters from the taped-off area, Moira was on the phone under a tree with Jonah standing loyally next to her.

“Don’t worry about it. Heidi is safe with me. Yeah, we are not there. There are terrorists taking hostages? How terrifying! Er... You would like to call her? Hello? I can’t hear you clearly! The signal is not very good here. I’ll call you back later!”

After hanging up the phone, she heaved a sigh. Jonas merely looked at her peculiarly. Is this woman the Moira I know? She just lied straight-faced!

“What are you looking at?” Moira did not bother with any pleasantries. “You have a house to return to, so why are you pestering me here?”

“Moira...” Disappointment clouded his eyes. “After spending time all this time together, do you still not get my feelings?”

She bit her lips gently and looked at him with a deep gaze. After a moment’s silence, indifference appeared on her beautiful face as she waved him off. “I’m not in the mood to discuss this with you now.”

With that, she took her phone out and made another call.

“Damn it! He’s not picking up my call! Does he really think I don’t have the guts to call the police?” She gritted her teeth after putting her phone down. Then, she turned around and walked toward the entrance of The Pavillion.

“Don’t go, Moira!” Jonas stretched his hand to stop her. “The criminals might still be in there!”

However, she turned around and glared at him. “You are so annoying! Here’s a strict warning for you – don’t follow me around!” Heartbroken,

Jonas lowered his hands weakly as he saw his beloved woman moving further away from him.

Tens of meters away from The Pavillion, Moira was stopped by a policeman who stood in front of her.

“Sir, please let me in! My niece is still inside!” she pleaded with him, fully utilizing her beauty.

“We have a reason for doing this; it’s still dangerous inside!” The tall and thin policeman stood straight, looking virtuous with justice. “As a part of the Paramount Police Bureau, we are responsible for your safety!”

“My niece is not even five yet!” Moira sniffed pitifully. “When we were being evacuated just now, I lost her. Please, sir, just let me in!”

“This is...” The policeman hesitated.

At that moment, six rather huge vans drove to them and parked by the roadside.

Then, a group of burly looking young men emerged one after another.

They were noticed by a policeman, who warned in a loud voice, “Who are you guys? You can’t pass through here!”

Chapter 180

Thud! Thud! Thud!

In no time, over fifty young men in dark gray training shirts quickly stood in two neat rows. Under the strict vigilance of the policemen with guns, they started marching toward the entrance of the hotel.

A second class policeman instructed sternly, “This is your first warning – stop right there!”

However, they replied to him with their steady footsteps and nothing else.

They are completely ignoring me!

“This is your second warning! Otherwise, I’m going to start shooting!” He took out his gun with a dark look on his face.

A hundred meters away in the night sky, three helicopters arrived and made a circle before leaving.

The fifty elite young men had already reached the marble stairs in front of the hotel when the policeman retracted his gaze from the sky.

Moira, who was just by the stairs, felt a chill down her spine. Her face turned slightly pale as she clenched her fists subconsciously.

“Madam, don’t be afraid. We will protect you!” The tall and thin policeman gently nudged his gun with his chest puffed out in pride.

At this moment, the group of young men, with 25 people in each row, turned over to look at him.

It were as if knives were being directed at him. Under their ferocious stares, the policeman looked shocked and goose bumps rose on his arms.

Thud, thud, thud! A series of steady footsteps rang from within the luxurious hotel.

Through the crystal glass, the group of fifty young men gazed at the people who were walking out of the hotel with perfectly straight backs.

In the next second, Jacob opened the door and walked out with his daughter.

Moira, who was still by the staircase, thought, Finally, you dare to show your face!

“Sir!” The fifty young men hung their heads and simultaneously saluted him with a gentle pat on their chests.

Their strong voices sent such a shock to the thin policeman that he almost pulled the trigger.

In Jacob’s arms, Heidi opened her eyes tiredly, but after turning around and yawning, she slowly closed her eyes again.

Jacob became completely still when he saw this, he remained still until he made sure that her breathing was even again.

Heaving a sigh, he nodded at the young Shadow Rangers who came from Little Professors Kindergarten and Harleydale Senior High before speaking to Jerry, who stood right beside him. "I'll handover the rest to you."

Not far from them, Travis walked over and glanced at all fifty of the young Shadow Rangers. Then, he lifted his head and frowned at Jacob, who was still on the staircase. "Sir, the situation is already under our control. I hope you can ask your men to retreat," he chastised.

However, Jacob merely shot a glance at him before turning back to look at Jerry. "Tell Willow about the hotel. Next time, we will be placing all our men here."

Jerry replied with an arched eyebrow, "Yes, Boss. I'll let her know."

Gerald, standing behind both of them, nodded to himself darkly. If the young Shadow Rangers took over the job of the current security guards, not only would the criminals be unable to go upstairs. They wouldn't had even made it to the hotel lobby.

Under the stairs, Travis was fuming, as he was being completely ignored by Jacob, who shot him another cold stare as he walked down the stairs with his daughter.

With just one stare from Jacob, Travis felt blood drain from his face, and felt as though coldness was surrounding him, making his limbs turn stiff. Apart from that, his breathing sped up and his mind had gone completely blank.

"Stop right there!" A high shriek rang by the staircase.