

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 211-224

Chapter 211

Someone shouted at the police barricade, "The red smog is gone!"

Nataniel stepped out of the commanding point. His silver mask gleamed as he said, "I need a team to go in with me."

"Sir!" Rosalyn bit her red lip. "Why don't we wait for Luke and the others to return first?"

She was concerned that she and Nataniel would not be able to deal with the people beyond the barricade by themselves. As those people were too strong, Rosalyn felt Nataniel should not ask the police officers to go with them. It would amount to sending the police officers to their deaths.

"It would not be easy to deal with anyone beyond the barricade." Nataniel waved his hand. "Calling Luke and the others here would only get them beaten, so I might as well bring ordinary police officers with me. Furthermore..."

His eyes flashed with a gleam as he whispered, "The Police Bureau is most suited to deal with our present situation. There is a good reason for this."

A good reason for this? Rosalyn recalled the secret meeting between Nataniel and a high-ranking official from the Police Bureau a moment ago.

Meanwhile, at the Pavillion's entrance, dozens of shriveled corpses lay scattered. They looked like they had been drying in the open air for three years.

Jacob stood in front of a severed head with its eyes still opened wide and found the face vaguely familiar, prompting him to frown.

Then, he looked up and saw Ocho carefully helping Willow to get up from the floor. He asked gently, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, sir." Willow arched her eyebrows slightly. "I'm just tired."

She shook her wrist gently as she spoke and let her small gun slide back under her sleeve.

“Sir!”

A deep voice suddenly called from the side.

Jacob turned around and saw Jerry walking to him.

He noticed Jerry’s eyes burning murderously and said in a calm but firm tone. “We must avenge every wrong against us and kill all those that were involved.”

“Understood!” Jerry’s eyes flashed fiercely. “What happened today was caused by that damn Master from the Meteorites. His methods were peculiar. I was slow to realize what was happening and caused a few comrades to lose their lives. If Willow hadn’t reminded me, I...”

Jacob raised his hand to interrupt Jerry’s self-blame. “Jerry, I understand what you are feeling now. When I first found out about the massacre in the Southern Region, I also thought that my comrades wouldn’t have died if I had been there!”

Then, he paused before continuing, “However, I now understand that you and I are only human. It’s impossible to stop every bad thing from happening. Moreover, we can’t raise the dead or turn back time. The only thing we can do is kill everyone who killed our comrades and caused us grief. We will avenge our comrades even if there are bloodbaths!”

Jacob was usually a man of few words. Thus, Jerry was moved that he had said so much to comfort him. He promptly shed his sorrow and turned serious.

“Sir, you’re right. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. I must avenge our fallen comrades and wipe out evil from this world!” Jerry clenched his fists. His heart boiled with murderous desires. “Meteorites, I will not rest until I wipe you out!”

“No, the Scarlet Dragons shall not rest until we have destroyed the Meteorites!” Jacob’s eyes gleamed murderously.

Dark clouds rolled high in the sky. Suddenly, a flash of silver-white lightning shone and cut across the sky.

At the same time, gushes of wind swept across the land, dispersing dust and swaying trees.

Jacob looked behind him and saw Ocho leading the Dragon Guardians to wake the Shadow Rangers who lay unmoving on the floor. Then, his gaze turned stern as he asked, "Where is Gerald?"

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Jerry sounded a little upset as he replied, "Sir, I asked Gerald to lead a team to get rid of some minor pests. If he had been here, perhaps that damn Master wouldn't have been able to attack us."

"That fellow is probably having a difficult time." Jacob shook his head and did not know what else to say.

As they talked, gushes of strong wind blew the thick smog away.

Jacob looked at the dozens of shriveled and mummified corpses rolling in the strong wind. He waved his hand in disgust. "Willow, order people to quickly clean up this place. Jerry, you are in charge of gathering information about the Meteorites."

"Since I've wiped out Cruor Sect, I've no problem wiping out the Meteorites." Jacob sounded calm and turned to glance elsewhere with his chilling gaze.

It was windy. A surge of energy swept through the air and formed a cold giant web in a realm mortals could not perceive. Then, the net fell and covered the group of people coming near.

"Huh? Why is it suddenly so cold?" One of the police officers had goosebumps all over his arms.

Nataniel, who walked in front, narrowed his gaze and paused in his step. After considering for a moment, he stood straight and continued to walk toward the hotel's main entrance.

Meanwhile, in an RV a few dozen meters away, Franklin looked out the window and saw the strange fog receding. He stood up suddenly.

Suzie looked at him and asked, "What are you doing?"

Franklin glanced at his granddaughter, who was watching TV on his daughter's lap. Then, he smiled and replied, "I'm going out for a walk."

"You have better stay in the car!" Suzie stared at him. "We still don't know how dangerous it is outside. You can't go out!"

Tres, who was in the driver's seat, said respectfully, "Mr. Lynch, don't worry. Jacob has no problem dealing with what's happening outside."

As soon as he finished speaking, his phone rang with a call from Jacob.

On the other end, Jacob gave Tres some simple instructions before putting down his phone. Then, he looked coldly at Nataniel who came to a stop before the steps.

Then, he glanced at the ten armed officers in Police Bureau uniforms and sneered. "What? Are you here to clean up things? Don't you think it's too late?"

Willow stood next to Jacob and said sternly, "Is this how Paramount's Police Bureau treats foreign investors? Perhaps I should pay a visit to your Governor."

Pay a visit to the Governor?

The police officers exchanged glances. The head of Paramount is a highly esteemed man. He is not someone you can meet just because you want to!

On the other hand, Nataniel's expression turned stern.

He understood how powerful the Draco Chamber of Commerce was. If they exerted a little pressure, not only could they meet with the Governor, but they might be able to have dinner with him, too.

What if they have dinner with the Governor and tell him a certain Special Forces Unit in the Ministry of Defense was incompetent? Perhaps nothing

would happen immediately, but it would be enough to ruin me if it was entered into the records!

Nataniel had carefully plotted each step since the beginning. After thinking about this matter, he said amicably, "President Willow, there must be some misunderstanding. Our main goal in today's incident was to protect members of the public from being dragged into it."

"Protect members of the public?" Willow arched her eyebrows. "Are we not members of the public? You should open your eyes and look around you. My hotel staff are all looking at you!"

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The group that came with Nataniel looked at the floor and saw heads looking up at them with wide empty eyes. They quickly looked away in panic.

Nataniel turned around and looked at the sheriff.

The sheriff cleared his throat and stepped forward. "Mr. Lynch, we suggest you cooperate with our investigation about the strange incident just now. Please come with us to the nearest station to record your statement. Furthermore..."

He was aware of the cold glares from Jacob's subordinates, but he forced himself to continue, "You sped through the roadblock just now and injured two police officers. That is a crime chargeable under the law."

Seinove's eyes flashed with a cold gleam. He looked murderous as he stepped forward and asked, "What did you say?"

The sheriff's heart shuddered with fear. He instinctively placed his right hand near the holster at his waist. Seeing him, the remaining nine police officers followed suit and placed their hands near their holsters.

The atmosphere was tense when Tres drove the RV to just outside the entrance.

The RV came to a stop. A Dragon Guardian got out of the car to open the door. As soon as the door opened, Heidi jumped out excitedly from the RV.

Jacob's expression was tense. He turned to Jerry and whispered urgently, "Clear all these things up. Don't let my daughter see them!"

"Yes, sir!" Jerry nodded and immediately led a few recovering Shadow Rangers away.

"You all should go too." Jacob waved to dismiss the eight Dragon Guardians before heading toward the RV.

"Stay there..."

The sheriff shouted at Jacob to stop but shut up immediately upon seeing Willow's glare.

"Jay, are you alright?" Franklin rushed to Jacob as soon as he saw him heading their way.

"Why would I not be alright?" Jacob extended his arms and stopped his father. Then, he gently took his father's arm and walked to the RV.

Janelle glanced at the hotel main entrance and asked curiously, "Huh, what are they doing? Are they sweeping the floor?"

Jacob glared at Tres before heading to his daughter and lifting her up.

Then, he looked at his daughter's adorable face and asked gently, "Are you hungry? Let's have some tasty food."

Heidi rubbed her tummy, smiled, and said in her childish voice, "Yes! Let's eat something tasty!"

As Jacob chatted with his family, Jerry quickly led people to finish cleaning up the hotel entrance.

The sheriff stood before the steps and frowned slightly, "Sir, aren't they tempering with the crime scene?"

Willow looked at them coldly from the top of the steps, prompting Nataniel to wave his hand. "Don't worry. They are only cleaning up the place."

The crime scene was practically useless compared to what they needed to do next.

Then, Nataniel turned around and saw Jacob heading toward him with his daughter in his arms.

“Jay, are they police officers?” Franklin frowned upon seeing a team of stern-looking police officers.

Heidi suddenly bowed slightly in Jacob’s arms and said, “Good evening, sir.”

Heidi had an innocent but serious expression. Even the devious Nataniel could not resist smiling.

Unfortunately, his face was partially covered by a silver mask, so no one saw his smile.

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A moment later, Nataniel stopped smiling and gave a slight nod to the sheriff.

The sheriff immediately stepped forward and said sternly, “Mr. Lynch, please come with us!”

As Jacob was still holding his daughter, he suppressed the surging fury in his heart. He narrowed his eyes, glanced at the sheriff and his people, and said coldly, “Are you stopping me from having dinner with my daughter?”

The atmosphere at the hotel entrance was tense. The sky above them was thick with storm clouds. Suddenly, lightning flashed across the sky with a loud boom.

“I...” The sheriff was trembling. His face had turned pale.

Useless bunch of trash!

Nataniel grumbled in his mind. He rolled his eyes before stepping out and saying loudly, “Mr. Lynch, it is only a simple investigation. You wouldn’t want to show bad manners before your child, right?”

Jacob looked at his daughter’s big and shining eyes. He frowned slightly and quickly withdrew his angry and intimidating demeanor.

Then, he considered briefly and nodded. "Sure, I'll go with you."

Willow's eyes widened with shock. She walked up the steps and said, "Sir!"

Jacob pursed his lips and replied, "What else can I do? Should I wipe out these people in front of my daughter and leave Central Federation with her?"

But...

Willow's eyes became downcast.

Jacob smiled with a hint of arrogance and said, "It's only an investigation. They can't do anything to me. I'll leave my family with you when I'm gone, so please take good care of them."

Willow remained silent for a moment before nodding.

Then, Jacob looked at his daughter and smiled. "I have to leave with the police officers for a while. Stay here and be a good girl, okay?"

Heidi looked at him with her big eyes and nodded. "I'll be good."

"Jay, is everything alright?" Franklin asked as he reached out to take Heidi from Jacob.

"Everything's fine." Jacob handed his daughter over to him and smiled.

"Dad, you should head in for dinner. I'll come back here to meet with you all after I've finished assisting the police with their investigation."

Nataniel's mask gleamed. His mouth curved into a sneer.

"Sir?" Jerry came over with the Dragon Guardians and Shadow Rangers when he saw Jacob about to leave with the police officers.

Jacob glanced at him and said, "Complete your tasks here. We shall begin the revenge after my return."

Jerry nodded slowly.

Then, he looked at Nataniel fiercely. "There have better not be any tricks. Otherwise, I won't hesitate to retaliate!"

Nataniel laughed and said, "Haha, is that a threat?"

"You don't believe it? I dare you to try." Jerry's gaze turned threatening.

Jacob walked to Nataniel and said indifferently, "Let's go."

The people gathered at the entrance either looked worried or indifferent as Jacob left with Nataniel and the others.

Half an hour later, Jacob stood before the detention cell at Station No. 7 and narrowed his eyes. His tone was cold and mildly threatening as he asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

Nataniel sounded sincerely apologetic as he answered, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lynch. The investigation procedure has to be altered slightly due to what happened today."

Jacob did not say anything but looked at him. Intimidating energy gushed out of Jacob like turbulent waves.

Nataniel turned pale as he sensed the threatening aura. He clenched his fist and said, "Mr. Lynch, since you are already here, would it be too much to ask you to wait for us to finish some urgent matters before conducting the investigation?"

Chapter 215

The atmosphere was tense. Jacob smirked and nodded. "Fine, let's see what you are up to."

His threatening aura receded instantly, removing the tense pressure in the air.

Nataniel sighed softly and nodded. After Jacob entered the detention cell, he turned around and left without another word.

"You all have better behave!" A police officer warned the others in the detention cell before locking the door and leaving.

Once the police officer were out of sight, one of the detainees began to make his move.

Soon, a fat and bald man with thick biceps and a red-eyed black snake tattoo on his neck came to Jacob.

The bald fat man took a good look at Jacob and asked rudely. "Brat, what did they arrest you for?"

Jacob closed his eyes and said softly, "I'm in a bad mood. Don't bother me."

"Heh, you're only a small fry. How dare you talk to me like that?" The bald fat man looked down at Jacob, who was a head shorter than him.

He flexed his thick biceps and smirked, "Brat, let me teach you who's the boss here!"

Then, the bald fat man clenched his fist and shot it at Jacob's stomach.

Jacob opened his eyes. They flashed coldly as he raised his right leg and kicked the bald fat man in his stomach.

The bald fat man widened his eyes in shock. The impact of the kick wobbled his fat belly and caused him to fall onto the floor with a loud thud.

"How dare you hit our boss? Guys, let's beat him up!"

Furious roars followed, and a few bulky brutes charged at Jacob.

Was this their plan? Did they think that I wouldn't fight back if they got ordinary humans to challenge me? Or perhaps they were planning to charge me with assault and lock me up for a few days?

Humph, childish.

Jacob smirked and arched his eyebrows as he walked toward the charging brutes. He slapped and hit them, leaving everyone in the detention cell stunned.

Suddenly, a ray of cold light shot out from one of the burly young man's hands. It traveled at lightning speed and was ten times stronger than the other brute's attacks.

It turned out someone dangerous was hiding among the unimpressive brutes. He was probably planning to kill Jacob.

However, his attack was nothing to Jacob. Jacob casually reached out and caught the finger-length dagger between his fingers.

Jacob played with the small dagger in his hand. His eyes flashed with a cold gleam as he said, "This is child's play. You can have it back."

He flicked his fingers, causing the dagger to shoot forward in a bright blur, and struck the young man's abdomen.

"B*stard! You dare to hurt me?" The young man looked at Jacob furiously and pulled the dagger out himself. "Do you know who I am?"

"Ah! Murder!"

A scream sounded from a corner.

Everyone in the detention cell panicked. By the time two police officers rushed in, the young man had blood all over his abdomen. His pupils had dilated, and he lay deathly pale on the floor.

Is he dead? The police officers exchanged glances.

"It's him!" The bald fat man looked terrified as he pointed to Jacob. "We all saw it. It was him who stabbed Braxton Lewis!"

"What did you say?" One of the police officers turned pale and shouted, "He's Braxton Lewis? Quick, call the ambulance!"

The bald fat man's eyes gleamed with delight as he watched the police officers rush about in panic. His expression was ferocious as he said, "Brat, you stabbed Braxton to death. You are in for a terrible death!"

Stabbed him to death?

Jacob's eyes darkened as he looked at the dying young man. Is it a coincidence or is someone behind this? No, it must be a trap. Someone must have stabbed him again in the midst of the commotion.

Jacob narrowed his gaze and looked at the bald fat man. "Tell me, who got you to do this?"

Chapter 216

"I don't know what you're talking about!" The bald fat man smirked. "I found you annoying and wanted to teach you a lesson. But you were too strong for me to beat you up alone. Braxton is my friend and tried to help me. Who knew you would stab him to death!"

The bald man put on a serious expression and spoke as if he was telling the truth.

"Yes, yes. We saw you throw the dagger and kill Braxton!" The others in the detention cell voiced their support for the bald fat man.

The bald fat man's eyes gleamed with delight, but he sighed and said tearfully, "Braxton, my good friend. It's a pity that you have to die like this! But don't worry. Even if I can't avenge you. I will make sure to tell you family once I get out of here!"

Jacob sprinted at him at lightning speed and punched him squarely in his stomach. The punch drained all the blood from his face and caused him to collapse onto the floor.

Then, Jacob stared at the bald fat man closely and said in a chilling tone, "Don't make me repeat the question. Tell me. Who sent you to frame me?"

Jacob did not bother to wait for his answer and stabbed him with his fingers.

"Argh!" The bald fat man screamed in pain.

The others looked on fearfully as veins and vessels protruded on the bald fat man's right hand. It swelled to double its size within a few seconds.

"What are you doing?" A police officer rushed over, wielding a baton.

Jacob glanced at him and turned away to stab the bald fat man with his fingers again.

The bald fat man screamed. His left hand became swollen and red.

“D*mn... D*mn you! Kill me if you dare!” The bald fat man was sweating profusely. He gritted his teeth and said fiercely, “This is nothing to me!”

“What a stubborn fellow.” Jacob frowned and pressed a finger onto the bald fat man’s hand.

“Argh! It hurts!” The bald fat man widened his eyes and trembled with pain as he screamed, “Police... Help!”

Within the span of a few breaths, the man fell onto the floor, twitching. His exposed skin was as red as cooked prawns.

“I’m warning you. Stop right now!” The police officer shouted from outside the detention cell and bang his baton against the steel bars.

Jacob pulled his finger away and glanced at the other people in the detention cell. “Is there anyone among you who can tell me who set me up?”

The others exchanged glances and huddled together under Jacob’s intimidating glare.

“You won’t tell me? Then, you will all suffer like him.” Jacob stood straight and kicked the bald fat man’s right leg.

Crack! The bald fat man widened his eyes and wailed, “Argh! My leg!”

“You have until the count of three to consider your options.” Jacob looked at the rest of the people there. “If you won’t say anything, I assure you that you will suffer ten times worse than this guy.”

The police officer looked on fearfully as Jacob threatened everyone in the detention cell before him. He sighed and left the room.

“One.”

Jacob leaned his back against the steel bars and faced everyone calmly. But the people he looked at were panicking.

“Two.”

Jacob narrowed his eyes slightly, sending fear into everyone’s hearts.

“Three.”

Jacob took a step forward and caused everyone to cower in fear.

“Is no one saying anything? Alright then.” Jacob nodded coldly and dashed into the crowd.

Chapter 217

Continuous screams of pain sounded from a detention cell in Central District’s Station No. 7.

One of the people screaming could not bear the pain anymore and called out weakly, “Stop... Please stop! I... I will speak!”

But after he said that, the others also rushed to tell Jacob what they knew.

“I’ll speak first! Someone paid me money to frame you!”

“You know nothing! Someone paid me to testify against you, sir!”

“Wrong! Someone gave me money to act against you and frame you with murder!”

Someone? Jacob’s eyes flashed murderously.

He looked at the group of people before him and asked coldly, “Who is that someone?”

The people there exchanged glances and shook their heads.

“Since you don’t even know who, what use are you to me?” Jacob frowned. His tone was intimidating.

“Sir, please don’t hit me!” One of the men was sweating profusely as he raised his hand fearfully. “It’s true we don’t know, but someone in this detention cell knows that person!”

“He... He knows the person, sir!” A few people pointed at the bald fat man who lay on the floor.

After a long detour, Jacob still had to make that bald fat man speak.

Thus, Jacob went to the bald fat man and mercilessly jabbed his finger into the man, forcing him to wake up.

The man saw the ruthlessness and indifference in Jacob's expression and immediately blanched.

"You... What do you want? I'm warning you. We are in a detention cell. If you harm me, you will be locked up for ten years!" The bald fat man craned his head and yelled at Jacob.

Jacob calmly raised his right foot.

Crack! The man's face turned purple as Jacob broke his other leg.

Suddenly, a series of footsteps sounded outside, and three police officers rushed into the room.

A senior police officer held a taser and shouted, "7396, you have better raise your hands and kneel if you don't want to be locked up for the rest of your life!"

7396? Jacob glared at him.

Snap! The senior police officer pressed the button on his taser. Swoosh! Two probes shot out from the taser and shot between the steel bars.

Jacob waved his hand and caused the two electric probes to land on the bald fat man. Buzz... Buzzz... The bald fat man spasmed and curled up into a ball.

Jacob looked at the man rolling his eyes from the force of the electric shock, and said, "Speak up! Who sent you to cause trouble?"

"I... I..." The bald fat man's expression was distorted from the pain.

The senior police officer saw that his shot had missed Jacob and stopped pressing the taser button.

Jacob narrowed his eyes as he looked at the three police officers behind him.

Meanwhile, in a beautiful restaurant on the seventeenth floor of the Pavillion, Franklin, his family members, and two guests, sat together at a table. Each of them had a plate of delicious steak before them.

Unfortunately, Heidi was the only person who enjoyed the steak. Even Victoria, who had nothing to do with tonight's matter, seemed distracted.

"Sigh, I'm worried about what Jay is doing now." Franklin said softly as he put his knife and fork down.

"Mr. Lynch, don't worry. I've already appointed the best lawyer in Paramount to secure his release." Willow had changed her clothes before entering the restaurant.

A beautiful young waitress followed behind Willow, pushing a silver-white meal cart.

Chapter 218

The waitress opened the round food cover, and the room was filled with a delicious aroma.

Even Heidi, who was busy chewing on a piece of juicy steak, could not resist looking up upon smelling the aroma.

"Whoa! Those prawns are enormous!" Heidi widened her eyes and exclaimed as she saw the giant prawns that were longer than her arm.

Willow saw how adorable Heidi looked while drooling at the prawns. She smiled and said, "Please enjoy your meal while waiting for Jacob to return. Feel free to call me if you need anything."

Janelle, who sat next to Victoria, looked at Willow brightly and said, "I would like some red wine!"

Franklin stared at Janelle, but Willow said, "Sure, I'll bring over some red wine."

At the same time, Jacob walked out of Station No. 7's front door flanked by a few of the best lawyers in Paramount.

He turned around and looked at Nataniel, who was following Jacob with a few sheriffs. The corner of Jacob's mouth twitched as he said, "Are you sure you don't want to lock me up for twenty-four hours?"

Nataniel smiled and said, "We only asked you to come here to cooperate with our investigation."

"I thought someone accused me of murder." His tone carried a hint of mockery. "Are you sure you want to let me go?"

Nataniel waved his hands. "That's not true! Those people said you weren't the murderer."

Jacob's gaze turned chilling, "You have better not challenge my patience again."

Nataniel was silent for a moment before saying in his deep voice, "Mr. Lynch, I don't understand what you mean."

"You can see it as a warning or a threat." Jacob appeared indifferent.

Nataniel's silver-white mask suddenly shone with a cold gleam. Intense force gathered in his right hand, but he managed to hold himself from punching Jacob.

Although he was the leader of the strongest Elite Forces team in the Ministry of Defense, it was his principle to deal with things with his intelligence and not with his fists.

"Hmph, don't think you can live easy in Paramount from now on!" Nataniel muttered to himself as he watched Jacob and his lawyers get into a luxury car. Then, Nataniel's gaze turned cold. "Tonight is just the beginning."

After some time, Jacob arrived at the hotel and found his sister drunk.

Lights from the crystal chandelier reflected on the agate tabletop and silver cutlery. There was also a faint smell of alcohol in the air. Jacob walked to the dining table. He caressed his sister's hair and noticed her cheeks were flushed. Then, he looked at his father and grumbled, "Dad, why didn't you stop Janelle?"

“I wish I could!”

Franklin rolled his eyes at his son and glanced at his wife whose cheeks were also flushed.

The women in his family insisted on having wine. Although he was the head of the family, he could not scold them before their guests.

Furthermore, he did not dare to.

“Jacob, are you back?” Janelle looked drunk as she smiled and nodded. “Come here. I’ll propose a toast to you. This wine tastes so much better than the one Uncle Kevin gave us!”

Jacob glanced at the wine bottle on the table.

No wonder she found it tasty. It was one of the top three red wines from the Southern Region. The cost of one 750 ml bottle was enough to purchase a house of one hundred square meters in the Southern Region.

Furthermore, Jacob happened to own the winery that produced this bottle of red wine.

Of course, none of these mattered to him at this moment. Jacob was concerned that his sister had a tendency to overindulge in alcohol.

He could not help but worry about her, just like when she was little.

Then, he sighed and turned to look at his daughter’s chubby cheeks.

Compared to his sister’s love for alcohol, Jacob was even more concerned that his daughter would turn into a glutton. How would he answer to her late mother if she became obese from overeating?

As he made a secret resolve to control his daughter’s food intake, the crystal chandeliers above them swayed.

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Victoria, who was holding a glass of red wine, arched an eyebrow. “Is it an earthquake?”

Earthquake?

Moira, who had mostly stayed quiet the whole night, turned pale with fear.

“Don’t worry. It’s not an earthquake.” Jacob waved his hand calmly and went to the large floor-to-ceiling window.

He leaned close and looked at the ground floor through the crystal clear glass panes. There was a giant bull-shaped stone statue of two meters tall and three meters wide, standing firmly on the tiled floor at the hotel entrance.

Under the bright lights, he could clearly see web-like cracks spreading from the center of the bull statue.

Moira stood before the window and looked down. She said in confusion, “Huh? Isn’t that the bull statue from the square? How did it get here?”

Then, her face turned pale. “Could it be alive? Did it walk here by itself?”

Jacob turned and glanced at Moira.

Victoria also came to the window and looked down. Her eyes flashed as she said, “We are not in a fairy tale. It’s impossible for that statue to be alive. If I’m not mistaken, someone must have moved the statue here.”

“Moved? Who is strong enough to move such a heavy statue? Moreover, it is right in front of the hotel. People would have noticed it if someone had used a machine to move it.” Moira was curious to find out what had happened.

“Don’t dismiss the existence of something just because you haven’t seen it.” Victoria squinted her eyes at Jacob.

Victoria carefully observed everything and everyone she had met since arriving at Rowan Lane.

Victoria was the most talented of the younger generation in Cruor Sect. She was on the verge of integrating the three great powers of Cruor Sect. However, she recently discovered that even the young men who revered Jacob could easily defeat the most outstanding disciples of Cruor Sect.

Furthermore, she speculated that even the powerful Elders of Cruor Sect would not be able to win easily in a one-on-one fight with them.

Her eyes turned gloomy as she thought about this.

She had tried to contact Cruor Sect for the past two days. But no matter what method she used, there was no response.

Perhaps what this man said is true. Cruor Sect has been wiped off from the face of the Earth.

Victoria clenched her teeth and felt conflicted.

Cruor Sect was a place where she had lived most of her life. If she wasn't concerned about someone being unhappy about her sudden disappearance, she would have long returned to the foremost altar of Cruor Sect to find out what had happened.

As Victoria was engrossed in her thoughts, a few hotel staff rushed out of the hotel.

After what happened recently, the only staff left in the hotel were in fact ten Shadow Rangers from the Scarlet Dragons' Shadow Squad.

The sudden appearance of a giant bull statue immediately attracted the notice of the Shadow Rangers standing guard at the hotel entrance.

"Who's there?" The first Shadow Ranger to run out of the hotel glanced around before focusing on a direction.

From the restaurant, Jacob saw two tall men and a short man walking toward the hotel.

The Shadow Ranger looked at the giant bull statue and shouted sternly, "Stop right there. Who are you, and why are you here?"

Chapter 220

The shortest of the three men said gruffly, "Who are we? Heh, don't you know? We are the Heroic Trio of the Lewis family. I am Tytus Lewis. These are my brothers, Vytus Lewis and Kytus Lewis!"

Then, he shattered a marbled tile with a stomp and roared, "We are here to seek revenge! Where is Jacob Lynch? Bring him out to his death!"

"Insolence!"

A Shadow Ranger dashed out of the hotel and glared murderously at the three intruders.

"I'll deal with this!"

The tallest of the Heroic Trio stepped out and swung his muscular arm, causing a swift gush of wind.

Faced with such a large foe, the Shadow Ranger narrowed his gaze and condensed energy into both arms.

He raised them in time to block the intruder's punch.

Bang! Debris floated in the air. The floor tiles beneath the Shadow Ranger's feet shattered.

"Huh, you're still alive? Again!" Kytus sneered.

Then, he let out a loud roar. Strong gushes of wind swirled around him, and his fist glowed with power.

Bam! The Shadow Ranger shot away like a kite that had broken away from its string.

Puff!

A cloud of bloody mist floated mid-air.

"Damn you!" A furious yell sounded, and a tall figure with a murderous aura leaped out of the hotel.

He moved swiftly, leaving strong gusts of wind in his wake. Then, he raised his fist. Bang! His fist landed squarely on Kytus' chest.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The white floor tiles shattered whenever Kytus moved to try to dodge the attack. However, the punches tore the front of Kytus' shirt into rags. There was a large and deep fist mark on his chest.

Kytus looked down at the fist mark on his chest and looked up to see someone as tall and bulky as him standing nearby. He glared at the man fiercely. "Your fist is damn hard. It hurt a lot!"

He took a deep breath. In the next moment, thunderous noises sounded from his chest.

"Is that a Hardening Technique?" Gerald watched the fist imprint disappear from Kytus's chest in the blink of an eye. His eyes flashed intimidatingly.

Meanwhile, at the restaurant on the seventeenth floor, Victoria stood by the floor-to-ceiling window and watched the ground floor with a gleam in her eyes. Then, she turned to Jacob and said, "Those three men seem powerful. Are you not going down to deal with them?"

"That's right. He sent a person flying with a punch. It's like something straight out of a movie." Moira blinked bewilderedly.

Jacob glanced at the two women and shook his head. Then, he returned to the dining table and helped his daughter cut the juicy steak.

He had forgotten about his concern about his daughter turning obese and also about his plan to control her food intake.

Should I care about what's happening downstairs?

Those three people would not amount to much if they were in the Four Outer Districts. The Scarlet Dragons have been to wars in the Four Outer Districts for years. We have probably killed hundreds if not, at least eighty of such people.

Am I worried?

No way.

Franklin, who was seated at the dining table, looked worried as he asked, "Jay, are you sure everything is fine?" When the police officers led Jacob away just now, Franklin could not help but be reminded of what happened six years ago.

Jacob saw his father's concern and arched his eyebrows. "Dad, don't worry. Those people are only thugs. They are nothing of concern."

Meanwhile, at the hotel entrance, Gerald's fist moved swiftly through the air and hit Kytus. The force amounted to a lightning strike and flung Kytus across the air.

At the same time, one could see Tres and Ocho joining forces and speedily bringing down Vytus and Tytus.

Chapter 221

Lewis Martial Arts School dominated the whole of Spring Street at Martial Arts Road which was located in the North Precinct of Paramount.

A sudden shout disrupted the peaceful surroundings of Lewis Martial Arts School. "This is bad! Someone had beaten up and injured Tytus, Kytus, and Vytus!"

A flurry of footsteps followed as disciples, each surrounded by an intimidating aura, dashed out one by one.

"Who is the b*stard that dared to hurt Tytus and the others?"

"How dare he hurt a member of Lewis Martial Arts School? Gather everyone!"

"Master and big brother are not here. Quick! We must inform Timothy!"

A gang of brutes with arms thicker than an ordinary man's thigh shouted intimidatingly amongst themselves.

Half an hour later, heavy rain started to from the sky, covering the earth with a white watery mist. Jerry was drenched as he entered the restaurant.

Jacob glanced at him before turning back to his daughter and gently wiping the gravy stain from her lips with a clean napkin.

Franklin looked out the window and saw the heavy rain. He put down his cutlery and frowned. "Jay, I don't think the rain will stop any time soon. Why don't we head home before it gets even heavier?"

“Dad, don’t worry about the rain.” Jacob caressed his daughter’s braided hair and said with a smile, “We are in a hotel. There are many rooms for us to stay in.”

“Yes, it’s a five-star hotel!” Moira’s eyes brightened with delight.

Suzie tugged her husband’s hand under the table. “We don’t have anything of value at home, so it will be fine if we stay here overnight.”

“In that case, I’ll ask someone to prepare the rooms.” Jacob smiled.

“Are we staying here tonight?” Janelle’s cheeks were still flushed as she hugged a wine bottle and said, “Hehe, I even get to stay in a five-star hotel!”

Jacob saw that his sister was still drunk and shook his head disapprovingly. “Yes, you can stay here. If you like, you can even stay here every day.”

“Every day!” Franklin widened his eyes. “Jay, I know you are doing well, but you shouldn’t waste money like this!”

He looked at the table full of delicacies and wine and felt uncomfortable with the extravagance. “Even the fruits alone must have cost a bomb. Never in my life have I seen or heard about these fruits until today!”

Jacob shook his head and sighed. “It didn’t cost much.”

Jerry heard the conversation as he walked to the dining table. He arched an eyebrow and said, “Mr. Lynch, did I not tell you that Jacob is the owner of this hotel?”

“What?” Franklin trembled with astonishment.

“You own the Pavillion?” Moira was in disbelief. “You’re lying! Florentine Group is the owner of this hotel!”

Jerry looked at her and pursed his lips disapprovingly. “Ms. Thornborough, your information is outdated.”

Jacob glanced at Jerry and shook his head. Then, he turned to his father and said, "Dad, it's only a hotel. It's nothing unusual. You all should stay here tonight. Don't worry about anything."

Franklin looked at Jacob and considered briefly before breaking out into a laugh. "Sure, I'll accept your generous offer and stay a night in this five-star hotel."

Then, he turned to Victoria and frowned. "What about Victoria? Is it alright for her to not go home? Wouldn't her family worry about her? I think she should make a call first."

Victoria answered calmly, "I live alone in Paramount."

"You live alone?" Franklin was astonished.

Hearing that Victoria lived alone triggered Suzie's maternal instinct. "Poor girl. Don't be sad. You must come to visit us whenever you can."

What makes you think I'm sad? Victoria rolled her eyes.

Chapter 222

After a brief chat, Jacob instructed someone to bring his family and the others upstairs to their rooms. Soon, only two people were left in the opulent restaurant.

Lewis Martial Arts School? Stephan Lewis is the owner and a top martial artist in Paramount. Don't they have eighteen sworn brothers and two thousand disciples? Does this mean the one who died in the detention cell was the youngest of the sworn brothers?

After listening to Jerry's report, Jacob considered briefly before waving his hand calmly, "Release those three men after you punished them. If more of them come here, I don't care whether he is the top martial artist in Paramount. Everyone who comes with evil intentions must be punished."

Rain poured outside the window. But that did not stop them from returning the bull statue to its original location.

Jacob's eyes flashed intimidatingly as he said, "The most important thing now is to investigate the Meteorites. Then, we shall wipe them out at once."

That was what we did when we destroyed Cruor Sect. However, we were working with Paramount's Ministry of Defense at the time. But now...

Jacob had a feeling that the officials were acting against him in secret. An intimidating aura surged from him. I have managed to conquer even the turbulent and ruthless Four Outer Districts. Why would I be scared of a lone Central Federation?

"Sir!" The tall and intimidating Gerald stood at the restaurant entrance before coming in. "A large crowd of people is coming this way."

"Hah, do they have nothing else better to do?" Jacob sneered coldly.

"Sir, allow me to go down to deal with it." Jerry's eyes turned ferocious. "It happens to be raining. We can spill as much blood as we want, and the rain will wash it away."

Jacob looked at the bloodlust in Jerry's eyes and waved his hand. Then, he turned to Gerald and ordered, "Tell Tres and the others to guard upstairs. Jerry and I will go down to see what's going on."

"Yes, sir." Gerald bowed respectfully.

The sky was still covered with dark clouds. The rain had become heavier than before.

A crowd of men in black raincoats braved the heavy downpour as they traversed the wide streets, heading toward the Pavillion urgently.

Their breaths rose in the cold rain and formed a cloud over them.

In the midst of all this, three figures were tossed out of the hotel's front door. They rolled in the puddles before coming to a stop near the approaching crowd.

At the same time, thirty young Shadow Rangers, all stern but calm, marched out of the brightly lit hotel entrance.

“Tytus, Vytus, Kytus, what happened to you?” Three people walked out of the crowd and went to help the Heroic Trio.

“Cough... Cough...”

Tytus’ face was swollen with bruises. He coughed and tried to stand up with the help of the other disciples.

He looked at the familiar faces in front of the crowd and clenched his teeth with shame. “I have brought shame to our Master!”

Vytus and Kytus trembled and covered their heads with their hands in shame.

Someone standing at the front of the crowd asked, “Are you sure Braxton was killed by the man named Jacob?”

“That’s right!” Tytus expression turned ferocious. “There is a disciple from Lewis Martial Arts School at Station No. 7. He heard from those in the detention cell that Braxton was stabbed to death. However, the murderer was wealthy and influential so, no one in the detention cell dared to testify against him. Therefore, the station had no choice but to release him!”

Chapter 223

Tytus forced his swollen eyes open and said furiously, “As soon as I received the news, I brought Vytus and Kytus to avenge Braxton, but...”

“That’s enough.” The man in the center raised his right hand. “Although Braxton is a bit of a scoundrel, he is still our brother, and someone Master raised since young. Therefore, we can’t let him die in vain!”

“Who cares if the murderer is wealthy and influential? We of Lewis Martial Arts School are fearless!”

Then, he swung his right hand forward. “Let’s go and wipe them out. We shall capture the man who killed Braxton!”

“Charge!”

Everyone from Lewis Martial Arts School looked murderous as they charged toward the hotel’s front door.

The thirty young Dragon Guardians there remained unfazed even as one hundred brutes headed toward them. The young Dragon Guardians split into teams of threes and tens before dashing forward to meet the attack head-on.

The rain continued to pour from the sky. One side charged with reckless fury while the other side faced the attack with unwavering confidence.

Boom! Both sides began to battle. The force of their battle shook the air and scattered the raindrops.

“Kill!”

Hundreds of disciples from Lewis Martial Arts School howled with fury. They raised fists that could easily break rocks and swung hands that could easily bend iron bars.

However, the thirty young Dragon Guardians remained calm and surrounded themselves with immense force. They face the attack in unison and advanced progressively. They were quiet but powerful.

Soon, the first wave of battle was over.

Thirty young Dragon Guardians stood valiantly in the continuous downpour and looked down coldly at the disciples from Lewis Martial Arts School, who were groaning in pain.

“Damn it!”

A furious roar sounded from among the disciples of Lewis Martial Arts School. Then, a young man with unusually large hands and a ferocious gaze dashed through the torrential rain.

He waved his fists around and splattered rain everywhere. Suddenly, a loud ‘boom’ sounded, and three young Dragon Guardians collapsed onto the ground.

The remaining twenty-seven young Dragon Guardians narrowed their eyes and burst into action. They quickly surrounded the frenzied young man.

Boom!

The air shook as numerous punches shot toward the young man.

Faced with attacks from all directions, the young man bulged his arm muscles and swung his fists recklessly. His fists were like a pair of steel hammers as he fought.

Initially, he fought aggressively and with immense power. However, after sending out hundreds of punches, his arms gradually grew heavy, and his body slowly ran out of energy.

In the end, after displaying fearless and relentless fighting spirit, this young man, who was fourth of the sworn brothers in Lewis Martial Arts School, was struck down with a single punch.

All he managed to achieve was to take six young Dragon Guardians out of the battlefield.

“Stop!”

A deep voice shouted in the rain. Timothy Lewis, the second of the sworn brothers in Lewis Martial Arts School, appeared before the young Dragon Guardians.

The young Dragon Guardians looked at Timothy intimidatingly. One of them kicked the young man who had collapsed on the ground.

“Damn it!”

Timothy let out a furious roar and stretch out his arms to catch the fallen young man.

His eyes were bloodshot with fury. He gently put the young man down and said, “We had underestimated you. Send someone who has the power to speak on your behalf.”

“I don’t chat with enemies.” A cold voice sounded from inside the hotel.

As soon as the voice sounded, every young Dragon Guardian, including the nine who were injured, immediately charged toward Timothy.

“Everyone, attack! We can’t let Timothy fight alone!”

“Let’s battle! We must not bring shame to Lewis Martial Arts School!”

“Kill!”

Seeing Timothy being about to be surrounded by enemies, the remaining dozens of disciples shouted and charged recklessly.

Chapter 224

Thirty young Dragon Guardians moved through the rain at lightning speed, launching fierce attacks while maintaining an impenetrable defense.

Jacob stood in the hotel and watched the young Dragon Guardians firmly surrounding Timothy despite attacks from the dozens of Lewis Martial Arts School disciples. He frowned and shook his head with dissatisfaction.

“They are still a little lacking.”

Jerry stood beside Jacob and shrugged. “Sir, from what I can see, the young Dragon Guardians have performed well. Those disciples from Lewis Martial Arts School are aggressive and strong. Furthermore, that man, Timothy, is on the verge of achieving a breakthrough in top-level fighting skills.”

Jacob shook his head. “One should be swift as the wind, quiet as a church mouse, aggressive as raging flame, still as a mountain, stealth as a phantom, and fast as lightning. These are the qualities I set when I formed the young Dragon Guardians. From what I see, they have achieved the first four qualities. However, they are still somewhat lacking in the final two.”

“They just need more training.” Jerry made a minor suggestion upon hearing Jacob’s strict qualities.

“Training won’t get them those qualities.” Jacob’s eyes gleamed with excitement. “Gaining experience through battle is the best way to develop them.”

Jerry found himself agreeing with this. He remembered how the first three hundred Dragon Guardians faced bloodbaths in a succession of fierce wars before turning into a mighty force that sent fear all over the four districts.

As time passed, the fervent zeal of Lewis Martial Arts School disciples was useless against the more powerful Dragon Guardians. Thus, their attacks began to slow down.

Timothy stood in the middle of the battlefield with steam and smoke rising from his body. Although he did not wish to, he had no choice but to admit he was naive to think he could avenge Braxton's death with a few sworn brothers and Lewis Martial Arts School disciples.

He did not expect to fail so badly that he could not even enter the hotel.

If the battle continued, it was highly likely he would be defeated just like his four other sworn brothers. It would be humiliating.

Perhaps, I shouldn't have acted recklessly.

Timothy thought regretfully as he forced out energy from his body to block the relentless attacks.

The young Dragon Guardians sensed Timothy's once immense energy decreasing gradually. Their eyes gleamed as they caused their aura to surge.

Oh no!

Timothy's heart sank, and he could not resist exclaiming in his mind.

As expected, a young Dragon Guardian punched Timothy's force field and shattered it. The punch continued to shoot at lightning speed and landed squarely on his chest.

Timothy felt an immense force surge into his body. His face turned pale, and his arms suddenly felt unbearably heavy.

I'm doomed!

That was the only thought in his mind before collapsing under a torrent of attacks.

After defeating Timothy, the thirty young Dragon Guardian's aura soared.

Their eyes gleamed with power. They released their excess energy and took down the remaining dozens of disciples from Lewis Martial Arts School within a few seconds. The remaining disciples had no chance to run and collapsed onto the ground.

