



### 241: Finally Finding His Father

The night was silent—until the roar of an aircraft split through the darkness.

A helicopter, coming from the U.S., descended toward The Obsidian Order's base.

The signal tower had already received word of the arrival, and every elite member of the organization gathered in formation, awaiting their leader.

As the helicopter slowly landed on the tarmac, Sebastian leaped down, clad in a sleek black combat uniform.

At his sides stood his four chief guardians—Tyler, Vaughn, King, and Yufeng.

"Welcome, Lord!"

The entire force, from the highest-ranking officers to the frontline warriors, called out in unison, their voices shaking the night sky.

Sebastian's gaze was sharp as he surveyed his men. "Are the elites ready?"

"Fully assembled!" came the immediate response.

"Good. Tonight's mission is simple—we take down Black Shark. But Black Wolf Fortress is heavily fortified. We won't charge in recklessly. Follow my orders at all times."

The Obsidian Order was still a relatively young organization, not as vast or deep-rooted as Black Wolf Fortress. That meant tonight's battle had to be fought with strategy, not brute force.



"Yes, sir!"

Morale was high, and the warriors stood ready.

With the final command, Sebastian and his elite forces boarded the stealth aircraft.

Under the cover of night and heavy clouds, they flew toward the northern territories.

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### The Northern Territories

The vast, dark ocean stretched endlessly, waves crashing against the unseen shores.

Inside Black Wolf Fortress, a communications officer rushed into the main hall. "Boss, we've got movement from the U.S."

Black Shark — Raze — the ruthless overlord of the northern underworld, sat on his throne-like chair, draped in a long black cloak. A carved wooden mask obscured his face.

"What kind of movement?" his voice, deep and icy, demanded.

The officer hesitated before responding. "Jasper... he's been captured."

A sharp inhale echoed through the hall.

Black Shark's fingers curled into a fist. "Did he talk?"

"No confirmation yet."

Black Shark's eyes darkened. He gestured to a masked figure standing at his side. "Phantom, go. If necessary..." He drew his thumb across his



throat.

Phantom nodded, understanding the order. Jasper could *\*not\** be allowed to reveal anything.

After Phantom departed, Black Shark stood and signaled his men. “Prepare my aircraft. I have a deal to negotiate.”

Before leaving, he handed control of Black Wolf Fortress over to his second-in-command—his younger brother, Van.

That night, while Van and his top commanders drank themselves into a stupor, believing their fortress to be impenetrable, death was already closing in.

The sea was restless, waves crashing violently under a sky thick with rolling storm clouds. Lightning cracked through the heavens.

Then, like specters emerging from the void, twelve high-tech stealth aircrafts cut through the sky.

The storm provided the perfect cover.

On the watchtower, Black Wolf Fortress’s guards mistook the incoming aircrafts as their own and even sent out navigation signals.

As the stealth jets soared over the fortress, figures in black dropped silently onto the rooftops—The Obsidian Order’s elite warriors.

Like shadows, they moved swiftly, slipping into position, undetected.

Their objectives were clear: the warriors would neutralize the opposition, while a select squad focused on finding Raymond’s whereabouts.

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### ### \*\*Inside the Fortress\*\*

Van and his commanders were still drinking when a faint, unnatural sound reached their ears.

"What was that?" one of them muttered.

"Thunder," Van said, waving it off. "Ignore it. Keep drinking—we're not stopping until we're wasted!"

He had no idea his empire was already under siege.

Not until a dark figure materialized at the entrance of the grand hall.

Still drunk, Van squinted at the shadowy presence. "Who the hell...? Bring more wine!"

Before he could even react, four more figures appeared behind the first—Tyler, Vaughn, King, and Yufeng.

In the blink of an eye, steel flashed.

Two of Van's top lieutenants crumpled to the ground, blood pooling beneath them.

The remaining commanders, half-drunk and sluggish, fumbled to react. But before they could even reach for their weapons, the blades struck again.

One by one, they fell.

Until only Van remained.

Van, now stone-cold sober from fear, scrambled backward, his breath coming in frantic gasps.



"You... who \*are\* you?!" he stammered.

Terror shook his limbs as he reached for the pistol at his waist.

But before he could even aim, a streak of silver flashed through the air.

Clang!

His weapon was sliced cleanly in half.

Van's face turned ghostly pale.

A strangled scream ripped from his throat. "HELP! SOMEBODY HELP—"

Before he could finish, a final figure stepped forward.

Sebastian.

Dressed in black, his piercing gaze colder than death itself.

If his four guardians were specters of the underworld, then at this moment, \*he\* was its ruler.

Sebastian closed the distance in a single stride and, without hesitation, drove a boot into Van's chest.

CRACK!

Van was sent flying, slamming against a stone pillar before crashing to the floor in a heap, coughing up blood.

A shadow loomed over him.

Before Van could even gather his wits, a heavy boot pressed down on his head, pinning it to the ground.



"Mercy! Please!" Van wailed.

The pressure increased.

Sebastian's voice was like ice. "Eighteen years ago, Black Wolf Fortress kidnapped Raymond. \*Where is he?\*"

Van's entire body went rigid.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about!" he blurted.

Sebastian's grip on his patience snapped.

"I'll give you \*one\* more chance," he growled. "Lie again, and I'll make sure you \*never\* see another sunrise."

The sheer weight of the murderous aura surrounding Sebastian made Van's breath hitch.

Finally, the dam broke.

"He's... he's in the lab! The experimental lab!" Van sobbed.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed.

He kicked Van aside with force. "If he's harmed in any way, I'll make sure every last one of you \*pays.\*"

Turning sharply, he strode out of the hall, leaving his guardians to deal with Van.

Outside, the battle raged.

Gunfire echoed through the fortress, but The Obsidian Order's warriors were unmatched. Their precision, their sheer combat prowess, had quickly turned the tide.



By the time the dust settled, Black Wolf Fortress had been seized.

### ### \*\*The Search for Raymond\*\*

The search team had combed through the dungeons.

Nothing.

Sebastian's radio crackled. "Lord, he's not here! Orders?"

His jaw clenched.

Then, a memory flashed through his mind.

"\*\*The lab.\*\*"

His team moved swiftly.

Deep within the fortress, hidden behind layers of security, they found it.

A heavy steel door, bolted shut.

"Break it down," Sebastian ordered.

Within seconds, his men forced their way inside.

The room beyond was stark white, lined with high-tech equipment.

And in the center—

A large containment chamber.

Inside, lying unconscious, was a man.

Pale. Weak.



But his face—

Sebastian's breath caught in his throat.

Tears blurred his vision.

"Father..."

His father was alive.

But why—why was he in this condition?

Had he been experimented on?

A terrifying thought gripped him.

Had they already done something irreversible?

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