

Chapter 920

As the butler got the car ready, Mindy herself was already standing in front of what remained of the Schuyler family's mansion.

"Excuse me, but have you seen anyone wearing a mask? He's about this tall and with his mask down, he has serious burn marks around his eyes..." asked a girl to a random passer-by as she lifted her hand over her head to mimic how tall Sanderson was.

"...No I haven't..." replied the confused man.

"But how could that be possible? He told us he'd come looking for us yet he didn't! He wasn't even at Yorknorth Mountain! Where could he possibly have gone to...? I even tried calling Stella but I can't reach her either! When I went over to her place, it seemed like she had moved out... Hey, who do you suppose could tell me where Sanderson went...?" asked Mindy.

The passer-by himself was stunned to know that she had directed the question at him. Scanning her from head to toe, he then shook his head before running off. How sad that such a beauty sounded so insane.

"Where could you have gone to, Sanderson...? You... You said you'd come back... That you'd talk to me in the garden every night... You promised... I... I refuse to believe that you lied to me! Please, Sanderson... You're my best and only friend... You... You can't just leave like that... Where are you...?" mumbled Mindy to herself.

The only thing on the girl's mind now was Sanderson. She thought about how simple and gentle he was. How every time she talked to him, he would listen to her attentively, comforting and encouraging her through his gestures.

While it was true that she had first gotten close to him since he looked like he was easily bullied and she wanted to learn sign language, her intent slowly changed over time.

In just those few days of them being together, she had grown dependent on him. What more, since she knew he had risked his life to rescue her and many others, she was well aware that forgetting him would be near impossible now.

After waiting for quite some time, Mindy eventually leaned against a wall before squatting down.

“Where are you, Sanderson...?”

When she had earlier gone to Yorknorth Mountain, neither Master Jenkinson nor Sanderson was present. Stella’s place, on the other hand, seemed to have been completely deserted. Since she never picked up any of Mindy’s calls, Mindy wasn’t even sure if the rest of Stella’s family had left together or without her.

In short, Mindy couldn’t even contact the last person who could’ve possibly seen Sanderson.

“Just... Please be safe, Sanderson...!” pleaded Mindy silently.

After a while longer, Mindy got up. She was feeling far too uneasy to be moping around here when she could still be searching for Sanderson.

Opting to search for him by walking around instead of getting in her car, she felt a new determination in her to search for him. To search for the man who had managed to spark hope in her again after living on this planet for over twenty years.

She had simply lost too much of her childhood. Mindy had no friends, nor did she have any meaningful relationships with anyone outside of her family for the longest time. Sanderson was the embodiment of everything she had ever longed for.

Mindy didn’t care if he was ugly, nor did it matter to her that he couldn’t even speak properly. None of that was important to her.

What mattered most was the fact that Sanderson was a person who understood her. A person who was always around whenever she was upset. A person she could feel secure with.

Her focus wavered as she continued thinking about him, not even noticing that she was crossing an open road...

She only returned to her senses when she heard the loud revving of an engine. Turning to look at the source of the sound, she was petrified to see a huge lorry speeding toward her!

The driver himself had been yawning, yet the moment he saw her, it was already far too late. Even though he stepped on the brakes, he knew he was in deep trouble the moment he heard the sound of a sickening collision.

Following that, Mindy's frail body flew quite a distance away before landing heavily on the ground. The phone she was holding on to earlier fell even further away, its screen now completely cracked.

A keychain of what seemed like a tiny man with a mask on could be seen hanging at the end of her phone. It was clear who it resembled...

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As the muffled wailing of ambulance sirens could be heard in the distance, Mindy found herself slowly losing consciousness.

"...San...derson..."

Meanwhile, a young man sitting inside an express train clutched his chest all of a sudden as he shuddered.

"What's wrong?" asked a girl sitting close to him out of concern.

"...It's nothing. My heart just felt tight all of a sudden... The feeling's gone now, though. How odd..." replied the man with a wry smile on his face.

He then turned to look at the girl before saying, "Speaking of which, here, you can have this. Once you settle down in Mayberry and get a job there, together with the money in this card, you should be able to live easy for the rest of your life!"

As he said that, he handed a bank card over to the girl.

"I can't take this, Gerald! As long as I manage to land a job, my life will already be pretty manageable! You, on the other hand, definitely need the money more than I do!" replied the girl as she immediately returned the card to Gerald.

It was obvious that the girl was none other than Naomi.

"She's right, Gerald. Not only do you need it more than we do, but we should be the ones giving you money instead! After all, you cured me without even asking for anything in return!" added Naomi's mother.

"It's honestly fine. It's not like I'll be using much money from now on anyway. I've already done too many things... Haha..." replied Gerald with a bitter smile on his face.

"Why would you say such a thing, Gerald...? Actually, you haven't even told me the full story as to why you no longer have anything to do with the Crawfords!" said Naomi, a hint of worry in her voice.

"Honestly at this point, it's better for you not to know, Naomi. As they say, ignorance is bliss," replied Gerald as he gently patted her on the head.

Gerald was now returning to Mayberry since he wanted to visit an old friend. That, however, wasn't his only goal there. He had something else planned once he got there...

Regarding the bank card, it was honestly more of a burden to him at this point. As he thought about it, he felt that life truly was intriguing.

After all, back before all this had happened, he had also taken a train to Mayberry city. Back then, he had assumed that he would be able to face his university life with a new attitude. That he would no longer need to live with such terrible self-esteem as he had during middle and high school due to him being so poor.

Things, however, hardly changed at all. As it turned out, as long as he was poor, things would never change for him, or at least that was the conclusion his past-self came to. His past-self yearned for riches. As long as he was rich, he would've been able to have a decent life, and maybe even flattered by those poorer than him.

However, when he actually inherited the money, the old Gerald found that he didn't really enjoy showing his wealth off as much as he had thought. Quite the contrary, in fact.

Upon finding out that he already had all the riches in the world, his desire for fame simply vanished. Instead, he wanted to live a plain and simple life. After getting to know Mila, his end goal was to get married to her and maybe have a child or two, preferably a boy and a girl. His ideal life was one that was carefree, and one where he would be able to relax in Mila's arms every day till they eventually passed on.

A dream that truly was. Now that Mila was still missing, riches meant little to him. He simply lost all desire to have any money anymore.

"...You've changed, you know, Gerald..." said Naomi out of the blue.

"...Hmm? How so?"

"Well, I can't put my finger on it, but from the moment I met you again after so long, I could already tell that you were very different compared to the Gerald I used to know... The one thing that hasn't changed, however, is your kindness toward me. Even after all this time, you still treat me so well!"

"But of course! You're my good friend!"

"Since you still see me as a friend, then please, Gerald... Please share your thoughts with me whenever you feel troubled... I know there's a lot on your mind

right now, and I'm also aware that you're no longer the rich heir you used to be... Hell, I feel that once your return to Mayberry this time, big changes are going to happen soon... Regardless of all that, I want you to know that whatever happens, you'll always be my best friend! I won't pry into what you're planning to do any further, but please keep in mind that I'm someone you can share your problems with..." said Naomi.

Upon saying that, she placed the bank card into Gerald's hand once more before adding, "...Which is why I simply can't accept the money. Hold on to it! Who knows, you could make a comeback in Mayberry City! I could be your assistant, you know?"

"Naomi, believe me when I say I truly don't need this money... In all honesty, I don't even know if I'll have the chance to return here in the future once I'm done with what I've set out to do!" replied Gerald with a subtle smile.

"...What? What do you mean by that? What exactly do you plan to do?" asked Naomi in despair.

Hushing her slowly, he then said, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that you'll be terrified after hearing it. You said you weren't going to pry any further, didn't you?"

Though she really wanted to ask more, she remained silent in the end, knowing full well that she wouldn't get any answers.

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It wasn't long before they arrived at Mayberry Station.

After stealthily slipping the bank card into her pocket, Gerald hailed a cab for her. He wasn't worried about her not being able to use it since she had already known what the password was, even from back when they were still in university. The password itself was just his birth date.

"Aren't you coming along with us, Gerald?" asked Naomi as she rolled the cab's window down.

"I'll be on my own from here! Farewell, Naomi!" replied Gerald with a wave as the cab began driving off.

Sticking her head out the window, Naomi then shouted, "Gerald, please! I don't care if we end up having a lot of money or not! Let's just stick together and get married! We'll find jobs together in Mayberry city and from there, we'll be able to support ourselves just fine in the future! I'm sure of it! If Mayberry isn't to your liking, then... Then let's just live in the countryside! We'll get a small place of our own... Settle down, then live the rest of our lives ordinarily and in comfort! Are you hearing any of this?"

"What's that? I can't hear you! Regardless, travel safely and remember to live well!" yelled Gerald in return as he waved his hand.

"I said, why don't both of us get married? Can't we? I don't mind it at all! Sir, please stop the car!" yelled Naomi anxiously when she realized that Gerald couldn't hear what she was saying.

However, no matter how much she pleaded, the driver simply wouldn't stop the car. Taking in a deep breath, the cab driver tapped on the money in his pocket that Gerald had given him before stepping on the accelerator.

Even after the cab was no longer in sight, Gerald found it hard to stop waving.

Of course he had heard her. He had heard every single word she had said extremely clearly.

Though a normal life was honestly what he had always yearned for after getting rich, he knew he wouldn't be able to achieve that. Not until he found Mila again.

As long as she remained missing, he had absolutely no intention of starting a new chapter in his life.

Even though he was well aware of that, why was he feeling so reluctant to part with Naomi this time...?

Thinking about it for a while, he realized that it must've been because he was quite sure that he would never be able to see her ever again...

Shaking his head, he slipped on a mask and cap before hailing another cab.

“Where to?” asked the cab driver to the man wearing the black sweater who had most of his face covered up.

“To the hospital!” replied Gerald immediately.

Arriving shortly after, Gerald looked through the glass window of Felicity’s ward. Attached to a ventilator, the girl lying on the bed had an extremely pale complexion.

As he continued looking at her, Gerald recalled how lively the girl used to be. If only she hadn’t met him, she would’ve probably still been living a good life now. After all, she was a natural beauty who could definitely become a world-famous internet celebrity with ease.

Things could’ve gone so much differently... She could’ve lived her life happily! Yet here she was in a hospital, a complete vegetable after being tossed off a building. The worst thing was, she was only in such a state because she was trying to locate him.

Gerald could only imagine how she must’ve felt while looking for him on the day all this happened. How worried both she and Naomi must’ve looked as they waited at that hotel’s lobby.

To think that their glimmer of hope would end up becoming Felicity’s greatest misfortune yet.

Jett truly was a ruthless person.

In his devastated state, Gerald could only press his hand hard against the ward’s door as he tried to calm himself. He applied so much force that he was sure that even his fingerprints had already been imprinted deeply into the wooden door at this point.

“Hey! You’re a weird person, you know that? Are you planning to go in or aren’t you? You’re blocking the entrance!” said an angry voice at that moment.

Turning around to look at who had said that, Gerald saw a fuming nurse who had a tray in her hands.

Though he was wearing a mask, the nurse could clearly see all the strong emotions that were reflected in his teary eyes. She was so stunned to see that, that she almost dropped her tray as she watched the man wipe his tears away.

“...Here, take this and listen closely. This piece of paper contains very specific acupuncture instructions as well as a herbal prescription. Once you and the doctor fully understand the method, use it to save this girl’s life!” said Gerald as he placed the prescription on the nurse’s tray.

After saying that, he simply slid both his hands into his pockets before walking away.

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Just as he arrived at the hotel’s lobby, a girl who just so happened to be running in his direction seemed to lose balance as she sprained her ankle!

Before she could even hit the ground, however, in one swift swoop, Gerald managed to catch on to her.

“Oh my god! That was such a close call! T-thank you, handsome!” thanked the girl as she immediately straightened her messy hair after being helped up by Gerald.

Looking at him, however, she couldn’t help but feel that the man who had just saved her from a world of pain felt a little strange.

Though he looked mysterious enough with his mask and cap on, his gaze felt oddly familiar yet foreign at the same time.

Furthermore, the young man only replied with a nod instead of saying anything.

As she wondered if she had seen him before, Gerald himself couldn't help but stare at her for a little while longer. After all, he knew who she was.

"...Could... We perhaps be acquainted?" asked the girl with a smile.

In response, Gerald shook his head.

"I see... Well, regardless, thank you for breaking my fall!" replied the girl with a laugh.

"How did it go, Leila?" asked a rather handsome person wearing a suit at that moment as he walked over to them.

"Oh, the physical exam? I've completed it of course! By the way, get this! I was just about to go looking for you when I nearly tripped over!" said the girls as she locked arms with the man rather intimately.

"If you truly did end up tripping and hurting yourself, how would I even begin explaining things to Uncle Jung?" replied the man with a laugh.

The girl, of course, was none other than Leila.

"Oh, right! This here's the handsome fellow who saved me!" added Leila as she looked at Gerald.

"Why thank you, brother! I'm the doctor in charge of this hospital, so do let me know if there's anything I can ever help you with!" replied Leila's boyfriend as he nodded toward Gerald with a smile.

Hearing that, Gerald simply shook his head before walking away.

However, he couldn't help but recall how Leila used to be before all this happened.

To think that he had used to like her when he was much younger. After all, the poor child he was back then always thought that she was the most beautiful of them all. She always dressed so well back then too.

Though they shared a somewhat ambiguous relationship in later years, after his six-month disappearance, Gerald could now see that Leila had already moved on. She now had her own life, and she seemed to be doing pretty well. That was all that mattered to him.

“That guy was pretty strange!” muttered the young man as he stared at Gerald’s slowly disappearing back.

“He is! However, he feels awfully familiar as well... I know I’ve definitely met him someplace before but I just can’t put my finger on it!” replied Leila with a frown.

“What are both of you doing, standing here?”

“Ah! You’ve finally come out, Jacelyn?” said Leila as she turned to look at the fashionable girl standing behind them.

“Well I did take a few extra examinations... After all, I’ll be getting married next month! Got to make sure that I’m as fit as a fiddle! Haha!” replied Jacelyn with a happy hum.

However, she couldn’t help but feel startled the moment she looked in the direction Leila had been looking at earlier. She had just managed to catch a glimpse of Gerald’s back before it disappeared completely as a door shut behind him.

“Hmm? Could it be... That you find him familiar too, Jacelyn? Or maybe you’re just attracted to his fit body? Heh! I know you well now after spending so much time with you in Mayberry! You just can’t help yourself whenever you meet handsome guys, can you?” said Leila with a chuckle.

“The former guess was already correct... Regardless, he really does look extremely familiar... Especially his back! I really feel that I’ve seen him somewhere before...” said Jacelyn as she pondered on.

“Well, not that it’s important anyway! Let’s just go ahead and have dinner once my husband gets off work, alright? After that, we can go on a mini shopping spree!” said Jacelyn while laughing.

“Sounds like a plan!”

With that, the group continued chatting and laughing among themselves as they left in the opposite direction.

Gerald, on the other hand, soon found himself standing at the hospital’s entrance. He truly hadn’t expected to run into Leila here. He wasn’t about to let her find out who he truly was either. After all, that would open a whole new set of troubles.

As he walked past a food stall by the roadside, he overheard a conversation.

“Boss... Please spare me something to eat...?”

“Get lost! You’re this young yet you’re already begging for food? Get a job!”

Turning to look, Gerald saw a young man with an extremely haggard appearance. One of his legs seemed to be broken, and he held on to a wooden crutch to support himself as he continued begging for food by the roadside food stall.

Not long after, the boss chased him away as though the man was nothing but a fly. Other pedestrians seeing this soon began pointing at the young beggar while whispering among themselves.

Shaking his head, Gerald was about to walk on before he suddenly came to a halt upon realizing something.

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Squinting his eyes as he scanned the young man—who was slowly inching away—from head to toe, he then yelled, “Hey you! Stop right there!”

Freezing in place, the young beggar was so frightened that he immediately began trembling in fear. He was teary-eyed as he lowered his gaze before pleading, “Y-yes...? Please, sir... Could you spare me some money for food...? I beg of you...”

“...Yoel?” replied Gerald in a soft voice.

Hearing that name, the beggar instantly shuddered immensely as he raised his head. The moment Yoel looked into Gerald’s eyes, his lips began quivering like there was no tomorrow.

“G-Gerald?” asked Yoel as he felt his tears rolling down his cheeks.

Taking his mask off in disbelief, Gerald immediately held on to Yoel’s shoulder before replying, “Yes! Yes, it’s me, Yoel!”

“Brother! So you’re still alive!” said Yoel aloud as his crutch fell to the ground.

“I am... Yoel... How did you end up like this...?” asked Gerald in shock.

After all, the Yoel he used to know was always so glamorous and well-off back then. It was near impossible for Gerald not to feel distressed after seeing this miserable version of his brother

It was a little later when Gerald sat opposite of Yoel at the exact same roadside stall from before.

Pouring Yoel a glass of water before patting him gently on the back, Gerald then said, “Eat slowly, the food’s not going anywhere!”

Upon hearing that, Yoel nodded though that didn't really stop him from continuing to stuff more food into his mouth.

"I really hadn't expected so many things to happen in just six months... This is all my fault! All of you were dragged into this because of me!" said Gerald as he began blaming himself.

From what Yoel had told him earlier, though things in Mayberry City mostly remained unchanged throughout the past six months, the same couldn't be said for those who lived within it.

After the incident that befell Gerald, Jett came to Mayberry City. Since Yoel had assumed that Jett had ended Gerald's life, he brought a few of his men over to personally take revenge against him.

However, it was obvious at first glance that they weren't even close to being worthy opponents for Jett.

Due to Yoel's initial attack, Jett made it a personal goal of his to make everyone that Gerald knew—be it his friends or anyone who used to work for him—suffer.

Naturally, since Yoel had been the one to launch the attack, he ended up suffering the most. Before he was even allowed to leave, they made sure to break one of his legs beyond the point of curing. They wanted him to experience a life worse than death within Mayberry City.

As if that wasn't enough, Jett also secretly assassinated Uncle Holden's entire family!

Of course, Jessica was aware of all this, and though she was angry beyond words, there was nothing she could do.

All that led to the events of today.

As for the others, Aiden and his family moved away from Mayberry City to escape the calamity that would soon befall them if they continued staying there any longer. Eventually, Aiden even joined the army.

Even Elena was affected, and from what Yoel had heard, Jett's subordinates forced her family into bankruptcy. The last piece of information he heard about her—before she went off radar—was that she was currently working as a nurse.

Everything had truly changed for the worst... And the Moldells were behind all this suffering.

"Jett Moldell...!" growled Gerald in a primal rage as murderous intent flashed through his eyes for a split second.

"Still, I've really embarrassed you this time around, brother... I'm nothing more than a useless cripple now! Haha!" said Yoel as he finished his meal with a bitter smile on his face.

"Say that again and I'll smack you hard... You're no useless cripple... Worry not, I'll definitely cure your leg one day. As for all the suffering the Holdens had to experience... I'll be doing them justice if it's the last thing I do!" declared Gerald coldly.

Yoel, however, simply shook his head.

"No, brother... You should leave Mayberry City tonight. The city's already changed a whole lot in the past six months. I'll say it now that Yunus isn't even close to being comparable to Jett. Not only is Jett rich, but he's also extremely powerful. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that even if Jett had attacked us during our peak glory in the past, we wouldn't have been able to take on him at all!"

"I hear you, Yoel, but you can rest assured. You needn't worry about me."

"You're still evading the Moldell family's constant pursuit, aren't you brother...? What are your plans for the future?"

“Hahaha! I have none at the moment... I’ll just make decisions as I go along!”

“Then... Could I follow you, brother? Dying would be completely worth it if it was together with you, brother. I just... really don’t want to continue living like this anymore... The way things are now, I’m better off being dead than alive!

Hearing Yoel’s suggestion, Gerald paused for a moment.

What he said was true. Not only did Yoel no longer have a home to return to, but Jett had also tortured him to his current sorry state.

Gerald knew for a fact that he couldn’t just abandon him like that.

“...Very well. You’ll be following me from now onward! Both of us will live and die together! However, I’ll still be sending you off to a place where you’ll get your injuries treated first,” declared Gerald.

“Y-yes! Yes! We’ll live and die together!” shouted Yoel, feeling extremely moved.

With that, Gerald gave Yoel an address and told him to head toward the border of the Salford Province. There, he would seek refuge with the Westley family where Master Jenkinson also currently resided. With his help, Yoel would surely make a full recovery.

“What about you, brother?” asked Yoel.

“Hahaha... Well, let’s just say I have something to settle here first....”

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Quest, on the other hand, was told to remain in the Salford Province together with Master Jenkinson after the entire Schuyler operation. After all, Gerald saw no need for Quest to follow him all the way to Mayberry City.

In addition, with Quest returning home safe and sound, Gerald knew that he had secured a shelter in the Salford Province where he could retreat to should things ever get awry.

It was honestly the only shelter he had left.

If there ever came a time where the Westley family was exposed, Gerald knew for a fact that he wouldn't have anywhere else to seek refuge once the Moldells caught scent of him. After all, he had killed four Moldells back in the Salford Province.

While he was sure that the Moldells weren't going to kill him easily, he couldn't deny that their family was extremely powerful. Gerald was well aware that he shouldn't even consider dealing with the Moldells on his own.

It was the reason why he was now carefully considering every move he was about to take.

After arranging for Yoel's trip to the Salford Province, Gerald immediately headed to Mountain Top Villa.

Climbing atop one of the many high trees nearby, Gerald closed his eyes as he rested against a sturdy branch, high above the ground.

There, he laid in wait till night eventually came. It was then when he finally opened his eyes again.

By then, Mountain Top Villa was already brightly lit.

After checking if anyone was close by, Gerald dropped his haversack to the ground, creating a soft thud. Following that, he got off the tree as well, landing silently as though he was a cat.

Now on the ground, he opened his haversack and pulled out a black, hooded trench coat. After slipping it on, Gerald's face could barely be identifiable.

With that, his infiltration mission began.

“So, what’s the situation like? What did the men you sent over to the Salford Province say?” asked a young man who was lying on a sofa in Mountain Top Villa’s living room.

Within the room, were several men who were standing at ease, their hands to their backs. Hearing his question, a few other men standing right before him explained, “Since the Schuyler family mansion was completely razed to the ground and everyone from that family has been declared missing, we haven’t been able to find any leads on where the Quentin & Trey duo could be! We aren’t even sure if they’re dead or alive!”

“B*stards! You should be well aware that all members of the Moldell family are of noble blood! No ordinary person could be compared to both Quentin and Trey! They’re my right-hand men! If they truly were to meet their end in a place like the Salford Province, that would surely spell the greatest humiliation the Moldell family has had to face! Double your efforts until you find them!”

“Right away, Mr. Moldell!” shouted everyone involved as they hurriedly left.

Closing his eyes, Jett then said with a smirk on his face, “Still, how perfect Mayberry City is... Hahaha... I’ll definitely be making this city my base once the Moldells finally get rid of the Crawfords for good!”

Just as his sentence ended, slow and faint footsteps could be heard making their way toward the room.

“Hmm?” said one of Jett’s subordinates as he narrowed his eyes before opening the door to the main hall.

“...Huh? Who are you?” asked the startled subordinate.

“Is Jett Moldell here?” asked an old and commanding voice which created a feeling of unnerve to whoever heard it.

Standing at the door, the man wearing the black trench coat only had his eyes exposed. If a person was sharp enough, however, they would certainly be able to see that the person hidden behind the coat had rather fair skin, a clear indicator that—contrary to the old voice—the person was actually a young man.

“Who are you? And why are you looking for me?” asked Jett as he casually stood up and sipped some of his red wine.

He wasn’t about to express his shock to anyone, even if they looked rather extraordinary.

“I’m here because I want Jett Moldell to follow me somewhere! Come along now!” ordered the person in black.

“Hahaha! And who exactly are you? Actually, do you even know who I am? How ballsy of you to order me around!” sneered Jett.

At the same time, several of Jett’s men were already fuming in anger.

As they instantly began pummeling him, they soon retracted their fists in shock. Each impact felt like they were punching a stone wall instead of an actual human!

“What the hell?” said a few of the men as they began trembling while holding on to their now numb fists.

Jett himself felt his eyelids twitch before shouting, “Courting death, are we? End him!”

Hearing Jett’s command, fury took over their fear and the men immediately attempted to attack the man in black once more!

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This time, however, the man wasn’t going to just stand there anymore.

The moment they got close enough, the man instantly grabbed two of the men in front of him by their necks before gently flexing his wrists.

A second later, both men immediately began spurting out blood as they heard their necks crack. And just like that, their lives were no more, ended as easily as snuffing out a candle.

Following that, he repeated the same process with the rest of his assailants, striking all of them down with extreme precision and efficiency.

“W-who exactly are you...” stuttered Jett.

This person was extremely strong. Furthermore, his methods were equally as skillful as they were brutally terrifying. Aside from Kort, Jett had never seen anyone else with such raw power. It made him think that the man standing before him right now was a master no less powerful than his father.

Knowing that was the reason why he was so shocked as he continued staring at Gerald.

“There’s no need to ask. Just follow me!” replied the man.

“...Alright, since you’re choosing the persona of an elder, I’ll come along as a junior. But before that, elder, could you at least tell me your name? I’d like to mention it to my father in future. While we’re at it, allow me to ask this question. Are you a friend or a foe?” asked Jett as he squinted his eyes slightly.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you not to ask any further.”

It was the only thing Jett managed to register before the man in black immediately walked up to him and held onto his shoulders. A split second was all Gerald needed to apply a bit of pressure and create another sickening crack.

Jett’s eyes immediately widened as he roared in pain. His arms had been completely dislocated and destroyed!

However, Gerald wasn't done yet. His next move was to kick Jett directly on the knee, causing his right leg to dislocate as well.

As Jett's eyes turned bloodshot while enduring all the pain, he turned to look at the man in black before asking, "...You... Do you have any idea who my father is...?"

He truly hadn't expected this man to be so cold and ruthless.

"I don't need to," replied the man in black coldly as he lifted Jett like he was carrying a limp dog.

Since one of Jett's subordinates hadn't attacked Gerald earlier, Gerald had left him alone. However, he was now frightened half to death as he quivered in a corner of the room.

Tossing Jett at the subordinate's direction, Gerald pointed at him before ordering, "If you want to live, carry him and follow me! Now let's go!"

Having no other choice, the subordinate simply obeyed.

As all three of them made it out of the villa's front doors without much trouble, by chance, Gerald happened to see something at the corner of his eyes. What he saw caused a smile to slowly form on his face as he led the other two men down the mountain with him, disappearing into the night soon after.

At the exact spot where Gerald had laid his eyes on earlier, was a badly battered man who was clutching tightly onto his chest. He was the first person whom Gerald had beaten up that night, and he had crawled all the way up to the villa from the middle of the mountain. Though his face was bloody, it was also extremely pale, creating a haunting contrast.

Aside from the subordinate whom Gerald had brought along with him, the injured man was the only other person left alive there.

Realizing that Gerald had left the mansion together with Jett, with much difficulty, he eventually managed to get his cell phone out and dial a number.

“T-the third young master’s been kidnapped! The other party is a top master who could also be part of a secret society! From his voice, he sounded like an old man around the age of sixty! Notify the second young master about this immediately and send some men over right this instant!” reported the man through the phone.

“A member of a secret society? And he’s kidnapped the third young master as well?! Find a way to follow him closely! I’ll notify the second master about this immediately!” said the person at the other end of the line before ending the call.

He then rushed to a hidden room to relay what he had just heard.

“What? Jett’s been kidnapped? Who in the right mind would be this bold?!” roared Kort as his eyes widened in anger.

“We don’t know yet, though from the subordinate’s description, he said that the man could very well be over the age of sixty. He also said that our current opponent’s skills are comparable to yours, second master! After all, he didn’t seem to have much trouble taking out the third young master and his subordinates! ”

Just as the subordinate said that, his phone rang again.

“Are there any updates? What? Paradise Province? ...Alright!”

After ending the call, he looked at Kort again before saying, “Based on what the subordinate could tell, all three of them seem to be headed for Paradise Province!”

“Who on earth from that province has beef with us?” growled Kort as he slammed a fist onto his table, splitting it in half in the process!

“Regardless of who that person is, he won’t get away once I find out his true identity!” shouted Kort in his rage.

Gulping, the subordinate then suggested, "Do... You think that it could've been someone from the Crawford family who did this, second master?"

"...No. And I have reason to believe that they aren't involved. After all, Dylan would never have the courage to do any of this. Even if he did, he wouldn't have the manpower for it! Something is very off about this incident..." explained Kort rather calmly as he analyzed the current situation.

After a brief moment, he raised his head before saying, "Instruct all the forces who are currently suppressing the Crawfords to transfer over to the Paradise Province as soon as possible. Jett must be found no matter what!"

'You mustn't falter, Jett... Stay strong!' Kort thought to himself as he sighed.

Chapter 927

It was the next night in the Crawford family mansion in Northbay when a butler came running while shouting, "Sir! I bring good news, sir!"

At the time, Dylan was reading in his study room. Permitting his butler to enter, Dylan then put his glasses down before rubbing his brows and saying, "Go on..."

"It's regarding Kort Moldell! While both Kort and Jett have been doing everything they could to go against our family in the past six months, we've just received news from a reliable source that Jett has gone missing!"

"What? Jett's missing?" said Dylan as he stood up in surprise.

Jett was Kort's third son who had slowly been building his power in the past six months. He was also constantly being a pain in the ass, intentionally causing trouble for the Crawfords whenever he could.

Though Dylan only saw him as a pest who didn't need to be taken too seriously, it didn't change the fact that Jett was a constant annoyance to their family. So annoying, in fact, that the Crawfords would often feel worn out just having to deal with him over and over again.

To think that the thorn to their family's side had now gone missing!

"Him going missing isn't even the best news, sir! You see, Kort's withdrew most of his men last night and transferred them elsewhere! The Crawford family can finally take a breather now!" said the butler with joy.

Dylan himself nodded as a smile formed on his face.

"However... As I recall, Jett is Kort's favorite son... Now that he's missing, do you suppose that Kort will suspect that our family is involved in the matter?" asked the butler with a frown on his face.

"Of course he won't!" said Dylan as he closed the book he had been reading before placing it to the side.

"Kort's no fool, after all. He knows very well how skilled Jett is, and he's also well aware that even the Crawford family's top guards wouldn't be able to lay a finger on him! I'm sure that Kort also understands that our family wouldn't ever dare to do such a thing in the first place! Since you said that he withdrew his men who were keeping an eye on us, that obviously means that they know we aren't the threat! Better yet, that means that they're having their own major problem to deal with!" replied Dylan as he heaved a huge sigh of relief.

"You're absolutely right, sir! It seems I was simply overthinking things!" said the butler with a smile as he watched Dylan take his cell phone out.

"Still, whoever it was that captured Jett, within Mayberry City of all places, must be an extremely skilled master... A master above all masters, even! Fynn!" said Dylan with a sudden serious expression on his face as the call finally connected.

"How may I assist, sir?"

"I'm now giving you a secret task. I want you to investigate Jett's disappearance and try locating the master who kidnapped him. If we do manage to hire or get him to help our family, then we might finally have a chance to defeat Kort! You're free to

use any means you can think of to search for him!” ordered Dylan as he slammed his free hand against the table.

“Understood! Preparations for the investigation will begin immediately!” replied Fynn as he ended the call.

Just as the butler was about to leave, Dylan called out, “Wait! Tell the eldest lady, madam, Lyra, and the rest of the family that we’re having dinner together tonight!”

“...Yes, sir!” said the butler, beaming with joy. After all, it had been a long time since he saw Dylan looking this happy.

Ever since Gerald’s disappearance about six months ago, the Crawfords hadn’t had a proper family dinner together. Even Yulia had hardly spent any time around Dylan during that period since he always locked himself up in his study room.

When dinnertime came, Jessica and Lyra were all smiles when they saw Dylan feeling so happy after so long.

“What happened, dad? What’s the occasion? Did you manage to find out where Gerald is?” asked Jessica as soon as she got the chance to.

Shaking his head dejectedly, he then replied, “...No... We still haven’t been able to locate him...”

Upon hearing that, everyone instantly turned slightly gloomy.

“...However! Even if that’s the case, today is still a good day! After all, Jett’s gone missing! A tragedy of sorts occurred at Mountain Top Villa and all but one of Jett’s subordinates there were killed!” announced Dylan.

“What? That b*stard’s missing?” said Jessica as she stood up and laughed.

“Indeed! Some master has kidnapped Jett, and regardless of whether he did it for his own reasons or to help us, it doesn’t matter since his actions still greatly benefited the Crawford family!” replied Dylan with a smile.

“But who could that master have been? Are you aware of any other secret societies or families aside from the Moldells, dad?”

“If there are any, I’m not aware of them. Regardless, under these circumstances, I feel that our family is in dire need of such a powerful master to help deal with the Moldells. If we do indeed find him, I’m willing to offer a third of our family’s assets just as an incentive for the master to aid us!”

In response, Jessica and the others nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, southwest of the Paradise Region, a bus was slowly making its way toward the Paradise Province.

Chapter 928

The bus was currently traveling up a mountainous road, and aside from the occasional driver, the road was—for the most part—completely empty. No matter which direction one looked, mountains were the only constant sight.

“You know, I heard that lots of robberies happen on this road!” said a fat young man who was clearly finding the entire journey to be quite depressing.

When he saw that others were now looking at him, he then continued, “It was in the news some time ago! A group of robbers had apparently taken over a bus on this very road, and once they were done with their looting, they killed off everyone in the bus!”

“That can’t be true! I’m pretty alert to such news... Why didn’t I see it then?” asked a middle-aged woman rather nervously.

“Well, the news disappeared not too long after it was released to the public! After all, spreading news like this out of the blue could easily propagate panic!” explained the fat man.

“Hah. Even if robbers do attack us, we’ll just beat them to death! After all, there are so many of us in here!” sneered a rather large and muscular man.

“Yes, but we aren’t wielding knives like they are...” mumbled the fat man in response.

Hearing that, everyone fell silent for a while. After all, who wouldn’t be nervous after hearing what he had to say.

A little while later, the same man took out a packet of biscuits and slowly began munching down on them.

“Pfft! Didn’t you say there were robbers along this road? How are you still in the mood to eat now? You’ll definitely be the first to be robbed since you’re so fat!” said the woman from before in a rather dissatisfied voice.

“Hey, I’m only eating to relieve stress! Here’s a trivia! Humans relax easier when our jaws are constantly moving!” replied the man.

“Is that really true?”

“I’ve no reason to lie. Here, have a pack of biscuits and try it for yourself!” said the fat man as he handed a packet to the woman.

“Oh? I’d like some too!” said another person seated on the bus as he laughed.

“My biscuits are precious to me! Don’t any of you bring along your own snacks for long trips? I’ll sell them to you for three dollars a pack if you truly want some!” replied the fat man as he instantly hugged his luggage bag tightly.

In response, everyone immediately laughed loudly. It was evident that the fat man was a biscuit seller.

However, since a few dollars didn't mean anything to them, they began handing out money to him to buy some biscuits.

As the fat man happily took the money and began distributing the biscuits around, he turned to look at the strange man who had been sitting silently in the bus this entire time. The man himself was wearing a cap and mask which covered most of his facial features, making it difficult for the fat man to even guess his age. As if he wasn't odd enough, sitting right behind him were two extremely weak and fragile-looking men.

Walking over to the trio, the fat man then asked, "None of you have said a word throughout this entire journey, sirs! Surely you must be hungry too! Why not have some biscuits so that you can relax a bit more?"

In response, the man in the black trench coat simply shook his head.

"I'm giving each of you a packet on the house! After all, the three of you look tenser than anyone else on the bus! Let's just be friends!" added the man.

Instead of replying, however, the masked man simply turned to look out the window.

'What an odd person...' Thought the fat man to himself as he turned to look at the girl sitting opposite of the odd man.

She wore black leather pants as well as a leather jacket. Quite frankly, the long-haired beauty resembled 'black spider,' a famous fictional movie character.

While she definitely looked pretty, she also bore a cold expression on her face.

"How about you, beauty? Do you want some biscuits?" asked the fat man with a smile.

At that, she only shook her head slightly.

“Come on, while the biscuits can be a little sweet, they’re great for helping you relax!” added the man.

Simply wanting him to leave her alone, she then said in an impatient tone, “Just give me a packet then!”

After handing it to her, he continued staring at her with a smile, waiting to collect the money she owed him.

Just as she was about to fish her wallet out, however, she suddenly thought of something.

Turning to look at the man again, she frowned before saying, “I didn’t bring any money out!”

“What? Not even three dollars? That’s a bit far-fetched, I must say!” replied the fat man in surprise.

Chapter 929

“I’m telling the truth!” added the girl as her frown deepened.

“Hey, chubby! Just forget it! She’s a beauty anyway! If you’re really persistent, then here! Take three dollars from me instead!” offered one of the passengers as he laughed.

“You can’t be serious! To think that such a girl exists! Wanting to eat yet not even willing to pay three dollars!” pouted the fat man.

Hearing that, the girl frowned even harder.

Instantly after, however, a brief fierceness flashed in her eyes as she said, “If you really want my money, then get off the bus with me later. If you accept the dare, forget three dollars, I’ll give you three thousand dollars if you want! What do you say?” asked the girl coldly.

“I say why wouldn’t I dare to do so! However, you said it yourself that you’ll hand me three thousand dollars! It’s not too late to take that statement back!” replied the fat man as he snorted.

“Deal!” shouted the girl before taking in a deep breath.

Throughout their conversation, the man in black had constantly been sneaking gazes at the girl. Though one of his brows was raised, he quickly withdrew his gaze before anyone could notice.

It was only when things had settled down a little later when the girl yelled out, “Stop the bus, driver!”

“Here? In the middle of nowhere? Beauty, you’ll be stranded out here alone if I drop you off here!” replied the driver with only kind intent.

“Mind your own business and just stop the vehicle already!”

Hearing her cold yet resolute response, the driver had no choice but to obey.

Once the bus stopped moving, the girl looked at the fat man before carrying her white box and getting off the vehicle.

With his bag of biscuits in hand, the fat man then followed her down before saying, “Humph! Here I am! Where’s the three thousand dollars?”

As the bus driver continued looking at the two of them, he was surprised to see the man in black—along with the two weak-looking men—getting off the bus as well.

His surprise turned to concern when he saw another five burly men carrying their luggage with them off the bus!

“What on earth are all of you doing? We’re only midway there!”

Though he was curious about what was about to take place there, he was old and experienced enough to know that he shouldn't stay to pry. As a result, he simply drove off with the remaining passengers.

Now standing in a completely deserted area, the fat man repeated, "I did my part of the deal, so stick to yours! Where's the three thousand dollars?"

The girl—who had earlier been looking around—turned to face the fat man again before replying, "What, can't you see it? The money you're looking for is right behind you!"

"Beauty, I just want my money, not those five people!"

"You heard that brother? She's waiting for us! Hahaha! We're definitely going to have a wild time with her!" said one of the burly men.

Laughing along, all five of them threw their luggage bags aside before walking up to the girl and surrounding her.

"Could it be that you suddenly felt lonely halfway through the journey, beauty? Worry not, we're here to accompany you!" added another of the five men.

Dumbfounded by the sudden turn of events, the fat man then said, "...B-brothers? Could you guys be robbers?"

"Hah! Just mind your own business if you want to live!" replied another of the burly men as he shoved the fat man aside.

The man in black, on the other hand, simply stood some distance away together with the two frail men, watching as the show slowly unfolded.

"Oh my, accompany you say? How so?" replied the girl with a charming smile.

"Haha! We'll accompany you however you want us to!"

Upon saying that, the men were about to throw themselves onto her when she suddenly asked, "Does your leader go by the name of Hansel?"

"...Huh? You... How do you know his name?" asked the men as they exchanged glances with each other in astonishment.

"Well of course I'd know his name! After all, he's going to die by my hands soon! Just like you five nauseating pieces of trash!" sneered the girl.

"What-"

Before they could even say anything else, the beauty swiftly pulled a short blade out of nowhere and began slashing at them!

It only took a second or two for all five of the men to fall to the ground, clutching onto their badly gashed necks as they eventually stopped moving.

"H-huh?!" shouted the fat man as he instantly began shuddering in fear.

Even the man in black couldn't help but feel his right eye twitch slightly at the sight before him.

Chapter 930

However, he retracted his gaze soon after.

The beauty, on the other hand, simply glanced at the fat man before saying, "If you want to live, then carry my luggage and follow me. Do that properly and I'll hand you a hundred thousand dollars once we're done!"

As she watched the fat man nod silently in fear, the corner of her eye caught a glimpse of the three other men who had gotten off the bus earlier.

Watching them walk off in the opposite direction, she couldn't help but furrow her brows slightly.

'That man in the black trench coat truly is a mystery...' She thought to herself.

Regardless, he wasn't getting in her way so he didn't really matter to her. She had her own things to focus on in the meantime.

She then squatted down and began removing all the communication devices off the five corpses. Once she was done, she gestured for the fat man to follow and the two then walked off silently.

"Elder... Master... Whichever you prefer... Where are you taking me to...? If it's money you want, then my family can give you as much money as you need! Even if it's something else, I believe that the Moldell family can definitely provide it to you! So please free me! I'm beyond hungry and thirsty right now!"

If it wasn't evident enough, the one who had spoken was none other than Jett.

Alongside his subordinate, neither of them had dared to say a word throughout their journey on the bus. After all, they knew better than to make a scene when their captor could easily end their lives with a single hand. Now that they were literally in the middle of nowhere, however, Jett knew he could finally speak again.

"Where we're going is just right ahead!" replied the man in black.

"Here?" asked Jett in surprise as he looked around the deep valley.

"Indeed. Regardless, I'm sure the rest of the Moldells must be frantically looking for you right now. From what I can guess, Weston must've turned upside down the moment they found out that you were missing. They'll certainly be overwhelmed when they eventually manage to track your location all the way out here," said the man in black.

"I'm glad you understand that, Elder! With your level of intelligence, I'm sure you know how much my father loves me! By this point, he's probably going to mobilize all the top masters in the family, to search for me! This really doesn't have to end with you offending the Moldell family, Elder! Let's discuss things amicably! Who knows, we could even end up becoming allies!"

"Humph. As you said, your father won't stop until he finds you!"

"That's right! So please, Elder! Please just-"

Before Jett could even finish his sentence, Gerald made a swift grab for his silent subordinate's throat. The subordinate wasn't even able to react before Gerald moved his fingers slightly and a snapping sound could be heard.

Blood immediately spurted out of the man's mouth as he fell to the ground, dead.

"...H-huh? Elder? You?!" stuttered Jett, utterly shocked by the sudden turn of events.

"I must say, your subordinate's pretty clever. After all, he's been taking notes and leaving clues behind throughout the entire journey!" sneered the man in black.

"Let me ask you this, third young master, Jett. Do you still not know who I truly am?"

"N-no... Who exactly are you, elder...?"

Hearing that, Gerald then removed his cap and voice changer that had been attached to his neck this entire time.

Saving the best for last, Gerald finally took his mask off, revealing his handsome face.

"I-it was you...? Gerald?!" shouted Jett in both shock and utter horror when he finally saw the face of his kidnapper.

To aid the Moldells in hunting down Gerald, Jett had previously read all the information regarding the ex-rich heir. Though he had assumed that he already knew everything that there was to know about Gerald, he now knew how wrong he was.

"Bingo. To think that you and your father had been looking for me so desperately this entire time... Bet you never expected falling right into my hands, did you?" asked Gerald as he smirked.

Terrified beyond words when he saw Gerald's smile, Jett then said, "Gerald! No, M-Mr. Crawford! I never expected you to be part of our bloodline as well! Please excuse my lack of manners! Everything that's happened has just been one massive misunderstanding!"

There was no way that Gerald wasn't a Moldell. After all, his skills and abilities were simply too powerful!

"A misunderstanding you say? You've been suppressing the Crawford family unrelentingly for a good six months now. Many, if not all, of my former acquaintances have already suffered in your hands. As if that wasn't enough, I've also been homeless and miserable throughout this entire hunt of yours. You dare say to my face that all of that was simply a 'misunderstanding'?" growled Gerald before sneering.

"R-regardless! Why didn't you kill me on the spot then? Why did you kidnap me instead? What are you planning to do?" asked Jett with a gulp as he took two steps backward.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I was simply looking for the perfect time and place to kill you," replied Gerald.

"...I get it now. You've been actively trying to divert my father's attention so that you can give the Crawfords a chance to finally relax! However, do you honestly think that you'll be able to escape for long after kidnapping me? You may be strong

and powerful now, but don't forget that you'll be dealing with the entire Moldell family once they catch you, including my father!" growled Jett viciously.

He then added, "My father's going to catch up to us extremely quickly, I can feel it! Think about it, Gerald! If you kill me now, then you won't have a bargaining chip left once he finds you!"

At that, Gerald simply nodded before saying, "I'm aware. Which is why I took a particularly long time thinking about how I should dispose of you. After all, if I simply set you on fire, there'd still be traces left behind. Upon careful consideration, I finally came up with this brilliant idea!"

"See, there's a deep valley upfront called the Wild Miasma Valley. It's infamously known as the Poisonous Mosquito Valley as well. Approximately hundreds of millions of highly poisonous mosquitoes live down there, you know? Once I toss you down there, it'll take at most half an hour for all of your skin to be completely devoured! I'm sure your father won't be finding you anytime soon once that happens!"

"You... You b*stard! You vicious b*stard! My father will definitely chop you up into a million pieces once he gets his hands on you!" yelled Jett in both rage and terror with an utterly hideous expression on his face.

Chapter 931

It was an hour later when Gerald finally walked out of the valley.

Gerald himself made it out alive since the trench coat he was wearing was specifically designed to protect him from the mosquitoes there.

As he quickly donned on some ordinary clothes, he recalled Jett's final miserable moments as he died slowly just minutes ago.

Exacting his revenge had finally allowed Gerald to feel a sense of satisfaction after so long. After all, even if Kort's men were able to track down his son all the way to the mountainous area, Gerald was certain that the Wild Miasma Valley would be the last place they would ever think to search for.

If it all went according to how he envisioned it, Kort would definitely continue searching for Jett for quite a while. During that period, Gerald's family would finally get a chance to temporarily get some rest.

However, since Gerald wouldn't be able to return to Weston for a while, he knew that he needed to quickly find someplace else to retreat to, at least for the time being.

Slipping on his backpack once he was done changing, he looked exactly like a fresh graduate. He bore a simple and unadorned look, just like he used to back then.

Just as he was about to decide which direction to head toward, he suddenly heard the loud revving of motors coming from uphill.

Squinting his eyes, Gerald soon saw an off-road vehicle chasing after two clearly worn-out people who were now running toward him. He instantly recognized both of them.

They were none other than the fat biscuit seller and the beauty wearing the black leather pants from before!

"So it's them..." said Gerald to himself as he quickly put on his cap and lowered its brim slightly.

"H-help! Those people are trying to kill us!" shouted the fat man.

Upon closer inspection, Gerald noticed that the girl had suffered a serious injury and that her leg was bleeding rather profusely. He also noticed that the white box she had earlier been carrying around was now black.

"B-brother, please! Save us! Those people have guns!" cried out the fat man again in his desperation.

Seeing how pale the beauty was and how close the off-road vehicle was already getting, Gerald considered for a moment.

Though the girl had killed off five people earlier, they were all robbers. What more, he honestly couldn't see her being a treacherous person.

Looking at the ones chasing after them next, he saw that the men in the vehicle were all bald. They also seemed to have either dragon or phoenix tattoos all over them.

Finalizing his decision once he saw one of the men stretching his hand out of the car's window, Gerald yelled, "Follow me into the valley!"

Seconds after he led both of them into the valley, gunshots could be heard. Tiny stones and pebbles flew all over the place as well, as the off-road vehicle drove over the rocky road.

Eventually, the car came to a screeching halt.

As five bald men exited the vehicle with guns in hand, their leader grumbled, "D*mn it! They run pretty fast! Not to worry, though! I managed to shoot the girl in the leg so they won't be able to get far! Make sure your guns are loaded, brothers! We're chasing after them!"

"Boss, don't! That valley is called Poisonous Mosquito Valley for a reason! If we get attacked by the mosquitoes in there, then we'll definitely be wiped out in an instant! Even our skin will be completely vaporized... We definitely shouldn't go in there!" warned one of the bald men.

"Well we can't just leave without that box of money..." replied the leader rather hesitantly.

"...Humph. Well, if the valley is as dangerous as you say it is, I'm sure they'll come running out soon! In the meantime, call more of our men over to surround all the valley's entrances. Be sure to remind them to each have loaded guns with them!" added the leader.

"Right away, boss!"

“F*cking hell! Why are there so many mosquitoes here? What is this place, brother?” asked the fat man nervously as he carried the barely conscious girl deeper into the valley.

“Well of course there would be a lot of mosquitoes. This is the Poisonous Mosquito Valley, after all!”

“The... The Poisonous Mosquito Valley? You couldn’t be talking about the one in the Death Forbidden Land, right?” asked the fat man—who was surprisingly knowledgeable—in surprise.

“Bingo!”

Chapter 932

Gerald nodded as he said that.

“...Oh god. It’s best that we didn’t go in any further, brother! From what I’ve heard, the mosquitoes don’t even leave any traces of their victim’s skin left! We might as well just get shot by bullets than have to endure through poisonous mosquito attacks!” said the fat man, terrified.

“You should’ve thought about that while you were running toward me earlier. Doesn’t the fact that you did that already implicate that you didn’t mind me dying together with you in the first place?” replied Gerald as he smiled wryly.

The fat man, however, barely even registered any guilt since he was much too terrified of where he was currently at.

Gerald himself was calculating the chance of him surviving if he tried to go against those men. In the end, he was certain that the men would simply release fire from a distance the moment they saw him. Hiding could still be possible at that point, but he’d still end up getting hurt! There just wasn’t any silver linings in confronting the men now.

With that conclusion in mind, Gerald couldn’t help but laugh slightly bitterly before saying, “Come on, follow me. There’s a cave within this valley which we can hide in

for the moment! Since she's already lost too much blood at this point, the girl desperately needs some rest or her life will be in danger soon!"

"S-seriously?" asked the fat man in surprise.

Shaking his head, Gerald continued taking the lead until eventually, all three of them arrived at the cave Gerald had mentioned.

There seemed to be considerably less mosquitoes around this area as well.

"What a miracle! To think there was a spot within this death zone that those mosquitoes wouldn't gather around!" said the fat man as he gently placed the now unconscious girl on the ground.

"See those green plants out there? The mosquitoes are naturally repelled by their scent! With there being so many of that plant right outside the cave, the mosquitoes definitely won't be attacking us any time soon as long as we stay in here!"

With Gerald's immense knowledge of medicinal plants, it was no wonder why he knew the plants' properties.

As Gerald began checking on the unconscious girl's injuries, he soon heard her ask, "...Who... exactly are you, brother...? How do you know so much...?"

When he turned to look at her face, she was frowning as she asked the question.

"My identity isn't important. Regardless, if these wounds don't get treated soon, you'll be dead within a few hours! What happened to both of you anyway? Why were those men hunting you down?"

Recalling what she had said to the five burly men before murdering them, Gerald remembered her saying that she wanted to assassinate someone. From her current condition, it was clear as day that her mission had failed.

“That’s right! If I’d had known that you were going to do such a thing, then I wouldn’t have followed you, even if you threatened to beat me to death! You’re really got me in deep trouble this time!” said the young man in a bitter tone.

“Haha! Well, since we won’t be living for much longer anyway, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to tell you guys this! See, my plan was to assassinate a boss at the border of the Salford Province! After all, that b*stard cheated and killed my friends! Since I was able to escape, I’ve been planning my revenge since then!” explained the girl.

“I see. If I may, it seems that you have the background of a martial artist. Did you receive any special training for fighting and assassination as a child?” asked Gerald as he tore some gauze to bandage up her wound.

Upon hearing his question, she instantly began seeing Gerald in a new light.

As she continued staring at him, the fat man broke the silence by anxiously asking, “Hey, hey! Your grievances with those men isn’t what’s important now! You said that we weren’t going to be living for much longer right? What exactly did you mean by that?”

“Haha! Well, knowing Hansel’s way of doing things, it wouldn’t surprise me if his men have already surrounded all the exits to this valley by now. Even if we don’t die to the mosquitoes here, the only other option is to starve to death! Still, I guess I needn’t be lonely in death since the two of you will be joining me!” replied the girl.

“W-what...? You... You’re evil! Pure evil! So we only exist here to cushion your blow?!” said the fat man as his eyes widened in shock and fear.

“To think that you still have the energy to scare him even with that serious injury. Hahaha... Well, since we truly are going to die here together, then we may as well die as romantic ghosts! After all, I’m sure fatty here has never enjoyed the company of a woman before!” said Gerald as he laughed while shaking his head.

“You... Don’t you even dare!” growled the girl as she glared at Gerald.

Ignoring her threat, Gerald then turned to look at the fat man before saying, "Say, fatty. Head a little deeper inside and you'll find a small undercurrent creek. Get some water for me there. I'm going to disinfect her wound!"

"R-right!" said the fat man as he nodded slightly before fumbling off with a water bottle in hand.

"Alright, while your arm's only slightly injured, the wound on your thigh is much more serious. That's going to get infected extremely easily so I'll need to suck the contaminated blood out before that happens!" said Gerald as soon as the fat man left.

"How are you going to suck it out?" asked the girl.

"How else? With my mouth of course! So... Please spare me the embarrassment and take your pants off if you want me to help you..." said Gerald as he couldn't help but blush slightly.

In response, she immediately gave him a slap across his face!

"Y-you asshole! Don't even think about it!" growled the girl as he face turned as red as a tomato.

Chapter 933

Due to the environment she had grown up in, the girl had always been particularly sensitive whenever it came to having contact with men. Sensitive wasn't even the right word in this case. Rather, it was more akin to disgust.

As long as she had to deal with matters involving relationships between men and women, she simply couldn't help but feel utterly sickened. It could sometimes even get so terrible that she felt disgusted simply being in the presence of men.

It was why she barely felt guilty when she said that they should just die together earlier.

Gerald himself had never expected for such a cold and indifferent girl to put up such strong resistance.

“Look, I’m just trying to save your life here. If we don’t treat your wounds now, it’ll definitely come to bite you back when we make our escape later. Do you really need me of all people to tell you what’s going to happen should you fall into their hands?” persuaded Gerald.

“...You...”

Hearing that, the girl was momentarily stunned.

It was obvious that she was having an internal struggle at that moment with how tightly she was clenching her fists.

“...Fine! But close your eyes throughout the process or I won’t hesitate to slice your neck!” said the woman with a frigid tone.

“Lady, you’re making it sound as though I’m that desperate to look at you!”

“Well then turn around already! Close your d*mned eyes as well!” ordered the girl as Gerald obeyed while shaking his head.

Moments later, he heard the familiar rustling of a person undressing behind him.

Though the girl was a little cold, Gerald had to admit that she really was a true beauty. While any other ordinary man would surely be tempted to give a peek, Gerald easily refrained from that temptation. After all, he truly didn’t have any other intentions aside from treating her wound.

“...I’m done!” said the girl as Gerald slowly approached her with a sigh.

“Again, I warn you not to touch anywhere else... I can end your life with a single move, you got that?!”

It was about five minutes later when a familiar voice called out, "Brother! I brought the water over like you asked! ...Actually, hold on. What's going on here? Why's your face so red, beauty?" asked the fat man.

Upon closer inspection, he realized how disheveled she looked as well. It took him a second, but his astonishment was soon evident as he asked, "You... Both of you didn't do anything weird while I was gone, right?"

"If you say another god d*mned word then don't blame me for slicing your tongue off!" growled the girl as she pulled her short blade out.

In response, the fat man was so terrified that he immediately cupped his hands over his mouth.

Night passed quickly and the next thing the girl and the fat man knew, they were being patted awake on their cheek as Gerald said, "Hey, rise and shine! It's high time we made our leave!"

"But brother... It's still dark outside... Plus those men probably set up tents last night in wait for us... What makes you think they're already gone...?" asked the fat man as he rubbed his eyes.

"I went scouting earlier and from what I found, all the entrances were left unguarded. Either they've left or the poisonous mosquitoes got to them first! Regardless, let's just take this opportunity to hurry up and leave!" said Gerald.

"What? Not a single one of them is there?" asked the fat man in surprise.

The girl was equally as surprised when she heard that.

"I'm certain and I'm serious about leaving immediately. Any later and escape may prove impossible!" replied Gerald as he slipped his backpack on.

Exchanging glances with each other, the fat man and the girl could only start readying themselves. After all, both of them were fully aware that in the end, Gerald was still the most reliable person among them.

True to Gerald's word, once they got to the valley's entrance, the girl was surprised to see that all the tents had been completely deserted. Hansel's men seemed to have simply evaporated into the night!

'This hardly makes any sense! Even if they were attacked by the mosquitoes, I should've definitely been able to hear them screaming at the very least!' Thought the girl to herself.

As she turned to look at Gerald, she was surprised to see that he had already gotten atop one of the off-road vehicles.

"It seems we'll be parting ways here then! After all, I still have other things to do! Both of you can just use the other vehicles here to make your escape!"

Chapter 934

"You...where are you headed?" asked the girl rather hesitantly as she looked at Gerald.

"Your guess is as good as mine! Once I make my stop at the Salford Province, I'll probably continue traveling till I reach the end of the world!" replied Gerald with a smile as he revved up the engine of the off-road vehicle he was on.

It was evident that he was the one who had taken out all of Hansel's men during the night. It was also exactly because of that that he couldn't afford to stay here for a moment longer.

"Before you leave, tell me your name! Mine is Rainey Levington!" called out Rainey as her beautiful face blushed.

This was honestly the first time in her life that she had ever been this intimate with a guy. To her, Gerald was completely different from all the other men she had previously met. After all, Gerald had told her that he wouldn't have any dirty thoughts of her, and Rainey could see it in his eyes that he hadn't lied.

“Ah. Uh... Just call me Sanderson!” replied Gerald.

Upon hearing that, Rainey didn't even have a chance to even reply before Gerald stepped on the accelerator and drove off while waving a hand.

“...Sanderson? Who the hell would even have such a name?” grumbled Rainey angrily.

She had honestly wanted to continue questioning him, but by now, Gerald was only a tiny speck in a distance.

Gerald himself began making his way through the Salford Province. Following Quest's previous directions, he was now headed for an area near the province's border.

The area in question wasn't part of any country, and there was no single person in charge of it either. Aside from a few large families sharing authority over the area, one could say that the place was as free as the heavens.

Due to that, the area was commonly known as the Heavenly City in the Triangle District.

However, due to the lack of an authoritative figure, lawlessness ran rampant within the Heavenly City's many cities, villages, and towns.

It was simply an area infamously known for housing several major underground forces.

The Westleys themselves were seen as nothing more than wealthy businessmen around these parts. Speaking of the Westleys, Gerald's current plan was to head for their mansion.

Aside from potentially locating the Ginseng King, Gerald had another important reason for coming here.

With him currently unable to return to Weston for the time being, he figured that with all the crooks mixed together with honest folk here, even the Moldells would have a difficult time searching for him here. In other words, this place was Gerald's best bet to remain undetected, and safe, at least for a little while.

Gerald didn't plan to stay for long, however. After all, he had already made up his mind that he wouldn't establish an open relationship with the Westleys. Their family was, after all, the only bargaining chip he had left, and it wasn't even a long-term bargaining chip.

After driving for some time, the car finally ran out of gas. As a result, Gerald simply abandoned it, walking through the mountains instead.

It wasn't really that hard for him since if he was thirsty, he could always just drink spring water. Even hunger wasn't an issue since catching and roasting a wild pheasant or hare barely posed any trouble for him.

Eventually, however, a heavy downpour began. Not wanting to be completely drenched for the rest of his journey, he found a nearby cave and used it as a temporary shelter.

It was evening when the rain finally stopped and Gerald stood before the stream right outside the cave to wash his face.

However, it wasn't long before he heard violent fighting not too far away.

Gerald simply shook his head with a wry smile. It was evident that it was a fight between two forces.

"This truly is the triangle district... I need to be more careful wherever I go now!"

Just as Gerald said that to himself, Gerald could hear the rustling of several footsteps... However, they seemed to be frantically headed toward his direction!

Squinting his eyes, Gerald counted a total of five men, all of them fully dressed in camouflage clothing. They appeared to be desperately trying to escape from something.

“Boss!” shouted one of the men as he watched one of his more injured comrades fall to the ground. The one who had fallen had an extremely pale complexion as the other four men quickly surrounded him.

“I... I can't go on anymore! Just leave me behind and run! Hurry, before they arrive!”

“No! We aren't leaving you behind, boss! We're all brothers, remember! If we die, we die together! Worst come to worst, we'll just fight our way through together until we perish!” said another of the five men.

“You b*stard! What are all of you even saying! Promise me right now that you'll all continue to live well! I'll stay behind to buy you some time, so please, please just hurry up and leave already!” replied their leader as he slapped one of the men who was already crying beside him.

“Beat us to death then, boss! Until you manage to do that, we won't ever leave!”

“Seconded! We aren't leaving no matter what!” shouted another man as all of them wiped the tears off their faces, their decisions resolute.

Chapter 935

“...Hold on, there's a cave over there! Why don't we try hiding there, boss? As we've said, we're not leaving you here to die alone!” said another man as the others nodded in unison.

Knowing full well that the others weren't going to listen to him, he simply allowed them to carry his wounded body over to the cave.

“...Huh? Is it just me, or does it seem like someone lives here...?” said one of the men in surprise when he saw the remains of a campfire.

“It’s not just you... Regardless, let’s not worry about that first. We should focus on bandaging boss’s wounds first.”

“Honestly, it’d be better for him to bleed a little more under these circumstances. He’ll die even faster if you bandage his wounds now,” said a voice out of the blue.

Shocked to hear that comment, everyone immediately raised their guns as they aimed at the young man who had just spoken.

Still standing at the cave’s entrance, Gerald simply stared directly at the black muzzles of the guns before casually sitting down by the side of the cave. In his hand, was a hare that he had apparently just roasted.

While the boss of the group glared coldly at the young man who had just appeared, he couldn’t help but feel that he was an extraordinary person.

After all, though the boss was seriously injured, he was well aware that he was much more vigilant compared to regular people. Even so, he hadn’t been able to notice the young man’s presence until he said something! What more, the young man hadn’t even batted an eyelid when his men pointed their guns at him! Hell, a commoner wouldn’t be roasting hares this far up the mountains!

All these qualities were far from what a normal person would possess!

“Lower your guns!” said the leader with a wave of his hand.

Once his men obeyed, he smiled while looking at Gerald before saying, “Correct me if I’m wrong, but this appears to be your home, young man! Our apologies for simply bursting in on short notice!”

“What, do people live in caves where you come from? I was only taking shelter from the rain here. Since this place isn’t mine to begin with, feel free to stay for as long as you want,” replied Gerald with a sneer.

“Hah! As if we need his permission, Boss! It’s obvious from the way he dresses that he’s just a regular backpacker! Also, try not to talk too much, young man. Otherwise, don’t blame us for not giving you any face!” replied one of the men angrily before immediately starting to bandage his boss’s wounds.

Seeing that the man was using a short blade to cut off a piece of gauze, Gerald immediately came to the conclusion that these men were probably from the same group as Rainey.

After all, her short blade and the man’s looked incredibly similar.

Recalling what she had said, Rainey had told Gerald that her friends had been cheated by Hansel, resulting in their death. That was her motive to take revenge on Hansel in the first place.

Seeing the miserable state the five men were in, Gerald had a feeling that Rainey could’ve been wrong about them dying.

What the men said next, however, confirmed that his theory was true.

“That d*mned Hansel... If we make it out alive of this, I’m definitely going after his head! To think that he actually hired others to get rid of us! We won’t be taken out that easily!”

“Indeed! Still, I hope Sixth sister is doing alright now... I fear that she’ll end up getting caught in one of Hansel’s tricks!” added their boss with a cough.

Gerald himself thought about how Rainey had truly almost lost her life because of Hansel.

“Regardless, what’s our next step, boss? Hansel’s been extremely wary with us, making sure that we wouldn’t even have a place to seek refuge! I can’t even think of a place where we can head to at the moment!”

“We’ll take things slow. Worst comes to worst, we’ll just be vagabonds for a while! However, I still say that all of you should just leave me here. There’s no point in losing your lives because of an injured man!” persuaded the boss.

However, no matter how much he persuaded, none of his comrades wavered with their final decisions.

At that moment, several footsteps could be heard running toward the cave. From what Gerald could tell, there were at least a dozen men heading toward them.

“I beg of you! Leave while you can!”

“Negative, boss! We’re fighting till the very end!” growled the men as they gritted their teeth, fully prepared to engage in battle with the other party.

Shortly after, their hunters—who were also donning camouflage clothing—finally appeared at the mouth of the cave. As they pointed their guns at the group of people inside, the person—who seemed to be their leader—took a step forward before saying, “Hah! You guys can really run! To think that you even made us chase you all the way up the mountain for so long! You truly are amazing, Whistler Sankey!”

“Just cut the crap and kill us already if you want to, Leopold!” shouted Whistler in return.

“Bold! How truly bold of you!” sneered Leopold.

“Don Leopold! There seems to be another man in here!” reported one of Leopold’s men.

Chapter 936

“Hmm? A backpacker? Brat, if you know what’s good for you, leave this instance. If you don’t, I’ll only be wasting a bullet on you!” said Leopold as he pointed a gun directly at the side of Gerald’s head.

In response, however, Gerald simply turned to look directly into Leopold’s eyes.

“The hell are you looking at, brat?” growled Leopold angrily.

“You know, though I’ve been wandering around for quite a while now, I must say that nobody’s actually dared to point a gun directly at my forehead before!” replied Gerald with a laugh.

“A death wish? Be my guest!” roared Leopold as his finger moved to pull the trigger.

However, the next thing he knew, a clang of metal echoed throughout the cave.

It took Leopold a second to realize that the gun was no longer in his hand, and it was at that moment when he knew he had f*cked up.

As cold sweat began trickling down Leopold’s forehead, everyone—including Whistler and his men—was so stunned that they didn’t even dare to breathe.

After all, everyone had seen it happen. In that split second before the trigger was pulled, Gerald had flicked a branch so precisely that it jammed the tip of Leopold’s gun!

As if that feat wasn’t amazing enough, the laws of physics didn’t seem to apply to Gerald at all since not only did the branch pierce through the gun, it actually embedded itself at least an inch into the cave’s solid walls!

Leopold felt a faint trickle of blood flow down his cheek as he stared wide-eyed at his gun which was now hanging loosely like an onion ring on a kebab stick.

By god! What kind of strength and speed even was that?!

If Gerald had only aimed the branch at his throat or chest, he would’ve been dead just like that!

“I-incredible!” stuttered Leopold as he gulped down hard.

“Since I’ll be staying the night here, please choose how you want this to go. You can either go outside and fight me now, or leave us alone. What’s it going to be?” asked Gerald as he bit into his roasted hare.

Narrowing his eyes in utter fear, Leopold immediately shouted, “We’ll withdraw!”

“Don Leopold?!”

“Withdraw I said!” roared Leopold as he waved his hand, signaling for his men to evacuate immediately.

“There’s over a dozen of us here, Don Leopold! Why are we withdrawing?” asked one of his subordinates immediately after stepping out of the cave.

“Hahaha! I’m assuming you haven’t heard of the case that befell Hansel’s men! Color me surprised since the news has been circulating heavily around the Heavenly City! Regardless, dozens of his men were killed in a single night when all they were chasing after were three people!” replied Leopold.

“What? Dozens? And none of them made it out alive?”

“You heard me! And that isn’t even the most terrifying thing about the incident! Upon investigating, it was found that all of them were killed with the same weapon before they could even pull the triggers to their guns! And guess what, the weapon in question was a tree branch! Do you see where I’m going with this? If dozens of armed men couldn’t deal with a single assailant wielding a tree branch, what makes you think our group will make it out alive if we don’t retreat?” explained Leopold, his forehead still dripping with cold sweat.

Now understanding where Leopold was coming from, his subordinates immediately began hastening their paces away from the area.

After all, Hansel was an extremely powerful big shot so his men were definitely no small fries. However, to think that all of them were killed by a single person, and with only a single tree branch!

Judging from the strength, skill, and weapon of choice of the young man from earlier, all of them could only wonder if he was the one who was responsible for killing off all of Hansel's men.

Back inside the cave, Whistler stood up after some difficulty before saying, "I really didn't know that such a powerful and talented person could even exist on this planet! I go by Whistler Sankey! Thank you for saving our lives, sir!" said Whistler, his voice filled with respect and gratitude.

Seeing that, his other men began doing the same as well.

"You're all being way too polite. It was just a coincidence that I happened to save your lives. After all, what happened earlier was merely self-defense," replied Gerald as he shook his head.

"I see... Speaking of which, sir. You mentioned earlier that my wound shouldn't be bandaged now. Why was that?" asked Whistler.

Hearing that, Gerald looked at the wounded man.

He had honestly only saved them since he had seen how much those men valued their friendship. If they were merely working as hired individuals who thought little about their brothers and only prioritized taking down the enemy forces, Gerald wouldn't even have bothered interfering with Leopold's attack in the first place.

Shaking his head, Gerald then said, "...Lie down on your side. I'll get that bullet out from you first before we continue talking..."

Chapter 937

"Amazing! Not only are you incredibly skillful and strong, but you're also proficient with medicine! My admiration for you now knows no bounds!" said Whistler respectfully

In response, Gerald only shook his head in silence.

After exchanging glances with his men for a while, Whistler then added, "I do wonder if there's anything my men and I could do for you in future, sir? Since you saved our lives, we're more than willing to follow you around and do whatever we can for you!"

He didn't just say that to please Gerald either. Their gratitude was genuine. After all, anyone would feel the same way after being saved from such a tight situation. The fact that Gerald was aware of how much Whistler and his men valued their brotherhood only served to make their proposal all the more meaningful.

In addition, it's not like they had anywhere else to go now. They all knew that by following this powerful young man, a bright future wasn't completely out of the question anymore.

"Follow me around? Sorry to disappoint, but I'll be looking for a place to stay in, in the Triangle District myself. After all, I don't exactly have a place to return to anymore!" replied Gerald with a bitter smile.

"You don't have anywhere to go to as well, sir? Well that's perfect then! All of us here are relatively familiar with the Triangle District, so we could help you navigate around the area, sir! Do consider taking us in!" said Whistler.

Hearing that, Gerald thought to himself for a moment.

He was well aware that what he currently lacked most was manpower. If he was to go against Kort, he would eventually need to find help anyway since there was no way he was going to be able to take that b*stard down alone.

From what he had earlier seen, Whistler and his men also had excellent foundations as well as a strong sense of loyalty. If he trained these men like how Finnley had trained him before, then they would no doubt be able to at least be at Quentin and Trey's level in the future.

“You’re looking too highly of me if you’re asking me to take you in. After all, I’m a vagabond as well. However, since you suggested it, I accept. Thanks for having me,” replied Gerald with a smile.

“This is simply too perfect then, sir!” shouted Whistler and his men, overjoyed.

As they laughed merrily, roars of thunder slowly grew louder and more frequent as dark clouds filled the sky again. Soon after, the heavy downpour resumed.

It was honestly a rare opportunity for the men to enjoy such peace of mind as they stared out at the rain from inside the cave.

Eventually, Whistler said, “If we’re going to be working together from now on, we simply can’t continue living like this, sir! If we want to survive in the Triangle District, then we’ll have to build our own industry and power!”

Gerald simply nodded in agreement. After all, it would definitely not be a cakewalk to survive in the Triangle District when a cave was currently their only source of shelter!

“Since you suggested it, do you have any good ideas of where to start?” asked Gerald as he turned to look at Whistler.

“Well, we’ll definitely be avoiding Heavenly City, at least for now. While it’s the largest city in the Triangle District with a booming economy and their own ways of conducting themselves in society, there are simply too many forces going against each other there. Trying to establish a footing there with our current situation would definitely be extremely complicated and chaotic!”

“However, a small town that goes by the name of Talgo town lies about ten kilometers away from that city. While not as prosperous as Heavenly City, the economy there isn’t too bad for a small town. I suggest building our name there, sir! While I currently only have a little money left, I believe that it’s still enough to start a small business there!” explained Whistler.

Gerald simply waved a hand before saying, "There's no need to start small. I currently have enough with me to buy a few large industries. Speaking of which, what's the main industry in Talgo town?"

"If I remember correctly, they're most well-known for their medicinal herb and material-processing factory! However, the factory itself is rather large, so it'll definitely cost quite a bit to buy it!" replied Whistler.

"A medicinal factory you say?" said Gerald, his interest clearly piqued.

'While I'm still in search of the Ginseng King, I'll still need other medicinal herbs and materials to train myself... By buying the medicinal factory, things will be much more convenient for me!' Gerald thought to himself.

"Alright, as soon as the rain stops, let's rush over so that I can borrow the money we need to buy the factory!" announced Gerald.

It was two days later in a small hotel located in Talgo town when Whistler pushed a room's door open and said, "It's done, sir!"

Following him, were two men by the name of Stanley and Wyham.

Chapter 938

"So quickly?" asked Gerald.

Coughing before clearing his throat, Whistler then said, "Well, the owner of the factory has constantly been harassed by the local forces here for quite some time... He just couldn't endure it anymore. He was actually quite willing to sell the factory for a low price! As a result, we still have a little money with us now. Speaking of which, since he's no longer the company's owner, should we change the company's name?" asked Whistler.

"Hmm... Let's go with Royal Dragon!" said Gerald rather casually.

"Oh? Royal Dragon Inc? Or perhaps, Royal Dragon Group? Regardless, that sounds like an excellent name! It certainly sounds domineering, that's for sure. I'll proceed

with the rest of the paperwork immediately! Also, before I leave, my brothers and I have pooled in our money to buy the manor which the previous factory owner used to live in! You can live there in future!” added Whistler with a smile.

“Just to make sure, you didn’t coerce him into doing so, right?” asked Gerald, fully aware of how much money Whistler and his group currently had on them. To him, that amount was definitely not enough to purchase an entire manor.

“Of course we didn’t! The boss voluntarily agreed to everything!”

Hearing that, Gerald nodded. Before they had gone off to buy the factory earlier, Gerald had made it clear that under no circumstances should any of them threaten or coerce the factory’s owner if he refused to sell it. Whistler had kept that rule in mind, which was why he hadn’t lost his temper at all during his discussion with the company’s ex-owner earlier.

“Alright, I trust you. Also, what do you mean only I can live there? All of you should move in as well! We’re companions now, are we not? Now lead me to the manor! I’d like to have a good look at it!”

“R-right away!” stuttered Whistler and the others, overjoyed by Gerald’s kind words.

Upon exiting the hotel, Gerald was greeted by two big Mercedes Benz. He honestly had no idea how Whistler even got his hands on those cars.

However, after getting to know the man a bit more in the past two days, Gerald realized that not only was Whistler capable, in a sense, he was very much like Zack, both careful and meticulous with everything that he did.

As Gerald looked out the car’s window on their way there, he frowned slightly when he saw a few gang members smashing and destroying several shops.

Sadly, this wasn’t an uncommon scene here. As Gerald looked at all the other gangsters who were walking up and down the streets with their dragon tattoos on full display, he recalled how Whistler had told him that Talgo Town was a pretty small town.

When he first arrived two days prior, however, he found that Talgo town was anything but small. In fact, the prosperous town was probably about the size of two Serene Counties!

From what he had seen, the town had several bars, restaurants, and many other facilities. However, just like all the other places within the Triangle District, this place was definitely chaotic.

It wasn't long before they finally arrived at the manor. Upon stepping inside, however, Gerald was immediately greeted by the sound of crying. It seemed to come from the living quarters.

As Whistler pushed the door leading there open, they saw a middle-aged man reprimanding around twenty maids.

"All of you have to be on your best behavior, got that? If all of you aren't smiling by the time the new master arrives and he ends up being unhappy, I'll personally skin each and every one of you alive!"

Fuming, he then turned around before realizing that Gerald and his men were already there!

"O-oh! Mr. Sankey! I didn't notice that you had already arrived! Could this gentleman over here be the new master of the manor? With such a great temperament, I'm certain he's the one! Ah, where are my manners? I go by the name of Sherman Levine, and I'll be working as your butler from today onward! It's an honor to meet you, new master of the manor!" said Sherman with a rather wicked glint in his eyes as he bowed respectfully before Gerald.

"G-greetings, master!" said all the beautiful maids in unison, some of them already trembling as they looked at Gerald.

"Speaking of which, these here are the maids who used to work for the factory's previous owner! Since they seemed to be pretty good at their job, I decided to keep them!" said Whistler.

“They are indeed! You can rest assured, master, for I was the one who personally trained all of them! They’ll follow your every order to a T!” added Sherman with a laugh.

“These girls... Were they abducted?” asked Gerald as he slowly walked toward one of the maids.

Pulling her sleeve up, several bruises and whip marks were instantly noticeable.

“Hahaha! Well, I wouldn’t use the term, ‘abduct’... I simply bought them off the market! A single one of these maids actually costs less than a packet of my cigarettes! Can you believe that? Also, if you were wondering, all these beauties are unopened packages! I’ve already driven away anyone who’s already been used! I hope you’re satisfied with them, master!”

On the contrary, Gerald now had a huge frown on his face as his disgust for Sherman peaked.

Turning to look at the butler, Gerald said in a frigid tone, “I don’t need any of them. Ask them for their home addresses and return them safely, right this instance!”

Chapter 939

“I-I beg your pardon...? Send them home...?” asked Sherman in surprise.

“Did sir not make himself clear enough?!” yelled Whistler coldly.

“L-loud and clear! I’ll be sending them home right away then, master!” replied Sherman as he nodded repeatedly in fright.

Hearing that, the maids instantly began bowing gratefully toward Gerald as they took turns saying ‘thank you’ to him.

“Alright, alright, settle down... You’re all free to return to your homes now!” said Gerald as he smiled subtly.

Since Gerald had personally experienced what it felt like to be forced to leave his own home, he wasn't about to allow these girls to continue going through the same sadness and grief that he had. To him, they had already suffered enough after going through the humiliation of being bought as servants. Besides, he wasn't really a domineering person in the first place.

Soon after, most of the maids left together with Sherman. However, two of them remained standing there, sobbing silently.

"Aren't both of you going to leave?" asked Gerald.

"O-our parents have already been slaughtered by the gangsters here... We're homeless, master!" said one of the girls as the other nodded between tears.

"Please allow us to stay here, master! We'll definitely serve you well! We only ask that you provide food and shelter for us, master!" said the other girl.

"Very well, then. You're free to stay if you wish. Rest assured, however, that nobody here is going to bully either of you from now on!" replied Gerald with a smile.

Upon getting his approval, both of them immediately shouted in gratitude, "We, Yukie and Lucy thank you sincerely with all our hearts, master!"

Yukie, in particular, seemed particularly grateful as she felt her heart rate rise after taking a peek at him.

After all, not only was he extremely handsome, but unlike the many vicious others who had only ever seen her as an insignificant person, her new master seemed to also have a very kind heart.

Now that that was settled, Gerald finally began settling down in his new mansion.

With the remaining money, Whistler then personally sought out and recruited over a hundred young men who were all physically capable and loyal.

They would serve as the bodyguards of the Royal Dragon Group.

Their training routine began with Whistler teaching them for the first two weeks before transferring over to Gerald once they were ready for more advanced techniques.

As a result of all that training, the men under Gerald showed a clear spike in both strength and general quality within less than a month. Though they had previously only been ordinary men, Gerald could safely say that they were now comparable to the bodyguards who worked for his family.

It was sometime after that when Yukie and Lucy could be seen in their room.

While Yukie appeared to be carefully separating quality white fungus from the regular ones from a small pile on her table, Lucy herself was simply rolling on the bed.

Smiling bitterly, Lucy said, "You've already been grouping the white fungus for so long, Yukie! Aren't you tired at all?"

Though it had barely even been a month since Gerald became their new master, both of them already had much better complexions.

This was especially so for Yukie who had grown to become so sweet and beautiful that anyone who saw her instantly felt the need to treat her compassionately.

"Not at all! If anyone should be tired, it's sir! After all, he's been training those bodyguards for days now! He has to manage the company as well! Since he probably hasn't had the time to take care of himself, I'll be preparing a bowl of white fungus soup for him later!" replied Yukie with a sweet smile.

"Yeah, sir truly is a very kind man... However, you're even kinder than him, Yukie! After all, all you ever think about is his well being! Almost everything I've seen you done is for him! Haha!" said Lucy with a laugh.

What she had said was true. Throughout their time working for Gerald, Yukie had always stuck close to him.

In fact, she had made it her personal duty to take care of everything regarding her master, from the food that he ate to the clothes he wore. Yukie made sure to plan and prepare everything perfectly for Gerald.

As both of them reminisced about their short time working under Gerald, Lucy suddenly said, "Speaking of which, Yukie... Back when sir freed us from being slaves, why didn't you choose to return to your country and hometown? Sir was even willing to provide the cash for the plane tickets! After all, though uncle and aunt have passed away, you still have other relatives living there, right?"

Chapter 940

"Could it be that... you like our master?" added Lucy as she cupped her mouth while laughing.

"Quit spouting nonsense, Lucy... I... I don't have any other relatives to speak of! However, I will admit that I felt a sense of security the first time I laid eyes on master... It was the reason why I chose to stay. Also, regarding the liking part, how could someone like me ever be qualified to fall for someone like master?!" replied Yukie as she blushed.

"Speaking of which, Lucy... I distinctly remembered that you wanted to return to your hometown even more than I did! Why didn't you leave back then?" added Yukie.

"Well, I simply felt that master was a good person who wouldn't abuse us like our previous ones... Adding that to the fact that he respected us so much, I just felt obligated to stay and work for him! I do have a second reason for staying, however... Remember Tyson? He told me that he would come pick me up in a little under a month back then! I didn't want him to have to hunt around for me so I simply stayed put here! That way, he would be able to pick me up easily when the time came! However, since he isn't here yet, I'm assuming that he's still undergoing his mission to save his brother. Once he's done that, he told me that he'd take me away before finally marrying me!" explained Lucy with a smile on her face.

“I see... Still, do you truly believe everything that he said? I mean yes, Tyson did save us before... However, I’ll be frank and say that I don’t think he’ll actually come over to take you away! Have you prepared yourself for that possibility...?” said Yukie as she attempted to lower Lucy’s expectations so that she wouldn’t end up getting too hurt if Tyson never came.

“Don’t worry, I get where you’re coming from... However, I’ve chosen to have faith in Tyson. He’ll definitely come looking for me once he saves his brother! After all, we’ve already gotten engaged! Be it within this month, a year, or a lifetime, I’ll still be waiting patiently for him!” declared Lucy as she cupped her blushing cheeks.

“Alright then! Still, it’s pretty rare to see you being this devoted! Also, I’m already done with the mushrooms so come along and let’s make some soup for sir!”

With that, both of the girls exited their room, chatting and laughing happily as they left for the kitchen.

A little while later, a group of men could be seen making their way through the jungle atop a huge mountain located north of the Royal Dragon Group.

The group itself consisted of over a hundred men who had been divided into five teams. Whistler and his four brothers were each given a team to be in charge of.

While the men trained on, Yukie and Lucy made their own way toward their master who was sitting on a lounge chair as he drank his tea while two bodyguards wearing sunglasses stood attentively on either side of his chair. One of the guards had his arms behind his back while the other held on to an umbrella, keeping Gerald constantly under the shade.

“We’ve made some bird’s nest for you, sir! Do try some!” said Yukie as she handed him the thermos which she had been carrying along with her.

“You didn’t have to go through all that trouble! Thank you!” said Gerald with a smile as he lowered his tea and took the thermos.

Yukie herself couldn’t help but smile sweetly in response.

As she continued looking at him, she couldn't help but feel that Gerald's body and physique seemed to change constantly!

After all, she distinctly remembered that the muscles on Gerald's body weren't that huge sometime ago... However, they seemed to have suddenly gained a lot of mass out of the blue in the past few days!

This was the second time Yukie was witnessing such a scenario...

Before she could wonder any further about his physicality, rapid footsteps could be heard approaching them.

Turning around, all of them then saw Whistler running toward Gerald together with his team. From what they could see, a few of his men at the back were carrying a man's body.

"Sir! We found this unconscious man while we were up in the mountains earlier! He has serious injuries all over his body and he seems to have fainted for at least a few days by now! He's slowly dying as we speak! What should we do, sir?" announced Whistler as his subordinates slowly lowered the injured man to the ground.

Frowning, Gerald turned to look at the injured man... However, the moment he saw the man's face, his heart instantly began beating rapidly.

Lucy, on the other hand, was now quivering so much that the tray she was holding onto soon clattered on the floor.

"Tyson?!" shouted both of them in unison.

While Gerald immediately stood up from his shock, Lucy was already crying as she crouched beside the injured man.

The dying man wasn't just any other Tyson. He was the Tyson from the Drake & Tyson duo.

Shaking his shock off, Gerald found himself running over to Tyson's side as well.

Chapter 941

"Tyson!" cried out Lucy again as Whistler turned to look at Gerald.

"Are you acquainted with him, sir?" asked Whistler.

In response, Gerald immediately replied, "But of course I am! He may not be my biological brother, but I treat him as one!"

"...Huh? T-then, please save him, sir! Since you're proficient with medicine, you have to save him!" wailed Lucy between sobs.

When he heard her request, Gerald recalled Lucy mentioning someone by the name of Tyson to him sometime back. To think that the Tyson she was waiting for turned out to be the exact same person he cared greatly for as well!

If Gerald had been aware that this was the case, he would've sent some of his people out to look for him ages ago. If only that had happened, then this turn of events could've very easily been avoided.

"Please give them some space, Lucy... Didn't you hear that master treats Tyson like his real brother?" persuaded Yukie as she pulled Lucy aside.

Gerald himself immediately began checking Tyson's wounds. As was expected, the man was severely injured. Should Tyson have been found a few hours later, even Finnley wouldn't have been able to save him. Regardless, treatment couldn't be delayed any longer.

"Quick! Carry him back to the manor!" ordered Gerald.

It was two hours later when one of Tyson's fingers finally twitched. Following that, his eyelids fluttered slightly as the man slowly opened his eyes.

The first thing he saw was Lucy, the girl clutching onto his hand tightly.

“...Lu...cy...? Could I... be dreaming? Or am I already dead...?” said Tyson weakly.

“T-Tyson! You’re awake! N-no, this isn’t a dream! Master! Master cured you!” cried out Lucy, happy to see him awake again.

Hearing that, Tyson was slightly baffled.

“Master? Lucy, I’m well aware of the extent of injuries I sustained... As far as I’m aware, not even Master Jenkinson from the Salford Province would have been able to cure me. That was the reason why I chose to run all the way here just to meet you for one final time... Are you really sure that I’ll make a full recovery...?”

“Extremely sure, Tyson... After all, master is highly capable! Speaking of master... I was so excited upon seeing you awake that I almost forgot to inform master about it...” replied Lucy, tears of joy in her eyes.

After heading out to call the ‘master’, it was moments later when Tyson heard an extremely familiar voice asking, “Are you awake, Tyson?”

Tyson recognized that voice anywhere, and he instantly began trembling in shock as he turned to look at the owner of the voice.

“M-Mr. Crawford...?”

Tyson’s lips were twitching with both happiness and surprise as he immediately attempted to sit up.

“Don’t move too much. I just closed those wounds,” replied Gerald as he walked over to balance the weakened man.

Grabbing hold of Gerald's hands tightly, Tyson then said, "T-there were so many rumors of you being dead... Yet... I'm so glad that you're not... To think that I would be able to meet you again all the way out here, Mr. Crawford! How wonderful!"

As Tyson got teary-eyed from his excitement, Gerald simply smiled before saying, "I'm alive and well! They aren't going to kill me that easily!"

Never had Gerald expected to bump into Tyson again, especially not in such foreign lands.

"He's the master I was talking about, Tyson! He saved you!" said Lucy as she watched the two happy men.

"...What? Mr. Crawford? You were the one who healed me? When did you acquire such high medical proficiency?" asked Tyson, astonished by what he heard.

"It all happened over half a year ago... I'll tell you all about what happened in the future... For now, let me do the asking. What exactly happened for you to end up in such a state? If we had found you any later, you'd be dead by now, you know? Also, where's Drake?" questioned Gerald in return.

Hearing his brother's name, Tyson's face scrunched up slightly. He then began detailing everything that had happened to him and his brother throughout Gerald's absence.

It all began on the night they had risked their lives to send Gerald away.

After achieving that, they returned to the Crawford family.

Chapter 942

However, by then, the Crawfords had begun fearing that the incident—of the Drake & Tyson duo rescuing Gerald—would be exposed sooner or later. As a result, they provided both the brothers some money and told them to leave the Crawford family.

The Drake & Tyson duo didn't really have any issues with that, and while they had first planned to return to the mercenary base abroad, on their way there, they caught wind of the incident that had befallen both Gerald and Zack in Merry City that night.

Upon finding out that Gerald had gone missing, they immediately rushed over to the Salford Province to secretly investigate the incident. However, even after three months had passed, neither of them had been able to find any new leads.

As if that wasn't enough, even the Schuyler family had begun noticing their activity. Knowing that, both of them knew that they didn't have much of a choice but to halt their investigations for the time being. After some planning, they decided to leave the Salford Province and head to the Triangle District in Heavenly City.

Their plan was to build a base there, and with the remaining money the Crawfords had given them, they intended to form a few forces. Once they were prepared enough to return to the Salford Province, together with their forces, they would take revenge on the Schuyler family.

That was their plan anyway. Little did they know that they had severely underestimated those living in the Heavenly City.

In one of their many attempts to acquire more powerful and influential forces there through battle, the two brothers ended up getting defeated by a man called Sven Westmore, a great and powerful overlord in the Heavenly City.

While they managed to capture Drake, Tyson was able to make it out by the skin of his teeth.

From then onward, Tyson had to live in the shadows, making sure that he switched hiding spots every once in a while.

During that period, he came across a butler—by the name of Evan—flogging over ten girls. Disgusted and enraged by that, Tyson ended up killing Evan on the spot.

It was then when he got to know Lucy. During their few days together, the duo found themselves falling for each other to a point where Tyson even promised her that they would get married once he successfully rescued his brother.

Sadly, the mission was an absolute failure. Sven had easily defeated him, and just like the first time, Tyson barely managed to escape with his life intact. However, unlike back then, he was severely injured this time.

After being on the run for some time, he eventually made it to the mountains where he promptly fainted. All that led to the events of today.

“Sven?” asked Gerald with a frown.

Hearing that name, Whistler and his men shivered slightly before explaining, “Sven is indeed a powerful overlord in Heavenly City, sir. He’s well aware of his power and influence, so much so, in fact, that he even considers himself to be a villain! What more, he’s physically strong as well! It wouldn’t be a stretch to say that an already powerful man who’s trained for over ten years still wouldn’t be unable to defeat Sven. While it’s evident that Tyson and his brother are proficient with martial arts, it isn’t much of a surprise to us that both of them lost to him...”

“Is he really that powerful...?” replied Gerald.

Gerald’s doubt was understandable since he was well aware of the Drake & Tyson duo’s capabilities. Still, he had to admit that the fact that the strong and talented brothers were able to be cornered so badly was definitely a rare occurrence.

What more, Whistler—who was honestly not much weaker than the two brothers at this point—clearly appeared frightened of Sven.

“He is, sir! However, our lives belong to you! We aren’t afraid of death, so if you order us to fight him, we’ll do so willingly!” declared Whistler with resolution in his voice.

“He speaks for all of us, sir!” added the other men in unison.

Hearing that, Gerald simply raised a hand before stating, "If he's as powerful as Whistler says he is, then we need to plan things out carefully first. Try gathering every bit of information about Sven's current power and influence, Whistler. Your task begins immediately!"

While Gerald himself wasn't afraid of Sven, he didn't want his subordinates to die meaninglessly if Sven truly was as ruthless and powerful as they described him to be.

Regardless, the operation would still commence sooner or later. After all, Gerald had an unbreakable bond with the Drake and Tyson duo.

Since Drake was in trouble, Gerald didn't mind risking his life to save him.

It was evening when the still weak Tyson slowly inched toward the yard. Once he was there, he turned to look at Gerald who was standing in the middle of the area, his arms behind his back.

"Mr. Crawford... Do bring me along when you head to Heavenly City..."

"Why did you get off the bed, Tyson...? Besides, I told you that I no longer go by Mr. Crawford," replied Gerald with a smile.

"Understood, Mr. Crawford- ...Well, while we're at it, since my brother and I have left the Crawford family, then we shouldn't be called the Drake & Tyson duo anymore either. After all, it was the young lady who gave us that name. Instead, you can call me by my real name now, Tyson Jay," replied Tyson with a slightly bitter smile.

Hearing that, Gerald nodded and patted him on the shoulder before saying, "I'll be making a move in a few days. Worry not, for I'll definitely get Tyson back safely. In the meantime, do get some rest. You need it."

"But Mr. Crawford-"

“There’s no need to persuade me. You’re not coming along, and that’s my final decision,” interrupted Gerald as he raised a hand before Tyson could even say anything.

As soon as his sentence ended, both of them saw Whistler jogging toward them.

“Sir! You’ve just received an invitation to attend a gathering tonight! The gathering itself was hosted by the five most powerful groups in Talgo Town! The person who sent the invitation card even stated that your attendance was a must!” sneered Whistler.

“A gathering that I must attend? Is that a threat? I do wonder if the dinner is just a cover to hide their malicious intent...” replied Gerald with a cold smile on his face.

“Humph! I’m well aware of what those five groups are thinking! They just want to assert their dominance since they know that we just made our base here! Once they achieve that, they’ll definitely start telling us to pay them some sort of insurance fee. They’re barely worth your time, sir! Just say the word and I’ll reject them immediately!”

“Oh, there’s no need to reject them. Since we’ll be heading to Heavenly City tomorrow, I’d rather not have to worry about them getting offended if I decline their invitation. They’ve already made so many preparations anyway so it would be rather disrespectful if I didn’t go. Tell the person who sent the invitation that we’ll be going tonight.”

Chapter 943

“I still don’t think that the shirt I got for you is suitable for the occasion, sir... Why don't we stop the car and get you a new and better shirt? How about it?” asked Yukie with a smile.

She was currently sitting beside Gerald as their team of cars headed toward the gathering.

“I think it’s fine...” replied Gerald as he looked down at his shirt with a slightly bitter smile.

As the cars approached a commercial building, Gerald looked out the window. To his surprise, the first person he saw was a rather familiar-looking youth.

“Is there anything wrong, sir?” asked Yukie.

“If my eyes do not deceive me, that seems like an old classmate of mine... Or at least a person that resembles him a lot. Regardless, stop the cars here. I’m heading into that building,” ordered Gerald.

Hearing his command, all the cars under him immediately halted in the middle of the road.

Though this essentially blocked most of the main road, nobody dared to say anything about it. After all, whenever the people of Talgo Town saw a team of cars acting like they owned the place, they knew that a big shot—whom they most likely couldn’t afford to offend—was present.

As a result, the other drivers on the road simply opted to take detours.

Meanwhile, Gerald and Yukie entered the commercial building together.

The youth from before was choosing from an array of suits when he suddenly felt a firm pat on his shoulder. Shocked, he immediately turned to look at who had done the deed.

His shock, however, quickly turned from surprise to joy.

“F*ck! Is that really you, Gerald?”

“So it really is you, Harper!” said Gerald with a smile on his face.

“I had no idea you were still in one piece! After all, the last time I heard, you had gone missing! So you were in Heavenly City this entire time! No wonder I couldn’t

get any information on your whereabouts regardless of how much I asked around!” replied Harper excitedly.

“Regardless, how wonderful to be able to meet you here again after so long!” added Harper as he patted Gerald’s shoulder in return.

“It is indeed! Speaking of which, why did you come here, Harper?” asked Gerald with slight confusion once they were done exchanging pleasantries.

After all, this place was infamously known for being chaotic. Aside from the locals, ordinary people from the outside would never come here for any development projects.

“Well, since I’m now working for a large company in Weston that solicits business deals, I’m here on a business trip. Still, this place truly is as chaotic as they describe. Looking at the people walking down the streets, it wouldn’t be a stretch to say that nine out of every ten people here have guns on them at all times!” replied Harper with a sigh.

Upon hearing that, Gerald simply smiled.

“But that’s enough about me. What about you? I haven’t heard from you in so long! Have you truly been staying here this entire time? Are any of your limbs prosthetic?” joked Harper with a laugh.

Being such close friends, it was natural for them to mock each other playfully.

“All my limbs are the real deal! Also, no, I only arrived here not long ago. Regarding the missing aspect... Let’s just say I lost contact with all of you due to some ‘issues,’” replied Gerald.

Hearing that, Harper sighed before saying, “I see... While I did hear about the incident of you separating from your family as well, it’s really no big deal to me, Gerald. After all, you’ve already enjoyed what you could a year ago. With or without a family, your life is still very much worth it.”

After saying that, he patted Gerald on the shoulder again.

It was evident that both of them still had a lot to say to each other. Because of that, Gerald then replied, "Regardless, here's my contact number, Harper. Let's meet up again in about two days! I'm a bit busy till then, sadly!"

"Speaking of which, who's that? Is she your girlfriend?" asked Harper as he looked at Yukie with a smile after noting down Gerald's contact number.

Hearing that, Yukie's cute face immediately became as red as a tomato.

"I'll explain the entire situation once I get a chance to in future..." replied Gerald as he smiled rather bitterly.

"Fine, fine... For now, I'll leave you to your business. I need to buy a new suit too since I'm meeting an important client tomorrow."

With that, both of them hugged each other. Just as Gerald was ready to leave, a female voice could be heard saying, "Hmm? Is that you, Mr. Sullivan? What a coincidence!"

Turning to look at who had called him, Harper found himself smiling as he replied, "Chairman Quelch! Chairman Brown! What a coincidence!"

Chapter 944

Realizing that Harper's clients were here, Gerald nudged his head toward the two new faces as he looked at Harper, clearly signaling him to deal with his work first.

As Gerald turned to leave, however, he was shocked when he realized who the man and woman were. As it turned out, they were none other than Raquel and her boyfriend, Jefferson!

Back when he was still in a pitiful state over half a year ago, he remembered how Raquel had humiliated him when he was still working in the construction zone.

“D*mn! Is that really you, Gerald?” exclaimed Raquel as she crossed her arms before flashing a cold smile at him.

“Oh? Are you familiar with Chairman Quelch and Chairman Brown, Gerald? Haha! Chairman Brown’s in charge of a large company here! I’m currently negotiating a project with them!” explained Harper.

“We’re acquainted, yes,” replied Gerald with a subtle nod.

“Humph! Pretending that we barely know each other, Gerald? As if you’d ever be able to forget about me! After all, I was the one who paid you your salary back when you were part-timing at that construction zone!” sneered Raquel.

Hearing that, Gerald only took a brief glance at her.

From what Marven had told him before, she wasn’t always like this. However, her personality changed rapidly for the worse as she got older.

“I do wonder if there’s been some sort of misunderstanding between both of you, Chairman Quelch. After all, he’s a good friend of mine and I know for a fact that he’s a good person,” defended Harper when he saw how ruthlessly Raquel was mocking Gerald.

“Oh? He’s your friend you say? Well then, I’m sorry to announce that whatever you’ve negotiated with my husband’s uncle will now officially be terminated, Mr. Sullivan! I’m sure you agree with the project’s cancellation too, don’t you dear?” stated Raquel as she clung onto her boyfriend’s arm.

“But of course!”

“Chairman Quelch, you...”

Though he wanted to say something, Harper was left completely speechless. To think that all the effort he had spent there throughout the week was now gone, just like that.

At that moment, a staff member entered the building and started shouting rather unceremoniously.

“Whoever owns the car with the registration number of ***Province, drive it away, right this instant! If nobody moves it soon, then I’m calling someone over to tow it away!”

As the staff member continued shouting for the owner of the car, it was instantly made clear to everyone foreign to the city that the people living here didn’t have the same sort of courtesy one would expect to see from someone living elsewhere within the country.

The way things worked here, if an argument took place, having fights was only the natural response.

“The hell? I made sure to park my car well! What’s the big idea?” shouted Jefferson coldly in reply.

“What do you mean what’s wrong? It’s blocked the road! Get out there and move it immediately else I’ll have it towed!” retorted the staff member rudely.

Not wanting to be humiliated in front of Raquel and especially not in front of Gerald and Harper, Jefferson replied, “Hey now, my uncle is Graham Worton! His nickname is Boss Gram, you know?!”

“I don’t know who the f*ck Boss Gram or Grey or whatever his name is! Just drive the d*mned car away already!” scolded the staff member impatiently.

The staff member’s response momentarily stunned Raquel’s boyfriend. After a brief moment of awkward silence, he then said, “Fine! I’d like to see who I’m blocking as well!”

Not wanting to be outdone, he then held on to Raquel’s hand as both of them left the premise.

Even though they were no longer in the shop, Jefferson could still be heard shouting, “Just so you know, I’ll be calling my uncle immediately as well! How absolutely baffling that people who don’t want to pay him any respect exist!”

Meanwhile, Yukie ran over to Gerald before saying, “Here, I’ve bought a shirt for you, sir!”

Nodding toward her, Gerald then turned to look at Harper before saying, “Not to worry, Harper. I’ll contact you in a few days, so just wait for my call.”

After saying that, Gerald then left together with Yuki.

Chapter 945

By then, both Raquel and Jefferson had arrived at the commercial building’s entrance.

In truth, Jefferson had indeed parked his car appropriately by the side of the road. However, a team of cars seemed to have parked right in the middle of the road!

Since Jefferson’s car had been parked in the only lane that the team of cars didn’t block, in a way, his car truly was blocking the road!

“Hey! We’re clearly not the one at fault here! After all, it’s that team of cars that are blocking most of the road! Why should we be the only ones ordered to move our car?” shouted Raquel, unable to reconcile with the staff member’s logic.

“Hah! Just look at your car’s brand then compare it to that of the team of cars! Though I guess you’re from out of town since you don’t seem to know how things work here. Listen, just move your car immediately. Don’t blame me if something happens, because I’m pretty sure your Boss Gram or whatever his name is won’t be able to take responsibility if things go south!” sneered the staff member.

“...Well, I have heard that only people with great influence and power in Talgo Town are able to own and go around with this many cars...” muttered Jefferson.

“I’m glad that you understand that,” said the staff member before finally leaving.

“Let’s just move our car somewhere else while we can... My uncle will probably suffer terribly if we end up offending the local influential people...”

“Alright!” replied Raquel with a sigh before sticking her tongue out at the staff member’s back.

As they walked toward their car, she looked at the team of luxurious cars and couldn’t help but feel slightly jealous.

She wasn’t the only one who felt that way either. It was evident that all the pedestrians who were walking past the cars were feeling the same jealousy she was. After all, who wouldn’t want to be well-regarded and do as they pleased on the road? To have the power to park right in the middle of the road without anyone making a fuss about it?

Raquel certainly did. How domineering the person who owned all the cars must be!

At that moment, all the cars’ doors were opened and out stepped several bodyguards donning black suits. They all looked equally imposing and their extraordinarily solemn expressions suggested that they were waiting for someone no less important than a respectful king.

“Could they be working for some influential group in Talgo Town?”

“I wonder myself... I’ve honestly never seen such imposing subordinates belonging to any of the influential groups from both Talgo Town and even Heavenly City!”

“Maybe they’re working for a new influential group that’s quickly rising up the ranks!”

“Beats me, but regardless, all of them look utterly powerful!”

Everyone was now gossiping as they continued sneaking glances at the bodyguards, stunned by their intimidating demeanors.

Shortly after, what seemed to be the leaders of the bodyguards began guiding their men over to where Raquel and her boyfriend were standing. As a result, both of them were so terrified that they were paralyzed in place. Their fear was so great that they didn't even consider driving away, even though they were standing right next to their car!

However, the group of bodyguards ended up ignoring them, choosing instead to stare at the direction of the commercial store.

Just as Raquel and Jefferson gulped in relief, the leaders of the guards began walking forward.

Turning around to see where they were headed to, the leaders stopped right before a youth before shouting in unison, "The car is this way, sir! Please, follow us!"

Hearing that, another subordinate—who was stationed in front of one of the cars—immediately opened the car's door.

"Did you hear that? They called him sir! To think that we'd get to see a big boss today!"

"Yeah! Look over there! He's so young!"

As the crowd whispered to each other in astonishment, Raquel found herself dumbfounded as well.

After all, never would she have imagined that Gerald was the one the bodyguards were all waiting for.

"Alright, then! Let's head off!" replied Gerald with a nod.

As the group walked past Raquel and Jefferson, Gerald made sure to glance casually at Raquel.

Seeing that, Raquel's astonishment and shock seemed to amplify. Even her boyfriend slowly loosed his grip on Raquel's hand. After all, Raquel had targeted Gerald on multiple occasions.

To think that he was such a powerful person with so many trained subordinates...

Gerald, however, simply looked away from her after a short while. He didn't need to bother himself with such a weak woman.

After getting into his car, the revving of engines could be heard as the group of cars immediately sped off, leaving Raquel behind with a cocktail of complicated emotions.

Fear was one of them as she continued staring off into the distance, not even sure how to process everything she had just witnessed.

Chapter 946

Meanwhile, the gathering was already taking place in the largest hotel manor in Talgo Town.

Since the leaders of the five top influential groups in Talgo Town had brought along their subordinates, the manor was crowded with at least a thousand people.

As a result, it was no surprise that hubbub filled the entire venue.

At the same time, a high stage was also being set up in the manor. Once everything was in place, a few seats were placed upon the high stage. That was where the leaders were going to be seated.

"You're a wise and resourceful man, Diego! To think that you'd use the civil and military meeting to also portray how powerful we are to that newly founded Royal Dragon Group! Haha! It's like killing two birds with a stone!"

“I know, right? Still, now that the Royal Dragon Group has acquired the pharmaceutical factory that used to be our main source of income, I wonder if things will turn out the same with the factory’s previous owner. After all, I heard that the Royal Dragon Group’s boss is a rather young man. Does he really think he can gain power and status in Talgo Town that easily? It’s like he’s wishing for death!”

“Indeed. In all honesty, I thought that he wouldn’t attend this time, given his young age. Quite frankly, I’d have respected him a bit more if he had chosen not to. Seeing that he’s agreed to come, however, I guess he’s just another worthless piece of trash!”

In response to that, the few bosses who were talking about Gerald immediately burst out laughing.

The man they were praising, Diego Jey, was the most powerful and influential big shot in all of Talgo Town. He looked to be around the age of forty, and the two gold teeth in his mouth would glisten whenever he talked.

After hearing what the other bosses had to say, Diego then announced, “Ladies and Gentleman! While the issue of the Royal Dragon Group certainly needs to be addressed, I hope that all of you don’t forget that the main reason we’re all gathered here today is to discuss the rearranging and redistribution of influence among the five powerful groups in Talgo Town. Once we arrive at a consensus, I hope that what happened four years ago won’t repeat itself! ”

While the gathering—that was held once every four years—was officially known as a ‘civil and military meeting’, the event itself wasn’t as grand as its name suggested. In truth, it was simply a meeting for the five largest groups within Talgo town to divide their territories.

Their method of dividing the territories was somewhat straightforward. Essentially, whoever had more strength was entitled to have more territories.

‘Strength’, in this case, was measured through a competition where the five bosses would pit their best subordinates to fight against each other. The winner among the five would be crowned, king.

Once the meeting was over, the five groups would then reach an agreement, and once signed, none of them were allowed to break their promises.

The vowing process was taken particularly seriously since a few groups had beaten up others due to territory snatching attempts four years ago.

After all, while Talgo town was called a town, it was still much larger than Serene County. In fact, its size could easily be compared with a city in the north of Weston. Being so large, territorial control was crucial.

At that moment, the person standing guard over the door shouted, "Mr. Crawford from the Royal Dragon Group has arrived!"

Hearing that, the entire hall instantly fell silent. It was evident that everyone wanted to see what kind of person the big boss of the newly established Royal Dragon Group was.

Seconds later, Gerald and his bodyguards entered the place. Though he only had about sixty bodyguards with him, the pressuring atmosphere that they brought with them didn't feel any less imposing.

Their solemn expressions alone made many of the other bosses' subordinates feel chills run down their spines.

Heading directly for the high stage, Gerald smiled faintly as he greeted, "A pleasure to meet you, gentlemen."

"Likewise, Chairman Crawford. Do take your seat," replied the bosses as they took turns looking at each other.

All five of them knew that Gerald wasn't a person with an ordinary background from the moment they saw how intimidating his bodyguards were.

Once they were done exchanging pleasantries, Diego narrowed his eyes slightly before saying, "I assume you've heard about the civil and military meeting that

we're hosting tonight, Chairman Crawford. Since the competition is about to start soon and your subordinates all look equally powerful, I was wondering if you'd like to partake in it? Maybe we could also broaden our horizons from that."

Diego's underlying meaning was clear as day. He was simply saying that the Royal Dragon Group was probably even weaker compared to the previous president of the pharmaceutical factory.

However, he was also taunting Gerald since he wanted to test the abilities of the Royal Dragon Group's subordinates. After all, the way both Gerald and his men presented themselves was definitely extraordinary if anything.

"I'll have to refrain... While my subordinates certainly look the part, they're all honestly pretty useless. How on earth would they be able to compare with any of yours?" replied Gerald with a bitter smile as he shook his head.

"Now, now, Chairman Crawford! You're being way too humble! Who's to say they won't end up on top if they don't compete first?" said Diego before roaring with laughter.

"Well, since you insist, I guess I'll have to agree. Whistler, get the subordinates of these bosses to teach you and the others about the rules of the competition later," ordered Gerald with a smile.

"Very well, sir! We'd love to learn them!" replied Whistler as he smiled in return.

Chapter 947

It was honestly beyond Diego and the other bosses' expectations that those from the Royal Dragon Group wouldn't back down from the competition. Quite honestly, Gerald and his men looked rather confident about the whole thing.

Sensing that, Diego and the bosses knew that if they didn't show how powerful they were right off the bat, it was only going to get more and more difficult for them to keep Gerald's company in check in the future.

Soon after, the civil and military gathering began and the participants were led to a large area that had been set up within the center.

The five groups had each naturally chosen their most powerful subordinates to take part in the competition. Gerald himself had sent Whistler and a few of his other more capable men to participate.

Those whom Gerald had selected had all undergone personal special training with him. Due to that, their strength was much more reinforced compared to before.

As soon as the competition began, everyone was surprised to see Gerald's men immediately go on the offense. With swift and precise attacks, Whistler's men beat up the other group so vigorously that they never had the chance to even fight back before going down.

"...What?"

Diego and the other bosses could feel their eyelids twitching as they watched the defeated men laying on the ground.

Before the competition had started, the bosses had assured themselves that the subordinates Gerald had with him were simply putting up fronts, pretending to be Special Forces. After all, the way they had presented themselves was somewhat similar to how the previous pharmaceutical factory boss had first done.

Since both the previous boss and Gerald had put on airs before the actual competition, Diego and the other bosses simply assumed that Gerald's men would be as weak as the old boss's participants.

Little did they know that no fronts had ever been put up. Gerald's men were genuinely strong.

"So it seems that Mr. Crawford enjoys keeping a low profile... To think that he would have such powerful subordinates... Claiming that he'll be the one who will have the most say when it comes to dividing the territories once the meeting is over doesn't even sound all that far-fetched now..." said Diego as he forced a smile.

With the territories being divided among six people now instead of five, things were definitely going to be a lot different compared to how the civil and military meetings usually went. As if things weren't looking grim enough for the five bosses, it seemed that Gerald's subordinates really were going to be crowned champion by the end of the night.

While Gerald said nothing throughout the civil and military meeting, Diego and the other bosses got more and more restless every time a battle commenced.

This was mainly because Whistler himself hadn't made a single move throughout any of the battles. The other four of Gerald's subordinates were more than enough to take down their opponents.

By the time all the battles had been fought, an awkward silence filled the room. The silence was so overbearing that one would be able to hear a pin drop.

"My men and I appreciate how modestly you've been treating us, Chairman Jey. Thank you very much," said Whistler as he walked over, breaking the silence.

In response, Diego could only smile awkwardly as he said, "You're welcome... Still, you and your men are incredibly powerful... My own men weren't even able to show off that much tonight..."

"I'll have to correct you there, Chairman Jay. After all, the most powerful person here isn't any of us, but rather, our master. We learned everything we know from him," replied Whistler as he looked at Gerald before shaking his head with a bitter smile on his face.

"Oh? You're saying that Chairman Crawford here is much stronger than any of you are? Then it seems that we've truly made a terribly wrong judgment tonight!"

Though a smile was on Diego's face as he said that, inside, he was getting increasingly flustered.

After all, Gerald's men had completely defeated all five of Talgo Town's most influential groups in front of everyone. Not only had they failed to acquire the Royal

Dragon Group tonight, most of the territories were now going to fall under Gerald's hand instead!

"Speaking of which, Chairman Jey... I wonder if what you said earlier was true... The part where the winner gets to divide the territories...?" asked Whistler.

Coughing before clearing his throat, Diego then replied with a smile, "...But of course that was true! With the competition results now out, we'll be discussing how we'll divide the territories once the party is over!"

Diego didn't even dare to say much despite his clear dissatisfaction. After all, he couldn't just break his promise.

"In the meantime, you there! Go remove the plaque bearing the names of all five of the influential groups involved in the Civil and Military Groups. From today onward, six names will be on it!" ordered Diego as he pointed at one of his subordinates.

While four other bosses barely said a word, they all had their own thoughts about the situation.

Though some of them resented the Royal Dragon Group for disrupting their affairs despite being outsiders, the others seemed to rather enjoy the misfortune of the displeased bosses.

The ones enjoying the current situation were the weaker groups who hoped that with Gerald's involvement—which would definitely upset the original balance—they would be able to manipulate how things ended up once chaos eventually ensued.

As a few subordinates returned with ladders to remove the plaque, a voice shouted, "There's no need to go through so much trouble!"

Chapter 948

The voice had come from Gerald, and after a loud sneer, he picked a fork up.

Looking at the plaque, Gerald squinted his eyes for a second before flicking his wrist extremely quickly. A split second later, the fork was no longer in Gerald's hand and the sound of something cracking could be heard!

By the time the audience looked up, the fork—that had already been embedded within one of the many shattered plaque pieces—was already falling to the ground alongside whatever remained of the broken plaque.

A crash soon followed as the plaque pieces shattered even further on the ground, the fork still clearly visible to the five bosses as they gulped.

“...W-what...?”

Shock and fear swept through them, and the ones who had earlier been smoking each felt their grip loosen on their cigarettes.

“W-who exactly is that person....?”

“It's... It's near impossible isn't it...? I mean, how could a person have that much force to break a plaque so high up?!”

It was evident that the five bosses had never seen such a maneuver before as they discussed what they had just witnessed, terror reflected in their eyes. Though nobody mentioned it, all of them were thinking the same thing. If the plaque could shatter like that even though it was so high above the ground, what would happen if Gerald used the same technique on their heads?

Whistler and his men, on the other hand, only looked at each other with subtle smiles on their faces as they each thought, 'Humph. Looks like sir took it upon himself and made a move. Of course they'd be dumbfounded.'

It was evident that the plaque-shattering incident was an indirect message from Gerald to the five bosses. Essentially, he had no interest in dividing territories with them, and if they didn't behave, they'd probably end up the same as the plaque. Completely ruined in an instant.

With his silent message sent, Gerald then sat down with a subtle smile on his face as he said, "Chairman Jey and the rest of you, please, have a seat."

"R-right away, M-Mr. Crawford!" stuttered Diego as he desperately tried to keep his cool. However, his calm façade was in shambles and the cold sweat flowing down his forehead only served to further exhibit how terrified he was.

His response was reasonable since he was, after all, in the presence of a man who could kill others with regular forks. And forks were everywhere in the room they were in.

Knowing that made everyone feel obligated to address him differently.

After a brief moment of silent contemplation, one of the five bosses said, "I go by the name of Tristen Jurden, Mr. Crawford, and I must say that I'm extremely impressed with your capabilities. If you allow it, I'm willing to hand over all my properties to you and become one of your subordinates!"

The moment the other bosses heard Tristen say that, another boss immediately agreed to do the same. One after another, the bosses agreed to the same terms, till all that was left was Diego.

As Gerald and Whistler looked at each other, Diego remained silent, thinking about the consequences if he didn't agree. In the end, though he was unable to just accept the chain of events that had taken place tonight, Diego eventually caved in.

The worst part about all of this was the fact that all five of them had been the ones who had invited Gerald over that night. If they hadn't invited him, none of this would've happened.

Then again, it was probably beyond any of their wildest imagination that the civil and military meeting could end in such a disastrous way, at least for them.

Soon after Gerald and his men returned to their mansion, Whistler excitedly told Gerald about how several of Talgo Town's businessmen had already called, asking to seek refuge under Gerald.

Hearing that, Gerald recalled how the bosses had also fawned over Gerald once the meeting was over. In fact, before they left, several other people had already presented themselves before him, showing great interest in wanting to be a part of the Royal Dragon Group.

To top it all off, Gerald also received several gifts in terms of cash from those who wanted to please him.

Gerald, however, was in no mood to bother about any of that. Instead, he ordered Whistler to deal with everything carefully as he thought about his next move.

After tonight's events, the Royal Dragon Group Gerald had established was finally going to gain a firm status within Talgo Town. What more, the Royal Dragon Group now had a lot of influence as well as control over multiple territories.

With all that in mind, Gerald knew it was high time for them to save Drake.

From what Tyson had told him, none of the many influential groups in Heavenly City could be looked down upon.

He was speaking from experience since both he and his brother had previously spent money to establish their power and influence in Heavenly City back when they were still looking for Gerald. Soon enough, however, they were defeated by Sven.

It didn't help that Heavenly City was much larger than Talgo Town. The entire area was simply an all-inclusive place hosting numerous forces and groups.

In fact, the place was so huge that Tyson couldn't even estimate how many groups—as powerful as Sven's—existed.

Gerald, however, was way too concerned over Drake to be worried about that. He was well aware that the longer they stalled, the more dangerous it would be for Drake. They simply didn't have the luxury to wait till everything was ready and in place.

Arriving at his conclusion, Gerald then ordered, "Whistler, pass on my order to the rest. We'll be heading to Heavenly City tomorrow."

"Very well, Mr. Crawford! I'll begin the preparations immediately!"

Chapter 949

From what Tyson had said, Sven could often be found in the largest underground casino in Heavenly City.

With that in mind, Gerald then led his men straight to that casino. Once they were there, Gerald immediately began gambling randomly at a table to blend in. However, the next thing he knew, he had already won over ten rounds.

This caught the banker's attention. After the banker secretly notified a subordinate about the incident, the subordinate stealthily headed for the office next.

Once inside, the subordinate stood before a person sitting at the boss's chair before saying, "Boss Sven! A person out there won a lot of money and he's even brought along several subordinates! He doesn't look like someone who's easy to deal with!"

At the time, the sturdy-looking man with a rather intimidating scar on his face was polishing his katana.

As soon as his subordinate's sentence ended, he immediately slashed at a jade ornament that was on his table! Following the swift slice, the ornament split in two, sending its top half shattering as it fell to the ground!

Blowing the blade of the katana slightly, he then asked his terrified subordinate, "From your description of him, I'm assuming that he's quite a capable person. Because of that, he should already know the rules of my place! How daring! Guess I'll just have to head out there myself to have a look!" sneered Sven as he exited his office.

Though the casino had consistently been noisy before this, the moment Sven and his subordinates made their appearance, everyone fell silent.

Once he was close enough, everyone then shouted in unison, "Boss Sven!"

Barely even acknowledging his customers and subordinates, Sven and his men only stopped once they stood directly in front of Gerald.

"And here I was wondering who the rule-breaker was... So it turned out to just be some young man! Do you truly have no idea of how my place works? Or are you just pretending that you don't know that you have to pay a certain fee after winning ten consecutive rounds?" said Sven.

"Forgive me, for I'm new to this place. I truly didn't know such a rule existed."

"Heh, it's fine. After all, you'll definitely be able to learn once I'm done with you. Since I'm already here, how about we have two rounds of games? Only if you're daring enough to take up the challenge, of course," proposed Sven with a wicked smile on his face.

"I'll have to know what the stakes are first," replied Gerald as he scanned Sven from head to toe. Aside from his sturdiness and fierce look, Gerald found it odd that he couldn't discern the aura of a strong person from Sven at all.

Even Jett and the others he had previously met had warrior-like auras, but not Sven. If this man truly was as strong as Whistler and Tyson had said, then why couldn't Gerald sense any of that from him?

"Hmm... Well how about... We put our lives at stake!" declared Sven after thinking for a while.

Hearing that, everyone present was instantaneously stunned. Whistler and Gerald men, on the other hand, could only look at each other helplessly.

"I accept your challenge!" replied Gerald with a nod.

Though Sven was a considerably slick and experienced person in terms of gambling, in the end, he wasn't even close to defeating Gerald. In fact, all it took was a single round for Sven to be defeated!

"I truly appreciate your modesty, Mr. Westmore. Thank you for allowing me to win!" said Gerald with a smile as he shook his head.

In response, however, Sven simply touched his watch...

And all of a sudden, all his subordinates instantly entered formation and took aim at Gerald and his men!

"I have to agree that you truly are a great gambler! However, I'm afraid that you can't take my life! However, since someone still needs to die, I guess we'll just end yours instead!"

After saying that, Sven stood up before sneering, "Do it!"

Before his men could even fire their guns, Sven was momentarily able to see Gerald get up... The next thing he knew, however, Gerald was already holding him by the neck!

Realizing this a second later, his subordinates wanted to step in, though none of them dared to do so for fear that they would accidentally hurt Sven.

Slowly applying more and more pressure till he was practically choking Sven, he lifted the sore-loser of a man till his feet were above the ground.

"If you don't want to die immediately, order your subordinates to back off!" ordered Gerald sternly.

"You heard the man! All of you, back off already! S-sir... Please refrain from acting rashly! You should be aware that this is my territory!" growled Sven, unable to completely mask his fear as he gestured for his subordinates to retreat.

“Oh? Are you saying that you lied to me then? After all, I defeated you fair and square so your life belongs to me!” replied Gerald.

“N-no! Please don’t do it, friend! Please spare my life! I’ll give you anything you want!” begged Sven, realizing how much trouble he was in.

Chapter 950

“We can honestly resolve this situation quite easily, you know? The way I see it, a life should be traded with another life. Let me ask you something. Did you previously capture a person by the name of Drake Jay? If you have, where is he?” asked Gerald.

“S-so you came here to save him... Yes, he’s with me! I’ll release him now but you’ll have to promise to release me too once he’s free!” said Sven immediately.

“Do you think you’re in a position to be making demands? Quit spouting nonsense and release him now!” growled Gerald as he intensified the force of his palm on Sven’s neck.

“H-he’s locked up in the cellar in this underground casino! I’ll order a subordinate of mine to release him now if you want!”

Thankfully, Sven was a rather straightforward person and soon enough, Whistler—who had followed the subordinate down into the casino’s cellar—led Drake toward Gerald.

Drake himself was in terrible condition, barely conscious, and with severe scars covering his entire body.

The moment Gerald saw how miserable Drake’s condition was, he was so infuriated that he immediately kicked Sven in the stomach, sending him flying across the room. As soon as Sven landed, he instantly vomited blood, his utter fear reflected in his eyes.

Whistler and the others were stunned to see this. From what they had heard, Sven was an extremely strong person. To think that he would end up becoming a mere

nobody before their master! Though they knew that their master was strong, wasn't Sven being too illogically weak now?

"Bring him along and let him escort us all the way out!" ordered Gerald as he personally supported Drake out.

Hearing that, Gerald's men instantly held on to Sven's arms and led him into one of Gerald's cars. Once everything was settled, Gerald's group of cars drove off.

Sometime later, Sven knelt before a riverside—that people hardly ever came to—before shouting, "M-my life is cheap! Please don't kill me!"

"Humph! I never thought that the powerful Sven from Heavenly City would be this pathetic!"

"Yeah! To think that people would actually be terror-stricken to hear the name of such a coward!"

Whistler and the others were now smiling bitterly as they belittled the man they had once feared after realizing how much of a coward he truly was.

Gerald, on the other hand, stared coldly at Sven for quite a while before finally asking, "...Answer this honestly. Where's the real Sven? And who are you to him?"

As soon as Gerald's men heard his question, they were astonished beyond words.

"P-please spare my life, sir... My real name is Leif and I'm Sven's younger brother... He's been gone for about a week and I'm only here to help him look after the casino in his absence... Please spare my life, sir... It's my brother you want to take revenge on, not me!" pleaded Leif in between tears.

"What?! So he really isn't Sven?" exclaimed quite a few people, stupefied by the turn of events. Thankfully, Gerald had been able to see through Leif.

"You b*stard! So you've been fooling us this entire time! Where's Sven now? Where is he!" growled Whistler as he grabbed Leif by the collar.

"I-I don't know! He just brought his men along and told me that he would be returning in a few days! He said he was going to find something and that's all I know!" cried out Leif.

After looking at Leif's reaction, Gerald simply scolded coldly, "...We'll be bringing Drake along with us. As for you, you're too disgusting for us to even kill you. Get lost!"

"T-thank you! Thank you!" shouted Leif before immediately running off.

"What an absolute coward..." muttered Whistler as he followed Gerald and the rest back to their mansion.

As he continued running, Leif rubbed his sore throat as he scolded, "That d*mned b*stard... I'm the hero of the story! Still, to think that that young man was as ruthless as my brother... I'll have to tell him to return soon to ruin that guy once and for all!"

Not paying attention as he thought about his revenge, Leif ended up bumping into somebody! Momentarily losing his balance, he ended up falling to the ground.

"F*cking hell! Are you blind or something?" growled Leif angrily. However, he stopped scowling the moment he saw who he had bumped into.

The man standing before him wore a black robe, and it covered most of his facial features aside from his eyes. His eyes alone were both murky and vicious-looking, suggesting that the person under the robe was an old man.

Staring into the robed man's eyes, Leif felt that if he stared at them for too long, his soul would end up getting stolen.

Quivering slightly in fright, Leif then asked, "You... Who are you...?"

The moment Leif said that, however, the robed man began walking over to him. Frozen in fear, Leif felt the old man's hands patting his head softly...

A split second later, a snapping sound could be heard.

Vomiting blood, Leif's eyes widened momentarily before he fell flat to the ground.

The old man himself placed his arms behind his back as he turned to look at the direction Gerald and his men had used to leave, a frown slowly forming on his face.

Chapter 951

Meanwhile, Gerald and his men were returning home when from afar, Gerald noticed a team of cars parked right in front of their manor.

"I wonder who those people could be..." said Whistler, evidently feeling confused.

"From the looks of it, that should be Quest, the young master of the Westley family. He must finally have news regarding the item I've been trying to locate this entire time," replied Gerald with a subtle smile.

Upon inviting Quest into his mansion, Gerald momentarily excused himself to bring Drake to another room to have his wounds properly bandaged. Once that was done, he headed to the living room where Quest sat waiting patiently—with a document in hand—while sipping some tea.

Quest's politeness clearly stemmed from his respect toward Gerald. After all, it would've been impossible for a rich heir like him to behave so courteously to anyone in the past.

In fact, his respect for Gerald was so great that he was the one who had funded the money Gerald needed to purchase the factory. Due to that, it was natural that he'd know where Gerald lived as well.

"It's been a while, Quest! Have you waited long?" greeted Gerald as he approached the seated youth.

“Not at all!”

As they exchanged pleasantries, Gerald recalled how reckless and arrogant Quest had been when they first met. However, he realized—during their first encounter—that if he could tame Quest, then Quest would surely turn out to be an excellent and capable assistant. Gerald’s guess was, of course, correct.

After a brief chat, Quest cleared his throat as he went straight to the main point.

“I’m here today, Mr. Crawford, to tell you that our investigation efforts have finally paid off! After so long, we’ve finally been able to locate the Ginseng King!” said Quest before taking a large gulp of water.

“...However, we don’t currently have it. In fact, we’ve never actually seen it for ourselves. That’s because someone beat us to finding and retrieving it about half a year ago! Honestly, we wouldn’t even have found out about this if my grandpa hadn’t cast a wide net. The information actually came from a random vendor!”

“From what the vendor said, a group of rather influential people hired him back then to serve as their guide around the mountain since he was famous for knowing the mountain paths like the back of his hand. After searching for the Ginseng King for some time, they eventually found it in Depth Valley, located in the depths of the mountain. Upon digging it up, the group of people handed the vendor a large sum of money to keep quiet about their discovery.”

“In all honesty, however, the vendor felt that the money they provided was simply too little. It was thanks to his dissatisfaction and my grandpa paying relevant people—regardless of status—huge sums of money to gather information about the Ginseng King that the vendor shared what had happened back then to us,” explained Quest as he took in a deep breath.

Lowering his voice, Quest then added, “...The Ginseng King is currently in the hands of the Yowell family.”

“The Yowell family?” repeated Gerald in surprise.

“They’re another powerful family in the business field in Heavenly City, just like the Westleys. While my family is only there because we moved in, the Yowells are locals who were already powerful by the time we arrived.”

“I see... Can the information from the vendor be trusted?”

Taking another sip of water, Quest then replied, “He can. Speaking of which, while he was scouring for more information, grandpa found out that we’re not the only ones aware that the Yowells have the Ginseng King. A few local and foreign forces seem to be aware of their discovery as well. As a result, several of them began taking action on the Yowells starting from around three months ago. One of the more extreme cases was the kidnapping of Tulip, the second young lady of the Yowell family! Her kidnapping was most likely linked to the Ginseng King, though she was promptly rescued.”

“While the Yowells are certainly good at hiding the fact that they currently own it, the fact remains that anyone holding on to the Ginseng King is akin to them hugging a ticking time bomb. Once you own it, being targeted will simply become the norm!” said Whistler with a bitter smile on his face.

Frowning slightly, Gerald then replied, “Regardless of how many powerful groups are attempting to get their hands on it, I must be the one to own it in the end!”

It was honestly no wonder why the Ginseng King was so well sought-after. After all, according to legends, it was able to promote longevity.

However, it was also said that normal people who attempted to consume it would simply perish after doing so, unable to endure the power of the Ginseng King. Gerald, however, knew that he was no regular person.

In order to defeat Kort, he would definitely survive eating the Ginseng King once he got his hands on it. He had to.

“Regardless, the Yowells are suffering rather terribly at the moment. After all, while they do have the Ginseng King in their hands now, they don’t even know who to sell it to. There are simply too many people who want it for themselves.”

“If you wish to own it, sir, I’m afraid that stealing it from them isn’t going to work out well. I do, however, have a plan in mind. Whether it’ll work or not is another question...” added Quest.

“Go on,” said Gerald.

“Well, I propose that we use some outflanking tactics... We’ll start by going after the second young lady of the Yowell family. As long as we’re slick about it, we may be able to deceive her into handing the Ginseng King over to us! That way, we won’t have to resort to fighting immediately. If all goes well, we should be able to maneuver covertly with the other powerful groups as well.”

Chapter 952

After hearing what Quest had to say, Gerald simply rolled his eyes at him before rather grumpily replying, “I’m sure you’re an expert at gaining a woman’s affection... Guess I’ll be leaving the task to you then. How about it?”

Waving his hands quickly, Quest then said, “I can’t since she knows me! The Westleys and the Yowells are well acquainted you know? Regardless, it’s not like affection is the only way we’ll be able to pull this off. It’ll do as long as we’re able to approach her. That’s why grandpa suggests that you find a suitable confidant for this task aside from me. After all, since Tulip is being targeted by so many people now, we must act fast before she falls into the hands of others.”

“Tulip’s currently a freshman in Heavenly City University. Once the confidant is ready, I’ll help you get them into the university under the guise of a lecturer.”

“But who’s suitable enough for the task?” asked Gerald as he frowned slightly before scanning through the crowd.

Though Whistler immediately volunteered, his height and sturdy appearance made Gerald feel that he would resemble a security guard more than a lecturer.

While Tyson did look slightly younger, both he and Drake were still injured. What more, both the men were simply too cold and aloof to be suitable for the task. Nobody would ever believe that they were students or lecturers!

Seeing what Gerald was doing, the others began looking around as well. After taking turns shaking their heads, everyone eventually found themselves staring back at Gerald.

“Since you’re probably the only one among us who’s actually attended university before, I think you’re the most suitable person for the job, sir...” said Whistler with a smile.

“Me?” replied Gerald, stunned.

“But sir has a lover! You can’t just tell him to have an ambiguous relationship with another girl!” said Yukie out of the blue as she entered the room carrying several teacups. There was a clear hint of dissatisfaction on her charming face as she said that.

“It was obviously a joke, Yukie... As if we’d ever suggest for the master to gain another woman’s affection! The main focus now is simply to protect Tulip and place her under our group’s care!” replied Whistler as he smiled slightly bitterly.

“...I see!” pouted Yukie in response.

Meanwhile, Gerald himself seemed to be pondering about something.

With both Drake and Tyson currently recuperating and Whistler having the responsibility of managing the properties, in the end, Gerald seemed to be the most suitable person after all.

Resolute with his decision, Gerald then nodded before saying, “Alright, guess I’ll be doing this. I’ll be counting on you to arrange things for me, Quest.”

“Not a problem, sir! Since you’re proficient with medicine, you’ll be under the guise of a Biology substitute lecturer. Since I graduated from that university, I’ll tell you ahead of time that being a lecturer there is a breeze. All you’ll need to do is read the textbook aloud!” replied Quest.

The very next day, Gerald slipped on a suit and blazer—perfecting his scholarly look—as he headed to the university. Upon arriving, he was promptly greeted at the university’s main entrance by the vice team leader of the Biology team alongside a young male and female.

“I see you’ve arrived on time to report to your duty, Mr. Crawford. Allow me to first introduce you to these two. This here is Miss Marjorie Swift from our Biology team while the gentleman over there goes by Mr. Quinlan Yoxon,” said the vice team leader.

Turning to face the two next, the vice team leader then added, “This is Mr. Gerald Crawford, the new substitute teacher. Your position is similar to his, Mr. Yoxon, since both of you are new here. Regardless, you’re both colleagues now. Now then, could you please show them around the university, Marjorie?”

Marjorie was a woman with charming looks and long hair. Both slim and tall, she looked to be around twenty-four of age and her disposition seemed somewhat extraordinary. The professional-looking black suit and skirt only served to increase her seductiveness.

“Mr. Yoxon and Mr. Crawford, shall we?” said Marjorie with a sweet smile on her face as she took a few peeks at Gerald.

Chapter 953

It was really no mystery why she did so. After all, Gerald was both handsome and impeccably dressed. It wasn’t hard to see why girls would admire him.

As Gerald nodded at her, he guessed that his new female colleague must have just graduated from the university fairly recently.

Quinlan, on the other hand, caught on quickly that Marjorie seemed to admire Gerald a lot. Seeing that, he couldn’t help but feel slightly jealous.

After all, both of them were newcomers who had the same post and same specializations. They even came at the same time! With so many similarities between them, Quinlan couldn’t help but feel slightly competitive with him.

However, Marjorie wasn't even giving him a chance to shine. Seeing her being nice to only Gerald only added to his gloominess and annoyance.

Despite that, Quinlan wasn't an idiot who didn't know how to read the mood. Because of that, he simply followed behind the two, silently watching as Marjorie continued chatting with Gerald.

"Oh? Are those the two new lecturers who'll be joining our team, Miss Swift? Both of them look quite handsome!" said a few young lecturers as they walked over and greeted Marjorie.

All of them were women and they looked to be around Marjorie's age.

"Indeed! This here is Mr. Gerald Crawford, while his name is... Um... I apologize, but what was your name again...?" asked Marjorie rather awkwardly as she turned to face Quinlan.

Since Marjorie had placed most of her attention on the handsome Gerald, she now realized that she didn't even remember Quinlan's name!

Smiling wryly, Quinlan then said, "I'm Quinlan Yoxon!"

In the end, however, the same thing happened when all the female lecturers began surrounding and talking with Gerald instead of him.

As Quinlan's jealousy intensified, a few luxury cars could suddenly be seen driving toward the group. Screeching to a halt right in front of them, Marjorie and the other women were stunned when they saw a few bodyguards donning black coats getting out of the cars.

Once all of them were out, the bodyguards bowed slightly before saying, "We heard from the boss that this is your first time here in Heavenly City, young master. We'll be hosting a welcoming party for you tonight."

In response, Quinlan simply readjusted his gold glasses before saying, "Very well. Tell my cousin that I'll be there tonight."

"Very well, young master."

After bowing once more, the bodyguards re-entered their cars and left.

By then, all the female lecturers—who had earlier surrounded Gerald—had their mouths wide open as they looked at Quinlan in shock.

"Why... Did they address you as young master, Mr. Yoxon?" asked one of the female colleagues in amazement.

"Oh, they work for my cousin. He's established a few bars and hotels here in Heavenly City," replied Quinlan casually.

Upon hearing that, Marjorie couldn't help but sneak a few more glances at him before asking with a smile on her face, "I hadn't expected for you to have such an awesome cousin! Speaking of which, you aren't a local, are you Mr. Yoxon?"

"That is correct. I'm from Talgo Town. Have you heard about the five forces?"

"I have! Talgo Town is currently being supervised by the five forces, right? From what I've heard, they're all-powerful and they each have high statuses here in Heavenly City!" exclaimed another of the colleagues in shock, sounding very intrigued.

"Well, my dad helps to run the affairs for the Charley family, one of the five forces," replied Quinlan with a smile.

"What?" said all the colleagues present, utterly astonished.

Being locals of Heavenly City, the girls had been influenced by their environment to prefer people who were more powerful. Nobody could really blame them since the

more power and influence one had in Heavenly City, the more they could enjoy a life of grandeur there.

It was simply something that all women, especially those living in Heavenly City, yearned for.

Chapter 954

After seeing all those luxurious cars, all the women there were even more jealous once they found out that Quinlan was actually involved with the five forces.

“Why didn’t you just work with your group then?” asked another colleague.

“Haha! I’d rather not work in Talgo Town now due to all chaos the newly established Royal Dragon Group has created. The five forces are all obeying that group now, you know? Besides, my dad told me that it’d be better for me to go out and try making a living for myself first,” replied Quinlan as he shook his head with a bitter smile on his face.

Hearing that, Marjorie smiled subtly. To think that Quinlan was already so steady and mature!

“Your dad has a point, Mr. Yoxon. After all, you’re still young so who knows? Maybe you’ll be able to blaze a new way out by being a bit more adventurous and making a living of your own out here!” said Marjorie with a smile as she went closer toward Quinlan.

“I agree!”

The girls were now inching closer toward Quinlan as he detailed the major incidents that had recently taken place in both Talgo Town and Heavenly City.

As they chatted happily, Gerald could only laugh bitterly as he shook his head at the side. He had long gotten used to scenes like these.

Seeing that Gerald was now being ignored, Quinlan found himself growing extremely smug.

Since Gerald didn't have lectures to attend to in the morning, he simply sat in the office the entire time till noon came.

Nearing lunchtime, Gerald turned to look at Marjorie—who was seated next to him—before saying with a smile, “How about we head to the cafeteria now, Miss Swift? My treat.”

He was only taking the initiative to ask her out for a meal since she was the one who had invited him out for lunch earlier that morning. After all, Gerald was still new and unfamiliar with the university's layout.

Aside from that, he didn't really have any other unnecessary thoughts.

“Apologies, Mr. Crawford, but I have some business to attend to at noon. I'm afraid I can't join you this time,” replied Marjorie as she gently straightened her hair.

“I see. I'll head there myself then,” said Gerald as he nodded at her before heading off.

While Heavenly City was undoubtedly a chaotic place, it was also well equipped with all the essentials such as medical institutions, education institutions, and so on.

The university itself didn't look particularly different from the ones Gerald had seen before. Well, aside from the fact that all the students looked like gangsters.

Upon entering the cafeteria, Gerald bought some bread, sausages, and a salad before taking a seat at one of the empty tables to enjoy his meal.

It had been quite a long while since he was last able to enjoy such a life, and he found himself thinking that being an educator in a university and leading a quiet life was much preferable compared to being the boss of Whistler and the others.

Smiling bitterly as he thought about it, he then wondered how long he could even afford to live such a peaceful and quiet life.

As he sighed before continuing with his meal, Gerald heard a male voice saying, "Nobody seems to be sitting there, Marjorie. Let's head over!"

"I'm afraid that's the VIP area... You need to pay to sit there!"

"Haha! That's fine. If only we didn't have to be in a bit of a rush for that meeting later, I'd surely have brought you out for lunch!"

Looking up, Gerald could already tell that the voices belonged to none other than Marjorie and Quinlan.

So it turned out that Marjorie's 'business' was actually just her wanting to go out and have a meal with Quinlan. Knowing that made Gerald smile rather wryly.

It was evident at that point that both Quinlan and Marjorie had spotted Gerald. After all, he was sitting at a rather desolate corner beside the VIP area, making him stick out like a sore thumb.

Since it was a symbol of status if one was able to have their meals in the VIP area, people usually avoided the spot Gerald was sitting in if they could.

Noticing that Quinlan was staring at him contemptuously, Gerald simply lowered his head and continued eating his meal.

Marjorie, on the other hand, was now feeling rather awkward since she knew for a fact that Gerald had noticed her. After all, she clearly remembered asking him out for lunch earlier. Despite that, she had lied to him, claiming that she had business to attend to. Her being there with Quinlan clearly suggested that she was going out for lunch with him instead.

Any girl would feel embarrassed to some extent if they were placed in her current shoes.

Straightening her hair, Marjorie quickly averted her gaze before nodding with a faint smile as she looked at Quinlan.

“Hmm? Isn’t that Mr. Crawford? Why did he sit there?” asked a female voice at that moment.

Chapter 955

Looking up, Gerald saw that it was the other female colleagues who were in the same team with him.

Seeing that they had bumped into him as they were looking for seats to have their meals, Gerald simply smiled with a nod as he looked at them.

However, none of them seemed to even bother about his smile. In fact, some of the colleagues found themselves cupping their mouths in amusement as they said, “What a surprise! You really don’t know anything, do you? Why’d you decide to have your lunch here instead of anyplace else?”

After saying that, they simply turned around to leave.

Seconds later, one of the colleagues said, “Huh? Hey, look there! It’s Mr. Yoxon and Miss Swift! Hi there!”

The moment they saw Quinlan, their moods instantly switched, smiling as they waved their hands at him.

“What a coincidence! Why don’t you sit with us? If I had known that you were going to eat here, I’d definitely have invited all of you along!” said Quinlan with a bright smile.

“Is it really fine if we joined you?” asked a few of the female colleagues.

In the end, however, all of them ended up sitting at the same table, chatting and laughing among themselves.

While Gerald was well aware that he was a nobody in the presence of Quinlan, he didn't really want to have that much contact with his colleagues anyway. After all, befriending them wasn't part of his mission.

Gerald simply hoped that he would be able to meet Tulip soon.

Once the afternoon meeting ended a little later, Gerald prepared to teach his first class. Upon entering the classroom, Gerald saw that there were over thirty students in the class. The most conspicuous of them all, however, was none other than Tulip.

Her demeanor alone allowed anyone who saw her to instantly figure out that she was the boss of the class.

Since the first lecture was a lesson that required experimentation, Gerald brought his students along to a laboratory so that they would be able to observe the specimens there. He simply thought that it would be fitting for them to be able to observe things up-close since the topic he was about to teach was quite a major one in their Biology course.

Excited that they didn't have to remain in class, the students quickly grabbed their notebooks and followed Gerald out.

"Haha! I wonder if you've noticed that that handsome lecturer seems to have an interest in you, Tulip!" laughed a girl on their way to the laboratory as she held on to Tulip's hand.

"What nonsense are you spouting this time, you silly girl..." replied Tulip, almost speechless by her friend's comment.

"It's true! I realized that he had occasionally snuck glances at you from the moment he was done with his self-introduction. He continued doing so up till the point he headed out just now! I'm absolutely sure that he's been charmed by your beauty!"

"There you go again with your nonsense! Still, if he really did sneak that many glances at me, he'd better not let me catch him in the act! If I catch him red-handed, then I'm cutting his eyeballs out and feeding them to my Tibetan Mastiff,

Hooch! You know how much I hate quiet and honest-looking men like him! There's not a hint of bloodthirstiness in him at all!" said Tulip as both of them burst into laughter.

After a while, they arrived at the laboratory. However, to Gerald's surprise, he found that there were already two classes inside the laboratory.

While conducting lessons in the laboratory with two neighboring classes at the same time was commonplace there, one usually had to abide by a schedule.

Though Gerald and Marjorie's classes were the only classes that were supposed to be able to use the laboratory during this period, Quinlan was for some odd reason already inside with his own students.

The moment Marjorie saw Gerald, she awkwardly said, "Mr. Crawford?"

"Shouldn't only both our classes have access to the laboratory during the first period? Why is Mr. Yoxon and his students here instead?"

Although Gerald didn't really have that much of a sense of belonging there in the first place, he was starting to get annoyed by all this.

"Apologies, Mr. Crawford, but Mr. Yoxon came over to me earlier saying that he had no experience teaching students before this... Because of that, he suggested that we did a combined lesson... I assumed he had already notified you about it, so I simply agreed with his plan..." replied Marjorie as she blushed.

Clearing her throat, one of the students from Quinlan's class then shouted, "How about this, lecturers? From now on, why don't we use the current arrangement of classes instead of the previous one? After all, we'd very much prefer having lessons with Miss Swift and Mr. Yoxon."

"There's no reason for that! Our classes have already been pre-arranged nicely so how could you just take over somebody else's class period as you please?" retorted Tulip, clearly feeling dissatisfied.

A quarrel was starting to brew and the reason behind it was quite obvious. After all, Gerald's pupils had all excitedly brought along their notebooks to the laboratory, only to find that another class had stepped out of line and occupied it without first informing their lecturer about it.

The entire situation was honestly quite humiliating.

"Since we've already made preparations for the experiment, why don't you just take your students back to class, Mr. Crawford?"

Chapter 956

Clearing his throat before saying that, Quinlan then slid his hands into his pockets before sneering.

"What's with all the commotion? We're trying to have our lesson here!" shouted a female lecturer as she and her colleague stepped out of a neighboring laboratory in dissatisfaction.

Turning to face them, Quinlan then said, "It's just Mr. Crawford... I asked Miss Swift to have a joint lesson with me since I wanted to get some teaching experience... Coincidentally, the period I chose clashes with Mr. Crawford's class! This is honestly all my fault..."

"It really isn't. Mr. Crawford's just being inconsiderate! Just take the next lesson! There's no need to make a mountain out of a molehill, is there?" said the other female colleague as both of them nodded in unison.

Straightening her hair, Marjorie then added, "Why don't you return to your class first, Mr. Crawford?"

Hearing that, Gerald could only frown. He was very much aware that trying to argue with them wasn't going to be worthwhile. What more, it would be imprudent of them as lecturers to create a mess here.

With that in mind, he placidly said, "...Let's just go!"

As he began leading his students back to class, the students in the laboratory, in turn, immediately started an uproar.

“Yeah! Just leave already!”

“You’re all equally annoying mother*ckers! You hear?!” growled Tulip as she tossed her notebook to the ground before waving her two fists in the air.

After the small incident, Gerald earned the nickname, ‘Teacher Skitterbrook’ from the students.

Not that Gerald minded that sort of thing. After all, it didn’t really affect his observation on Tulip.

It wasn’t long after before Gerald realized the existence of secret undercurrents in the university. From what he managed to gather, a few groups of influential people were already plotting against Tulip again.

Gerald also noticed that despite being previously kidnapped, Tulip was still very much ignorant and fearless. She simply acted like a boss wherever she went in the university.

Sometime later, Gerald was about to enter his second-period class when suddenly, he heard someone shouting, “D*mn it! What should I do? Tulip’s run off again!”

Frowning slightly, Gerald entered the class and saw that a few of his female students were anxiously discussing the matter.

“What’s wrong?”

“Humph! It’s none of your business, you useless piece of trash! The others drove you away and you just succumbed to it! As your students, we feel utterly humiliated by that, you know? It’s also because of that humiliation that Tulip refused to attend your class! She’s driven off somewhere to have some fun instead! Her dad’s repeatedly ordered me to keep an eye on her, you know? Now I’m going to get

scolded for sure! All of this stems from you! Humph!” complained one of the students as she shoved Gerald to the side.

She was so angry that she wanted to run off to look for Tulip immediately.

For as long as she knew her, Tulip had always bore such a temperament. The girl was simply too used to having things go her way without having to care about anything else.

When things didn't go her way, however, she would head out looking for amusement instead.

As she thought about that, a student wearing glasses panted as he slid the class's door open. Noticing that tulip's bestie was present, he calmed his breathing before saying, “L-Liske! Something's wrong! I saw Tulip driving her sports car toward Bloomlin Mountain! When I asked her about it, she said she was going there to have some fun! She also told me to tell you to wait till Teacher Skitterbrook's clas-”

The moment he saw Gerald standing there, the bespectacled boy immediately fell silent, feeling extremely awkward.

“D*mn it! She really headed to Bloomlin Mountain? It's all over now! If her father knows that she went there to have fun, my dad will probably be beaten to death as well! All sorts of dangerous people gather at that chaotic place! What should I even do now...? Is there any of you daring enough to follow me there to get Tulip back?” said Nicole Liske as she anxiously stomped her foot on the ground.

“I'm in!”

“I'll be going as well!”

As a few of their male classmates volunteered, Gerald couldn't help but ask, “What sort of place is Bloomlin Mountain?”

Chapter 957

“D*mn it! Are you even a lecturer? How could you not know about Bloomlin Mountain? That’s the place where several youths, who are mostly in gangs, usually gather to host parties! What more, they like to have car races there to amuse themselves as well! That place is just bad news!” explained another student rather helplessly.

“There’s no use explaining it to him! Regardless, Tulip’s daring enough to go literally anywhere once her recklessness kicks in! I should know since the same thing happened when she last got into trouble! Come on, let’s just hurry and try to get her back already!” said Nicole who was now so anxious that she was almost in tears.

While Nicole was Tulip’s bestie, she was also the daughter of the Yowell family’s butler. Because of that, Nicole was usually tasked with keeping an eye on Tulip.

After all, almost everyone associated with the second young lady of the Yowell family knew that she was infamous for being reckless. She was a person who valued her own enjoyment above anything else, which was why she was now skipping Gerald’s class.

Gerald found that her classmates were all quite loyal to her as well, as all of them instantly agreed to go after her. Getting to Bloomlin Mountain wasn’t an issue for them either since several of the classmates were rich heirs who had their own cars. After entering the cars in twos and threes, all of them left.

“...Wouldn’t your arrival there be rather strange and unexpected...?” muttered Gerald to himself helplessly.

‘Just don’t get into any trouble... If she gets into any then all my efforts this time around will be for naught!’ Gerald thought to himself.

Knowing how many influential groups were targeting her now, it was impossible for him not to be worried. Shaking his head, he got atop his scooter and immediately began following them to the place.

Meanwhile, Tulip—who had just arrived not too long ago—was starting to slightly regret coming to Bloomlin Mountain. Looking around, the place resembled more of a colosseum rather than a racetrack.

The racetrack itself was located at the foot of a mountain in the suburbs of Heavenly City. Since the suburbs were already complicated enough with several intertwining paths, it inspired the planners of the racetrack to build it there.

Due to their efforts, what used to be a deserted open space was now filled with all sorts of cars, even high-end sports cars like Ferraris and Maybachs.

The regulars of the racetrack were all young men and women who were either screaming or playing musical instruments loudly, making the entire area somewhat deafening.

From the moment she had arrived, Tulip was left shocked by the youthful atmosphere there. Her sheer disbelief stemmed from the fact that she had never been exposed to people like these in the past. The existence of such individuals had simply been beyond her wildest imagination.

While she had definitely heard about Bloomlin Mountain before, this was actually her first time here since her father had prohibited her from ever coming here. While that was the case, Tulip had been in a bad mood recently.

The incident regarding her elder sister still flustered her greatly. As if that annoyance wasn't enough, she was humiliated in front of so many people today due to a coward!

Dwelling on the incidents filled her with so much wrath that she forgot all about her father's prohibitions and simply drove to Bloomlin Mountain to have some fun.

Now that she was there, however, she could only sit in her car, bewildered by all the sights and sounds there.

Just as she was about to consider leaving, a man with big hair—reminiscent of the eighties—who had his left ear adorned with a row of silver studs stood by her car

before saying, "Well hey there, girl! Are you a new face here? How about a race with me? If you win, I'll host a party here tonight for you!"

"I'll have to refuse. I just came here to have a look around," replied Tulip as she shook her head.

"Oh, you're not going to race? Well, you are still a student, after all! I guess you must be afraid to compete with others! What a waste that this sports car ended up in your hands!"

"You take that back you mother*cker! Who's afraid? I'm joining the race!" scowled Tulip angrily.

However, upon realizing what she had just said, Tulip found herself regretting it slightly.

After all, she truly had just wanted to have a look at the fabled racetrack in Bloomlin Mountain. Since she had previously assumed that the place would be deserted, she had even considered the thought of speeding along the winding paths of the mountain at least once before returning to university. It hadn't occurred to her that this place would be so populated with hooligans!

Sensing what Tulip was worrying about, he simply pointed at the people surrounding them before saying, "See those beast-like people? F*ck them! Don't see them as humans! Once you see them as mere animals, you'll be fine. However, if you truly are reluctant to look at them, then just close your eyes!"

While Tulip was hesitant, when she looked at his resolute and fearless expression, she replied, "...Since we're competing with each other, cut the cr*p and let's go already...!"

"Settle down, this round has already been taken by someone else. We'll just have to wait for the next round!" said the man as he pointed at two cars revving their engines loudly in the open space.

Hearing that, Tulip could only anxiously smack the side of her steering wheel in anger.

At that moment, a dozen or so cars arrived at the area, signaling the arrival of Nicole and the others.

“Hey! Look over there! That’s Tulip’s car!” yelled Nicole as the Tulip’s classmates ran toward her.

Immediately after, however, a loud clamor was heard.

Chapter 958

Upon noticing the arrival of Nicole and her classmates, the many other youths who were there instantly began screaming and whistling at them. After all, none of them had ever seen students dressed in uniform there before. What more, among the thirty over students, half of them were tall and slim women who looked both innocent and cute.

Their presence at Bloomlin Mountain was nothing short of extraordinary to the hooligans.

Even the big-haired man jumped out of his car in excitement, his eyes widened.

“Nicole... All of you... Why did all of you come here?” asked Tulip.

“Why else would we be here? We were worried about you, of course! Let’s just leave quickly! Still, to think that you would actually come here! What if your dad found out? Do you really want to suffer that terribly?” replied Tulip as she held on to Tulip’s arm.

Since it was evident that Tulip wanted to leave with them, the man from before simply sneered, “Come now, there’s no rush to leave! Why don’t we have a race first? After all, it mustn’t have been easy for all of you to come here. Or are all of you just obedient university students who are still afraid of your parents?”

“Cowards! Cowards!” chanted the crowds loudly.

“F*cking hell! Wait for me here, Nicole! I’m racing him first to shut him up for good!” scowled Tulip.

“That’s the spirit! Speaking of which, beauty, according to the rules here, you’ll have to give a ride to a person of the opposite gender if you’re participating in a car race. Since you already have so many male classmates, why not pick one of them? Or would you rather choose a handsome guy from among us? What do you say?” said the big-haired man.

As Tulip turned to look, she saw a woman with heavy makeup sitting in his car. So he wasn’t lying.

“Me! Me! Pick me, beauty!”

All around them, various men were shouting to get Tulip’s attention.

“As if I’d ever get in a car with any of you! Specky! Get in the car!” ordered Tulip at the bespectacled boy from before as she rolled her eyes at the crowd.

“B-but, Tulip! I can’t... I... I have car sickness!” replied Specky as he gulped before shaking his head quickly.

Tulip’s poor driving skills was no mystery to any of her classmates.

If a regular passenger thanked their driver for their troubles after arriving at their destination, a passenger of Tulip’s would instead thank her for allowing them to leave the car with their life intact!

In short, she was a mad driver.

Specky wasn’t the only unwilling one either. All her other male classmates were similarly deterred from sitting in the car if she was driving!

“Useless! All of you!” shouted Tulip as she smacked her steering wheel in frustration.

As the big-haired man continued laughing, Nicole suddenly pointed in a direction before saying in an astonished tone, “...Hey, that’s our lecturer, right? D*mn it! Why is he here?”

Turning to look at where she was pointing, all the students realized that she wasn’t kidding. Their Biology lecturer was indeed there!

Pushing his scooter along, Gerald soon saw his students and began running toward them. His arrival, however, was nothing short of ridiculous and amusing to the hooligans.

“Haha! Hey, everyone! Look there!”

With everyone’s eyes on him now, a roar of laughter erupted throughout the entire area.

It was funny enough to even think about someone riding a scooter to a racetrack, yet here Gerald was, pushing his now dusty scooter as he ran!

“Why the hell is that piece of trash here, Nicole?! Who even told him to come along?!” said Tulip, flabbergasted by his arrival.

Chapter 959

“Don’t look at me... I really hadn’t expected him to actually follow us here...” replied Nicole rather helplessly.

“It’s going to be all over for me if he tells the university about it! That’s not even the worst part! What if the university informs my dad about it?!” cried out Tulip in a state of berserk.

“Calm down, Tulip. I have a way to get him to cooperate obediently. You currently need a man in your car, right? Why don’t we get him to do it? Once he’s inside, he’ll definitely be afraid of you!” suggested Specky.

“F*cking...” While Tulip certainly wanted to scold Specky after hearing his indirect roast on her driving skill, thinking back, he had a point.

Since she was already annoyed with Gerald anyway after this morning’s incident at the laboratory, Tulip wasn’t too worried about making him suffer too much.

Besides, he looked like an honest and rather silly man. Once she was done with him in the car, he’d definitely not dare to report her misbehavior. With all that in mind, she decided to go along with Specky’s plan.

“Aren’t all of you being too disrespectful to the university? How dare all of you play truant together!” said Gerald as he walked over after parking his scooter properly.

Due to how far Bloomlin Mountain was from the university, Gerald’s scooter ran out of batteries a bit earlier, explaining why he had pushed it toward the racetrack instead of riding it in.

“Just shut up and get in the car!” ordered Tulip.

“And why should I? All of you had best return to the university right this instance!” replied Gerald.

“Fine! But you’ll still need a ride back, right? After all, we all saw that your scooter’s batteries were drained! Can’t you see that I’m offering you a ride back? Now come on!” added Tulip.

“She’s right, sir! Since you came all the way out here, just let her give you a ride back... As for your scooter, we’ll think of a way to get it back there...” added a few other students.

They were frantically trying to get Gerald into the car since the competition was about to begin soon. In their minds, the sooner the race was over, the sooner they could leave, and none of them wanted to linger there for any longer than they needed to.

“...Fine!” replied Gerald with a defeated nod.

He knew for a fact that Tulip wouldn't ever be this kind to him. However, he was slightly interested to see what kind of trick she had up her sleeve.

Upon closing the car door behind him, all the car's doors were immediately locked.

“What're you doing?” asked Gerald, astonished.

“Haha! You idiot! You've fallen straight into my trap! Did you honestly think that I'd be that nice to allow a worthless piece of trash like you to get into my car without a price? You're coming along with me for a car race! And you'd better not vomit inside my car or you'll suffer terribly!” warned Tulip.

Now that everything was ready, Tulip and her opponent drove to the starting line. After honking to indicate that both of them were ready, a large screen began projecting numbers counting down as both their cars began revving up.

The moment a loud buzzing sound was heard, both cars immediately sped forward like wild horses that had just been freed.

“Hell yeah! This is so cool!” shouted Tulip excitedly. Though she really didn't like the atmosphere of the place, it did end up becoming enjoyable once the race actually began.

“The road! Keep your eyes on the road!” shouted Gerald, terrified as he held on to the car's grab handle.

While Tulip's driving was definitely as reckless as her classmates remembered, she wasn't completely devoid of skill. After all, she was still ahead of the big-haired man's car.

However, that fact alone seemed rather illogical to Gerald. Looking through the rear-view mirror, Gerald found that his doubts were warranted. After all, the man clearly had a lot of chances to overtake her car. However, he just never did.

As Gerald frowned, wondering what was up, all of a sudden, Tulip let out a shout!

Turning to look ahead, Gerald saw that they were headed straight for a few rows of steel nails that had been placed across the road.

They clearly served as roadblocks, yet even if Tulip were to hit on the brakes now, both of them were well aware that she wouldn't be able to stop the car in time.

As a result, she simply accelerated the car forward with her eyes closed.

Seconds later, two distinct sounds of tires bursting could be heard!

Eventually, the car couldn't go on and Tulip was forced to park the car in the middle of the road.

"F*cking hell! Who would put roadblocks in the middle of a god d*mned racetrack!" shouted Tulip furiously.

On the contrary, Gerald appeared extremely vigilant as he turned around to look behind them.

Chapter 960

By now, the car behind them had stopped as well, blocking any possible escape routes.

'Something is definitely wrong!' Gerald thought to himself as he watched the big-haired man and the woman get out of their car.

"Hey, now! How could you people be like this? These roadblocks clearly shouldn't be here! I demand we start over!" scowled Tulip, feeling cheated.

“But of course, Miss Tulip Yowell! You’re the second young lady of the Yowell family, after all... We can start over as many times as you please!” replied the big-haired man as he laughed loudly.

“...You... How do you know my name?” asked Tulip, finally realizing that something was wrong.

“Humph! Just get out of the car already, miss! Don’t trouble us any more than you need to!” shouted the big-haired man as he pulled his wig off, revealing his bald head!

Following that, he took a gun out, aiming it at Tulip before roaring, “Didn’t you hear what I said? Get out, now!”

Seeing the gun, Tulip immediately went pale in fright. It was then when she understood that she was getting kidnapped again.

Raising both her hands to show that she was harmless, she then slowly got out of the car.

Once she was out, the woman revealed her own gun as the bald man shouted, “Wren, go kill that other guy! After he’s dead, report to Old A that we’ve captured her and tell him to take over from here immediately!”

“Got it!” replied the woman with a nod as she walked toward the shotgun seat.

However, when she peered through the window, she was left stunned. Raising her head to look at the bald man, she then said, “...Dominic... There’s nobody in there.”

“What? We all saw him enter the car earlier, right?” replied Dominic as he dragged Tulip along with him toward Wren’s side.

Peering inside, it appeared that she was right. Gerald had completely disappeared!

“How odd! He couldn’t have just vanished in broad daylight!” said the bald man in astonishment.

As he continued wondering where Gerald could possibly have gone to, out of the blue, a voice from behind the bald man shouted, “I’ll try my best to fight you!”

Hearing that, Dominic turned around immediately... Only to be greeted by a large stone!

With a loud ‘thud’, the bald man felt his eyes roll back as he fell to the ground, now unconscious!

Though Wren wanted to immediately retaliate by shooting the assailant, for some baffling reason, she just couldn’t fully raise her arm!

“I’ll fight you too!” shouted the youth again as he picked the same large stone up and staggered toward the woman before smashing it into her head. Naturally, she fainted as well.

The youth in question was of course, Gerald. Since he needed to keep his identity a secret, he knew that he had to pretend to be weak.

“Wow! You... You killed them, sir! You’ve killed two people! You’re definitely ruined this time!” exclaimed Tulip excitedly now that she knew she had been rescued.

Rolling his eyes, Gerald then replied, “They’re not dead! They’ve just fainted! However, since their accomplices are probably coming over soon, I suggest we leave quickly!”

“You’re right! Let’s go then!” replied Tulip as both of them headed for Dominic’s car.

Getting in the driver's seat, Tulip then turned the car around and sped all the way back to the starting line. Seconds after they left, however, a few ATV cars came to a screeching halt at the spot where both Dominic and Wren lay unconscious.

Watching Tulip and the man make their escape, the leader of the group found himself slamming a fist onto the hood of the car.

"F*cking hell! We were already so close just now! How did things end up failing? Who the hell saved her?!"

"Do we pursue after them, boss?"

"F*ck that! There are too many people at the foot of the mountain! Do you want to die that much? If you don't, then bring these two useless people along with us! We're leaving!"

Meanwhile, Tulip was beginning to admire Gerald slightly as she said, "D*mn, sir! You were so cruel earlier!"

"If I hadn't been, then we'd both be dead by now!" replied Gerald as he thought about what could've happened if he wasn't in the car with her.

"Still, something just doesn't add up, sir!" said Tulip as she seemed to recall something.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, back when I stepped out of the car, I'm fairly certain that you were still sitting beside me! How could you have just appeared behind the two kidnappers earlier?"

Chapter 961

"...That... Well, when he grabbed you, I simply took the chance to slide down the slope! All I needed to do after that was to take a detour back to where the cars were!" explained Gerald.

“I see! I didn’t expect you to be that smart!” replied Tulip in shock.

Hearing that, Gerald simply shook his head in silence.

Upon arriving at the foot of the mountain, Gerald squinted his eyes and saw that several other luxury cars were currently speeding toward them. Once the cars surrounded the area, Tulip immediately yelped.

“Oh god! That’s my dad’s car! Nicole must’ve told him that I’m here! I’m definitely ruined now!” said Tulip as she quivered in fear.

Seconds later, a middle-aged man stepped out of the car and walked toward her before anxiously asking, “Are... Are you fine, second young lady...?”

“H-humph! If you had arrived any later, then you wouldn’t have been able to see me anymore!” replied Tulip, a hint of fear still lingering in her voice.

“Thank goodness we made it in time, then... Nicole was the one who alerted me that you could be in danger. As a result, I immediately brought all these people here. How wonderful that you’re safe!”

As it turned out, a few men had chatted with Nicole earlier while the race was going on. After chatting for a bit, Nicole found out that the big-haired man wasn’t a usual here. In fact, this was the men’s first time meeting him as well. What more, he was apparently filthy rich. After all, Dominic ended up booking the entire racetrack that day!

Upon finding out about that, Nicole instantly became vigilant about him. After all, if he truly was that rich, why wasn’t he driving an expensive car?

Knowing that it would be better to be safe than sorry, Nicole immediately notified her father about the chain of events.

“So it seems that my guess was correct, Tulip... What kinds of dangers did you have to face? Speaking of which, where’s your car?” asked Nicole in a worried tone.

Hearing that, Tulip then began describing what had happened to her. However, her version of the story had been slightly altered.

According to Tulip, she had pretended to be bait to attract the attention of the two kidnappers. While they were going after her, Gerald had taken the chance to knock those two people unconscious!

After getting the details he needed, Mr. Liske immediately sent a few men up the mountain. The remaining men were told to surround the entirety of Bloomlin Mountain for investigation purposes.

Once that was done, Mr. Liske nodded at Gerald with a smile before saying, "I'm sure this is the Mr. Crawford you've been talking about. Do know that the Yowell family is indebted to you for your kindness this time around. As thanks for saving the second young lady, we'll certainly provide you with a great reward once she meets up with the master."

"It's fine. Tulip is my student, after all."

"Then how about this, Mr. Crawford? For now, allow me to send you back to the university in one of our cars."

"I'd appreciate that."

With that, Mr. Liske ordered a team of cars to send Gerald and his students back to the university.

Upon returning, Gerald told his students to return to class first. Gerald himself prepared to return to the office. The moment he got there, however, he immediately heard someone shouting, "Something's gone terribly wrong!"

He truly wasn't expecting to receive more bad news right after he had to deal with all that.

As he watched a few lecturers run outside, he casually stopped one of them before asking, "What happened?"

"It's Miss Swift and Mr. Yoxon! They seem to have gotten themselves into quite a bit of trouble! See, during their joint lesson earlier, there was apparently a student who was quite arrogant in Miss Swift's class! While he was smoking in the washroom during recess, he ended up getting into a fight there with students from other classes!"

"In the end, the arrogant student was beaten up terribly. However, that wasn't the end of the incident! While we honestly just wanted to wait for the university to deal with the situation, Mr. Yoxon was adamant about dealing with it immediately. As a result, he led the male students from his own class over to the neighboring class, which was the class of those who had beaten up Miss Swift's student."

"While Mr. Yoxon had gone over to reason with them, he failed to realize how bad his own temper was. After the argument turned unpleasant, he ended up beating up one of the male students!" explained the lecturer.

"So that's what happened... How imprudent for lecturers to beat up students!" said Gerald as he shook his head with a bitter smile on his face.

However, it was clear as day that Quinlan had only done so to impress Marjorie. After all, it was evident that he had a crush on her.

Sighing, the lecturer then added, "It'd be fine if that was where all the trouble ended, Mr. Crawford... Sadly, it isn't. Do you know which student he beat up?"

"Go on..."

"Well, the student's the son of a rich man in Heavenly City! Since the rich man has a close relationship with the underground forces of Heavenly City, the student declared that he would call some people over! Something terrible is definitely imminent now!" said the female lecturer before running off to the scene.

Seeing that she was running toward the scene of the incident, Gerald simply walked in the direction she was headed to. He was following her mainly because his class was currently also in the same location and he wanted to check on his students.

As was expected, the entire Biology course's corridor was crowded with people.

"Here you are, sir!" said Specky as soon as he saw Gerald. Since the corridor was completely blocked by a wall of people, his students weren't even able to return to class to have their lesson.

Chapter 962

"How are things looking?" asked Gerald.

"Well, the lecturer who took our laboratory time from us was beaten up! Mr. Yoxon's in deep trouble now! After all, he offended the young master of the Lightburn family! If you aren't aware, the young master of the Lightburn family is under the protection of underground forces!" explained Specky.

Hearing that, Gerald looked ahead and saw Quinlan surrounded by a group of men donning black suits. Marjorie and a few other female lecturers were also present, all of them frozen in fear.

"We're far from done!" shouted one of the men in black as he glared at Quinlan. Quinlan himself appeared to have several clear slap marks on his cheeks.

As the university's chancellor continued trying to calm the situation down, Quinlan simply wiped the blood off his glasses before sneering, "It's fine, chancellor. Just let me make a call and everything will be settled."

"Humph! Be my guest! Let's see who you call over!" scoffed the man angrily.

Shaking his head, Quinlan then took his cell phone out before dialing a number.

Seeing how confident Quinlan still was, Marjorie couldn't help but feel a sense of assuredness in her heart.

Everyone else was getting increasingly excited as well. Who was Quinlan going to call over?

“You know, I heard that Mr. Yoxon is from Talgo Town!”

“I heard the same thing too! From what I know, all sorts of cruel people live there!”

“Indeed! Speaking of which, my dad told me that there’s a powerful force in Talgo Town that even has territories in the Heavenly City! Could Mr. Yoxon possibly be calling someone from that group over?”

“Well, that possibility certainly isn’t out of the question!”

Throughout the next twenty minutes, the more well-informed students continued discussing the incident until a few of them finally pointed out of a nearby window before shouting, “H-hey! Look down there!”

As the rest of the students looked out, they were shocked to see at least a hundred black luxury cars driving toward the university. By the time the cars stopped, the area was completely surrounded by them.

Following that, several black-suited bodyguards began getting out of the cars before swiftly making their way to the corridor everyone was currently in.

Due to the imposing aura each of them possessed, all the students simply stepped aside, making way for them to proceed.

Those who were too slow to act, however, were immediately shoved aside as the overbearing bodyguards shouted, “Step aside!”

As Gerald found himself being pushed aside as well, Marjorie and the other female lecturers began biting onto their lower lips in excitement as they watched the scene further unfold.

Realizing how dominant the other party was, Mr. Lightburn's men found themselves getting more dispirited by the second. In the end, all of them stepped forward to begin negotiating.

"Are you alright, Mr. Yoxon?" asked the leader of the bodyguards.

"Could you perhaps come from Talgo Town, gentlemen? I wonder which force you belong to?" asked Mr. Lightburn's men.

"We belong to one of the families there. However, it was the Royal Dragon Group who ordered us to come here this time around," replied the leader as he respectfully gave way to another man in black.

"I beg your pardon? You're from the Royal Dragon Group, you say?" asked the opposing guards, stupefied by the turn of events.

After all, the Royal Dragon Group was considered to be a very powerful dark horse in Heavenly City. In just a single night, it had acquired all five forces in Talgo Town. The group had even blocked an entire road in Heavenly City! Those from within that group were truly vicious people!

As a result, being only a small force in Heavenly City, Mr. Lightburn's men really didn't dare to offend the Royal Dragon Group.

"That is correct. Mr. Yoxon's father is an ally to the Royal Dragon Group. Due to that, The Royal Dragon Group will now deal with this issue. Which force do you belong to? I do hope you'll give us some respect," replied the man wearing sunglasses, coldly.

"But of course!" replied Mr. Lightburn's men as they nodded with a smile.

"How could we just settle things like this, Bryan?" said Mr. Lightburn, unwilling to just accept defeat like that.

“Please just endure it for now, Mr. Lightburn. The Royal Dragon Group has been looking for targets all over the place. Even the boss has ordered us not to ever offend them,” whispered Bryan in response.