

# The Fearsome Dragon Warrior

## Chapter 1

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A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of a cypress tree in Silversand Cemetery which was on the

outskirts of the West Side of Paramount. There, a tall male figure stood silently before a

tombstone, as still as a statue. 'Here lies Naeve Warren, beloved daughter of Norman Warren.'

The man was Jacob Lynch. He looked at the smiling woman in the black and white photo on the

tombstone. His handsome face was marred with endless sorrow and regret.

"Naeve, I'm back!

Why didn't you wait for me?" His eyes welled up with tears as he recalled a past memory. He

remembered a beautiful girl saying to him timidly, "Don't cry. You need to stay strong..." Six

years ago, Jacob stabbed a government official at a banquet to protect his girlfriend. The

aftermath forced him to escape to the outland. On the other hand, Naeve remained in

Paramount which was the Central Federation's capital in Avalon. Jacob thought she would be

fine due to her family's status. He did not expect to return to find her dead.

While on the run,

Jacob saved an old man who gave him a book called Secret Records of the War Deity before he

died. Jacob struggled to survive in the outland in the six years he was away, hoping to return

home one day. He had trained in the most powerful techniques and challenged the strongest

enemies. Now, he returned to Central District with a body full of scars but with unparalleled power. At this moment, Jacob kneeled before the tombstone in grief. However, his tone sounded murderous as he asked, "How did my girlfriend die?" After he spoke, a two-meter-tall muscular man stepped out from the shadow of the cypress tree and said, "Sir, according to the investigation by the Shadow Squad, Miss Warren died of birth complications." "Birth complications!?" Jacob's intimidating aura filled the surroundings. He turned around and asked urgently, "When did it happen?" The muscular man sensed Jacob's threatening aura and answered respectfully, "Sir, it happened five years ago. More accurately speaking, it was seven months after you left the Central District!" "Seven months after I left?" A flash of realization appeared in Jacob's eyes. "Gerald, you mean..." "Yes, sir." Gerald bowed and continued, "We found that Miss Warren was weak and died of birth complications despite medical treatment. However, due to the urgency of the investigation, we have not found answers to certain questions concerning Miss Warren's death..." Jacob narrowed his eyes and raised his hand to pause Gerald. His eyes filled with grief as he caressed the photo on the tombstone. Then, he spoke as if to comfort the woman in the photo. "Naeve, I owe you too much. If we meet again in the next life, I am willing to do anything to make it up to you." After that, he turned to Gerald and said sternly, "Gerald, I want concrete answers and not dubious guesses. If this happens

again, you know the consequences!” Gerald trembled and answered in a deep voice, “Yes.” Jacob sighed and asked urgently, “Where is my child with Naeve?” Gerald bowed his head and answered, “Sir, the little princess has been under Miss Warren’s parents’ care since she was born. She is healthy and very beautiful!” “Is there any photo? Show it to me now!” Jacob turned around and extended his hand to Gerald impatiently. Gerald seemed to have expected this and respectfully handed Jacob a phone. Jacob took the phone and quickly scrolled through the photo album. He looked at the photo of a little girl smiling sweetly at him, prompting a smile to blossom on a face feared by many outland forces and organizations. After looking at the photo for a long time, Jacob finally put down the phone and whispered solemnly, “Naeve, don’t worry. I will make sure to raise our daughter well as long as I live!” He looked at his girlfriend’s photo longingly for some time. Then, he got up and said, “Gerald, I will be going to my home first before heading to see my daughter. I shall raise my daughter by myself.”

Meanwhile, Rowan Lane in the South Precinct was undergoing demolition due to a development plan. Suddenly, a black luxury car suddenly slowed down and stopped by a dirty and debris-ridden road. Soon, Jacob and his trusted subordinate, Gerald Thornton, got out. Gerald had a reputation as a ferocious killer in the outland. Jacob stood at the entrance of the lane and breathed in the dustfilled air before taking a step forward. He walked around two hundred meters and arrived at a

three-story building that stood alone among the ruins. A gray-haired man named Franklin Lynch stood firm amidst the roar of machinery, holding a shovel across his chest. His eyes burned with fury as he yelled, "I will fight anyone who dares to demolish my house!" A gang of South Precinct thugs stood before him. Their leader was a young man with long hair and sharp facial features. He puffed his chest and shouted at Franklin, "Old man, don't say that I didn't warn you! Do you know who ordered this demolition project?" The young man had a smug expression and looked at Franklin with disdain. "You old bastard! How dare you stand in our way! Do you know who is behind this demolition project?" Franklin, who once had a net worth of tens of millions, yelled furiously, "I don't care who you are! No one can tear down my home!" "You old bastard! Since you wish to die, I shall make your wish come true!" The long-haired man glared at Franklin furiously and gestured to the rest of the thugs. "Everyone, go and beat up this old bastard!" The thugs waved their bats excitedly and charged ahead. Suddenly, a gust of strong wind blew. Then, a ghostly figure appeared from out of nowhere. The ghostly figure flitted and disappeared as a hallucination. Instantly, a gust of cold wind seemed to swirl around the thugs before Franklin, and a series of explosions like firecrackers sounded from the thugs. "Argh..." The thugs screamed as their bones splintered, spilling blood onto the brick and stone floor. The other thugs turned pale with terror after witnessing the sudden horrifying scene. Their eyes became filled with

horror. Even the roaring excavator stopped instantly. “Who... Who was that?” The long-haired man immediately hid among the gang of thugs and screamed when a gigantic figure appeared suddenly. The gigantic man was none other than Gerald, glaring at the thugs with a cold and ruthless gaze. Any thugs that met Gerald’s gaze felt as if stabbed and quickly looked away. The scene fell into complete silence. Gerald suddenly took a step forward and scared the thugs, prompting them to run away. None of them wanted to end up in horrible deaths like their unlucky friends. *Tap... Tap, tap...* A series of firm footsteps suddenly sounded from afar and kept moving closer. Gerald bowed and greeted, “Sir!” The thugs watched Jacob appear dressed in a black trench coat and a pair of tall combat boots. He walked through the crowd and gradually approached Franklin. *Clang!* The shovel fell to the ground as tears flowed onto Franklin’s weathered cheeks. Jacob looked at the gray strands on his father’s head and noted the deep wrinkles on his forehead and the corner of his eyes. He felt sad to see his father like this and knelt on the ground. “Dad, I’m back! I’m sorry for letting you suffer all these years!” *Anyone who dares to bully my father shall pay with their blood!*

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