

hundred million dollars, right? Oh, Helen. Look at you. You managed to find yourself such a good son-in-law. You really are lucky!”

Helen’s face had turned red. She wished she could bury herself in a hole right then.

Orion began to chuckle. “Mom, you must have misunderstood something. Didn’t I just say that all the villas here have been bought by a mysterious tycoon last week? How could Brother Summers possibly afford to buy all of these with a billion dollars?”

Eliza pretended to glare at Orion angrily. “Orion, don’t say that. What if Little Summers is the mysterious tycoon you speak of? Little Summers, are you really the mysterious tycoon? Hurry up and open the doors. Show us what a villa worth a hundred million dollars looks like on the inside.”

Helen was already sweating profusely. Where would Tyr find the keys? How could a beggar like him afford to buy the most luxurious villas halfway up the mountain with a billion dollars?

“Sister Garner, look, the sun is shining ever so

brightly. Also, the villas aren't fully renovated. Let's not go inside for now. Once we move in after some time, we'll invite you over. How about that?"

Eliza chuckled. "Helen, don't you know that the villas here have been fully renovated? Residents can move in whenever they wish. Since it's so hot outside, why don't we go in and stay in an air-conditioned room? It's much cooler inside."

Eliza would not cave in. "Little Summers, why are you still standing there? Hurry up and open the door."

"Forget about it. I think Little Summers was just joking with us. Orion already said that a tycoon bought all of these villas. How could it possibly be Little Summers?" Oberon whistled after he finished his sentence.

He did not want to make things too awkward for the two families.

"However, Little Summers, as your uncle, I must advise you. You need to stay down-to-earth as a person!"

Tyr did not reply to Oberon.

Meanwhile, Eliza continued to speak. "Yeah. You must learn that from Orion."

"Let's go. I'm sure we won't be able to have a tour inside. Let's return home and continue to chat."

However, right then, the large doors of the villa were suddenly opened.

Lina Julliard stepped out wearing the Lewis family's company uniform. A group of employees followed her out.

When she saw Tyr, her eyes lit up. "Mr. Summers, you are here."

Chapter 149 I Will Give You A Beautiful Home

Suddenly, it felt as if the air pressure around them had increased after Lina Julliard called out Tyr Summers' name.

Mr. Summers. Which Mr. Summers?

While everyone was still in a state of shock, Lina was already jogging over to Tyr as her heels clicked against the ground loudly. She sounded both respectful and grateful.

"Mr. Summers, I have been bringing people over to clean up once a day. Regardless of when you move in, it will always be in its cleanest state," Lina said.

Everyone turned to look at Tyr in surprise. In fact, Eliza's family members were frozen in place.

"Thank you for your hard work." Tyr nodded slightly.

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to be able to serve you, Mr. Summers!" Lina exclaimed.

Tyr smiled before picking Blair Zea up and holding Winifred Zea's hand as he started walking into the villa.

"Dad, is this our new home?" Blair asked confusedly.

"Yes, do you like it?" Tyr asked.

"Yes, I love it!" Blair answered.

When the three of them arrived at the door, they saw that Helen Cole and Eliza Garner were still frozen in place.

"Mom, what are you doing? Hurry up and come in. Aunty Garner, you too. Didn't you want to come into an air-conditioned room?" Tyr chuckled.

Compared to Eliza's villa by the foot of the hill, this villa halfway up the mountain seemed even more extravagant.

Its size alone was two to three times the size of the villas down there. In fact, the interior design of this villa was based entirely on top-notch European influences.

Everything from the art pieces on the wall to the

living room couches was of the finest and most luxurious quality.

“Tyr Summers, did you really buy this villa?” Helen stammered.

Meanwhile, Jacob was already speechless from the shock. As for Eliza and her family, they were all frozen in place. How was this possible? They were told that Tyr was only a beggar. How could he afford such a high-class villa which cost up to a hundred million? This must have been fake.

Right then, Tyr and the rest had already gone up to the balcony on the second floor of the villa. There were various species of expensive plants decorated all over the balcony. From here, they could see the entire Lunar Mountain and even half of Khanh City.

Indeed, it felt as if they had the entire Khanh City at their feet.

“Tyr Summers, could you have rented this villa to put on a show just like the Benz you rented?” As soon as Eliza asked this question, everyone turned to look at Tyr oddly.

Even if they were seeing it with their own eyes, Eliza and the rest refused to believe that Tyr, a beggar, could afford a villa halfway up Lunar Mountain.

Meanwhile, Helen Cole and the rest looked at Tyr nervously.

However, Tyr did not answer Eliza. By then, Lina had already placed a set of keys in front of Tyr.

Tyr turned around and picked Blair up yet again. This was his prized daughter. After that, he turned to look at Winifred, Helen, and Jacob.

“Winifred, Dad, Mom! I, Tyr Summers, come from a messed-up family. Ever since my biological mother left me behind, I have never experienced familial love again. Thank you all for not looking down upon my identity as a beggar. You made me feel the love of being a part of a family once more. Since you have treated me with such genuine kindness, please allow me to give you a beautiful place to call home!” Tyr exclaimed while he pressed a button on the set of keys.

Beep!

Below them, the second villa's main gate was opened.

Beep!

The third villa's main gate was opened.

Beep!

The fourth villa's main gate was opened.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Soon, halfway up Lunar Mountain, all thirteen villas' main gates had been opened by Tyr.

Words could not describe how shocked Eliza and Helen looked.

Helen and Jacob had already forgotten how they managed to get home.

On their way back, all they could think about was how Tyr unlocked the thirteen villas halfway up Lunar Mountain one after the other. Moreover, Eliza and her family were sweating profusely as their

faces turned pale.

When they arrived home, Winifred immediately pulled Tyr into the bedroom. Up until now, Winifred's heart was still beating wildly. The scene which unfolded earlier was far too shocking. It was insane when she recalled how Tyr unlocked all thirteen of the villas in the best part of Lunar Mountain's township.

"Tyr Summers, are you crazy? Even if you wanted to embarrass Eliza Garner, you didn't have to act this way, right? Those are thirteen high-class villas. I know you are rich, but you didn't have to waste so much money." Winifred felt as if she was going crazy. What Tyr did truly blew her mind.

Meanwhile, Tyr shrugged as if it did not really matter to him. "Those are just villas. They cost around a billion dollars in total. Why do you have to overreact?" He asked.

Winifred's eyes widened.

'Did you just say one billion as if it were a piece of paper?' She thought.

“Alright, don’t be so shocked. I’ve already paid for it. I can’t really return them now, can I?” Tyr asked.

“Get Dad and Mom to pack up. We’ll find a suitable time to move in. As for the other villas, I will make separate arrangements,” he added.

“What arrangements?” Winifred asked.

“I don’t know yet. However, it won’t be long before all villas in Lunar Mountain will be occupied by people who work for me,” Tyr answered.

Winifred was in shock. However, she did not bug him further. After all, Tyr was spending his own money. Moreover, she already knew by now that Tyr was not an ordinary person. His thoughts and plans were not something a woman like Winifred could understand.

“Mikhael gave me a call today. He told me that the fashion week in Italy is about to begin.” Winifred said.

“Okay. When are you leaving? I’ll come with you.” Tyr nodded.

“The day after tomorrow!” Winifred answered.

The next day, after Winifred had arranged everything

with Mikhael on the phone, she booked two flight tickets for Italy.

On the day of their flight, Tyr and Winifred boarded the flight to Milan together.

Milan was the world's largest city of fashion. Countless fashion designers could only dream of being a part of Milan's fashion week. Every designer dreamed of showcasing his or her own creations on the big stage so that the entire world would know them.

Winifred was one of them with the same dream.

However, Winifred's company did not have its own brand. Even if it did, Autumn Field would not be qualified to participate in Milan's fashion week in such a short time. Therefore, Winifred relied on Gucci to showcase her own creations during the fashion week.

However, she was fine with this!

Winifred believed that one day she would be able to bring Autumn Field's home-grown brand to various notable fashion weeks all over the world.

They would become world-famous!

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Chapter 150 A Fly at the Party

Since Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea departed at ten o'clock in the morning, it was already ten o'clock at night when they arrived in Milan.

Mikhael thought very highly of Winifred as his business partner. At the same time, he respected Tyr even more. Therefore, when Tyr and Winifred arrived, Mikhael was there to welcome them personally.

“Dear Miss Winifred Zea and Mr. Tyr Summers. Welcome to Italy! I’m sure it has been a tiring journey,” Mikhael exclaimed before giving Winifred a big hug and shaking Tyr’s hand passionately.

After Mikhael and Tyr had dinner, Tyr Summers and Winifred immediately went to the hotel Mikhael had booked for them to rest due to the tight schedule.

The next day, Mikhael brought the two of them to Gucci’s office and factory for a tour. Simultaneously, the set of “Autumn Field” clothes designed by Winifred was also in the final stages of being produced by Gucci’s factory. They were confident

that “Autumn Field” would stand out during the fashion week.

In the afternoon, Mikhael informed Winifred that there would be a cocktail party here in the evening. The cocktail party was organized by Milan’s Designers’ Association, with the assistance of several influential families in the country. By then, many of the leaders of world-famous clothing brands and notable fashion designers would all be there.

Winifred could use this opportunity to exchange ideas and know some of the experts in this industry. It would be beneficial to both Winifred personally, and for Autumn Field on its path to debut on the world stage. Naturally, Winifred did not refuse the opportunity.

However, due to special restrictions, Mikhael could only bring a single guest to the cocktail party. Therefore, he could only bring Winifred with him. Tyr would not be able to take part. However, Tyr did not seem bothered by it.

After all, he was not exactly interested in events like

this. Moreover, he felt completely safe because Winifred was going to be accompanied by Mikhael.

At six o'clock in the evening, Winifred put on a beautiful gown before heading to Mikhael's cocktail party.

"So beautiful!" Winifred exclaimed as soon as they entered the party venue. Winifred was stunned by the beautiful and elegant decorations in the venue. Indeed, this was how the city of fashion should look like. Even a cocktail party would be decorated with extra attention to detail.

Many guests had already arrived at the cocktail party. Every single one of them was well-dressed. Even the way they moved and talked reflected the qualities of nobility and elegance. An aura of elegance was not something that could be mimicked. Everyone in the room represented luxury brands worldwide, and some of them were even expert designers in the industry.

In fact, Winifred had even seen quite a few of them either in magazines or on television.

"Miss Zea, you don't have to be nervous. Relax. You

can interact with the other guests here as you see fit. If there's anyone you would like to be acquainted with, you can tell me," Mikhael said.

"Okay. I understand. Thank you, Mr. Mikhael."

Winifred nodded thankfully.

"Don't mention it. We are friends. If you want to relax a little, you can head over to the dancing area. Find someone to dance with and let loose," Mikhael added.

Winifred nodded and smiled. For the next few minutes, Mikhael took Winifred around and introduced her to a few expert designers. They were all having decent conversations.

"Miss Zea, there is a friend of mine over there. I have to spend a few minutes alone to see him," Mikhael said.

"Alright, Mr. Mikhael. Please go ahead. I'll have a look around on my own," Winifred replied.

"Okay. I'll be back very soon," Mikhael said.

After Mikhael left, Winifred held a glass of red wine

in her hand while she sat on an intricately designed chair. She was smiling as she looked around. Right then, two men looked over in Winifred's direction from the other side of the room.

"Mr. Hubert, that lady over there looks like someone from the Celestial Empire. She seems very exotic," a middle-aged man in his thirties said. He was wearing a tuxedo, had blonde hair and green eyes. He seemed like a charming man. His name was Kennedy Rossi, and he was not of an ordinary background.

There were six influential families in Milan. They were collectively known as the wealthiest family of tycoons in Milan. At the same, all six families were very powerful in all of Italy.

Meanwhile, Kennedy Rossi was the head of his generation of the Rossi family, one of the six most prominent families.

At the same time, he was also the youngest head of the family in Milan's six most prominent families. While he was great in almost everything imaginable, the only shortcoming he possessed was being a

pervert.

“Mr. Rossi, are you interested in her? Would you like me to test the waters for you?” An oriental-looking man asked. His name was Harris Hubert. He was an Italian-Chinese who now resided in Milan. In fact, his surname had already become a popular name here.

Since Harris was Kennedy’s employee, he had helped Kennedy get into the pants of quite a few Asian women.

“Sure. My understanding of the Celestial Empire’s language isn’t fantastic. Thanks for the help, Mr. Hubert,” Kennedy said.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Rossi. Leave it to me.” Harris began approaching Winifred with a smile on his face and a glass of red wine in his hand.

“Miss, can I ask if you are from the Celestial Empire?” Harris asked.

Winifred was stunned for a moment. For Winifred, meeting someone from the same country was indeed something worth being happy about.

“Yes. Nice to meet you. Are you from the Celestial

Empire too?" Winifred asked.

"Yeah. What a coincidence. My name is Harris Hubert. May I have a drink with you?" Harris asked.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Hubert. My name is Winifred Zea," Winifred answered.

After that, they clink glasses with each other. However, since Winifred could not drink a lot, she took only a small sip from her glass.

After the introductions, Harris began speaking straightforwardly.

"Miss Zea, I have a friend who would like to dance with you. Would that be alright?" He asked.

Winifred suddenly sensed that something was amiss here. Just as she was about to refuse him, Kennedy was already walking over.

"Nice to meet you, pretty lady from the east," he greeted her with a poorly structured sentence.

"I've been attracted to you since the moment I saw you. May I invite you to dance by the pool?" He added.

Although Kennedy sounded like a gentleman and

was also tall and handsome, he emanated a predator's vibe. Perhaps, it was because he behaved like a womanizer.

Winifred immediately became guarded.

"I'm sorry, mister. I don't know how to dance," she said.

"It's okay, Miss Zea. Mr. Rossi can teach you. He is very sincere!" Harris chuckled.

However, Winifred continued to shake her head politely.

By then, Kennedy's facial expression had turned gloomy. Meanwhile, Harris's voice became somewhat deeper.

"Miss Zea, this is a great opportunity for you to rise through the ranks. Why don't you give it some thought? Don't miss a great opportunity!" he said.

Chapter 151 Please Respect Me

The kind expression on Winifred Zea's face had long disappeared.

She knew that Harris Hubert was up to no good.

"Excuse me," Winifred said. She was feeling a little frantic and wanted to stay away from these two men who had ill intentions. However, Harris would not leave her alone.

"Miss Zea, are you sure you won't consider it? I'm sure you are here for Milan's fashion week because you want your creations to stand out, right?

However, to be honest, designers from Celestial Empire like you can't make it big here. Even so, Mr. Rossi is one of the heads of the six biggest families in Milan. He has some influence over the fashion week," Harris explained.

"What are you trying to say?" Winifred began to frown.

"In that case, I'll cut to the chase." Harris chuckled.

“Mr. Rossi has his eyes on you and wants to spend the night with you. If you can please Mr. Rossi, he promises to give you a good opportunity to showcase yourself during fashion week. He can make more people notice you and your creations.” Harris smiled confidently at Winifred.

“Miss Zea, if the company supporting you can bring you here to the fashion week, I’m sure you must be talented. Since you are talented, I’m certain you wouldn’t refuse a rare opportunity like this, isn’t that so?” He added.

S
Splash...

Winifred spilled the remaining red wine in her glass at Harris’s face. The things Harris just said to her were an insult to Winifred’s ego. Therefore, Winifred was enraged. Harris was dumbfounded. Meanwhile, Kennedy Rossi began to walk over.

“What are you doing?” Harris yelled at Winifred.

“Please respect me.” After finishing her sentence, Winifred was ready to leave.

However, Kennedy stood in her way. His true colors

were out now.

“Stop right there, you clueless b*tch. There’s a saying in Celestial Empire that one should find out who a dog belongs to before hitting it. I am very angry that you spilled wine all over my employee! I rarely force anyone to do things they don’t like. However, tonight, you must sleep with me!” Kennedy said.

Slap...

Unable to bear the insults, Winifred slapped Kennedy across the face. It instantly attracted the attention of the people around them.

When Mikhael, who was still chatting with his friend, saw this, he was stunned. He immediately ran over to Winifred.

Meanwhile, Kennedy did not expect Winifred to actually slap him. In fact, he did not expect anyone would dare slap him in Milan.

“You clueless b*tch. I announce that you are done for!”

Kennedy was about to go berserk when Mikhael ran

over and blocked in front of Winifred.

“Mr. Rossi, what’s the matter? This is Miss Zea. She is my honored guest. I wonder what she has done to make you upset,” Mikhael said.

“She is your guest?” Kennedy frowned.

“That’s right. I have specifically invited her over from Celestial Empire. If she has done anything to make you upset, please allow me to apologize on her behalf. I hope you will show me some respect, Mr. Rossi.”

Kennedy remained quiet for two seconds, he looked suspiciously at Mikhael as if he were weighing options in his mind.

Meanwhile, Harris had run over quickly and murmured into Kennedy’s ears, “Mr. Rossi, calm down. Mikhael is a rather influential person here. Moreover, there are a lot of media members broadcasting this cocktail party. It will affect the Rossi family’s reputation if things get too serious.”

Kennedy immediately calmed down. As the Rossi family’s head, and being over thirty, Kennedy was

still capable of weighing the pros and cons of his actions.

“If you are really interested in this woman, we can do it privately,” Harris added hurriedly.

Kennedy smiled calmly before he looked at Mikhael. “Mr. Mikhael, I will forgive her because I respect you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Rossi,” Mikhael said.

“Hmph!” Kennedy snorted.

With something like this happening, Winifred suddenly lost all interest in the cocktail party. Feeling somewhat guilty, Mikhael proceeded to leave with Winifred.

“Miss Zea, I’m really sorry about what happened. I didn’t expect something like this would happen,” Mikhael said.

“It’s alright, Mr. Mikhael. I don’t mind!” Winifred said.

Although what happened felt disgusting to her, she would not take it to heart. After all, there were many disgusting men at cocktail parties like this. It was the same everywhere.

Back at the hotel, Tyr Summers was playing Sokoban on the bed. When he saw that Winifred had returned, he immediately put his phone down.

“How do you feel, Winifred?”

Winifred did not tell Tyr about the upsetting incident. “Everything went well. I’m going to have to prepare for the fashion week for the time to come,” she said with a smile.

“I believe in you. I’m sure “Autumn Field” can steal the spotlight just as it did in the previous competition.” Tyr nodded.

Meanwhile, in a luxurious European-style manor, Kennedy was enjoying an Italian massage by several blonde women.

He could not help but think about Winifred’s body.

Especially when he recalled how Winifred had slapped him, he would subconsciously touch his face.

He was actually feeling a little excited.

“Mr. Rossi, I’ve finished checking on her. Winifred Zea is the president of a small company in Celestial Empire’s Khanh City. Previously, Gucci held a competition there and Mikhael spotted her creation. Therefore, he has invited her to participate in Milan’s fashion week with her creations this time.” Harris smiled.

“From what I discovered, this woman doesn’t really have a powerful background. Moreover, she and Mikhael aren’t exactly closely related. If you would like, I can send some people to capture her and bring her here right now,” Harris added with a glimmer in his eyes.

“Really?” Kennedy asked.

“Mr. Rossi, when have I joked with you about these things? I have even found out which hotel she is staying in. She is here with her boyfriend, but that won’t be a problem at all! I’ll get some people to get her. Even if you kill her, Mikhael won’t dare do anything to you,” Harris said.

“Hahaha! Mikhael is a nobody. Even if the CEO of

Gucci stands before me, he won't dare do anything to me." Kennedy laughed out loudly before lighting up a cigar.

"Well then, Harris Hubert, what are you waiting for? Hurry up and bring her here. I can't wait!" Kennedy said.

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Chapter 152 Greetings, Palace Master

Beneath the moonlight, a black sedan stopped in the open-air parking lot outside the hotel Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea were staying in.

When the doors of the car opened, Harris Hubert and four other tall men dressed in black stepped out. They all began walking directly into the hotel.

“Hello, misters, would you like to spend the night here?” The receptionist immediately greeted them.

“Give us the key to Room 405. We are looking for someone,” Harris said.

“Mister, who are you? Please show me your identity cards to register,” the receptionist said after shaking his head.

Slap...

Harris slapped the receptionist across his face.

After that, Harris took out a business card and shoved it into the receptionist’s hand.

This was the Rossi family's business card.

When the receptionist saw the card, he obediently retrieved the room key and handed it over to Harris without saying another word.

The five men quickly got into the lift and arrived in Room 405.

Right then, Winifred was sitting by the lamp preparing various drafts of paperwork.

Meanwhile, Tyr was sitting next to her and staring at her like a fool. He felt that his wife was becoming increasingly pretty. In fact, she seemed even more attractive when she was focused on her work.

"Why do you keep staring at me?" Winifred asked angrily as she glared at Tyr.

"Because you are pretty. Keep working. Don't mind me," he answered.

Winifred's face immediately turned red. Tyr was becoming more and more thick-skinned. Just as Winifred was about to stop Tyr from staring at her, Tyr suddenly jumped off the bed. His action gave

Winifred a fright, causing her to cover her chest as she thought he might do something to her against her will. However, Tyr gestured for her to remain silent with a serious look on his face.

“Stay here and don’t move.” Tyr proceeded to move closer to the door.

After a clicking sound could be heard, someone pushed the door open.

Winifred was shocked, but Tyr gave the person a quick punch.

Bam...

The man dressed in black immediately fell to the ground and had seemingly passed out.

Everyone behind him, including Harris, were stunned. Right then, Harris and Tyr locked eyes.

“It’s you!” Winifred exclaimed as she stood up.

“Miss Zea, I’m sure you didn’t expect me to find you so soon.” A sly smile appeared on Harris’ face.

After that, Harris looked at Tyr arrogantly. “Kiddo, you

've got some skills. However, this is Milan. I warn you not to be too confident. Are you Miss Zea's boyfriend? Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Harris Hubert. I am a friend of Kennedy Rossi, the head of one of the six biggest families in Milan. Since Mr. Rossi wants to sleep with your girlfriend, I must take her to him. If you don't wish to die, please step aside. Of course, if Mr. Rossi is pleased with your girlfriend, we would give you a handsome amount of money as a reward!" Harris said.

At that moment, even Tyr was shocked.

Somebody actually had the guts to say those things to Tyr to his face. The line had been crossed. Tyr was now absolutely enraged.

Bang...

Tyr kicked Harris in his groin without holding back.

Arghhh...

Harris screamed at the top of his lungs as he kneeled on the ground. His head was covered in sweat. His face had turned pale.

The other large men immediately started attacking Tyr.

Bang. Bang. Bang...

After two seconds, these men were all lying on the ground.

Winifred was so shocked that she could not speak.

“Winifred, you insisted on sleeping in separate rooms yesterday when we arrived. However, I wouldn’t allow it. Now, you know why. Alright, I want you to wait for me in the other room. I will come over in a while,” Tyr said.

However, Winifred did not move as she was still in shock.

“Listen to me,” Tyr said.

When Tyr was angry, even Winifred felt a little intimidated. Therefore, she did not linger around, but instead, obediently walked to another room.

After dragging Harris and the other four men into the unit, he closed the doors behind him.

After that, he walked over to the cabinet and picked up a solid bottle of red wine.

By then, Harris and the other men were lying feebly on the ground as they observed Tyr. There were looks of fear in their eyes.

Right then, Tyr seemed almost like a demon slowly stepping closer to Harris and the other men.

Bang...

Tyr struck the wine bottle at one of the men dressed in black. The bottle instantly cracked into pieces.

Meanwhile, the men did not even have the chance to grunt as his skull was crushed.

Tyr had to pick up another bottle because the first one was broken.

Meanwhile, Harris and the other men were terribly frightened.

“You... Don’t be crazy. We are all Mr. Rossi’s employees. You can’t afford to get into trouble with the Rossi family,” Harris whimpered as he tried to

endure the pain in his crotch.

Bang...

Another man's head had been crushed with a wine bottle. After that, Tyr picked up another bottle.

By now, Harris was in tears. In fact, his pants were soaked.

"Money. I can give you money. A lot of money. Please, let me go... I'm sorry... I'm really sorry. We are from the same country. I'm begging you... Please..."

Bang...

The third bottle was destroyed.

After a minute, the room was filled with the scent of blood and red wine.

Tyr cleaned his hand with a towel before taking his phone out.

However, he did not use it to call Mikhael or ask him to take care of the mess.

Instead, he turned on Regal Web and sent a

command into the website.

“Master of Regal Palace, Tyr Summers, is in Milan, Italy. Also, I’m in a little bit of trouble.”

As soon as the command was sent, god knows what a huge commotion spread across the world.

After approximately twenty minutes, a sedan followed by a tank arrived at the hotel and stopped in front of the entrance.

Eight men dressed in black uniforms, who emanated a frightening aura, hopped off the car and charged into the hotel.

These people were like kings of the night. When they walked into the hotel, the receptionist did not even have the guts to talk to them.

Once the door to Room 405 was pushed open, a row of tough men uniformly kneeled on the ground and bowed to Tyr.

“Greetings, Palace Master! I am Chief Fabien Malraux of Regal Palace branch in Italy.”

Chapter 153 I, Tyr Summers, Rule Over Rayne

The term 'Palace Master' sounded strangely familiar.

Before the big war a year ago, the title of 'Palace Master' still did not exist in Regal Palace.

Back then, King Tyr Summers was the supreme leader of Regal Palace.

However, after the big war, Regal Palace became famous and established itself as the most powerful organization in Rayne. Therefore, Regal Palace needed to reshuffle its ranks. As a result, Tyr was promoted as the Regal Palace's Palace Master.

Meanwhile, Clifford Hann and the other four were given titles of the Five Kings of Regal Palace.

Below them, there were eighteen commanders, various department managers...

Today, the Regal Palace had a stringent system, almost as if it were an empire. Frankly speaking, Tyr

still preferred the Regal Palace of old because once there was a stringent system in place, the freedom within a group was lost.

However, without rules, the organization would be in a mess.

Therefore, Regal Palace needed to develop in such a way. Even Tyr, who was the Palace Master, could not change this fact.

This was why Tyr still liked to live as Tyr Summers away from the rest despite being the Regal Palace's Palace Master and ruling over the Five Kings of Regal Palace.

"Clean this place up," Tyr Summers said curtly before he walked over to Winifred Zea's room.

Right then, Winifred was pacing around the room nervously. When Tyr opened the door and walked in, Winifred trembled a little. Once she saw that it was Tyr, she relaxed.

"Tyr, are you alright?" Winifred asked nervously.

"I'm fine. What happened to you at the cocktail party

this afternoon?" He asked.

Winifred proceeded to tell Tyr everything exactly what happened at the cocktail party in the afternoon. Tyr's facial expression became gloomy after listening to her story.

"The Rossi family. How dare they?" Tyr clenched his fists tightly. He seemed as if he was about to murder someone.

"Tyr, what do we do? I didn't think that fellow would come looking for me. It's difficult sorting things out in a foreign land. I'm worried Mr. Mikhael might be affected too," Winifred said.

"A foreign land? I, Tyr Summers, am the ruler of Rayne!" Tyr pulled Winifred into his arms while he exclaimed.

The next afternoon, at the Rossi Manor.

Kennedy Rossi had been up all night waiting for Harris Hubert to take Winifred Zea to him. However, until the break of dawn, Harris had still not returned. During the time Kennedy waited, he gave Harris several calls. However, there was no response at all.

As such, Kennedy could not sleep in peace all night. It was not because he was worried about Harris' safety. Instead, he could not stop thinking about Winifred. As the head of the Rossi family, Kennedy had used his power to get many women he wanted. However, none of them were as mesmerizing as this lady.

"Mr. Rossi, we've sent people all over Milan to look for Harris and the men who went with him last night. They have completely disappeared." A man wearing a black shirt walked in.

"Disappeared? What happened?" Kennedy's face sank.

"I suspect that they have already died. Moreover, I've gone to the person in charge of the hotel. However, the person said he knows nothing at all," the man answered.

"Nothing? What about the surveillance footage?" Kennedy frowned.

"The camera malfunctioned."

Slap...

Enraged, Kennedy slapped the man across his face.

“Do you believe a lie like that? Do the people from the hotel know that you are from the Rossi family? How dare they go against the Rossi family?” Kennedy asked.

“Mr. Rossi, I don’t think it’s as simple as it seems. Indeed, the surveillance footage couldn’t have just been destroyed like that. If Harris and the others had gone to the hotel, the receptionist would have seen them. However, he doesn’t dare to admit it. That means the woman and her boyfriend may be rather powerful here in Milan. That’s why they were able to make the hotel staff keep their mouths shut,” the man explained.

“Could two young people from Celestial Empire possibly be more powerful than the Rossi family? I don’t care how big their companies are or their background. What about the two of them? Have they disappeared too?” Kennedy asked coldly.

“Yes!” the man answered.

“Hehehe. Very well, Mikhael. You have the courage to

go against me for two of your partners from Celestial Empire. Do you have a death wish?" Kennedy Rossi chuckled.

"Mr. Rossi, do you mean to say that Mikhael is the person backing them?" The man was stunned.

"Who else could it be if not him? Get Mikhael to come over from the Gucci's headquarters right away. If he dares to refuse, teach him a lesson!" Kennedy ordered.

"Yes!" the man answered.

After approximately two hours, Mikhael was accompanied by this man to Rossi Manor.

When Mikhael found out the Rossi family wanted to meet him, he could guess what it was related to. However, he was unaware of what happened last night at the hotel.

Even so, Mikhael did not refuse the invitation. Instead, he accepted it whole-heartedly.

Next to a uniquely designed pool, over a dozen large men dressed in black stood in a line. Right then,

Kennedy was playing in the pool with three blonde beauties. When Kennedy saw Mikhael approaching, he got out of the pool. Kennedy then sat on a long beach chair and poured himself a glass of red wine.

“Mr. Mikhael, it’s my pleasure to have you here as a guest in my humble home. Come, join me for a drink, won’t you?” Kennedy said.

Mikhael walked over with a smile before picking up the wine glass and raising it to Kennedy.

“Mr. Rossi, it’s my pleasure to be invited by you to your house as a guest. I wonder why you have asked me to come here today,” Mikhael said.

“Mr. Mikhael, I think we both know why I asked you to come here. Therefore, let’s skip beating around the bush.” Kennedy chuckled.

“If I’m not mistaken, Mr. Rossi must be talking about Miss Zea from the night before.” Mikhael took a sip from his glass.

“Gucci and Mr. Rossi’s family are considered good partners. I wonder if you can give up on Miss Zea this time for my sake,” Mikhael said.

Kennedy's facial expression immediately turned gloomy. "Mr. Mikhael, what kind of relationship do you have with that woman?" Kennedy asked.

"We are long lost friends. I admire Miss Zea's talent," Mikhael answered.

"Is that all?" Kennedy asked.

"Isn't that enough? Mr. Rossi, I'm sure you know how designers appreciate talent above all else," Mikhael said.

Crack...

Kennedy suddenly tossed his wine glass onto the ground and stood up. His eyes were burning with anger.

Chapter 154 Mikhael Is In Trouble

Mikhael shuddered.

He could not understand why Kennedy Rossi suddenly became this angry.

Based on the relationship between Gucci and the Rossi family, there was no reason for Kennedy to sever ties with him over a woman.

Suddenly, Mikhael sensed that something was amiss.

“Good, good, good!” Kennedy showed Mikhael his thumb. However, his tone sounded hostile.

“Mikhael, you truly are stubborn. Do you really think we, the Rossi family, are afraid of Gucci?” Kennedy asked.

“Mr. Rossi, I don’t quite get what you are trying to say.” Mikhael frowned.

“Are you pretending to be foolish? Mikhael, you really are gutsy. Your friend is equally crazy. As someone

from Celestial Empire, he dares to touch the Rossi family's people. What a stubborn man," Kennedy said.

"Mr. Rossi, please be specific." Mikhael sensed that this was not going well.

"Last night, I sent my friends to look for Miss Zea at her hotel. However, my friends have all disappeared now. Your two friends have also disappeared. I sent someone to check on them at the hotel today. However, it seems they have vanished. Mikhael, do you dare say that you weren't involved in what happened last night?" Kennedy fumed.

"You really have the guts to go against me and kill my family's people for two Asians. I'm sure you must have hidden the murderer," Kennedy added.

Mikhael felt as if his mind was about to explode.

Indeed, he was shocked by what Kennedy had said to him. It took Mikhael a long time to digest the information.

Last night, Kennedy sent people to look for Winifred. However, all of those people had disappeared.

Mikhael could probably guess what happened last night.

However, he was certain Tyr Summers was staying in the hotel with Winifred Zea. Although Mikhael was not sure about Tyr's identity, he knew that Tyr had a complicated background. Tyr must have done something the night before. Even so, Mikhael was unsure of how strong a background Tyr possessed. He wondered if Tyr could even be compared to the Rossi family, which was one of the six biggest families in Milan.

However, Mikhael was certain that things had spiraled out of control. In fact, it was way beyond his control now.

"Mikhael, let's cut the crap. You must have a way of contacting those two people from Celestial Empire. Therefore, I want you to call them and get them to come here. I will let you go if you do so. If you don't do as I say, I promise you will wish you were dead." Kennedy was no longer polite now that he had shown his cards.

Even if Mikhael was the chief designer of Gucci, and

held an important managerial position, Kennedy could not care less.

From Kennedy's perspective, what happened last night had already crossed the Rossi family's pride threshold.

More importantly, he felt that Mikhael was behind all of this.

"Make the call, Mr. Mikhael. Otherwise, I will start doing things to you." Kennedy smiled half-heartedly at Mikhael.

However, Mikhael shook his head and took several steps back.

"Mr. Rossi, I am sure there must be a misunderstanding here," he said.

Bang...

Kennedy punched Mikhael in his stomach. It hurt so much that Mikhael kneeled on the ground.

"Call them, and ask them to come here," Kennedy repeated.

"Kennedy Rossi, I won't betray my friends. Also, a

word of advice, Miss Zea's husband isn't someone you should mess with. You'd better not make him angry," Mikhael said.

Clang...

Kennedy struck a red wine bottle against Mikhael's head.

"Mikhael, how dare you threaten me? With a nobody from Celestial Empire no less! Very good. Since you want to be a good friend, let me torture you slowly. If they are as good a friend as you are, I don't believe they won't come. Of course, if they are a bunch of cowardly friends, you will, unfortunately, have to go to hell!" Kennedy said.

After ten minutes, Gucci was stunned to receive news that Mikhael had been captured by the Rossi family and was being tortured.

Kennedy made it clear that Tyr Summers and Winifred Zea from Celestial Empire had to go to Rossi Manor to save him.

Otherwise, they would torture Mikhael in the cruelest

way before sending him on his way to hell.

At noon, in a quiet villa in Milan's outskirts, Tyr and Winifred were having a native Italian lunch in the garden.

This was where Fabien Malraux usually lived. They had yet to begin sorting out matters from the night before.

Therefore, Tyr decided to let Winifred stay here to keep her safe.

However, Winifred seemed to be deep in thought and was not paying attention during the meal.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the food?" Tyr asked, concerned, when he saw how Winifred behaved.

"No..." She answered.

"Are you still worrying about what happened last night?" Tyr shrugged in a relaxed manner. "Don't worry. My friend Fabien Malraux and his friends will sort this out. They are very powerful here in Milan."

"Really? How do you have such powerful friends in

Italy too?" Winifred asked suspiciously.

"Not just in Italy. I have friends like this all over the world," he answered.

Right then, Winifred's phone began to ring.

"Hello, Miss Zea, is that you?" A middle-aged man asked as soon as she picked up.

"My name is Allen. We know each other. I was with Mikhael at the fashion design competition in Khanh City. We were both judges!" he said.

"Hello, Mr. Allen, how may I help you?" Winifred asked after being momentarily stunned.

"Mr. Mikhael is in trouble. The Rossi family has captured him and said that you and Tyr Summers must go over to them. Otherwise, they will send Mr. Mikhael to hell," he explained.

Winifred was shocked.

"I'm really sorry, Miss Zea. Although we do not want anything terrible to happen to you, Mr. Mikhael's life is at stake. Therefore, please be understanding of our difficult situation," Allen said apologetically.

Allen made it clear that he hoped Tyr and Winifred would head over to rescue Mikhael from the Rossi family. Even if they did not want to do it, there was clearly no other option right now. Since Tyr could hear everything said on the phone, he began to frown gently.

He took the phone away from Winifred.

“Wait for me in front of your headquarters. I will come over right now,” Tyr said.

“Mr. Summers, perhaps you and Miss Zea may need to go together!” Allen said.

“That won’t be necessary!” Tyr snorted coldly.

Chapter 155 A Solo Meeting

After hanging up, Tyr Summers did not seem emotionally affected.

“Winifred, I’m going over to the Rossi family’s place for a while. Stay here. I’ll be back very soon,” he said.

“No way. Tyr Summers, this is very dangerous. I must go with you.” Winifred Zea hurriedly stood up.

“No, you can’t come with me. It’s going to get bloody there. I’m afraid you won’t be able to take it,” Tyr explained.

Winifred looked confused.

“Listen to me. That clueless jerk actually wanted to do those things to you. I will make him pay in the worst way possible.” Tyr suddenly cupped Winifred’s face and kissed her cheek.

“But... Tyr...” Winifred retorted.

“Don’t worry. I rule over Rayne,” Tyr said.

After that, Tyr sent another series of commands

through Regal Web.

He then drove to Gucci's headquarters on his own.

Allen and some upper management staff members were already waiting by the main entrance eagerly when he arrived. As soon as Tyr rolled down the window, Allen walked over.

"Mr. Summers, the Rossi family specified that you must go with Miss Zea. It will be difficult to get things done now that you came alone," Allen explained.

"It will be enough for me to go on my own." Tyr was emotionless.

"But..." Allen said.

"If you say another word, I will turn around and leave right now." Seeing that Tyr was upset, Allen did not dare say anything else. After that, the others prepared to drive with Tyr to the Rossi family's place.

"The others do not need to come along. You and I will be sufficient," Tyr said.

"Mr. Summers, this..." Allen was stunned.

“Are you afraid of dying? But you ought to know that if Rossi really wanted to kill you, it won’t matter how many people you bring along. Of course, if you think that Mikhael isn’t worth dying for, you can choose not to go. I can go on my own,” Tyr said.

After being stunned for two seconds, Allen opened the door to the backseat.

“I am Mikhael’s best friend. At the same time, he is also like my teacher. Therefore, I am willing to sacrifice my life for him,” Allen said.

Tyr chuckled. He was quite pleased with Allen’s response. In the car, Tyr found out from Allen that Mikhael refused to hand him and Winifred over even when they threatened to kill him. Tyr felt a little more respect for Mikhael as a person.

Meanwhile, by the pool in Rossi Manor, the air around the pool felt chilly despite the glaring sunlight from above. Over twenty men dressed in black surrounded the pool. These were all fighters hired by the Rossi family. Nearby, Kennedy Rossi was lying on a beach chair with a cigar in his mouth while two

blonde ladies massaged him.

Next to him, there was a small crane. The neck of the crane extended all the way to the center of the pool where Mikhael was hung in the air. He was barely breathing. When Allen saw this, his facial expression immediately turned gloomy.

“Mr. Rossi, Mikhael is a respected fashion designer in Italy. How dare you torture him in such a cruel way? I promise you, once this matter is exposed, you and the Rossi family will be severely criticized!” Allen said angrily.

Zoom...

Just as Allen was venting, ten guns were suddenly pointed at Tyr and Allen from behind Kennedy Rossi.

In that instant, Allen kept his mouth shut.

“Go on. Keep talking,” Kennedy said.

However, Allen did not dare say a word.

“Trash...” Kennedy rolled his eyes at Allen before he turned to look at Tyr.

“Where is that woman? Why isn’t she here?” He

asked.

“She is my wife. I didn’t want her to see anything too bloody,” Tyr answered.

After that, Tyr turned to look at Mikhael, who was suspended in the air.

“Mr. Mikhael, are you still alright?” Tyr asked.

“Mr. Summers, you should not have come. I’m sorry for not being able to look after you after inviting you all the way here,” Mikhael said. Although he was still conscious, it was apparent that he could not hold on any longer.

“Are you playing a trick on me?” Kennedy stood up from the beach chair and began walking over to Tyr.

“Unfortunately, your wife isn’t here. Therefore, you can’t leave with Mikhael today. Are you the one who killed my friends last night? How dare you, a man from Celestial Empire, kill the Rossi family’s people? How many lives do you think you have? Therefore, I can promise you that you will die a terrible death today.” Kennedy sounded angrier by the second.

Right after finishing his sentence, Kennedy drew a

gun out from his waist and aimed it at Tyr's head. However, before he could even open fire, he felt a sharp pain in his wrist. Almost instantly, Tyr had snatched the gun away from Kennedy. Meanwhile, Kennedy's wrist had been snapped and a part of his bone was visible.

Arghhh...

When Kennedy cried out in pain, the men behind him had not even registered what happened.

By the time they did, Tyr was already holding the gun against Kennedy's forehead.

It felt as if time had stopped. Nobody expected Tyr to go on offense.

More importantly, they did not expect Tyr to be this terrifyingly quick.

"Let go of Mr. Rossi," one of Rossi's subordinates spoke with a very poor language command.

Bang...

Tyr shot the man in his thigh before pointing the gun at Kennedy yet again. Everything happened within a

split second. Right then, everyone aimed their guns at Tyr. However, none of them dared to act rashly.

“Young man, is this how you want to play?” Kennedy asked through gritted teeth as he was in a tremendous amount of pain.

“Let go of Mr. Mikhael, and we can talk this out,” Tyr said.

“How dare you threaten...” Kennedy began to speak.

Bang...

Before Kennedy could finish his sentence, Tyr shot him in his arm. Kennedy cried out in pain.

“Let go of him. Hurry up and let go of Mikhael!” Kennedy cried.

The driver of the crane hurriedly moved Mikhael over. Meanwhile, Allen quickly untied Mikhael and helped set him free.

Allen was equally shocked by Tyr’s behavior. He did not expect Tyr to be this decisive and extreme. Fortunately, Tyr was very good at what he did. Therefore, there was no danger involved.

“Are you okay?” Tyr turned around and asked Mikhael.

“I’m fine, Mr. Summers. However, we might be in huge trouble!” Mikhael answered.

Kennedy began laughing like a lunatic despite being held at gunpoint.

“Young man from Celestial Empire, I don’t believe you would really kill me. If you really do, I can promise you that all three of you will die a terrible death. Moreover, your woman will be tortured by the Rossi family in the worst way for the rest of her life. If you are a smart person, hurry up and let go of me! If you don’t, I swear you are not the people affected. The entire Gucci will be in huge trouble.”

Bang...

Tyr fired his third shot!

Chapter 156 You Are Heading to Hell

The shot landed on Kennedy Rossi's shoulder.

Since the bullet was stuck in his bone, it hurt Kennedy greatly.

"You are right. Indeed, there will be a huge problem today. However, instead of us, it will be you and the entire Rossi family!" Tyr Summers said.

As soon as he said those words, everyone, including Kennedy, his subordinates, and the blonde ladies around him, felt as if they had just heard the funniest joke ever.

Why was this young man from Celestial Empire so confident?

He was actually threatening the Rossi family, one of Milan's six most prominent families on Italian ground.

Did he not know there was a limit to his own capabilities?