

By then, Kennedy was already feeling numb from all the pain. To be honest, after the second shot, he no longer felt that he was in as much pain.

Kennedy began laughing out loud like a crazy person.

After that, he began running forward while he screamed, "Capture him. There aren't any more bullets in the gun!"

Mikhael and Allen both shuddered.

Meanwhile, Tyr remained calm as he was before. Moreover, he did not even try to run after Kennedy after the latter had escaped.

In reality, Tyr knew there were only three bullets in the gun the moment he held it in his hand. Tyr once told Max Cheever that he was good in almost everything related to combat. Therefore, Tyr was equally good with guns and rifles. Hence, he was able to identify how many bullets were in the gun when he picked it up through verifying its model and weight. Moreover, he had intentionally used up the bullets for a simple reason.

Tyr had countless ways of dealing with Kennedy. In

fact, whatever he did earlier was not to catch the man in charge. It was merely the act of exacting revenge on behalf of Mikhael.

"I want him alive. I want to torture him slowly and let him realize what is true hopelessness," Kennedy growled like a beast.

The twenty large men in black pointed their guns at Tyr as they began to surround him.

"It's over." Allen and Mikhael felt goosebumps all over their scalp.

This time, not only were the three of them in deep trouble, but the entire Gucci would be affected as well because of what they did to the Rossi family.

However, Tyr began to smile oddly.

"Kennedy Rossi, do you know you are stepping closer and closer to hell? In fact, you are not the only one. You and your entire Rossi family are all heading to hell," Tyr said.

"Your joke isn't funny at all," Kennedy snapped.

"That wasn't a joke. It was a warning. Nobody dares

to point a gun at me because anyone who did it before has ended up dead. However, I will offer you an opportunity to salvage your family. If you all kill yourselves with your gun right now, I might consider letting the Rossi family live. You only have ten seconds to consider!" Tyr said.

His words made everyone feel confused. In fact, even Mikhael and Allen thought that Tyr had gone mad.

However, Tyr completely ignored the fact that over twenty guns were pointed at him as he took his phone out to set a timer.

"Ten, nine, eight," Tyr began to count.

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"Capture this fool. He's a piece of trash. An absolute nutcase!" Kennedy yelled.

"Three, two, one. Time's up," Tyr said.

When one of the large men walked over to Tyr, Tyr lifted his head and smiled at the man. To the man before Tyr, this was like a smile from the god of



death himself.

Honk. Honk. Honk.

Meanwhile, the sound of cars honking could suddenly be heard outside Rossi Manor.

Closely after that, everyone could see luxury cars being driven inside one after another. Each of these luxury cars had a small flag in front of it. The flags all had a unique logo on them. At that moment, everyone present was stunned speechless.

“The bald eagle represents the Kiffer family,” someone said.

“The white sheep represents the Fantin family,” the person added.

“The red volcano represents the Damarse family,” someone added.

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“What is going on?” Someone asked.

Suddenly, everyone felt lost.

Even Kennedy was in a state of disbelief.

Why did people from these families come to the Rossi family's land?

Very soon, the luxury cars stopped behind Tyr. When the doors were opened, men dressed in colorful clothing stepped out from each car.

"The Kiffer family. The Fantin family. The Damarse family. The Lucas family. The Raoux family," Someone said.

"Greetings, Mr. Summers!" The men all said in unison.

Buzz...

Kennedy felt as if his head was about to explode.

Meanwhile, Mikhael and Allen were feeling headaches of their own. The twenty over subordinates of Kennedy frantically put their guns away. That was because none of them dared to point their guns at these people.

Apart from the Rossi family, these were all heads of the five other prominent families.

Who was Tyr Summers? Wasn't he some random kid

from Celestial Empire? How could he have the support of the five prominent families in Milan? There must have been a misunderstanding. Perhaps, it was only a coincidence.

Kennedy continuously shook his head.

“Lucas, please tell me what the hell is going on? What is the meaning of this? Why are the five families all here?” Kennedy looked at one of the men with white hair.

Usually, the Lucas family and the Rossi family were very closely acquainted with each other. Therefore, Lucas and Kennedy were considered good friends.

However, right then, Lucas looked at Kennedy with contempt.

“Kennedy Rossi, you are too brave for your own good. You have messed with Mr. Summers. I’m afraid the Rossi family will disappear from Milan for good from today on,” Lucas said.

“What?” Kennedy felt as if thunder had struck him.

“Hahaha, what is this? Is today April’s Fool?” He

started laughing out loudly.

“Even if this man from Celestial Empire summoned you, so what? Do you think you are the Herriot family of Italy? Do you think you can make the Rossi family disappear? What kind of joke is that?” Kennedy had just finished speaking when the booming sound of another car arriving could be heard.

Closely after that, over a dozen cars entered the compound. Each of the cars had a small flag in front.

At that moment, Kennedy fell to the ground. The flags had the logo of a black musketeer. This was the logo of the largest underground family in Italy, the Herriot family!



## Chapter 157 The Eastern King, Clifford Hann

If the joint forces of Milan's five greatest families could not make the Rossi family disappear from Milan in one day, the Herriot family could definitely do it. This family had no excessive worries when it came to carrying out tasks. Their methods were simple and rough. If they declared to exterminate you in one day, it would be done.

No words could describe what Kennedy was feeling. It was just like Tyr had said earlier, he was getting closer to hell, step by step.

By now, Mikhael and Allen were stunned speechless. From the start, Mikhael knew that Tyr was not a regular man. The boy had a complex background in Rayne, but Mikhael never knew that it would be this frightening.

The doors of the Herriot family cars opened, and men in black suits got out of the vehicles one after another. Over twenty cars, with over a hundred men,



all of them ripped. On their chests, they were bearing 'Black Musketeer' logos.

Kennedy was completely paralyzed on the floor, while his subordinates quivered before falling to their knees. Really, which family in Italy would in their right minds challenge the Herriot family?

Three men came out of the Lincoln, leading the fleet. One was a short Italian man with a large gold chain around his neck. Another was a well-built oriental man in a green shirt, wearing an aloof expression and exuding a formidable aura. The last man was Fabien.

The Italian man with the gold chain was one of the branch heads of the Herriot family of Milan, and right now, he and Fabien were walking behind the oriental man. From this, it was easy to tell that the oriental man had a higher status than the other two. No one knew the identity of this guy who could make Fabien and the head of the Herriot family become his entourage so willingly.

At that moment, the oriental man had his attention focused on Tyr. He immediately strode over to him

and knelt out of reflex, wanting to give Tyr his greetings.

However, Tyr grabbed him by the arm. "You little sh\*t, didn't I say that there's no need for useless gestures like this in private between us brothers? It's been a long time, Brother."

Tyr and the oriental man then gave each other a big hug. This hug was also a death sentence for the Rossi family. If Kennedy had still been holding onto a tiny hope that the Herriot family was not here to help Tyr, he was now utterly devastated.

"Big Brother, it's been so long," said the oriental man.

He was exhilarated. His name was Clifford Hann, leader of the Five Kings of Regal Palace, the Eastern King. It was also him who had introduced Drake Tucker and his group to Tyr when he returned to Celestial Empire's Khanh City. This was a man who had braved untold dangers with Tyr in Rayne, his best friend, best brother!

Now that Tyr was chasing skirts in Celestial Empire, Clifford was the one managing everything in Regal

Palace.

“Why did you come to Italy?” asked Tyr.

Clifford replied with a smile, “On the Regal Web, you said that you ran into some minor trouble, so I came over immediately. But it’s mainly ‘cause I miss you.”

Tyr hammered a punch on Clifford’s chest. “Brat, you didn’t have to make such a scene, did you? You even brought the Herriot family here.”

Clifford chuckled and quickly introduced the man wearing the gold chain to Tyr. As for the heads of the other five prominent families, Clifford never spared them a glance. It was truly a little haughty of him, but Regal Palace could afford such arrogance.

With their level, the five great families of Milan could only converse with Chief Fabien at most. They were not worthy of chatting with neither a king of Regal Palace, nor its owner.

“Greetings Palace Master Summers, my name is Luis McKinley, a branch head of the Herriot family of Milan.”

“Sure.” Tyr briefly nodded, not seemingly as



enthusiastic.

“Our Regal Palace has always had a good relationship with Italy’s Herriot family. When they heard that you ran into some trouble, the Herriot family’s main division immediately sent Luis over,” added Clifford, patting Luis on the shoulder. “The Rossi family offended our Palace Master. You should know what to do.”

A savage look appeared on Luis’s face. “King Clifford and Palace Master Summers will surely be satisfied.”

Having said that, Luis went over to Kennedy. The latter was now paralyzed on the ground like a dead dog. As he watched Luis closing in, he opened his mouth wide to gasp for air.

“The nerve of you to offend the Palace Master of Regal Palace. You won’t survive, no matter how many lives you have,” said Luis.

Kennedy had given up on begging for mercy. His whole being was submerged in despair. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that an average young man from Celestial Empire with



seemingly no background could be the Palace Master of the world's top-class organization, Regal Palace. This existence was equivalent to being at the top of the food chain in this world!

Kennedy wondered just how many sins had he committed in his past life to bring about such misfortune in this life. In fact, he had committed quite a lot in this life.

"Take everyone in the manor away," instructed Luis.

The hundred men of the Herriot family took out their weapons and started arresting the people inside the vast Rossi mansion. As for what would soon befall these people, Tyr was not in the mood to care. As he had said from the start, if Kennedy dared to target Winifred, Tyr would make him pay a hefty price.

Tyr glanced at Fabien. "Send Mr. Mikhael and Mr. Allen back to Gucci. They're my friends."

"Yes."

When Mikhael and Allen heard Tyr say this, they got excited. To be able to become friends with a world-class prominent figure like Tyr was their honor.

Tyr looked at the heads of the five great families. “Seize the Rossi family’s assets for yourselves. You get to keep what you snatch.”

Surprised, the heads of the five great families quickly nodded, “Thank you, King Tyr Summers, for the gift!”

“Let’s go and meet your sister-in-law,” said Tyr, throwing an arm over Clifford’s shoulder. With their arms hooked over each other’s shoulders, neither of them looked like a prominent figure.

In one night, news of one of Milan’s six great families falling apart swept like a hurricane, engulfing the whole of Milan City and even half of Italy. Over a hundred core members of the Rossi family went missing. The family’s business and properties were divided and taken over by the other five great families.

In just one night, this decades-old elite family in Milan fell apart and disappeared completely!

## Chapter 158 Dark Shura

Inside a villa at the outskirts of the city.

“Greetings, Sister-in-law. I’m Clifford Hann.”

From Clifford’s first glance at Winifred, he was immediately stunned by her refined temperament. As the Eastern King of Regal Palace, Clifford had seen many women prettier than Winifred Zea. However, when it came to temperament, even the princess of the European Royal Family could hardly compare to Winifred’s refreshing and pure aura.

Winifred quickly said, “There’s no need to be so polite, Mr. Hann.”

“Sister-in-law, you don’t need to address me in such a formal way. Just call me Cliff.”

Winifred nodded with a small smile. They were meeting for the first time, so she could not help feeling a little nervous.

Looking at Tyr, Clifford said, “It’s no wonder you were



willing to abandon the entire Regal Palace to return to Celestial Empire for Sister-in-law. I never understood why, but now I know. Congratulations, Big Brother. This is a great ending for a happy couple.”

“Hehe,” Tyr chuckled.

After the three of them had dinner together, Tyr told Winifred about Mikhael’s condition. Having suffered such heavy injuries, it was impossible for the man to attend this year’s fashion week. For this incident, Winifred blamed herself. After all, it was because of her that Mikhael got injured.

“You don’t have to blame yourself. Someone will compensate him for this. One other thing, fashion week will officially begin tomorrow, and Gucci will make all the necessary arrangements for you by then. Allen will accompany you at the event instead of Mikhael. I’ll get Fabien and some men to protect you as well, so there won’t be any other problems.”

“Okay,” replied Winifred. She said nothing else.

She started investing all her remaining time and



energy into fashion week. Every year, Gucci was given an entire week at fashion week for their display, and they always used this opportunity to launch their summer collection. This year, Autumn Field would be displayed under Gucci's name.

In addition, Tyr had specifically instructed Gucci to emphasize Autumn Field in this year's fashion week. Winifred Zea's name shall be tightly bonded to Autumn Field. With the support and influence of the five great families added into the mix, Winifred would be able to reap great benefits at this event.

These few days, Tyr never accompanied Winifred to the show. He had no interest in this field, and his presence would just be troublesome for her, so it was unnecessary.

At the villa's garden, Tyr and Clifford enjoyed themselves as they drank a few bottles of hard liquors and snacked on two plates of peanuts.

"Big Brother, other than wanting to meet you, I'm actually here for another task."

Tyr and Clifford toasted before Tyr asked, "What is

it?”

“Do you remember Dark Shura?” asked Clifford, his tone suddenly becoming serious.

“Of course.” Tyr nodded. “One year ago, in that epic battle with Shadow Totem, we annihilated their organization and killed their leader, Don Quixote. However, Shadow Totem’s number one expert, Dark Shura managed to escape. Did you get news about him?”

At the mention of Dark Shura, a hint of playfulness and malevolence appeared on Tyr’s face.

One of the biggest reasons why Shadow Totem was able to reach a world-class level back then was because of Dark Shura’s contribution. Dark Shura was the godson of Shadow Totem’s leader, Don Quixote. That person was extremely powerful and mysterious. In fact, until now, Tyr could not clarify just how old this person was, nor their gender!

In that epic battle one year ago, Nemesis had lost many of its powerhouses to this person.

“That’s right, we’ve got news. And it’s not good

news.” Clifford finished his half glass of liquor before continuing, “If Dark Shura isn’t dead, that means Shadow Totem still exists. This man is the true backbone of Shadow Totem. For the past year, we’ve been tracking his whereabouts and have finally gotten some results. He’s in Asia right now.”

Tyr’s expression froze. “And?”

“We’re not sure exactly which country he’s in, but in this half year, an organization called Orpheus has risen in Asia.”

“Orpheus?”

“That’s right. It’s an organization set up by Dark Shura. However, their operations mainly consist of assassinations, and they offer mercenaries for hire too. As you’re well aware, Dark Shura was originally an assassin!”

Tyr was quiet for two seconds before asking, “So?”

Clifford shrugged. “According to reliable intel, Orpheus knows that you’re in Celestial Empire, and he may just send some people over to disturb your peace. Plus, over the first half of last year, Dark



Shura has probably gotten quite a few experts from all around the world to sell their souls to him. There is also news about Orpheus' core members being called the Six Generals. They might send some of these generals after you. What's more, there's a high chance that they'll invade through Riverdale Province's Prime City!"

Tyr smiled. "Your intel is quite thorough."

Clifford became serious. "Big Brother, I know you're not afraid of Dark Shura, but you should have new friends and relatives in Khanh City by now, don't you? So, I'm just worried that something might happen to you. Why don't I send Ivory Dragon and the others over?"

At the mention of Ivory Dragon, Tyr immediately shook his head. "Nemesis is already in a miserable state, so be it White-eyed Ivory Dragon, Sigillum, or Devastation, I don't want you to bother any of them. They need some time to recuperate."

"Alright then." Clifford shrugged briefly. "But I've already laid a foundation in Asia. It feels annoying if we don't swat this fly."



Tyr laughed. "Clifford, it seems that you haven't gotten over the trauma caused by Dark Shura."

Clifford remained silent. It was true that Dark Shura had affected him greatly, and this trauma was like a nightmare!

"Don't think too much. Forget Dark Shura's generals, even if he shows up personally, I'll make it so that he never returns," said Tyr, patting Clifford heavily on the shoulder.

"But, Big Brother..."

"No need to say more." Tyr immediately waved him off. "If I, Tyr Summers, can't even take care of Orpheus myself, I don't have the right to be the master of Regal Palace. What's more, I already have my own plans in Celestial Empire, so I don't want Regal Palace to get involved yet. However, I can give you a hint that most of Regal Palace's core members are from Celestial Empire. I've said before that I want Regal Palace to return to its roots."

Clifford was stunned. "Big Brother, you weren't joking before? Are you really planning to have Regal

Palace return to Celestial Empire?”

“Why did you think I would joke with you? I’ve even chosen your mansions for you.” As he spoke, Tyr clinked his glass with Clifford’s. “Come, cheers!”

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## Chapter 159 Late Night Pier

Clifford was stunned. Tyr's decision was just outrageous. If Regal Palace really returned to Celestial Empire, a massive organization like theirs would cause a huge shock all around the world! However, Clifford would never question Tyr's decisions, he would only obey them.

"Although Regal Palace defeated Shadow Totem a year ago and established a solid foundation in Rayne, the world is never as simple as we imagine it to be. So, dear Brother, the road to our future is a long one."

Standing up in unison, both Tyr and Clifford stared at the faraway sun with the same lamenting gaze.

"Big Brother, no matter what happens, the vow we made back then and the goals we've set will definitely come true. Only, this path has been too difficult, and not many of our brothers can reach the end with us."

"It is inevitable." Tyr hammered a fist against his



own chest. “So, let’s bring their faith along with us and move forward!”

“Okay!”

Over the next few days, Tyr and Clifford met up with some old friends in Italy. After that, Clifford left the country first, because he was now in charge of Regal Palace and had a ton of work to do. By then, Winifred was almost done with her work at fashion week as well.

With Gucci’s support, Winifred’s Autumn Field had gained considerable feedback. However, Milan City’s fashion week was a world-class fashion event—the previous design competition in Khanh City could not even compare to this.

Hence, though Autumn Field was able to cause a huge uproar at Khanh City’s fashion design competition, it couldn’t obtain the same results at this place where world-class designers were gathered.

Nevertheless, Winifred had faith. She believed that she would one day be able to bring Autumn Field’s

brand name and her own designs into fashion week, and stun the world! After Gucci's exhibition, Winifred deliberately stayed for another week to look at the designs from other brands. From this experience, she gained a lot.

After about half a month, Tyr and Winifred finally got onto a plane, heading home to Celestial Empire.

"What do you think about the trip this time?" asked Tyr with a smile.

"It was beneficial and I've gained a lot," replied Winifred.

Her mind was now filled with the works of top-class designers that she had seen during fashion week. Each piece was stunning and had mesmerized her.

"I want to get home quickly. My mind is actually filled with ideas for new designs. Fashion week has really opened my eyes to a new world."

"Yeah." Tyr nodded, still smiling. "Then, you have to design your new ideas quickly. I believe that the new designs will surpass Autumn Field. By then, we'll promote these few designs and start up our own

brand.”

“Yeah.” Winifred nodded gravely. She felt like she was one step closer to her dream.

It was midnight by the time Tyr and Winifred arrived home. Blair was fast asleep, while Helen and Jacob had waited up and were now warming up some food for them. Tyr could genuinely sense the feeling of home in this family. He wanted to use everything he had to love and protect this family without reserve.

The mansion on Lunar Mountain was ready for them to move in at any time, but Helen and Jacob could never bring themselves to do it. After all, that mansion was a little intimidating for them. Wanting them to be comfortable, Tyr did not press them on this matter.

The day after their return, Winifred threw herself into her work, while Tyr continued to fulfill his promise to Blair, bringing her to and from school, keeping her company, and protecting her! School holidays would soon begin. Tyr had decided he would take Blair to many fun places, so as to compensate for missing out on her life for all these years.



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At that moment, at an abandoned pier in Prime City.

The full moon was shining bright as the night breeze blew on the river's surface, creating ripples and tiny waves.

Next to the weed-covered pier, several black cars were parked askew. About eight men stood beside the cars, with a man and a woman in the lead. The middle-aged man was dressed in a black shirt, while the young woman, although average-looking, had on exquisite makeup.

The middle-aged man was called Kevin Lowe. He was a member of the Fisher family's intelligence team who was tasked with providing and collecting information for the family. The young woman was Charlotte Fisher.

Although the night breeze was cool, the abandoned pier was filled with mosquitoes. Charlotte was restlessly clapping at the mosquitoes around them while she said to Kevin, "It's almost dawn, why aren't they here yet?"

“Miss, they are being smuggled here, so it’s hard to estimate the exact time of travel by boat. They should be here soon. But Miss, the master has instructed that this is a crucial time, and that you’re not allowed to do anything at Khanh City. Have you thought this through?”

Charlotte’s face immediately darkened. “Kevin Lowe, this isn’t something you should worry about. And it was you who guaranteed me with such confidence that these people are strong, that there would be no problems, which was why I let you contact them in the first place. You should know that Tyr Summers is rearing a bunch of lunatics, and they are the ones who took down Larry and his group.”

“Miss, you don’t have to worry about this at all. This group of people can’t be hired with just money. In fact, we’re in luck. These people coincidentally have a grudge against that Tyr Summers, that’s why they accepted our mission. Only, the payment was a little too high, so it seems like this is extra money for them. Because even if we didn’t hire them, they would have come for Tyr Summers either way,” replied Kevin, smiling confidently.

Charlotte snorted. "Tyr Summers needs to die by my hands, so only people hired by me are allowed to take care of him. I, Charlotte Fisher, have never been at such a huge disadvantage since young. I can't just sit back and take this! However, if this group of people is as strong as you say, when the time comes, we can solicit them to assist the Fisher family in completing that huge project in Prime City."

Kevin's expression immediately changed. Did Charlotte Fisher think these people could be solicited? Impossible! These people did not aim that low.

Right at that moment, flashing lights could be seen coming from the river. Kevin straightened up, feeling inexplicably nervous on the inside.

"Miss, they're here!"



## Chapter 160 Night Falls (Part One)

“Finally.” Charlotte slapped her hand on her shoulder in annoyance, turning a well-fed mosquito into mush. “Show them the way.”

Holding up the flashlight in his hand, Kevin flashed it at the river in a rhythmic manner. On the opposite side, a seemingly normal fishing boat did the same thing in response before making its way over.

For some reason, when that fishing boat got nearer, everyone present, including Charlotte Fisher, inadvertently felt a chill go down their spines. It felt like a phantom ship filled with dead souls was moving towards them.

“The audacity of them to make us wait for so long.” Charlotte’s tone was filled with contempt. Since young, it was only ever her who made other people wait. “I hope this group of people will satisfy me. Otherwise, don’t blame me for showing them no mercy.”

Behind her, a man with a one-eyed wolf head tattoo

came over and said, "Young Miss, do you need me to test them later?"

The man who spoke was nicknamed Lone Wolf. He was an expert fighter that the Fisher family paid good money to raise. The man's capabilities were on par with Larry, and he was now working as Charlotte's bodyguard.

Since the big project in Prime City was about to kick-off, Gary disallowed Charlotte to utilize the Fisher family's resources. Hence, the only resources she could use were Lone Wolf a mere few others.

"Sure," said Charlotte, nodding indifferently.

A shocked Kevin immediately exclaimed, "Young Miss, you mustn't! These people aren't a kind bunch. You can't do this."

Charlotte frowned, while beside her, Lone Wolf scoffed.

"Kevin, your job is only to inform and liaise. Don't you think you're meddling too much? What's more, this is Prime City. Even if those people are dragons, they'd have to be respectful to me."

Kevin wanted to say more but Charlotte snapped at him, “Kevin, they are people who have accepted my thirty million dollars. I don’t want to realize that I’ve spent thirty million on a bunch of wretched trash. It’s not too much to examine the authenticity of my purchased goods, is it?”

Kevin dared not say more. There was no need to. Just like Lone Wolf had said, Kevin’s job was just to inform and liaise. There was no need to care about anything else. Since these people wanted to die so badly, just let them be.

By then, there was only a distance of less than twenty meters between Charlotte’s group and the boat. On the deck of the boat stood a bunch of shirtless men, led by a middle-aged man with a beard. He had a cigarette hanging in his mouth and a frightening scar on his face. The shirtless men were sailors, while the middle-aged man was the representative of the fishing boat.

“Good sirs, we have arrived. You may come out of the cabin,” announced the fisherman.

The cabin door opened and a group of people came



out. When they walked out, every sailor on the deck felt the hairs on their skin stand. Even the fisherman got nervous as cold sweat formed on his forehead.

Having been in this business for so many years, this was his first time receiving such harrowing guests. If it wasn't for the rule that they had to receive every customer designated by the higher-ups, the fisherman definitely wouldn't have accepted this group.

The aura these people were exuding was just too unnerving. For the past few days, it was like they were spending time with a bunch of ghosts.

A group of six people all dressed in black, consisting of five men and one woman, had emerged from the cabin. Four of the men had oriental features, while the other one was a black man. The woman in black lipstick and eyeshadow was Caucasian.

There was an air of ferociousness to these six people. Only those who had experienced bullets and bloodshed and still made it out alive would have this aura. Each one was very well-built. Even the Caucasian woman gave off the vibe of a powerful

beauty.

Leading the team was a tall and striking man in his thirties. There was a large diamond ring on his finger. He had a chiseled face with pitch-black eyes, sparkling like two obsidian gems. The man's name was Pluto, one of Orpheus' Six Generals.

"We're finally here." The Caucasian woman beside Pluto heaved a long sigh. "I really want a good night's sleep."

"Black Rose, stop complaining. After the mission's over, you can sleep as much as you like."

With two sailors accompanying him, the fisherman walked shakily over to them. "Good sirs, we've arrived at our destination in Riverdale Province. I've already signaled your liaison at the pier, they're waiting for you over there."

"Sure." Pluto nodded faintly.

The black man beside him put a leather briefcase into the fisherman's hands. When the fisherman opened the briefcase, it was filled with stacks of striking red-colored notes.

“Thank you, good sirs.”

“In three days, wait for us at this same place, same time,” said Pluto.

“Yes, sir!!!”

The group of six went to the deck of the boat. The river breeze was cool and comforting.

Looking at the not-too-far-away pier, Pluto instructed, “Let’s go ashore.”

The group nodded. They could be seen bending slightly as they abruptly shifted on the deck. In an instant, it felt as if half of the boat sank into the river.

Swish swish swish!

Covering a distance of about eight meters, the six shadows leaped from the deck like flying gazelles and landed on the pier across them.

When Charlotte and her group saw this, they were briefly stunned. These people had some skills, but that didn’t prove much. The experts in the Fisher family could do the same—it was just a more



extreme version of parkour.

Kevin dared not waste any time as he hurried over and greeted the newcomers, “Mr. Pluto, welcome to our Celestial Empire Riverdale Province’s Prime City. Allow me to introduce our young miss, Charlotte Fisher. It was her who specifically invited you all here.”

Pluto’s only reaction was to lift his head and glance at Charlotte. That was it. His entire being was emanating a proud and aloof aura, like he was some mighty emperor. Pluto’s cold reaction annoyed Charlotte. Since a young age, no one had dared to ignore her like this.

Behind her, Lone Wolf was the first to step up. His tone was filled with arrogance as he snapped, “You didn’t even greet our young miss upon seeing her. Are you just too rude?”

## Chapter 161 Nightfall (Part Two)

After Lone Wolf spoke, the atmosphere around them seemed to have frozen immediately. Kevin shuddered inwardly. His worst fears had now come true.

Charlotte never stopped Lone Wolf because she had intentions of letting him test Pluto's group from the start. This was a nice opportunity to see what these people were capable of.

Pluto raised his head as a glint sparked in his dark eyes. "So?"

His tone was frighteningly deep. This one word seemed to contain a peculiar enchantment, causing the air around them to fall by a few degrees.

Lone Wolf took a step forward, cracking his knuckles. "Our young miss didn't spend thirty million to see you lot putting on airs in front of us. Show us what you're capable of."

There was no expression on Pluto's face, and his

five subordinates seemed unfazed too. Just then, the black man stepped up.

“Are you going to show us? Okay.”

Lone Wolf snorted before dashing towards the black man. He held his fist tight, bursting forth like a flash of thunder.

Boom!

Like the air was cracked open, Lone Wolf’s punch was uncommonly fierce. The black man, too, threw out a punch, similar to a world boxing champion’s.

Bam!

The dull sound of collision was mingled with the crackling sounds of bones breaking.

The black man stood his ground, never shifting, but Lone Wolf had quickly backed away a few steps. He was wearing a pained and frightened expression as his entire arm went limp. The bones in his whole arm had been shattered completely.

In an instant, Charlotte and her group fell silent. They knew how strong Lone Wolf was. However, this



expert that the Fisher family had spent a fortune raising could not even take a punch from these people. It proved just how strong this group of people were.

Besides shock, a faint smile appeared on Charlotte's face. At least the thirty million she had spent was worth it. However, that smile on her face immediately disappeared the next second as she stood there, frozen to the spot.

Behind Pluto, a man with a buzzcut abruptly appeared with a short knife in his hand. The entire weapon was pitch-black, with only a single white line on the edge of the blade.

Tch! Tch! Tch!

Stabbing sounds continue to resonate as the blade in the man's hand kept piercing into Lone Wolf's abdomen. His speed was electric. In the span of three seconds, he had stabbed Lone Wolf over ten times.

By the time Lone Wolf came to his senses, his stomach had been thoroughly pierced by the man.

Fresh blood spurted from his mouth as Lone Wolf's eyes widened in fright and disbelief.

Pluto continued to speak in a dark tone, "Roddy, you're too rude."

Roddy shook the bloody knife. The white line on the blade automatically absorbed the blood on it before letting it drip on the floor. Soon, the dagger was clean, as good as new.

Lone Wolf fell to the ground with a loud thud—dead. Roddy turned to blink at Charlotte who was now covered in sweat.

"We are Orpheus, the strongest organization in Asia, born from the previously world-class organization, Dark Totem. The man he snapped at just now is one of our Orpheus Six Generals, Pluto. Whoever disrespects Pluto is disrespecting Orpheus. Those who disrespect Orpheus, need to die."

With just a few simple sentences, Roddy announced their background and capabilities. Like he had been reading a decree, those words caused chills to invade the bodies of Charlotte and her group.

At that instant, Charlotte dared not show any pride. These people were just too horrifying.

Kevin took a deep breath before saying, “Dear friends, please don’t be angry. We bear no ill-will. It’s just that our way of conduct is a little different from yours. If we’ve offended you in any way, please forgive us.”

Charlotte quickly added, “Yes, yes, yes, we bear no ill-will. I’m so happy to be able to have your assistance. I’m grateful.”

As she spoke, Charlotte quickly handed a debit card to Pluto. This was the balance payment of fifteen million dollars. She was supposed to give them this after the mission had been completed, but Charlotte wanted to wait no more. She had never experienced such fear in her entire life.

Pluto took the card. “Give me all the information you have and follow my instructions!”

“Yes.”

Half an hour later, Charlotte and her group brought



the mercenaries to a luxurious mansion. There was lots of food and wine prepared, and a few curvaceous women were waiting. Perhaps they had been starving on the boat, so when Pluto and his group saw the food, they started devouring it immediately. As for the beauties, no one spared them a glance.

“Get these women away,” said Pluto indifferently. “Otherwise, they’ll die tonight.”

Charlotte’s heart thumped. “Wha... what about me?”

Pluto glanced at Charlotte. “They’re not interested in you.”

Charlotte was baffled. Anger. There were no words to describe her fury. Was he saying that Charlotte was ugly? Her whole life, no one dared to say something like that to her. If it had been someone else, she would have torn their lips right off their face.

However, Charlotte dared not show any trace of dissatisfaction to Pluto. Whenever she recalled how Roddy had killed Lone Wolf, she felt her scalp prickle.

She was even regretting her impatience a little. No matter how much she despised Tyr Summers, perhaps she should not have contacted this bunch of lunatics.

This group of people was just too scary!

Kevin led the beauties out of the mansion, with Charlotte's subordinates following after him. In the end, only Charlotte and Pluto's group were left in the vast living room of the mansion.

"You don't have to be so nervous." Grabbing the highly concentrated white liquor beside him, Pluto popped the bottle open and started gulping down the contents. "We're business partners now, and we're very friendly towards our business partners."

Charlotte quickly nodded. "Yes, Mr. Pluto. We're friends."

"Where's the information?" asked Pluto, abruptly changing the subject.

Charlotte was stunned. "What information?"

Pluto frowned slightly. "You want Tyr Summers

taken care of, but you don't even have any basic information about him?"

"Uhm..." Charlotte felt guilty at this. After pondering for a bit, she said, "Mr. Pluto, that Tyr Summers is a live-in son-in-law. He has a wife, child, and parents-in-law. His wife has a company in Khanh City called Autumn Field Group. So..."

Pluto immediately interrupted Charlotte, "That's all? So, your understanding of Tyr Summers is only limited to this?"



## Chapter 162 Nightfall (Part Three)

Frankly, Pluto was disappointed. An idiot like Charlotte Fisher was not at all worthy of becoming his business partner.

However, when he remembered that their original purpose was to deal with Tyr Summers anyway, and that this collaboration with Charlotte was only incidental, Pluto no longer minded it. Thirty million dollars was not a small sum. He was a little awed at how rich the people in Celestial Empire were.

Charlotte was deep in thought. "Mr. Pluto, I don't quite understand what you mean. You mentioned that my information is only limited to this, does that mean you're unsatisfied with my intel?"

"Do you know of Tyr Summers' past? Do you know the identity of this person whom you're trying to deal with?" replied Pluto.

"Past?" Charlotte was again stunned for two seconds. "His past... Isn't he just a beggar?"

"A beggar?" Pluto almost spat out the half bottle of

liquor he had just drank.

This ignorant woman had just said that the great Palace Master of Regal Palace was a beggar. Was she mad?

“Oh, right, Mr. Pluto, I suddenly remembered. That Tyr Summers isn’t powerful because he himself is strong, but because he has a bunch of insane people around him.”

Pluto cocked up an eyebrow. “What kind of people?”

“The very strong kind,” answered Charlotte. “

Previously, I sent some expert fighters from my family to deal with him. But before they could enter Khanh City, my men were badly beaten up by the two people beside him. After that, I sent someone to investigate. Tyr Summers has bought a battle hound farmhouse in the outskirts of Khanh City and built a dog shed there. There are a bunch of ferocious people inside this dog shed.”

Pluto, who had been calm this whole time, felt his heart jump. “Master previously mentioned that back in the day, Regal Palace had an extremely powerful

team called Nemesis. Even Master almost died at the hands of these people. And that Nemesis was born from a dog shed. Could it be..."

Pluto shook his head before continuing to mumble to himself, "No, Master said that Nemesis was almost wiped out in the battle one year ago. So, those people can't be from Nemesis. But..."

Immediately coming to a realization, a rare savage expression appeared on his face. "Heh, Tyr Summers, what dedication. Are you trying to rebuild Nemesis? But how long has it been since you returned? How much can those brats grow in the span of a few months? Hahaha, this is a wonderful surprise."

Charlotte was confused as she listened. "Mr. Pluto, what is this Nemesis that you've mentioned?"

Pluto shot Charlotte a glance and the latter immediately shut up. He took out a tiny porcelain bottle and handed it to her.

"Take this."

Charlotte was stunned. "What's this?"



“Poison,” Pluto answered calmly.

Charlotte’s expression changed but Pluto added, “It’s not for you. Hold on to it first, and I’ll tell you what to do later.”

After that, Pluto beckoned at his two subordinates who were eating. The two men put down the cutlery in their hands and came over.

“You’ll be known as the Charlotte Virus. Take them to Khanh City’s dog shed!”

Charlotte was initially stunned, but she soon understood Pluto’s meaning. That moment, excitement bubbled in her heart. Never before had she seen such elite fighters in her life.

Now that Pluto had directly ordered two of his men to head to the dog shed, it would definitely be taken down. Once the dog shed was destroyed, Tyr would be like a tiger without fangs. There would be no need to fear him anymore.

“Alright, Mr. Pluto. I’ll arrange for someone to send them over tomorrow.”

“No.” Pluto shook his head. “Go now.”

“Now?” Charlotte was baffled. “Mr. Pluto, you guys have traveled such a long way. Don’t you need some rest?”

“Procrastination is not a good habit.”

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Three in the morning, at the outskirts of Khanh City!

In a little over a month’s time, the members of the dog shed had increased up to around twenty people.

Every day, when night falls, a hot-blooded and mad party would begin in that huge dog shed. Excited roars, yells, shrieks, and barks of battle hounds weaved into an enchanting melody, pouring out freely in this world of their own. The madness began at midnight and ended at dawn.

In the span of over a month, Max had found Tyr more than thirty people in despair. After going through the harsh rules of survival, almost one-third of the people lost their lives in this cruel environment. The ones remaining were all first-rate

seedlings. Tyr had absolute confidence that in time, this batch of people would be able to carry-on Nemesis' glory.

Just then, inside the dog shed, Stephen had smashed open the skull of a battle hound. This was the fifth battle hound he had killed tonight. Taking a deep breath, he wiped off the sweat on his forehead.

“Why is the quality of battle hounds from this farmhouse getting worse? These ones now can't even take one punch from me. How boring. Last time, Max said he would bring in a bunch of Tibetan Mastiffs and wolves. How much longer do we need to wait?”

In fact, it wasn't that the quality of the battle hounds in Max's farmhouse was getting worse, but instead, Stephen and the rest of the group were getting stronger. It was not only Stephen who no longer found the environment stimulating, the people who came in around the same time as him felt the same.

Now, these battle hounds no longer posed any threat to them, so they were impatient about wanting Max to bring in those wolves and Tibetan Mastiffs. These



guys were even asking Max to bring in some tigers or lions! What madness!

It was still only three in the morning, so Stephen and the group sat down at the resting area, drinking liquor as they watched the people who came in later than them fight it out with the battle hounds.

“Brother Stephen, maybe we should learn from Brother Matthew and find ourselves some entertainment,” said Martin as he clinked his bottle with Stephen’s.

Stephen immediately frowned. “Forget it. We’re on different paths. Matthew is a fighter with natural-born power. No matter how much we train, we can’t compare to him. If you want some entertainment, why don’t we have a fight?”

Martin immediately perked up. He never answered verbally, but simply lifted the liquor bottle in his hand and smashed it on Stephen’s head.

Clang!

Stephen had instantly lifted an arm to block the bottle, and the glass shattered. However, he acted

as if nothing happened and balled his fist to throw a punch at Martin's face. The sounds of a heated battle once again resonated in the dog shed.

At that moment, Matthew was outside the dog shed. Half a month ago, he had already lost all interest in the battle hounds, so he made Max get him a truck with two large chains equipped on the front.

Thereafter, he would drag this little truck all night, every night, as he circled around the dog shed, creating extremely deep tire tracks over the weed-covered roads!

As the dog shed was immersed in its own fun activities, several rays of lights shone out through the night, illuminating it from a distance. Soon after, the barks of the countless dogs in the farmhouse resonated in the sky!

## Chapter 163 Let the Game of 'Two Tigers' Begin

Matthew, who was pulling the truck as he circled around the dog shed, stopped his movements. The barks of dogs around were getting louder, and in an instant, the farmhouse was engulfed in madness.

“Who’s here?” Matthew who was now strong as a mountain frowned slightly. The next second, he felt a chill down his spine. “It’s said that dogs can see what humans can’t. Could it be...? Ghosts, huh? I’m terrified of those things.”

At that moment, the sleeping Max was awakened by the barking. He immediately put on his clothes and went outside. Soon after, he saw the rays of light shining from not too far away, making him instantly frown.

“The sensitivity of battle hounds to their



surroundings far exceeds that of men. This is a dangerous aura.”

Max, too, felt a chill down his spine. He immediately returned to his room to pick up his phone and dial Tyr's number.

In the distance, three Land Rovers were closing in on the dog shed. Soon, they stopped outside the farmhouse. The doors opened and more than ten men jumped out. Most were Charlotte Fisher's subordinates, each one bearing a blade in their hand. Two of them were the Orpheus members sent over by Pluto. One was Roddy, while the other was a man wearing iron gloves.

“Sirs, this is the place. That spot with lights on is the dog shed.”

“Okay.”

With a nod, Roddy and his partner walked towards the dog shed.

At that moment, behind the dog shed, Matthew was shivering as he hid beside the truck. “Holy

sh\*t, the barks are getting louder. How many ghosts are there? This is creepy, too creepy!”

Matthew could only hide out here alone, facing this boundless fear. He dared not return to the dog shed, because if Stephen and the guys saw him this frightened, they would laugh at him for life. It was really strange for this knucklehead who did not fear the gods and would even challenge lions and tigers head-on to be afraid of ghosts and anything supernatural.

Following a creaking sound, the door of the dog shed was pushed open. The two Orpheus members entered the dog shed with Charlotte's subordinates in tow.

Immediately, the lively dog shed became quiet. Everyone looked toward the door in unison.

When faced with the gazes of these people, the two Orpheus members seemed unfazed.

Instead, Charlotte's subordinates who were holding knives quivered. A surge of panic rose

in their hearts. Why did every one of these people look like beasts?

“Interesting.” An excited smile appeared on the face of the Orpheus member wearing iron gloves. “Who knew that such an interesting place existed? It looks like we’re going to have some fun tonight,” he said, stepping forward.

Ow ow owoooo!!!

Upon smelling the presence of humans, a few of the ferocious battle hounds became agitated. They opened their mouths wide, baring their sharp fangs as they pounced over in a frenzy. These dogs were bloodthirsty as well. After being tortured by Stephen and the others in the dog shed all night, they wanted to vent their frustrations on these newcomers.

Bam!

A punch was thrown out. That sturdy and powerful metal glove was smashed heavily into a battle dog’s head. With a crack, its head was