

smashed and half its brain turned to mush.

Bam bam bam!

Dull sounds continued to ring out. In a mere three seconds, four battle hounds died at the hands of this Orpheus member. The place fell silent. Everyone was staring at him with startled gazes. That scene was just too horrifying.

“So strong,” muttered Stephen.

He, too, was staring wide-eyed. He now had the power to deal with four battle hounds solo as well, but he couldn't be as cruel as this man. The places where these four dogs had been hit were marred like they had been smashed by a large metal hammer. This force was almost comparable to Matthew's!

When Charlotte's subordinates saw this, their blood began to boil like they had just been injected with drugs. These people were considered experts of the Fisher family.

Although they couldn't compare to Lone Wolf and Larry, they were quite skilled nonetheless.

Before they came over, Charlotte had ordered them to assist these two Orpheus members and destroy the dog shed. For every man they killed, they would get a million dollars. Money was a powerful motivation that could make a man willing to walk towards danger. It could make a person lose his mind. It could even make someone throw their lives away.

“Kill them!”

Upon seeing the dog shed members stunned by this scene, it was like Charlotte's subordinates had been drugged. Those people standing there were money. Each person was worth one million dollars. With over twenty people here, that would mean they could get more than twenty million dollars!

“Hehehe...”

However, just as this group dashed over, mind-

numbing laughter began to echo through the dog shed. It sounded abnormally excited, like starving wolves had suddenly found a fattened sheep. It was coming from the dog shed members, who were starting to laugh one after another.

Just a second earlier, the dog shed members had been stunned by the Orpheus member's strength. Now, they were completely mad.

A savage and excited smile appeared on Stephen's face as well. Stepping up, he dodged the blade being wielded in his direction by one of Charlotte's subordinates. With a backhand grab and lightning speed, Stephen snatched the man's machete out of his hands.

There was a spluttering sound—Stephen had cut the man's throat open. It all happened in one breath, just like a bolt of lightning!

After that, Stephen ran his finger over the machete before abruptly slamming the blade against his knee.

Pa!

The machete's blade was snapped in two just like that. As he tossed the broken weapon away, he grew evidently more excited.

“For a long time now, this dog shed hasn't been challenging at all. We were just thinking of asking Mr. Cheever to get some wolves or Tibetan Mastiffs for us to play with. But who knew that instead of wolves, two tigers have shown up. Hahaha, it's been half a month, and now, we can finally have some fun!”

As he spoke, Stephen raised his fist. His ferocious punch sent another one of Charlotte's subordinates flying back a few meters.

“Brothers! It's playtime. Everybody, make some noise!!!”

## Chapter 164 The Dog Shed's Fiercest Battle

Roar roar roar!!

Before these people came to the dog shed, they were all in despair and did not fear death.

When they were brought here by Max, their wild and primitive instincts had immediately been drawn out. With this cruel environment added to the mix, their inner potential was fully activated. Hence, the speed of their improvement was godly!

Furthermore, their dignities and obsession had now become their only faith. To become strong. To become the strongest. To win the respect of everyone in the dog shed. They could never bring shame to the dog shed, nor to Tyr Summers' name!

In an instant, the dog shed members were howling hysterically. Many people's eyes even

went red.

“What.... what the hell is going on?”

Charlotte's subordinates, who had been feeling excited earlier, immediately felt their scalps prickle. This feeling was like suddenly barging into hell's gate. One of the men even felt the machete in his hand wobble. He subconsciously took a step back, and just then, a beautiful woman appeared in front of him.

With her long and luscious black hair, striking features, and fair-as-snow skin, she was even more stunning than famous movie stars. This woman was Vanessa Harris.

“What a beautiful woman.”

Shocked by Vanessa's beauty, the man ended up overlooking her ruthlessness. While he was still stunned, she kicked him in the stomach. Feeling his stomach cramp up, the man backed away. Before he could even find his footing, Vanessa had already caught up to him.

Seizing the machete in his hand, she slashed him without hesitation. The man was instantly thrown back by the impact, and hot, crimson blood splattered onto Vanessa's charming face!

She smiled savagely. "Interesting."

In less than half a minute, all of Charlotte's subordinates had been tortured by the dog shed members and died tragically on the spot. During this time, the two Orpheus members didn't move a muscle.

It wasn't until Charlotte's subordinates had been completely wiped out and they decided that they'd seen enough that the two Orpheus members finally moved. Like two exploding bullets, the men swooshed forward, aiming for the dog shed members.

Bam!

An explosive punch by an Orpheus member sent one of the dog shed members flying back eight meters. Roddy brandished the short,

black knife in his hand and stabbed it into the shoulder of another dog shed member.

The Orpheus members had only just taken action, and two people were already heavily injured. Their strength was just too frightening. However, this did not instill any fear in the dog shed members. Instead, they got even more excited.

Ow ow owooo!!!

In and outside the premises, dog barks continued to resonate through the night. Since its establishment, the fiercest battle in the dog shed was about to begin.

In the farmhouse, Max had just finished calling Tyr, and the latter was on his way over. Beside the truck at the back of the dog shed, as Matthew listened to the endless sounds of battle, he felt confused.

“What’s going on? Why are the dogs barking louder? Could it be that this farmhouse was



built on a cemetery?” At the thought of this, Matthew almost peed his pants. “No, I can’t continue to stay here. It’s chilly. If they make fun of me, so be it. I need to hurry up and be in a place filled with life.”

As he spoke, Matthew abruptly stood up, wanting to run toward the dog shed. After two steps, as if he had suddenly forgotten something, he went back. Looking at the truck, Matthew took a deep breath.

“You are now my partner. I can’t just leave you here, so you’re coming with me to the dog shed,” he said, picking up the metal chains and dragging the truck along with him.

By then, the battle in the dog shed had reached its climax. Over twenty of the dog shed members kept pouncing on the Orpheus members before being sent flying by the two people.

It was like a pack of hungry wolves surrounding and attacking two male lions in a

huge meadow. Although the lions were fierce, the wolves didn't fear death. They had their own faith, which was to never give up. Even if they died, they would die with dignity. Hence, no matter how fierce the lion was, it will one day die in the hands of the wolves.

This battle went on for about five minutes. From the initial number of twenty-two dog shed numbers, they were now down to eighteen, with four dead and almost half of the remaining heavily injured.

In fact, the current members of the dog shed were considered real experts now. When faced with fighters from the underground world, even a woman like Vanessa could easily take down about thirty people. Only this time, they were faced with two international experts, so the battle was this fierce.

While the members of the dog shed were in bad shape, Roddy and his partner did not seem to faring much better either. Both men were injured, and there were even two slash wounds

on the back of the Orpheus member with metal gloves. His flesh was cut open.

At that moment, the two Orpheus members felt bewildered. This group of people across them did not seem to know pain as they continued to pounce at them, exhausting their energy at a rapid rate. They were even starting to feel their bodies become heavy.

“Don’t these people fear death?” asked Roddy.

His eyes were red. The knife in his hand kept sucking away the blood on the blade. By now, Roddy felt traces of fear.

The man with the metal gloves was gritting his teeth. “We’ll just have to kill them all then.”

The madness of these people made him restless and angry. Initially, he had thought that taking out the dog shed members would be easy as pie, thanks to his and Roddy’s abilities. However, reality was far from his expectations. These people were f\*cking

lunatics!

“Kill!!!” he roared as he raised his iron fist, rushing forward.

Bam!

A punch smashed one of the dog shed members back by a few steps. The sound of bones cracking could even be heard.

However, his opponent was standing firm. The severe pain from his cracked rib cage didn't bother him. Following a low growl, the man charged at the metal gloves guy again. This man was Jamie Sunder—the one who doubted Tyr back then and ended up being sent flying with one punch from Tyr.

Bam bam bam!

Before Jamie entered the dog shed, his family had a boxing gym of their own, hence, the man had some training in martial arts. After being trained all this while, his capabilities now far exceeded his earlier days.

Blocking a punch with one of his own, he used his flesh to counter his opponent's metal-glove-covered fist. Jamie's fist was already mutilated, and bits of his white bones could even be seen, but there was no trace of pain in his expression. Instead, he was getting more and more excited as the fight progressed.

Bam!

There was another punch. Metal gloves guy smashed his fist into Jamie's rib cage again, and another cracking sound was heard.

However this time, Jamie didn't take a step back. The corner of his lips suddenly tugged up into a peculiar curve.

He was smiling! And it was a bone-chilling one!

## Chapter 165 The Wildest Guardian

That smile had actually frightened the Orpheus member in the metal gloves. Was... was the guy mental?

While the metal gloves guy was still shocked, Jamie raised his fist and smashed it into the guy's face. It was hard to imagine how Jamie could still land such a thunderous punch after suffering heavy injuries. The strength of this punch was packed with all of Jamie's energy, making it as tough as rocks.

Bang!

The man with the metal gloves could even hear the sound of his own cheekbones cracking. He staggered back and ended up falling to the ground. This fall sealed his fate. Before he could get up, at least three people had surrounded him, taking advantage of his misfortune.

Stephen was the first to rush over and press metal gloves guy's thighs down with his knees. Vanessa and two other dog shed members had rushed over as well.

Bang bang bang!

Messy blows rained down, and the man on the floor never had the chance to stand up again. Blows after blows smashed down on him like a thunderstorm. In just a little over ten seconds, he had suffered at least a hundred blows.

Stephen and the others didn't even know when the guy had stopped breathing, but when they stopped, he was lying dead with his entire body disfigured.

On the other side, Roddy cut at another dog shed member with a backhand slash. When he saw that metal gloves guy had been pummeled to death, his mind exploded. Heaving large breaths and drenched with sweat, he was about to collapse from exhaustion.

Despair. An unprecedented sense of despair surfaced in his heart. Was this a f\*cking joke? How could such a mad group of people exist in the world? The despair immediately spread throughout Roddy's entire being. He was once considered a top dog outside the country, but now, compared to these people, he felt like he was just a lackey!

“Lunatics! You're all f\*cking lunatics!” he screamed.

As he looked at the metal gloves guy's disfigured body, Roddy felt himself collapse emotionally. He had never experienced such desperation before. How were these people human? They were all demons, each one of them!

A voice kept resonating in Roddy's mind, ‘Run ... run, quick! Leave this place. You have to leave this place at once. These people are mental, they're crazy!’

This was the monologue from his heart. At



once, Roddy turned and ran for the entrance.

A silhouette blocked Roddy's way. "Where do you think you're running off to?"

This man was Martin Jakeman. He used to be called Frank Jakeman, because whether it was his appearance or his personality, he was an honest man through and through. However, the current Martin Jakeman truly looked like a guardian, a protector, just like his name. His expression was wild, horrifying, and bloodthirsty...

"Ahhh!!!" Roddy felt himself going mad.

He even gave up on trying to attack Martin and just dashed straight for the door. But how could Martin let him escape? He was the closest to Roddy now and seemed unfazed in a one-on-one battle.

Martin was truly like a guardian as he stood guard at the door. This man, Roddy, had killed so many of his comrades in the dog shed. He

definitely wouldn't let him escape. Otherwise, his fallen comrades in the dog shed wouldn't be able to rest in peace.

“Beat it!” bellowed Roddy as he slashed at Martin.

Unable to dodge Roddy's swift blade, Martin brazenly suffered a slash on his chest.

However, Martin never moved away. He raised his fist and threw it at Roddy.

“Get lost!”

Roddy had completely lost his mind. He tossed a punch at Martin, shattering the bones in the latter's arm. Yet, Martin still stood guard at the door, never shifting his position.

“You lunatic!”

Roddy's eyes were red as he stabbed the short knife into Martin's armpit. The short blade was extremely sharp and could hack away iron like it was mud. With an upward swing, pssshhh! Martin's arm was severed by Roddy's blade,

like how Guo Fu had cut off Yang Guo's arm in the Legend of the Condor Heroes.

A tragic yell reverberated through the shed, "AHH!!"

Martin almost fainted from the pain, but he kept guarding the door. He really was a true guardian. As long as he still breathed, he would block this door and keep Roddy here. So what if he lost an arm? So what if he loses his life? The dog shed had its dignity and glory.

While this group of people spent every night fighting in this place, even wanting to smother each other into the ground, there was still a unique bond between them. And this bond exceeded life and death! If this guy wanted to kill his brothers in the dog shed and leave, he would have to get Martin's permission first!

"Go to hell!" yelled an absolutely desperate Roddy.

Martin Jakeman, who initially couldn't take

even a few blows from Roddy, now looked like an unmovable mountain to his intruder. Roddy waved the short knife in his hand madly before aiming directly for Martin's heart.

From Roddy's encounter with Martin, to him cutting off Martin's arm, until this moment of collapsing mentally and wanting to take Martin's life, everything happened in only a few seconds. In these few seconds, Stephen and the others had yet to regain their senses after killing the metal gloves guy. By the time they came to, Martin had already lost his arm.

Stephen and Jamie dashed over as fast as they could. Right now, their priority was not to kill Roddy, but to save Martin. With Stephen leading and Jamie bringing up the rear, the two men ran up to Martin. Just as Roddy was about to stab Martin's chest, Stephen pulled Martin away.

Roddy's blade ended up stabbing air, but he didn't seem at all disappointed. Instead, he was now thrilled that the guardian had finally been

pulled away. Roddy could see a ray of moonlight shining through the slit of the door that was a meter away. At that moment, it was like the door to heaven was opening up for him. He even felt that the gentle moonlight was like a holy light, soon to engulf him.

‘Finally! Finally, I can pass through this psycho! If I leave this place and run outside, I’ll be able to live.’

Roddy’s mind was filled with this belief as he sprinted to the door like running a hundred-meter dash. The speed of his escape was so fast that Jamie and Stephen couldn’t catch him in time.

Bursting through the door, Roddy finally escaped from the dog shed. He felt like he had been given a second chance at life. Breathing in the fresh air outside, Roddy thought about just how beautiful this world was. A relieved smile finally appeared on his face.

However, that smile only lasted a split second

before his expression froze.

In front of him was a large and burly man. One Matthew Collins, whose entire being was covered in massive muscles and was dragging a truck behind him with metal chains, was blocking Roddy's way.

“Who are you? What are you here for?”

## Chapter 166 Chop Them Up and Feed Them to the Dogs

That ray of hope in Roddy's mind was immediately extinguished. At that moment, he cried! What was this bullsh\*t? He had just escaped from that dog shed with so much difficulty, immense difficulty!

But now, what was this monster dragging a truck doing standing here in front of him?

Roddy was completely dumbstruck. He didn't know how to answer Matthew's question. But in fact, he didn't need to, because without waiting for an answer, Matthew simply raised his iron-like fist and smashed it into Roddy's chest.

Boom!

There was a dull sound and Roddy felt as if he was hit by a truck while his body flew back. After having such a hard time escaping the dog

shed, he was thrown back into the room again.

Bam bam bam!

A chain of collisions resonated from the dog shed. Roddy didn't even have time to scream before he ended up completely disfigured, just like the metal gloves guy.

Matthew tossed away the chain in his hands. He was stunned as he stood at the dog shed's entrance, staring at the bloody scene. "What is this? This doesn't look like a ghost attack. Holy ... sh\*t, someone's here to destroy the place!!!"

At that moment, Matthew was furious, but everything was over. Dead bodies were strewn all over the dog shed. As the heavy smell of blood hung in the air, the entire place now looked like hell. The two Orpheus members and Charlotte's subordinates had been completely wiped out. The dog shed had suffered quite some damage as well.

For a moment, a deadly silence lingered. This



battle was truly the dog shed's first, and it had been a ferocious one. They had suffered heavy losses, but had not brought shame to Tyr's name.

Once the battle ended, Max immediately led the farmhouse workers over to treat the dog shed members' wounds. People got wounded here every day, so Max had specifically hired a medical team to treat their injuries.

When he saw the situation inside the dog shed, even a veteran of the underground society like Max gasped. This was horrible and tragic to look at. However, when he saw the look of perseverance in everyone's gazes, tears welled up in Max's eyes.

Half an hour later, Tyr arrived in his car. By then, many of the injured were being treated, while Matthew was leading a team in digging holes behind the dog shed.

Everything was in order. The entire farmhouse was silent. Be it wound stitching, medicine

application, or bone relocation, no one made so much as a peep.

Getting out of his car and surveying the scene, Tyr saw that things were pretty much as per his expectations. Only, he never thought that the Orpheus members from Prime City would arrive so fast. He just assumed that the Fisher family had sent incredibly strong fighters over for revenge.

Behind the dog shed, Matthew was using a shovel to dig a hole. He kept digging and digging, never stopping for a single moment. He had already dug a massive hole, but it wasn't enough to bury his fallen brothers.

Matthew blamed himself for not fighting alongside these brothers of his. Thinking that it was ghosts, he had hid behind the truck out of his fear of supernatural forces. If Matthew had been there when this happened, not as many brothers would be lost.

Tyr came over and heard the gist of the

situation from Stephen. With a slash wound and two broken bones, Stephen's injuries were the lightest of them all. After asking Stephen to rest, Tyr walked over to Matthew and patted him on the shoulder.

“Master, I...”

“It's not your fault,” said Tyr. “The dog shed was destined to have such a battle. This isn't a bad thing. Just think of it as a promotion exam.”

Matthew was stunned for two seconds. With his brains, he couldn't understand Tyr's meaning at all.

Tyr did not explain, turning to look at Max instead. “Have you got the tabulation?”

Max nodded. “The dog shed initially had twenty-two members. In this battle, six died, leaving sixteen people. The remaining sixteen people are all wounded, with many sustaining heavy injuries. However, with their body

constitutions and Boss, your medicine, all of them will make a full recovery. It's only Martin's severed left arm that we can't reconnect. We couldn't take care of that here, so I got someone to send him to the hospital."

"Okay." Tyr nodded slightly.

Even with such an ending with this number of deaths, there was no trace of sadness on Tyr's face. It was like these deceased people had nothing to do with him.

However, it wasn't that Tyr was cold-blooded, but because he had gotten used to it. The losses from that battle a year ago were countless times worse than this. That battle involved thousands of men on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and it had lasted a day and night. Despite there being so many experts in Nemesis, they were almost wiped out, with only five members remaining.

How could Tyr's heart not ache? Of course, his heart ached. He was Nemesis' number zero.

He, too, had started out at the dog shed and climbed his way up, step by step.

Every member of Nemesis was a good friend of his. Once they embarked on this path, death and goodbyes were inevitable. As the living, the only thing Tyr could do was to bring along the glory of his lost brothers and continue forward.

Hence, Tyr's heart would of course ache for the brothers he had lost in tonight's battle.

However, this was an unavoidable path to the top, and to become the world's strongest.

"Who were they?" asked Tyr.

"They're probably from Prime City. But I'm confused as to why Prime City would have such experts. There were a total of fourteen people. Twelve were taken out by Stephen and the others from the start, but the remaining two beat everyone up instead. If our guys weren't so tough and daring, they might have been wiped out," replied Max.

Tyr was quiet for a moment as if figuring

something out. “Take me there.”

Under Max’s lead, Tyr came to the other side of the farmhouse where the bodies of the Orpheus members and Charlotte’s subordinates had been placed. Taking a look at Charlotte’s subordinates first, Tyr immediately figured out their identities. They undoubtedly belonged to Charlotte.

Tyr then turned his attention to Roddy and the guy in metal gloves. “That was a vicious beating.”

As he looked at their disfigured forms, even Tyr found their deaths to be a little tragic. But on the inside, he felt relieved knowing that the dog shed members were starting to grow. They already had the makings of a Nemesis member.

“How do you plan to deal with this?” asked Tyr.

Max pondered for a bit before answering, “I’ll chop them up and feed them to the dogs!”

## Chapter 167 Talking to Pluto

Tyr suddenly frowned at Max.

Max was stunned and quickly asked, “Is there something wrong, boss?”

“Since when have you become so blood-thirsty as well?” Tyr waved his hand. “Find an open space later and burn them.”

Having said that, Tyr walked toward the Orpheus members. He removed their clothes and found a black crescent moon tattoo on Roddy’s chest and metal glove’s shoulder. When he saw this tattoo, Tyr understood it all.

In the past, Shadow Totem had a black full moon logo. Now, the logos on these people’s bodies were crescent moons. There was no doubt that these two people came from Dark Shura’s newly established organization, Orpheus.

“That was fast!” Tyr mumbled before

squatting down and rummaging into Roddy's pants pocket for a phone. The phone was smashed, but the SIM card was still there. Tyr took out the SIM card and put it into his phone. After that, he tossed the phone back on Roddy's body. "Burn it."

"Yes."

Tyr returned to the back of the dog shed. The digging was complete, and Matthew was now laying his brothers neatly into the hole. His expression was dark as tears pooled in his eyes.

"Feeling remorseful?" Tyr asked as he went over to Matthew.

When Matthew turned to Tyr, his eyes were bloodshot. "Master, I couldn't fight alongside my brothers of the dog shed."

"I've told you that it wasn't your fault," Tyr repeated to Matthew what he had said earlier. "Do you want to avenge your brothers at the dog shed?"



Matthew's eyes sparkled. "Master, you mean ..."

"Bury them quickly. I will bring you along for revenge later. You don't have to stay sad. Those who died will rest in peace while those who live will carry along their faith and continue forward." Having said that, Tyr lit up a cigarette, which he rarely did and turned to leave.

Before long, the first ray of sunlight appeared from the east. Dawn was here, and the sky was bright. At that moment, Tyr's phone rang. The caller ID showed a combination of an unknown number calling Roddy's SIM card. Tyr accepted the call and Pluto's voice flowed from the other end.

"Tyr Summers?" Pluto's first words were Tyr's name. He seemed to have guessed how his subordinates would end up.

"Who are you from the Orpheus Six Generals?"

Tyr was straightforward as well.

“Pluto,” Pluto answered directly. “It seems like I’ve underestimated your dog shed. I never thought I would lose two of my brothers there. They were international experts.”

Tyr chuckled. “International experts? I think you’ve misunderstood the term ‘international experts’. These two brothers of yours died tragically and are completely disfigured. I can guarantee you that even if you see them now, you won’t be able to recognize them.”

Pluto was silent for two seconds before he chuckled. “Tyr Summers, Master has said that you were powerful, and we shouldn’t let our guards down, but I did not believe him. I have always thought that Master had been exaggerating. I couldn’t believe a man, not even in his thirties, could defeat my master.”

Tyr smirked. “It’s expected for you to not believe him. After all, your master, Dark Shura, is quite powerful himself. However, there’s a

saying that 'there's always someone better'. Pluto, was it? You're here at Celestial Empire to take care of me. So tell me your location, and I'll come over and find you now."

However, Pluto was suddenly quiet on the other end.

Tyr snorted. "Are you scared? You're afraid of me looking for you, but didn't you say you don't believe that I'm not strong? Since you've come here, you must be aiming for my head. I can give you a chance to set up a trap on your side. I, Tyr Summers, will jump right into it."

On the other end, Pluto remained silent.

"Don't even have the guts for this? Hahaha, Orpheus is crap, go f\*ck yourselves, Six Generals. Cowards!!!"

"Tyr Summers, are you trying to provoke me?" After the long silence, Pluto finally spoke. His voice was still calm and dark, but Tyr knew that he was feeling unsettled.

“I’m just asking if you have the guts.” Tyr added, “If you say yes, I’ll come over now. But if you don’t, that’s okay. Finding out where you are isn’t too hard a task. You should know that as Regal Palace’s Palace Master, there’s no difficulty in doing that.”

“Hehe...” Pluto chuckled. “Tyr Summers, I’m not afraid of you. Since I’ve come here, I never thought of avoiding you. The 13th mansion in Prime City’s Peninsular Garden. I’ll be awaiting your great presence.”

After saying that, the dial tone could be heard, signifying the end of the call.

Beside Tyr, Max heard the gist of his conversation with Pluto. He got anxious. “Brother Tyr, are you really planning to go? It’s dangerous.”

Tyr answered, “Pluto isn’t the kind of mob boss that you know of. Their way of doing things is simple, so there’s no talk of it being

dangerous or not. If I don't look for him now, he'll come for me eventually. But, I don't have any time to wait. He's a dangerous man. If he stays in Riverdale for even a second longer, I will get restless."

Having known Tyr for so long, it was Max's first time hearing such seriousness in Tyr's tone. Although it didn't prove anything, Tyr never showed such a side before. Previously, Tyr gave Max a feeling like he was playing a King's game in reality. The man was a bug, and he was invincible. But now, Max could sense that Tyr thought of that Pluto guy as a worthy opponent.

Tyr said nothing else. He brought Matthew along and gave him a chance to carry out revenge with him. After that, the two drove toward Riverdale Province's Prime City.

By now, dawn had passed, and the sun was slowly rising in the east. Sunlight shone over the lands, warming their bodies. Morning was here!

Two hours later, with GPS, Tyr and Matthew reached the mansions at Prime City's Peninsular Garden. The two made their way to the thirteenth unit.

At that moment, Pluto was leaning back into a sofa in the mansion's living room, resting his eyes. All of a sudden, his eyes opened as a complex glint sparkled in them.

“He's here!”

S

## Chapter 168 Falcon

Next to Pluto, the black guy and Black Rose perked up as well. There was a faint smile on Pluto's face. With the other two in tow, he walked out the door.

Birds were chirping outside in the garden. By now, it was near nine o'clock. The sun was shining, and it was warm. However, as Tyr and Matthew walked toward the mansion, the aura they were exuding seemed to have instantly lowered the temperature around them.

Finally, Tyr and Matthew stepped into the mansion's threshold, going inside.

Across them, Pluto and the others stood, unmoving.

When their gazes met, Pluto's lips finally cracked into a faint smile.

“The master of Rayne's Regal Palace, Tyr

Summers! What an honor. I've heard your name from Master more than once. You have a great reputation. Master says you're very powerful, a genuine oriental dragon. I've also seen your photo, but you look even younger in real life compared to your photo. It's hard to imagine that you could rule over Regal Palace.”

Pluto was not a man of many words, but he spoke more than usual after meeting Tyr. It was evident that Pluto felt honored for being assigned this mission from Dark Shura. Because right in front of him was the man who stood on top of the food chain.

“Just three of you?” Tyr glanced coldly, sounding disappointed.

“Isn't it enough?” Pluto added, “There's only two of you as well.”

As he spoke, Pluto extended his right hand, and next to him, Black Rose brought over two glasses of wine, putting one in Pluto's hand.

Pluto held up the wine in his hand at Tyr. “



Palace Master Summers, do I have the honor of drinking a toast with you?”

“You’re not qualified to,” Tyr answered abruptly. “Perhaps only your master, Dark Shura, can have this honor. As for you, Dark Shura has sent you here to die, but you’re still so happy.”

Pluto frowned slightly. Since Tyr won’t drink, he smashed the glass into the ground. “Tyr Summers, stop looking down on people. Since you’ve come here today, I have confidence in not letting you return. Today, the palace master of Regal Palace will die in my hands, and tomorrow my name will be known across the world. It’s a little exciting whenever I think about it.”

Tyr’s lips mildly curved up. “Before I came here, I gave you a chance to set up a trap for me, but you seemed to be a little overconfident. This trap you’ve set up, there’s not much to see.”

Pluto’s expression darkened as Tyr lips curved

up, revealing a devilish smirk.

“Your master, Dark Shura, can dodge a sniper’s bullet from a shooting range of 800 meters. Can you guess the shooting range that I can dodge?”

Upon hearing this, Pluto’s expression immediately sank, and behind him, the negro and Black Rose’s expression too darkened.

Tyr’s gaze instantly sharpened. He abruptly turned to an eight-story building not too far from the mansion. It was an entertainment building with a restaurant, cinema, gym, and other recreational facilities. This was the tallest building in Peninsular Garden’s residence area, specially built to entertain the rich people living in these mansions.

At that moment, on the rooftop of this building was a middle-aged man in black clothing, laying on his stomach, unmoving. A huge rifle was set up in front of him, aiming at Tyr’s head.

This man was nicknamed Falcon. He was a

world-class sniper who came from a military background in an Asian country. After retiring, he went to the middle-east and had been working as a mercenary since. Next, he was recruited by Dark Shura into joining Orpheus.

Among the current Orpheus members who used firearms, Falcon's marksmanship was number three. For this mission of dealing with Tyr, Dark Shura had appointed Falcon to go with Pluto, and that made him Pluto's biggest trump card because killing with firearms was a lot easier than blades.

This was also one of the reasons why Pluto and his group chose to smuggle into Celestial Empire's Riverdale Province. With firearms on them, they could not possibly enter the country.

At that moment, Pluto felt an inexplicable chill down his spine. Falcon was his biggest support in taking Tyr down. Even if Tyr had great reflexes and the shot didn't kill him, at least it would cripple him. Yet, who knew that the moment Tyr got here, he had noticed Falcon's

presence.

Since Tyr had noticed Falcon, would they still have a chance? Pluto had no idea nor the mood to consider. But a bad feeling was starting to bubble in his heart.

By then, Falcon had already locked in onto Tyr. His finger was ready to pull the trigger.

“The Master of Rayne’s Regal Palace, Tyr Summers! The man who could make all prominent figures around the world shudder in fear. It’s an honor to be able to end your life today. No one can escape Falcon’s bullets. Have a happy life in the afterworld!”

Bang! There was a dull sound like an exploding firework. A bullet shot through the air, speeding over. However, through the rifle’s viewfinder, Falcon did not see Tyr’s head exploding. He even had no idea what just happened. The bullet path was fine, and Tyr did not even move from his spot. Yet, that bullet seemed to have gone on a separate parallel

space from Tyr.

The bullet initially meant for Tyr's head had burst into the wall across them, leaving a hole in its wake. It was not a parallel space, but as the bullet aimed for Tyr's head, he suddenly turned, and after the shot, he moved his head back. And just like that, he had avoided the shot at a speed unnoticeable by a naked eye.

A chill ran down Falcon's spine. This was the first time he missed, and it dealt him a huge blow. For an elite sniper like him, there was a rule of never taking a second shot. If the first shot missed, he would retreat immediately; otherwise, his identity would be exposed, and that would be lethal to him.

However, Falcon was going mad right now. He was reluctant to retreat. He wanted to fire another shot. He wanted to see Tyr's head explode. However, as he aimed at Tyr again with the viewfinder, ready to pull the trigger, he was shocked to see Tyr suddenly turning his head to him. Tyr gave him a peculiar smile

before swinging his hand.

A white light flashed across the sky and flew toward him!

Tss!

Falcon had no idea what the white light was, but a strong sense of death had engulfed his body.

Finally, the white light closed in, and Falcon could see what it was through the viewfinder. It was a throwing dagger!

## Chapter 169 Tyr Summers, You Were Tricked

The flying dagger was tiny, just about the size of a child's thumb. It cut through the air as it flew.

Falcon sensed the threat of death. His brain warned him to leave immediately, but everything happened too fast. Even if his brain could react, his body couldn't move in time.

Pang!

The flying dagger penetrated the viewfinder, pierced through Falcon's eye, and flew out from the back of his head. Finally, it pierced into the wall behind Falcon.

Drip... drip...

Fresh blood dripped to the group from the blade. At the edge of the rooftop, Falcon had died with his eyes open.

Tyr was an all-rounder. He was even good with flying daggers and hidden weapons. However, it was surprising that his throw could have the same effect as a rifle. It was too frightening and perverse!

The Orpheus trio saw Tyr's actions. Although they couldn't see how Tyr's dagger had pierced through Falcon's head on the rooftop, Falcon never fired a second shot. This meant that he was no longer capable of firing another shot.

In an instant, even Pluto felt his scalp prickle. He had underestimated Tyr. Gravely underestimated him. But come to think of it, Tyr was a world-class figure where Dark Shura and his godfather, Don Quixote, had both lost in his hands. How could a mere subordinate of Dark Shura, Pluto, match up to Tyr?

“Are you surprised? Are you nervous?” Tyr tittered. There was a hint of mockery in his laughter.

Pluto glanced sideways. Behind him, the black



guy and Black Rose let out a low growl before immediately charging at Tyr.

Tyr turned to Matthew and said, “That black guy is stronger than you. If you can defeat him today, you’d have completed your first exam like your brothers in the dog shed have last night to be successfully promoted.”

With Matthew’s simple mind, he had no idea what Tyr meant. But for a knucklehead like him, he knew full well that his task was to beat down his opponent.

Bam! The black guy threw a punch at Matthew. When Matthew came to, the black guy’s punch had smashed into his chest. It was an explosive punch, but with Matthew’s massive body, he only took half a step back.

“Ow...” Matthew roared subconsciously before raising his fist and bringing it down at the black guy. The black guy was startled, and the two power-type fighters started battling it out.

On the other side, Tyr was walking to Pluto. His

menacing aura exploded, and the area around them seemed to have instantly turned into a battlefield, where Tyr had the upper hand.

Black Rose chewed on her black-painted lips as she whipped a leg at Tyr. This kick was filled with power. If there were a stele in front of her, Black Rose's kick would have broken the stone slab into two. However, Tyr casually smacked her leg.

Crack! With one smack, countering power with power, Black Rose's leg contorted into a horrifying angle. Her leg was broken.

Her shrieks started resonating when Tyr slashed a knife at her neck. After that, her neck too was broken!

This...

Pluto was frozen on the spot. He always thought only his master, Dark Shura, was the strongest man in the world. For the Orpheus Six General, and every member of Orpheus,

Dark Shura's existence was akin to a god. However, they had heard Dark Shura mention Tyr Summers, the man who had defeated him, more than once. During that time, the Orpheus members assumed that Tyr could defeat Dark Shura only because of his background in Regal Palace and that terrifying organization, Nemesis.

Hence, Pluto and the others never thought highly of Tyr because the man could not compare to Dark Shura. With that in mind, when Dark Shura had dispatched them for this mission, all six of his generals scrambled to come to Celestial Empire.

At last, it was Pluto who secured the mission. He thought he could complete this mission and safely return after killing Tyr off. But right this moment, he realized how wrong he had been. How so very wrong. This man before his eyes was just like Dark Shura, an existence akin to a god. Perhaps even more terrifying than Dark Shura.