

Tyr instantly killed Black Rose before walking over to Pluto.

As a member of the Orpheus Six Generals, Pluto's battle prowess could not be denied and was even considered to be on an international level. However, right now, he felt his body froze from that pressuring aura Tyr was exuding to the point of losing courage in fighting him.

Bang! Tyr threw a punch at Pluto's chest, sending him flying back into the wall behind him, destroying it. The strength of this punch was enough to kill a bull. However, Pluto was still alive. Being able to take a punch from Tyr and still live was amazing enough.

Cough! Pluto spat a mouthful of blood. He seemed bewildered as he stood up with difficulty.

'Strong. He's too strong.' Pluto exclaimed internally, but he showed no semblance of fear. Instead, he laughed. He laughed out loud.

This laughter sounded strange to Tyr. He grabbed Pluto by the collar of his shirt and growled. “What are you laughing at?”

Pfft! Pluto spat out another mouthful of blood. Although Tyr’s punch didn’t immediately take his life, it was enough to damage him severely. Pluto’s end was near.

“Tyr Summers, you were tricked. My mission is complete, hahaha!!!”

Tyr felt that something was off. He frowned hard.

“Tyr Summers, you’re now really curious as to what my mission in Celestial Empire is, aren’t you? Don’t worry. I will grant your wish since it’s over now. You truly are strong, but you can never compare to my master. Ever since that battle one year ago, he has improved not only his physical strength but also his mind.”

Buzz!

A buzzing sound exploded in Tyr’s mind. He

had an inkling of what was going on. At that moment, Tyr was trembling slightly. “Your true goal in Celestial Empire was never to take me down!”

“Now you know. But it’s too late, Tyr Summers. You’re too strong, and I couldn’t kill you. Hence, Master had told us from the start that this would be a suicide mission. But I don’t care about dying. If it could help Master complete this mission, losing my life would be worth it.”

Pluto spat out his third mouthful of blood. “Master has said that an ant hole can collapse a great dike. You are the great dike, and to destroy you, we can’t do it head-on. So first, we must destroy your spirit!”

Chapter 170 Pluto's True Goal

Tyr took a deep breath as a chill ran down his spine.

Pluto was still laughing madly. “Tyr Summers, Orpheus’s goal is to make you sink, to make you a degenerate. Master has said that Orpheus will one day grow strong and eradicate your Regal Palace. We’ll take back the glory that once belonged to Shadow Totem. We’re the monarchs of the night, don’t even try to locate us. Even if your Regal Palace now rules over the world, don’t even think that you can find us because we are hidden in the dark of the night. Like ghosts forever haunting your Regal Palace, Orpheus is destined to become your nightmare!”

Bang! Tyr couldn’t resist smashing a fist into Pluto’s head. The latter’s head was smashed into the wall, exploding like a watermelon.

By now, Matthew and the black guy had

exchanged over a hundred blows. The black guy collapsed, just like how Roddy did. He was more agile compared to Matthew and even the strength of his fists was on par with Matthew's. Hence, Matthew had at least taken three times the damage from the start compared to the black guy.

However, Matthew's physical resistance was insane. All these punches had made his chest cave in, but he never made so much as a hum. Not only was he quiet, but he was also smiling. It was a savage smile, a perverse smile, a smile that made one's scalp prickle.

Bam! The last punch from Matthew sent the black man flying back by eight meters.

The black guy was devastated. Never in his wildest dreams would he see himself meeting such a freak in Celestial Empire.

“Although I don't know what Master meant earlier, I know that I should just beat you to death.”

Bam! Matthew landed a final heavy punch on the black man's chest. The latter's chest burst open, and he lost his life immediately.

"Master, I've won. I beat him to death."

Matthew was dancing excitedly.

However, Tyr did not praise him as he expected. Instead, his expression was dark as murky waters, and the hostile aura he was exuding even made a freak like Matthew shudder in fear.

"Master... you... what's wrong?"

"Take a cab back to Khanh City on your own," Tyr simply instructed. After that, he dashed out of the mansion at top speed, got into his car, and rushed toward Khanh City.

By then, the sun was high up in the sky. The air conditioning was not turned on in the vehicle, but the interior was cold as ice. Tyr's heart was chaotic like a pile of scrambled coding.

He was too careless. No, he was not to blame

for being negligent. No one else would have guessed Dark Shura would get Pluto to make such arrangements.

Tyr had always assumed that Dark Shura's Orpheus and the elite families in Prime City would have different ways of doing things. After all, their level was on a different scale, so Tyr never thought Orpheus would use any underhanded methods.

But Tyr was wrong. So wrong. He couldn't change his regular mindset, but Dark Shura had changed completely after experiencing that epic battle last year.

The true horror of a person was not how strong he could become. His mind was the key. To be unscrupulous in tactics was the key among keys.

Dark Shura's goal in sending Pluto here was never to fight Tyr but to deal with Tyr's family in Khanh City. And Tyr had already guessed that Pluto wouldn't kill his family. Instead, he

would use the cruelest and most extended method to torture them.

If Tyr's family remained in torture, Tyr would continue to drown in pain. This slow sinking would cause his degeneration. Just like what Pluto had said, this was their main goal and purpose.

They couldn't kill Tyr and never planned on killing him. But they would destroy his spirit!

Leading the tiger out of his den, feinting attacks here and there while crossing the river in secret... It all seemed like simple underhanded tactics, but it covered everything. Tyr couldn't even guard against it.

By the time he realized, it was too late.

Tyr was driving as he took out his phone to call Winifred.

The call got through, and Winifred's voice came from the other end. "What's up, Tyr?"

Winifred was fine! Tyr first breathed a sigh of

relief before he was tense again.

“Blair’s holidays start today, right?”

“Yeah, that’s right,” answered Winifred. “You left at midnight last night, so Mom is taking care of Blair today. Is something wrong, Tyr?”

Tyr abruptly ended the call. This was his first time hanging up on Winifred before the conversation was over. Then, he called Helen!

Just then, at the gates of Lilac Kindergarten, Blair was carrying her school bag while holding a large lollipop and exam papers in her hands as she cheerfully came out of the school grounds.

“Grandma.” Upon seeing Helen waiting at the gates, Blair immediately ran up to her.

“Little Baggage, how did you do on your exams?” Helen asked with a smile.

Blair happily waved her exam papers in front of Helen. “Grandma, I got all ten of the

mathematics answers right and got full marks! The teacher gave me a huge lollipop as a reward.”

Helen held Blair's hand with a bright smile. “Little Baggage, you're so clever.”

Blair snorted. “Grandma promised Blair that if I get full marks, you'll stop calling me Little Baggage. Daddy says Little Baggage isn't a good nickname.”

Helen chuckled. “Okay, okay, okay. Grandma will stop calling you Little Baggage then. I'll call you Blair Sweetheart.”

After that, Helen was about to go home with Blair. However, at that moment, a black Porsche Cayenne raced over and stopped next to Helen and Blair.

The door opened, and an average-looking, but well-dressed young woman got out. It was Charlotte Fisher. Following behind her were two large men in black.

“Blair Zea, right? I’m a friend of your father’s.” Charlotte flashed an excited smile as she looked at Blair. After that, she came over, wanting to hold Blair’s hand, but the little girl hid behind Helen out of reflex.

“Who are you?” Helen asked cautiously.

Charlotte answered, “I’m a friend of Tyr Summers. He asked me to deliver something to his daughter.” As she spoke, Charlotte smilingly took out a small black porcelain vial. It was the one Pluto had given to her.

“Little Blair, why don’t I give you some sweets?”

Helen felt something was off. She held Blair’s hand, wanting to leave. However, the two large men behind Charlotte immediately grabbed Helen.

After that, Charlotte grabbed Blair Zea. She pinched the little girl’s mouth open, popped the cap off the porcelain vial, and stuffed a

black pill into her mouth.

N

L

S

Chapter 171 Blair Zea Is In Trouble

Gulp! Blair swallowed the black pill. She retched as if trying to vomit the pill, but it was futile.

“What are you guys doing? Murderers!” Helen couldn’t break free from the men’s holds, so she resorted to yelling in an attempt to catch the public’s attention in the hope that someone would help them.

They were not far from the kindergarten gates. Helen’s screams had caught the attention of many parents and teachers. In an instant, many people had rushed over.

“Shut up, b*tch!” Charlotte slapped Helen across the face.

However, Helen ignored her threats and kept screaming. “What are you guys trying to do? Is this a kidnap?”

Just then, a group of teachers and parents had

led security over to the kindergarten gates. Upon seeing this, Charlotte and her subordinates quickly returned to the car. The Porche sped away while Helen rushed over to hold Blair.

“Blair, what did that woman feed you? Quick, spit it out.”

Blair started vomiting, but the pill had dissolved in her body. It was impossible to spit it out anymore.

Bleugh! Finally, Blair spat out a mouthful of dark red blood. Her eyes rolled up, and she fainted. This scene frightened Helen.

“Blair! Blair! Don’t scare Grandma. Blair, wake up... Someone! Send my granddaughter to the hospital, please!”

Tyr kept calling Helen in the car, but the first few calls never got through. When the call was finally answered, Tyr could hear Helen crying on the other end. “Blair is in danger, Tyr. Blair

is in danger. That woman said she's your friend. If anything happens to Blair, I won't forgive you even if I die!"

Tyr's mind exploded with a buzzing sound. The phone in his hand fell to the ground with a thud. His worst fear had happened. Who knew that Pluto would be vicious enough to do something to a five-year-old little girl.

By now, Tyr had forgotten what it was like to be angry. His entire being was engulfed in fear. Blair can't be in danger. She just can't be!

Tyr stepped on the gas pedal and sped toward Khanh City. The sun was burning in the sky, and the temperature today was about thirty over degrees. But Tyr felt like he was inside an ice pit.

When he arrived at the hospital, Winifred and Jacob were here as well. Inside the treatment room, a few doctors were just done with performing gastric lavage on Blair. They then took the remains in Blair's stomach for an

assessment while performing various full body checks on Blair.

It had been over an hour since Blair was sent to the hospital. The unconscious little girl showed no signs of waking up, and her lips were turning dark. The doctors here had never seen symptoms like this, and they couldn't analyze just what the remnants were.

At the door, Winifred and Helen were anxious as they waited. Helen could almost feel herself collapsing. Although she liked calling Blair 'extra baggage', she loved this granddaughter of hers dearly deep down inside. If something were to happen to Blair this time, Helen didn't want to live either.

"How's Blair?" Tyr ran over and immediately asked.

Winifred's voice was choking as she answered, "She's unconscious, and her lips are turning black. The doctors say they don't know what Blair has eaten. She was poisoned, but what

exactly was that poison is unknown. The hospital has contacted some specialists for consultation. Tyr, what's going on? Who's cruel enough to do such a thing to Blair?"

Winifred couldn't resist the agony in her heart as the tears poured down her face. Tyr took a deep breath. He had no time or mind to explain to Winifred right now.

"Don't worry, Winifred. With me here, nothing will happen to Blair!"

Tyr walked over to the treatment room and pushed the door open. Inside the room, the doctors and nurses were shocked when they saw Tyr barging in. "What are you doing?"

Tyr never spoke but walked over to Blair and carried her up from the sickbed. The medical staff around him were startled. "Sir, what are you doing?"

"You guys can't save my daughter." Tyr's expression was dark as murky waters. After

calmly speaking, he rushed outside with Blair in his arms.

The medical staff immediately stopped him. “Sir, this is against procedures.”

“Get lost!” Tyr growled darkly as he emitted a frightening aura.

The medical team was startled and stopped trying to block Tyr’s way. They stepped back in fear.

Tyr carried Blair out of the room and outside, Winifred and the others were shocked.

“Tyr, what are you doing? Put my granddaughter down.” Helen was the first to rush over to Tyr in agitation. Other than sorrow, her eyes were burning with fury.

“Mom...”

“Don’t call me ‘mom’,” bellowed Helen. “Tyr, that woman came after you. Just who did you offend out there?”

“Mom, now’s not the time to be talking about this.”

However, Helen was unyielding as she continued with bloodshot eyes. “Tyr, where do you plan to take Blair to? Tell me, are you trying to harm her? Put Blair down!”

Helen couldn’t be blamed for being hostile. She felt guilty and blamed herself for not being able to protect Blair. Moreover, there was no place to vent her frustrations, so she took it out on Tyr. In fact, Helen wasn’t wrong. All of this happened because of this man.

“I’m taking Blair home,” answered Tyr.

“Home? You’re mad!” Helen roared. “This is a hospital, and Blair needs treatment now. Why are you taking her home? Are you really trying to hurt her?”

“Shut up!” The accumulated emotions inside Tyr’s heart exploded in an instant, stunning Helen.

A few seconds later, Helen finally recollected herself. With a loud thud, she fell on her knees in front of Tyr. “Tyr, although you’ve never met Blair for the past six years, she’s still your biological daughter no matter what. Please don’t hurt her, okay?”

L

S

Chapter 172 Bian Que's 72 Needles

Tyr never thought Helen would kneel before him so suddenly. It truly shocked him. At that moment, even Tyr's eyes went red. "I couldn't possibly hurt Blair. She's my daughter, my biological daughter. I won't let anything happen to her!"

"But Tyr..."

"Don't say any more. Get up quickly. Saving Blair is the priority now. I'm taking her home." Having said that, Tyr did not explain any further as he carried Blair out of the hospital.

"Winifred, what exactly is he doing?" Helen got up with her forehead covered in sweat from panic.

Winifred took a deep breath and said, "Mom, let Tyr take Blair home. He says he has medical skills. Since the hospital doesn't have a solution, maybe Tyr does."

On the way home, Tyr called Matthew, asking him to head to his place directly upon returning to Khanh City. When Tyr carried Blair home, Matthew was already waiting outside his door.

“How are you so fast?” Tyr asked Matthew, looking startled.

Matthew answered, “Master, once you’ve left, I got a cab to follow you back. You seemed to be in a great hurry on the way, so something must have happened. I told the driver if he couldn’t catch up to you, I’d break his arms. But you drove too fast. When you called me, I just happened to enter the city.”

Tyr grunted a reply and carried Blair into the house.

Matthew’s expression too turned ugly as he asked, “Master, what happened to our little niece?”

“Don’t ask. Stand guard at the door. Without

my permission, don't let anyone in." After that, Tyr carried Blair into the room and closed the door with a bang.

Tyr took out a set of silver needles from the corner of the room. These needles were a gift from Tyr's master, a great man who had helped him soar to success in life. This great man that Tyr had encountered was an old beggar. Back then, the man taught Tyr martial arts; he had even taught Tyr impressive medical skills. Thus, Tyr himself had become a divine physician.

Besides the silver needles, this set of tools included a few tiny knives the size of cicada wings. They were all tools for surgery. This equipment set did not weigh over fifty grams, so Tyr would bring it everywhere with him.

"Blair, you'll be okay. Daddy will save you."

By now, even the skin on Blair's body was turning black as she fell into a severe comatose state. In fact, she now looked like she was dead.

Seeing Blair like this made Tyr's heart wrench in pain. He never imagined that it would be his daughter who gets hurt at the end of this dispute. Tyr took a few deep breaths. He had to stay calm. He could not let his mind be affected in any way.

After that, he grabbed Blair's wrist and started feeling her pulse. Her pulse was, at times, regular but, at times, chaotic. This made Tyr's scalp prickle. A pulse like this gave Tyr an extremely terrible feeling.

Tyr laid out the silver needles. There were a total of seventy-two needles and eight scalpels — each needle as thin as a strand of hair. However, if they were viewed under a magnifying glass, one could see that every needle had a unique pattern on it.

The carvings were intricate. According to the old beggar, this set of needles have been passed down for over a hundred years. It was hard to imagine how a hundred years ago when

there was no assistance from the machines, their ancestors had had the skills to carve such patterns on these tiny needles.

The great man whom Tyr have met back then was an old beggar. The old beggar had passed down all his skills to Tyr including this set of needles, his family heirloom. The old beggar had told him this set of needles was called ‘Bian Que Needles’, which came with the Bian Que seventy-two needle technique.

This was the greatest skill the old beggar had passed unto Tyr. It greatly exceeded the martial arts skill he had taught the younger man.

Tyr took a deep breath before taking out a Bian Que needle. With a special technique, he pierced it into an acupuncture point on Blair's body. He wanted to use the Bian Que seventy-two needle method to help Blair wake up.

Although Blair looked like a dead person, she still had a heartbeat and pulse. She was still

breathing. Hence, using the Bian Que seventy-two needle method to help Blair regain her consciousness should not be too hard of a task.

There were over a thousand ways to use the seventy-two needle method. Although Tyr had yet to thoroughly research them, knowing one-tenth of its usage was enough to make Tyr a world-class acupuncturist.

However, reality had given Tyr a tight slap across the face. He failed. He had greatly underestimated the terror of the poison Blair had consumed.

From two o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, Tyr had tried all the combinations of this acupuncture method. He used all seventy-two methods but none of them worked.

“Why? What’s going on? Why couldn’t even the Bian Que seventy-two needle method wake Blair up?”

A full moon was high up in the sky. As the

ghastly pale moonlight shone in through the windows, Tyr found himself feeling completely lost.

Outside the door, Matthew was standing guard like a gate guardian. Helen and Winifred tried to push the door open several times, wanting to take a look at Blair's condition, but Matthew had stopped them. After that, even Stephen showed up, but Matthew remained guarded at the door.

“Stephy, Mistress, stop trying to get inside. Master has instructed that without his permission, no one is to enter. Please back away, everybody.”

Matthew was a stubborn man who only listened to Tyr now. Hence, before Tyr says anything, even if the king himself showed up, he was not to walk through this door.

The family spent the night in sufferable anxiety.

In the blink of an eye, it was five in the

morning. Dawn was breaking. Tyr still could not do anything about Blair. And now, dark spots were even starting to show up on the little girl's body like how it would on a dead person's.

Tyr Summers now had lost all his prior confidence and pride. Orpheus had reached its goal. No matter how strong Tyr was, his heart was now destroyed.

After one night, Tyr's entire being looked haggard, white hair appearing on his head. He looked as if he had aged several years. Tyr's eyes turned red from watching his daughter lying motionlessly on the bed. Tears were welling up in his eyes.

“Blair, Daddy will save you. Daddy will save you. Don't be afraid Blair, Daddy's here,” Tyr kept mumbling to himself. He was pulling at his hair like a mad man, completely miserable.

“Where's the problem? Why? Why can't I save even my daughter?”

Chapter 173 Tyr's Master

There were no words to describe Tyr's current feelings. Pain. The pain was like a thousand blades slashing at him. What Orpheus had done was even worse than physical torture. They did not deal with Tyr, nor did they touch Winifred. Instead, they went directly for his child, Blair Zea, a little girl no older than five-years-old.

People who are parents know just how important a child is to their parents. On regular days even if it was just a typical cold, that was enough to worry a parent to the point of losing sleep and appetite. What more a situation like this where Blair was like a living dead person.

After a whole night of research, Tyr could almost confirm that although Blair could not move, her mind was still conscious even though she was a dead body. That was to say she was not comatose. She could still feel, which meant she must be suffering great pain

right now.

At the thought of this, Tyr could feel his body go weak. The almighty palace master of Regal Palace had his Achilles heel shot at, just like that. If he could not find a way to save Blair, he was destined to continue degenerating like this. With this, the palace master of Regal Palace was as good as useless.

However, just as Tyr felt himself sinking into despair, there was a gentle breeze from the window. Tyr's consciousness suddenly went blurry. In an instant, he seemed to have entered a strange state of mind like he was only half awake. Tyr could not even tell if this was reality or a dream.

A voice rang beside his ear. It was both familiar and strange.

“Little guy, did such a small matter get to you?”

Tyr abruptly turned to see an unkempt old man standing beside him. The old man had white

hair and a white beard. His clothes were shabby, and he was holding a stick in his hand. Only the wine gourd hanging on his waist looked clean.

“Master!” Tyr scrambled to stand up, looking extremely excited.

This old man was none other than Tyr's master. The old beggar who had taught him everything and helped him succeed in life.

The odd thing was, Matthew was still standing guard outside the door, and this was the eighth floor. God knew how the old beggar got inside. Or perhaps, Tyr was only just dreaming.

“Master, save my daughter.” Tyr fell to his knees with a loud thud.

“Oh, you, still making me worry even now. I've told you long ago that out of everything I've taught you, you should focus on researching your medical skills instead of martial arts. But look at you, not listening to me. Do you now

know the importance of my words? How many times have you used the Bian Que needle in the last few years? How many of the Bian Que seventy-two needle methods have you mastered? If you've researched the seventy-two methods thoroughly, the world would have been in your hands. There wouldn't be a need to work so hard and sacrifice your life."

After that, the old beggar flung his robe sleeve, and four needles appeared in his hands.

"Brat, of the seventy-two needle styles, I will only show you the Wandering Dragon Needle only once. Open your eyes wide and look carefully."

Having said that, the old beggar flicked his fingers, piercing four needles into one of Blair's acupuncture points. Immediately, he grabbed another four, and another four...

The needles lying nearby kept being drawn by the old beggar as he kept piercing them into different acupuncture points on Blair's body.

His technique was magnificent, and it was a sight to behold.

There was a sequence to each acupuncture point requiring different depths. In fact, the turns for each needle required after being inserted were different as well.

Tyr focused all of his attention on the old beggar's hand movements. The old beggar had used a total of forty-nine needles. The depths were different; the strength required was different. Even the vibration frequency of the needles was completely different.

The old beggar would only perform it once. If Tyr wanted to memorize it, it was like trying to remember thousands of combinations of numbers in one go. This astounding capacity of memory completely exceeded the limits of a normal human brain. But Tyr could do it!

Once this method was performed, the closely pierced needles on Blair's acupuncture spots displayed a wandering dragon's shape. Each

needle was trembling slightly, buzzing as it resonated.

Soon, the silver needles started turning black as if the poison was being sucked into these silver needles.

All of this happened in fifteen minutes.

Tyr abruptly stood up, his eyes filled with excitement.

“It succeeded!” He could clearly see the dark color on Blair's body rapidly dispersing until the little girl's skin returned to its milky white color.

“Master, it's a success!” Tyr looked excited.

However, the old beggar lifted the stick in his hand and knocked it on Tyr's head. “It's only half complete.”

“Master, what does this mean?”

“This means she wouldn't feel as pained as she did before. But for her to wake up requires one

last step.”

Tyr was stunned. He immediately said, “Master, please show me the way.”

“Do you have a pen and paper?”

“I do.” Tyr hurried over to the study desk and took Blair's study papers and a pen before respectfully handing them to the old beggar.

The old beggar took the pen and papers, scribbled on them, and then gave it to Tyr. “Boil it into medicine. After she drinks it, all would be well.”

Upon hearing this, Tyr's heart finally could relax.

The old beggar said, “Learn from experience. Don't think that you're amazing just because you've defeated Shadow Totem. This world is never as simple as you imagine. Tyr, don't disappoint me again. I might not come over the next time.”

After saying that, the old beggar turned toward

the window.

“Master, where are you going?”

The old beggar smiled faintly. “To beg for food, of course. What else?”

Tyr ran toward the old beggar out of reflex, but he felt his vision go blurry. When the cool breeze blew in from the window, Tyr was fully conscious again. The old beggar had disappeared like he was never here.

Tyr quivered as his heart thumped loudly because he could not tell if this was a dream. If all of this were only a dream, Tyr would be extremely dejected.

Tyr took a deep breath before turning to look at Blair Zea on the bed.

The little girl's skin was fair and beautiful like a porcelain doll's.

After a night of suffering, Tyr finally smiled! He opened his palm, and there was a note in it.

The note contained scribbles of various medicinal ingredients and preparation instructions. That familiar handwriting filled Tyr's darkened heart with light.

“That old man always likes to play with hallucination incenses. Always so mysterious. Can't he be a little more realistic?”

Chapter 174 Seven-petal Lotus

It was dawn now. As the sun rose in the east, a ray of sunlight shone through the window, chasing away the darkness. The light was here.

“Master, ever since you tossed me into the dog shed, every time you came to see me, you are always in a hurry. I don’t even know what you’ve been doing all these years. I don’t even know when I can see you again.” Tyr bowed deeply toward the window before walking over to Blair.

The dark spots on the little girl were now all gone, and Blair looked like she was just sleeping. Tyr bent down and placed a gentle peck on her forehead.

“Blair, you’ll be able to wake up soon. Believe Daddy. Daddy promises you that once you wake up, I’ll stay with you every day. I’ll take you everywhere you want to go during these

holidays.”

After that, Tyr laid the note on the table. The note was crammed with over sixty medicine ingredients. From expensive ingredients like ginseng, Ganoderma, and snow lotus, to the average Cornus Cervi, tuber fleece flower, and finally common ingredients like dandelion, chameleon plant... This prescription had everything, and the preparation method was extremely complex.

This prescription could thoroughly remove the toxins in Blair's body. It could even cure the body of all kinds of mysterious poisons in the world. If this prescription fell into the hands of a pharmaceutical family, that family would be able to rise to success in a short amount of time.

After all, it was a prescription by Beggar King! The name and status of Beggar King was something only the most prominent figures of this earth could understand!

“Seven-petal lotus!” When Tyr saw the last

ingredient on the list, he was dumbstruck. “
This medicine needs seven-petal lotus.”

As if he was splashed by cold water, the flames that had started burning in his heart instantly distinguished.

What was a seven-petal lotus? In the south of Celestial Empire, there was a common medicinal plant called the Paris polyphylla. This plant tasted bitter, is of a cold nature, and was terrific in detoxifying the heart, liver, and lungs. If a poisonous snake bit a person, they just had to find a Paris polyphylla plant, turn it into a paste, and put it over the wound to cure the body of the poison.

It was said that if the Paris polyphylla grew in certain unique conditions, a rare mutation would occur. Its seven green leaves would turn into dark gold, looking like a lotus flower. Thus, this mutated Paris polyphylla was known as the seven-petal lotus.

This was the best detoxifying plant on this

planet. There were even rumors that it could cure cancer.

The Paris polyphylla was common, but the seven-petal lotus was even harder to locate than thousand-year-old ginseng. This plant was like a miracle medicine.

If Tyr had not seen the seven-petal lotus on this prescription, even he would suspect if this world really had such an ingredient. But since the old beggar had written it, that must mean this plant exists in the world.

“The main ingredient of this medicine is actually the seven-petal lotus. Master, you’re trying to kill me here.”

Tyr felt helpless. When he saw a sentence written at the end of the prescription that said ‘If she doesn’t wake up in two days, she’ll undoubtedly die’, his scalp prickled.

He had to find the seven-petal lotus and all the other ingredients on the prescription in two

days and brew them to save Blair. Otherwise, once the time was up, even if Tyr successfully made the medicine, Blair would lose her life for sure.

“Blair, wait for Daddy. No matter what, Daddy will save you.”

Tyr immediately took out his phone, logged onto Regal Web, and sent out a command. This command's content was to utilize all of Regal Palace's abilities to search for the seven-petal lotus.

However, Tyr was not too reliant on Regal Palace because time was limited. Distant waters could not quench immediate thirst. Even if Regal Palace ended up finding a seven-petal lotus, it might be too late. Hence, it was best if they could find one close by.

Soon after, Tyr gave Drake and Max a call, getting them to utilize all their resources and connections on hand to search for the seven-petal lotus.

Tyr pushed the door open and went out. Winifred, Helen, and the others who had been waiting outside the whole time immediately rushed over.

“Tyr, how’s Blair?”

Everyone was anxious with bloodshot eyes from not sleeping the whole night.

“Seven-petal lotus. Use all of the connections you all have to find the seven-petal lotus.” After giving his instruction, Tyr left in a hurry.

Early morning at six, the sun was halfway up from the east. It was a new day.

Just then, at the Jensen family’s Century Herb Pharmacy!

Bam bam bam! There was a loud knock on Century Herb Pharmacy’s door.

One minute later, the main branch’s shopkeeper rubbed his eyes as he opened the door in irritation.

Standing at the door was a young man with bloodshot eyes. It was Tyr Summers.

“What are you doing? Are you in a hurry to die so early in the morning?”

Tyr ignored the shopkeeper’s complaint as he pushed the door and went in. After that, he slammed the prescription the old beggar had given him onto the table.

“Follow this list and gather all these medicines for me.” A straightforward sentence conveyed Tyr’s purpose here.

The shopkeeper was stunned before laughing. “I say, young man. Are you here so early just to joke with me? Are you drunk from last night? Do you know what this place is? How dare you come here to fool around.”

Tyr abruptly turned around as a cold glint flashed in his eyes. “Gather the medicine.”

In an instant, the shopkeeper felt a chill down

his spine. He subconsciously took up the prescription and scanned through it. “What prescription is this that actually needs over sixty materials? And to need royal ginseng, heavenly snow lotus, millennium tuber fleece flower, these are all the highest grade of traditional ingredients.”

“Cut the crap. Can you gather it or not?” Tyr asked coldly.

The shopkeeper pondered for two seconds before answering, “I can, but...”

Bang! Tyr slammed a pure black credit card with golden rims onto the counter. “There’s ten billion in this card. Deduct as much as you need from it. If you can get me the seven-petal lotus as well, the ten billion is all yours.”

Hiss! The shopkeeper inhaled deeply. Tyr’s words threw his mind into chaos. A ten-billion dollar black card? What kind of card was this? Was it a joke?

The shopkeeper could not at all believe that Tyr

's card contained ten billion dollars. The shopkeeper instead suspected that he must be hallucinating from drug abuse from the younger man's appearance. However, the aura Tyr was exuding was too frightening, so the shopkeeper dared not offend him.

“Young man, give me a few minutes.” After that, the shopkeeper ran up to the second floor to call the Jensen family, explaining the situation to them.

A few minutes later, the shopkeeper came back down and put out some expensive tea for Tyr. “Young man, the ingredients on your prescription are too precious, so I can't make any decisions. But I've contacted the Jensen family, and they'll soon send someone over who can decide!”

Chapter 175 He's A Beggar

About ten minutes later, a Benz stopped outside Century Herb Pharmacy. Travis Jensen, along with two other executives in tow, walked into the shop.

The shopkeeper immediately greeted him. “Young Master, you're here. That guest is waiting inside.”

“What exactly happened?” asked Travis. “Is this guy trying to empty my Century Herb or what?”

The shopkeeper answered, “Maybe he's just playing a prank. He says there are ten billion dollars in his card, but I've never seen a black card like that.”

“Did you offend him?”

“No.” The shopkeeper immediately shook his head. “Before clarifying the situation, I wouldn't

t dare spout nonsense, so I called the family immediately.”

“Okay.” Travis yawned. “It’s so early in the morning. If our Jensen family can get a huge customer, it is worth coming over this early. But if the guy is a junkie high on drugs and is here to fool around, don’t blame me for breaking his legs.”

As he spoke, Travis tidied his outfit and hurried inside.

At that moment, Tyr was drinking tea. He could afford to wait ten minutes. Moreover, in the whole of Khanh City, other than the seven-petal lotus, only the Jensen family’s Century Herb could gather the other ingredients he needed.

“Hi sir, sorry to have kept you waiting. I’m the young master of the Jensen family’s Century Herb Pharmaceuticals. If sir, you’d like to buy out our stocks, we can have a proper discussion ... Tyr Summers...”

Before Travis could finish speaking, he saw Tyr sitting there. In an instant, his expression darkened. "Someone! Come and break this idiot's legs and throw him out!"

Everyone was stunned. The shopkeeper hurried over and asked, "Young Master, what's going on?"

"He's just a beggar," Travis pointed at Tyr and bellowed. "You piece of sh*t. Is it because the Zea Group has collapsed, and you have nowhere else to beg for food, so you came here to my Century Herb? Hehe, this is great! Tyr Summers, back then, you kept going against me, and today you're actually begging for food on my turf. Okay, I'll feed you well!"

Having said that, Travis turned to the shopkeeper and ordered, "Get someone to bring in the dog food at the door. Let him eat all he wants."

The shopkeeper immediately understood. It

seemed like he had guessed it right. This guy was really here to fool around. What black card? What ten billion dollars? Bullsh*t!

The shopkeeper called for the store's servant to quickly bring in the large pail of dog food from outside the door.

Travis was laughing coldly. "Tyr Summers, I won't let you play me by calling me over so early in the morning. Finish this pail of dog food and then obediently let me break your legs. After that, you can leave. Otherwise, I'll break even your arms. Since you're a beggar, you should look the part. What do you need limbs for?"

Tyr finished the tea in his cup and stood up. He was in a bad mood. A terrible mood.

Pa! Tyr slapped Travis hard across the face, sending the latter flying.

"Travis Jensen, I'm here today to purchase medicine from your Century Herb store. I don't

have the time to mess around with you. If you dare disrespect me again, I'll make your Century Herb disappear from Khanh City.”

Half of Travis's face swelled up. He spat out a mouthful of blood with two teeth in the mix. “Tyr Summers, you beggar, how dare you hit me! Who the f*ck are you to say you would make my Century Herb disappear from Khanh City? Who do you think you are? Someone! Seize him! I want to break his limbs myself.”

Tyr's expression was utterly dark now. His emotions were already in turmoil, but he never imagined he would meet this ignorant fool again. A dense wave of murderous intent burst from Tyr's being.

Yet, at that moment, a row of luxury cars stopped outside the door of Century Herb Pharmacy. The doors opened and a group of people came out of their vehicles hastily. This group of people consisted of the most prominent figures of Khanh City!

Drake Tucker, Zachery Smith, Noah Lee,

Donald Lewis, Jade Laurell, Hudson Ziegler, all these owners of different corporations were all here. And among these people was a middle-aged man in his forties, trembling slightly.

This man was Forest Jensen, Travis Jensen's father. The head of the Jensen family, the owner of Century Herb Pharmaceuticals!

Up till now, Forest was still dumbstruck. Early this morning, when he was still asleep, he kept receiving one call after another from prominent figures of different industries in Khanh City, asking him and his company to source for a seven-petal lotus. He was told that it was extremely urgent.

When Forest was done with the call and left his bedroom after getting dressed, these prominent figures were already waiting at his house for him. After that, these people demanded that he immediately come to Century Herb's main store to search for the seven-petal lotus.

Forest had definitely heard of the seven-petal

lotus before, and he also knew that it was a legendary item, so his Century Herb definitely wouldn't have something like that. However, Forest dared not offend these prominent figures. Alas, he could only lead them here to the main branch and use Century's Herb's connections in the traditional medical community to search for the seven-petal lotus.

The group hastily entered the main branch. Forest was about to call the shopkeeper to inquire after him when he saw this scene.

“What's going on?” Forest frowned and immediately asked.

“Dad, why are you here?” Travis quickly rushed over to him, holding a hand to his swollen cheek and seemingly furious. “You should know this Tyr Summers, the live-in beggar of a son-in-law of the Zea family. The Zea family had collapsed previously, so this idiot has no place to ask for food and came to our Century Herb instead. A beggar like him even said that his card has ten billion dollars