

with us. To put it simply, wouldn't the underground world of Khanh City be enough to deal with one Tyr Summers? I heard that the current underground king of Khanh City is called Noah Lee. Would he dare to refuse our family's request to have him become our blade?" said Leon.

A glint flashed in Ryan's eyes. "Noah Lee? I've heard of him before. A brother of mine mentioned that the guy was recently trying to extend his influence into Prime City. That's settled then!"

Ryan immediately declared, "Father, I'll set off for Khanh City at once to find Noah."

However, Leon stopped him. "You're too aggressive, so I'll go instead. You guys can relax and stay here to take care of Sister's funeral. I guarantee that during Sister's wake, I'll bring forth the heads of Tyr Summers' entire family to pay her last respects."

Gary was silent for a moment before nodding. "

Alright, proceed as you've mentioned. Make haste and be careful. I'll let Gooden go with you to ensure your safety."

Just like Uncle Felix, Gooden was one of the Fisher family's top three remarkable experts. In his younger days, the man was a ferocious mercenary in Rayne.

Once, due to an injury from a mission, Gooden almost fell into the hands of an enemy. Gary had coincidentally been at Rayne for business negotiations, and had spent almost ten million dollars to save his life.

After that, Gooden accepted Gary's invitation and became the Fisher family's heavily prized bodyguard. This man was much stronger than Uncle Felix, ranking number two among the Fisher family's hired hitmen.

At the top of the list was an expert named Aaron Fisher. He was Gary's distant relative. Having practiced martial arts from a young age, his strength had reached a whole new

level. Now, Aaron was deemed the Guardian of the Fisher family. Even as the head of the family, Gary would still have to show Aaron some respect.

Leon was startled. “Father, I can take care of myself on this trip. There’s no need for Gooden to accompany me.”

However, Gary answered sternly, “Just let him go with you. For safety purposes. I’ve already lost my daughter and I don’t intend on losing a son. If something happened to you, I would go mad.”

“Alright then,” Leon said nothing more. He took a deep breath and nodded. “Relax, Father. I won’t let Tyr Summers see the next daylight.”

Chapter 188 Gooden

That evening, Leon drove to Khanh City with Gooden. Gooden was a little over forty, and had a horrifying blood-red scar on his forehead. Although he was a middle-aged man, out of habit, he always wore green, giving him a domineering and ruthless edge.

“It's just a mere Tyr Summers. I can simply go over and kill him for you. Why is there the need to go through such trouble?” asked Gooden. His voice was low and heavy.

Leon answered, “Uncle Gooden, you might not be aware, but that Tyr Summers is extremely skilled. He used to live in Rayne as well, and just a few days ago, he killed a bunch of mercenaries from Rayne.”

Gooden raised an eyebrow. “So, you're saying that as a former mercenary, I'm no match for him?”

Realizing that he had made a mistake in his choice of words, Leon sucked in a breath of cold air. Even as the second young master of the Fisher family, he would still get chills down his spine when facing Gooden. He wasn't terrified of Gooden, but he definitely was not fond of the aura the man exuded.

“Uncle Gooden, you're mistaken,” Leon hurriedly explained. “It is just that the project in Prime City will soon launch, and we'll require yours and Uncle Aaron's assistance when the time comes. Before that happens, Father doesn't want any trouble. So, why should we bring out the big guns for a small fry? We only have to get the dogs at Khanh City to carry out this simple task of dealing with Tyr Summers, so there's no need to trouble Uncle Gooden for this.”

Gooden continued toying with the bullet shell in his hand, saying, “As you wish. But I heard that Tyr Summers killed Felix Langton. If there's a chance, I'd like to see just how skilled the

man is to be able to take Felix's life.”

Gooden was a battle maniac. It was so in his younger days and remained so even when he got older.

The sun was setting as dusk approached. Inside a classy restaurant, Leon had reserved a large table of sumptuous delicacies. Leon and Gooden were the only ones in the private room. The former sat at the table, while the latter stood at the window, looking outside.

Just then, the door was pushed open and Noah entered with a few subordinates in tow.

He had just come in when Leon's teasing voice sounded, “What a grand entrance, Boss Lee. You've brought so many men. Were you perhaps afraid that I would devour you?”

Noah was stunned. He quickly turned to his subordinates and said, “Get out. Who said you guys could follow me in?”

His men immediately retreated from the room,

closing the door behind them. Noah greeted Leon before taking a seat.

“I’ve heard of your great name, Young Master Fisher. May I know what has led you to come all the way from Prime City to meet me?”

Leon mildly raised his eyebrows. “Of course, I’m here today with good news, Boss Lee.”

“Good news?” asked a confused Noah.

He never had any dealings with the Fisher family before. So, for Leon Fisher to suddenly appear, saying he bears good news, wasn’t it just a joke? But although Noah found it amusing, he did not display it.

“Young Master Fisher, please be direct. I, Noah Lee, am a crude person, so I’m not fond of beating around the bush.”

“Sure.” Leon nodded. “If that’s the case, then I, Leon Fisher, will be direct with you. As the current ruler of Khanh City’s underground world, do you know of a person named Tyr

Summers?”

Tyr Summers!

Noah's expression immediately changed. Not only did he know of Tyr, he was but a mere dog before that man.

Noticing the shift in his expression, Leon said with a smile, “Seeing your reaction, Boss Lee, you must have heard of that man. That guy sure is famous here in Khanh City.”

Noah wasn't sure of Leon's true intentions, so he dared not answer carelessly or expose the relationship he had with Tyr. However, Noah had long been in the scene, so he could easily handle such situations.

“I've heard of him before and he has left a deep impression,” Noah answered with a nod. “Kareem Zachry died by his hands. Although I'm not personally acquainted with Tyr Summers, it's still thanks to him that I was able to obtain my current position. May I know why Young

Master Fisher suddenly brought him up?”

Leon's expression turned darker. Whenever he recalled his sister's death, he could feel that ball of fury threatening to burst forth from his chest. It was impossible to suppress it.

“Just this morning, Tyr Summers brought a few men to Prime City and killed my older sister, Charlotte Fisher,” he said.

Upon hearing this, a buzzing sound exploded in Noah's mind.

What?

Tyr brought men over to Prime City this morning and killed Charlotte Fisher? Wasn't this too outrageous?

For a moment, Noah was startled by Leon's words.

It was truly outrageous. Charlotte Fisher was the young miss of Prime City's prestigious Fisher family. How could Tyr have the nerve to

casually bring people to Prime City and kill her? The entire Fisher family must be hopping mad right now!

When he looked at Leon again, traces of fright flashed across Noah's face.

'What are you up to, Leon Fisher? You're not trying to ask me, Noah Lee, to deal with Tyr Summers for you, are you? You're kidding. Are you mental? If your Fisher family wants revenge, just send your men to Tyr. Why did you come here looking for me instead?'

Leon smiled half-heartedly at Noah. "Boss Lee, I've heard from my younger brother that you've been to Prime City before, and you've met the mafia boss of our city's underground world, right? You've always wanted to extend your influence into Prime City, am I correct?"

Noah gasped inwardly. His fears had come true. This guy was now making an offer.

"Uhm..."

Before Noah could answer, Leon refused to give him a chance to speak. “My third brother, Ryan Fisher, has quite the authority in the underground world of Prime City. Boss Lee, if you want to extend your influence into our city, I can guarantee you that with the Fisher family paving the way for you, you’ll be successful and invincible in Prime City.”

Noah let out a dry laugh. He had indeed thought of expanding his influence into Prime City. However, there were no free meals in this world. Even if this meat was handed to him on a silver platter, would he dare to take a bite?

He didn’t speak a word because he had no idea what to say. Yet, Leon continued to press him. He got up slowly and placed both hands on the table as he leaned forward, smiling faintly at Noah.

“Boss Lee, I’m now giving you a one-way ticket to success. You just have to do me one small favor. It's as simple as that. I want Tyr

Summers and his entire family eliminated. As the underground king of Khanh City, this should be easy for you, right?”

N

L

S

Chapter 189 Pleasant Cooperation

Leon was absolutely right. As the underground king of Khanh City, no matter how skilled his target was, Noah had no problems dealing with anyone here. If Leon wanted him to deal with someone else, he would agree immediately. After all, if a mafia boss like him could gain the support of the prestigious Fisher family in Prime City, his future would be limitless.

Just like how the Hill family had gained the Fisher family's support back then. In merely two years, they became Khanh City's leading real estate corporation. The advantages were unimaginable.

Noah was dying to befriend the Fisher family, but did he have the guts to? The answer was naturally no.

As Tyr's pet, even if Noah didn't completely know how terrifying Tyr was and how great his

background was, he had a faint idea. Forget the Prime City's Fisher family, even the southern elites, northern elites, and possibly the capital's elites could not compare to Tyr.

Hence, the answer in Noah's mind was a firm 'no'.

"Young Master Fisher, about this, forgive..."

Noah was about to say "forgive me for not being able to comply" when he suddenly felt the temperature of the room drop by several degrees. His gaze inadvertently shifted to Gooden, who was standing at the window.

The muscular man was dressed in a green shirt. Since the beginning, this man never spoke a word. He was like a statue, standing there, unmoving.

Just then, Noah could clearly see the man slowly moving his hands toward his waist. There was a weapon hidden there—a triangular bayonet. A weapon that Gooden had

used for almost twenty years. God knows how many people's blood had stained that blade throughout the years.

Noah was a veteran. He could now sense the murderous aura Gooden was exuding from his body. It was the feeling of imminent danger.

A thought suddenly flashed in Noah's mind, born from the survival instinct he had developed over his years in this underground world, 'No, I can't refuse. If I refuse, I'll definitely die.'

The man standing across him was undoubtedly unique. Even if Noah had many skillful subordinates standing guard outside right now, they wouldn't be able to save his life.

"Young Master Fisher, about this, forgive me for not being able to answer you immediately. A trade involving murder is illegal after all. Can you give me some time to consider?" said Noah.

At this, Gooden immediately stopped his action

of drawing the triangular bayonet.

Leon, had lost the initial patience he had. His tone sounded harsher as he said, “I, Leon Fisher, am a simple man. If we’re not friends, we’re enemies. So, if you can’t give me a satisfactory answer, I will get angry.”

It was now a threat. Noah felt a chill run down his spine. He was terrified that the man at the window would abruptly take action and cut his throat. However, despite his fear, as a mafia boss, Noah had courage. His mind quickly thought of a countermeasure and soon, he had an idea.

This was a blessing in disguise. Perhaps, this would be a chance for him to soar to success. And by success, he did not mean with the Fisher family, but... with Tyr Summers.

“Alright then!” Noah took a deep breath and stood up. “Since Young Master Fisher has come to me, it will naturally be my honor. I am willing to be at your service. But Young Master

Fisher, if I complete this task, I will have to be in your care at Prime City in the future.”

“Don’t worry. I have always been a man of my word.” Seeing that Noah had agreed, Leon smiled and poured him a glass of wine before pouring one for himself. “Then, Boss Lee, shall we celebrate our cooperation in advance?”

“Pleasure to work with you.”

Noah and Leon toasted before finishing their drinks. Since the business was settled, they continued drinking and chattering over dinner.

“Young Master Fisher, you must be exhausted from the journey here. Tonight, you can fully relax here. I’ll get my men to clear out the best club so we can welcome you properly.”

Leon nodded. “Then, I’ll be in your care, Boss Lee.”

“It’s only natural.”

As night fell, colorful lights decorated the sky. Inside one of Noah's high-end entertainment clubs, Leon and Gooden were enjoying themselves. They weren't the least bit worried about Noah scheming against them. Like almighty deities, they doubted that mortals could play any tricks on them.

Leon couldn't be blamed for his arrogance. It was just how things were. No matter which province, its capital would always be the center of development. Hence, be it in location, prosperity, or various other indexes, they would far exceed the other minor cities.

Thus, prominent figures from Prime City would always behave proudly, because the dignitaries of these minor cities were just slaves in their eyes.

Tonight, Leon and Gooden would enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. By midnight at the latest, Noah would bring Tyr Summers and his entire family here to meet

them. There was no other possible ending.

Leon had initially wanted Noah to simply kill Tyr to prevent future worries. However, he could not swallow his anger for the man who had killed his older sister. Hence, he wanted to do it with his own hands. To murder Tyr with the most agonizing method. Only then could his hatred be resolved.

Meanwhile, Tyr and his family had just finished dinner. Helen and Winifred were washing the dishes while Tyr played some games with Blair.

Just then, his phone rang. Walking to the balcony outside, he answered it.

“What is it?”

“Brother Tyr, Prime City’s second young master, Leon Fisher, came looking for me this evening. He wanted me to take care of you,” said Noah, using the shortest way possible to explain the situation to Tyr.

Tyr laughed. “Where is this Leon Fisher right now?”

Noah quickly answered, “He’s in one of my clubs. I pretended to agree with him to hold him down. Brother Tyr, please give me your instructions.”

“Since he asked you to capture me, come over here,” said Tyr.

“But Brother Tyr, Leon seems to have brought an expert. Should I prepare something in advance?”

“No need. You just have to do as they said. Come over at ten. I need to coax my daughter to sleep first.”

“Alright, Brother Tyr.”

Tyr hung up the phone and looked at the moon in the sky. It was a dark night. Another night for murder!

Chapter 190 Noah Lee Betrayed Us

At the club, Leon was a little drunk. Here at Khanh City, Noah had arranged a welcome fit for an emperor. Leon was pleased. Right now, he was surrounded by beauties who were toasting with him. He pulled one of them into his arms and started misbehaving.

Beside him, Gooden was sitting upright like a soldier. Perhaps it was age that no longer made him comfortable in such environments. At first, some beauties would proactively come over to chat and drink with him. But after seeing his indifferent behavior, they gradually kept a distance.

Thus, all the girls flocked around Leon, while Gooden seemed to be out of place.

“Uncle Gooden, do you dislike such an environment? Do you want to head back to the hotel and rest first?” Leon asked kindly out of

consideration for Gooden.

However, Gooden held onto his glass as he surveyed the area. He remained silent, not answering Leon. His personality had always been extremely peculiar, with rarely anyone being able to figure him out.

“Young Master Fisher, this uncle is really insensitive. Let’s ignore him and continue playing,” said a young and beautiful hostess as she leaned her sultry body against Leon’s. She knew he was a prominent figure, so she wanted to perform well.

“To hell with you!” Leon suddenly splashed his drink on the girl’s face before slapping her. “Who do you think you are to dare mock my Uncle Gooden?”

Leon’s sudden anger made the other girls fall silent.

The beauty who had spoken earlier immediately fell to her knees in fright. “I’m

sorry, Young Master Fisher, I... I didn't mean it that way.”

“Sh*t!”

Leon grabbed the wine bottle and smashed it heavily on the beauty's head, making her fall to the ground in an instant. Gooden who had been quiet the whole time abruptly stood up.

Looking at Leon, he spat out two words, “Let's go.”

After that, he pulled Leon up by the arm and headed for the club's entrance.

Leon was baffled. “Uncle Gooden, what's going on with you? We were having a great time, why should we leave? If you don't like these women, I'll chase them out immediately. Let's have a nice drink together,” he asked in confusion.

Looking at his watch, he added, “It's almost eleven. Noah should be done on his end. I'll give him a call and ask.”

However, Gooden shook his head. “Noah Lee has betrayed us.”

“What?” Leon’s expression immediately changed. He quickly shook his head. “Uncle Gooden, aren’t you being too sensitive? Even if Noah had the courage of a bear, he wouldn’t dare to betray us.”

Gooden stopped explaining to Leon. He pulled him up by the arm once more and hastened to the entrance. Before they reached the door, they saw a few people coming in. The bald man in the lead was Noah’s right-hand man.

At that moment, the bald man was wearing a respectful smile. “Young Master Fisher, what are you guys doing? Are you not having fun here? Do you need me to take you to a different club, or maybe get you a different batch of girls?”

However, immediately after he spoke, Gooden drew out the triangular bayonet from his waist.

With lightning speed, he instantly appeared before the bald man, stabbing the bayonet into his stomach.

Everything happened so fast that no one could react in time. Even Leon was startled.

The bald man spat out a mouthful of blood. But his pained expression quickly turned savage. “Leon Fisher is trying to escape. Stop him.”

That one sentence was like a bolt out of the blue. Gooden was right. Noah had betrayed them.

In an instant, dozens of black-clothed muscular men appeared from around the club. Each one of them was holding a weapon.

Gooden frowned slightly, the murderous intent now clear on his face. He grabbed Leon with one hand while swinging the bayonet in the other. It was like a wolf inside a flock of sheep as he kept attacking the muscular men around him.

In just a few breaths, he defeated a dozen people. As expected of the Fisher family's number two expert. He was ruthless and swift.

Right now, these large men couldn't even match up to Gooden, let alone stop him. The older man managed to slaughter his way through a bloody path and lead Leon out of the club.

Of course, it didn't mean that these men were no match for Gooden if they teamed up. Instead, they all got scared when they witnessed his ruthlessness. To the point that no one dared to stop them after that.

Outside the club, a full moon hung in the sky. As Leon looked up at that moon, he saw a trace of blood-red. He was seething with fury as he turned to the large men who had rushed out of the club but dared not come close.

“Tell Noah Lee that since he dared to betray me, Leon Fisher, he's dead! Tomorrow, my

Fisher family will pay him a visit and he will die an ugly death.”

However, as soon as Leon said this, a Land Rover that had just stopped by the road opened its doors.

A mocking voice rang from the vehicle, “Leon Fisher, I don’t think you’ll have a chance to see the sun tomorrow.”

The one who spoke was Noah Lee. Following beside him was Tyr Summers.

Every inch of Leon’s body was trembling. His fury had reached a boiling point. “Great, well done. You have some nerve, Noah. You dare go against Prime City’s Fisher family? I can guarantee you now that you will die a tragic death. Not just you, but the whole underground society of Khanh City will be buried with you.”

A faint voice resonated from Tyr’s lips, “How arrogant. Even the Southriver King of your Prime City isn’t as awesome as you, is he? The

Fisher family? Rubbish.”

Leon frowned harder. He looked at Tyr with a dark expression and asked, “Who are you, brat? How dare you insult Prime City’s Fisher family? Do you have a death wish?”

“Hehe,” Tyr snorted, staring fixedly at Leon like he was looking at an idiot. “Leon Fisher, was it? Didn’t you say you came here specifically to take revenge on me? But you don’t even recognize me. You’re truly amusing.”

Chapter 191 Puking Three Litres of Blood

“So, you’re Tyr Summers.” Leon’s pupils abruptly dilated. Flames of fury instantly seared through his chest. “Uncle Gooden, please take action. Kill him! Avenge my sister!”

Now that his enemy had appeared, Leon could no longer be patient.

With the bayonet still in his hand, Gooden had long since fixed his attention on Tyr. In fact, there was now a trace of confusion in his heart. Because no matter how he looked at it, with Tyr’s age and physical frame, he didn’t seem like an expert who could take Uncle Felix out.

However, this confusion only lasted for a second. Soon, Gooden adjusted himself to be in an optimized state for battle. Since this young man barely in his thirties was able to defeat Uncle Felix, Gooden would have to be on his

guard.

By now, Tyr had focused his attention on Gooden as well.

“Looking at your shirt and the aura you’re emitting, you must have been a mercenary at Rayne, right? It’s no wonder you have a strong sense of danger toward your surroundings. You actually managed to notice something was off in advance and escape from inside. But it’s a pity that your instincts aren’t enough. Because you’ve escaped too late.”

At this, Tyr’s lips cracked into a wide smile, revealing pearly white teeth.

Gooden was a fierce man of few words. Brandishing his bayonet, he charged at Tyr.

This man was a former mercenary who was trained only in lethal skills. There were no excessive movements in his attacks that focused on killing with one hit. Besides this, his speed was insane, to the point of bedazzling

his opponent.

However, this confusion only applied to Noah and the others. In Tyr's eyes, Gooden's immense speed was in fact, still too slow.

“Not bad. You're a little stronger than that Uncle Felix from this morning.” Tyr stepped aside, easily dodging Gooden's lethal attack. “But for me, be it you or that Uncle Felix, you're both trash.”

Having said that, Tyr attacked. Casually lifting his right hand, he easily grabbed Gooden's bayonet. With an unpredictable move, he snatched the weapon away from Gooden's hand in an instant.

Gooden's pupils dilated. Before he could even regain his senses, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

Shick!

Tyr pierced the bayonet into his chest, followed by a punch.

Bam!

A heavy punch landed. The bayonet pierced through Gooden's chest like a sharp arrow. His eyes widened like saucers. At that moment, it was as if he had met Satan himself.

Thud...

Gooden's legs gave out and he fell to his knees. After that, there was no movement.

Everything happened so fast that it could be described as akin to a spark of fire. A few seconds later, the crowd finally regained their senses. Everyone's expressions were filled with shock and disbelief.

Leon Fisher in particular was going mad. "Ah... Aaaaah... Ahh!!!"

His eyes were wide as he continuously uttered only one syllable. This shock and horror was like seeing a terrifying ghost, making him forget how to speak.

Gooden was dead. The elite expert his Fisher family had raised with a heavy price for over ten years was defeated by Tyr Summers just like that. So effortlessly.

Leon felt his head begin to spin as energy drained from his body. Staggering, he fell paralyzed to the ground. Sweat immediately drenched his entire body, as if he had just taken a shower.

He looked up at Tyr with a terrified gaze, feeling despair in his heart. “You... you can’t kill me. I’m... I’m the Fisher family’s second young master.”

Tyr’s lips curved upward. He was wearing that same harmless smile. “Your older sister said the same thing.”

Following the passing of night, dawn came. The first ray of sunlight shone on the ground.

Over at the Fisher mansion, Charlotte’s

mourning hall had been built in one night while Gary stayed beside his daughter's coffin the entire time.

He hadn't slept at all. Not only because he missed his daughter, but also because he felt a great uneasiness. He had felt the same way many years ago, when his wife was giving birth to Ryan and ended up losing her life due to excessive blood loss.

"Leon and Gooden have been gone the whole night. Why isn't there any news?" Gary stared at the rising sun as traces of worry passed over his face. The uneasiness was growing stronger.

Beside him, Ryan answered, "Father, it's only dawn. Second Brother must need some time to get Noah to take care of Tyr Summers. Don't worry. They must be on their way back now."

"But I have a nagging feeling that something's wrong. Ryan, give your second brother a call and ask him how he's doing."

Feeling a little helpless, Ryan replied, "Father,

didn't I already call him just now? His phone is off. It's probably out of battery. Don't worry, Father. With Uncle Gooden by his side, Second Brother will definitely be okay. You haven't slept the entire night. Why don't you get some rest?"

"Alright then." Gary took a deep breath and turned to exit the mourning hall.

Coincidentally, two Fisher family bodyguards were carrying a black box as they hurried over to Gary from outside.

"What are you guys carrying?" Gary asked immediately.

There were traces of fear on these bodyguards' expressions. "Old Master, this was delivered by the people from Khanh City. They said... that the box contains something you both would like to see."

Upon hearing this, Gary and Ryan were stunned. But the next second, Ryan started

laughing out loud.

“Father, it’s like I said, there’s definitely no problem. Second Brother said yesterday that he would bring Tyr Summers’ head to pay respects to Sister. He’s worried that you’re anxious, so he got someone to deliver the man’s head in advance.”

Gary came to as well. That huge rock in his heart could finally be laid aside. He had truly worried too much. With an elite expert like Gooden going with Leon, what could possibly go wrong?

“Open it up,” Ryan instructed, and the two bodyguards immediately opened the box.

However, it wasn’t Tyr Summers they saw in there. It was Leon Fisher and Gooden.

In an instant, the air around them seemed to freeze. Those two bodyguards were dumbstruck, as was Ryan. Gary was standing still, rooted to the spot like a wooden post.

Three seconds later, Gary could feel the surge of boiling blood in his chest, followed by a sweet taste in his throat.

Pfft!!!

Blood splattered from his mouth. His vision went dark and the man collapsed.

Chapter 192 The Great Operation

By the time Gary regained consciousness, it was already noon. The sun was glaring in the sky and the weather was unbearably hot. But Gary could only feel chills all over his body.

Yesterday afternoon, his most precious daughter died. Early this morning, he saw the head of his second son.

Gary's hand was connected to an IV drip and he wore an oxygen mask on his face. As he had fainted not too long ago, he hadn't been taken to the hospital. They had a private doctor at home who had prepared all these things.

When Gary came to, there was no longer any expression on his face. Just like how he had shut himself in his study yesterday when he heard of his daughter's death, he was frighteningly calm right now. Tearing off the oxygen mask and IV drip, he got up and pushed

the door open to go outside.

Ryan immediately hurried over to him with immense grief written all over his face. “Father ...”

“Gather our men,” Gary simply spat out those three words.

Ryan said nothing but nodded heavily before turning to leave, going to gather their forces. Gary stared up at the glaring sun and took a deep breath. Then, he walked slowly to the back of the mansion as if he had aged considerably.

There was a pavilion here. Inside the pavilion sat a middle-aged man dressed in a white cloth gown. He looked to be in his fifties, and was sitting cross-legged on a futon with a tea table before him as he made tea.

A long sword was laying beside this man. This seemingly average Tai Chi sword was like the man’s best friend, sitting quietly beside him.

Known as the Fisher family's Guardian, he was their number one hitman, Aaron Fisher.

Gary had just arrived when Aaron's voice called out, "You haven't been here for a while."

Gary nodded slightly before entering the pavilion, sitting cross-legged across from Aaron. "Charlotte and Leon are dead. Felix Langton and Gooden are also dead."

"Yeah." A peculiar look flashed in Aaron's eyes very briefly, but soon, he regained his initial composure. "So I've heard. Who is the opponent?"

"Tyr Summers. A young man in his twenties. It's a long story." Gary took a deep breath, trying to organize his words to tell Aaron about the situation.

However, Aaron handed him a cup of tea and said, "Your mind must be in chaos right now. This tea will calm you down. As for the story, I'm not interested to know. You're here to ask

me to take action, aren't you?"

Gary received the cup from Aaron and took a sip. "That's right!"

"Have you thought it through?"

"Yes, I've thought it through," Gary answered firmly. "Tyr Summers isn't a normal person. Yesterday, I asked Leon to head to Khanh City and get their underground community to deal with him. This morning, they sent back Leon and Gooden's heads. Hence, we need your assistance with this matter. I've already gotten Ryan to gather the men. This time, even if my Fisher family has to pay the price, I will invade Khanh City, eliminate Tyr Summers' family, and then wipe out the city's underground world."

At this, Gary's composed mind was once again riled up with fury.

Aaron frowned slightly. "Pay the price? So, you're planning on not participating in the project

you've spent more than a year preparing?"

At the mention of this, Gary let out another sigh. His expression turned savage. "My daughter is dead. My most prized son is also dead. All I have left is that reckless brat, Ryan. Even if I manage to secure the throne of Southriver City, what's the point? Ryan can't bear such a huge responsibility. As for the project, we'll definitely participate, but we'll just get a smaller cut of the spoils. The pain of losing my children is unbearable, and we don't have a firm grasp of when the project will start. I can't wait that long."

Aaron took a sip from his cup before putting it back down and grabbing the sword beside him. "Since that's the case, I'll make a personal visit."

That evening, dozens of cars departed from Riverdale Province's Prime City, making their way to Khanh City. This group consisted of nearly two hundred people.

Two-thirds of them were elite fighters from

the underground world whom Ryan had raised, while the remaining one-third were the Fisher family's superior bodyguards and hitmen they had spent good money to hire.

It can be said that the Fisher family had mobilized their entire force for this operation. Their goal was to kill Tyr Summers and annihilate Khanh City's underground world. A prominent family of Prime City was not to be humiliated, let alone disrespected!

As the moon hung in the sky, Tyr was feeding a wolf with a piece of raw meat at the Wolf's Den. His phone rang. It was a call from Noah.

"Spill," Tyr simply said the moment he answered the call.

From the other end came Noah's mildly anxious voice, "Brother Tyr, this is bad. According to intel from Prime City, the Fisher family has mobilized their full force and is leading two hundred men over to invade Khanh City. Brother Tyr, I'm now gathering

men to deal with them. You have to be careful as well.”

Tyr’s lips suddenly curled into a slight grin. “Don’t panic. Just carry on as usual. I’ll deal with this.”

On the other end, Noah was stunned. For a moment, he couldn’t understand what Tyr meant. “Brother Tyr, this...?”

“I said I’ll deal with this. You... don’t have to do anything.”

After saying that, Tyr simply hung up. Noah was dumbstruck. Tyr Summers had asked him to stand down. What was going on? There were several hundreds of men coming over from Prime City to invade them, so how could he do nothing?

But since Tyr had spoken, Noah could only do as told. After all, he had no courage to disobey Tyr’s instructions.

As he put his phone back into his pocket, Tyr

glanced at the Wolf's Den that was now covered with dark clouds. Battle cries continued to resonate from the inside, mixed with the howls of wolves and barks of dogs.

With Max Cheever in tow, Tyr walked to the dog shed. Once the door opened, the smell of hormones mingled with blood invaded their senses.

“Brothers, stop,” said Max, clapping his hands.

The Wolf's Den members who were enjoying their battles stopped and turned to the door.

“Brother Tyr... Brother Tyr...”

Tyr nodded briefly as a faint smile appeared on his face. “Everyone, tidy up. There's a huge operation tonight. You're all in for a wild ride.”

Chapter 193 Khanh City's Border Marker

Since the establishment of the Wolf's Den, this was the first time Tyr had announced a huge operation in person. And unlike before, he did not pick only a few of them to carry out the mission. This time, he meant to mobilize them all.

Matthew waved his fists in excitement as he walked over to Tyr. "Master, what operation is there tonight that requires all of us at the Wolf's Den to move out?"

Tyr shot him a glare. "Enough with the nonsense." As he spoke, he took out his phone and started a countdown. "Tidy up in three minutes and meet me outside."

Three minutes later, a total of thirteen Wolf's Den members cleaned themselves up, carried their weapons, and came out of the Wolf's Den

with great excitement.

Matthew was even leading a huge Tibetan Mastiff with glowing red eyes out on a leash. It was ferocious, baring its fangs at whoever it saw, but only in Matthew's hands would it behave obediently.

Shocked by this, Tyr immediately asked, "What are you doing with that?"

Matthew grinned cheekily, answering, "Master, this is my battle partner."

"What the f*ck..."

Tyr began to think that Matthew was getting weirder. No, the man was insane.

In fact, Matthew was not the only one with an animal by his side. There were other people with wolves on leashes. For example, Jamie Sunder was leading a purebred azure wolf.

Tyr was speechless. He had f*cking spent so much money to ship these animals over as part

of these guys' training. Instead, they started keeping them as pets. That wouldn't do. He should start getting fiercer animals, like a wild African male lion!

Tyr glanced at the men, feeling defeated. "You're not allowed to take these guys out on the streets on regular days."

By then, Max had driven a few Land Rovers over. Matthew and his Tibetan Mastiff occupied one of them by themselves. Soon, a total of five Land Rovers drove to the outskirts of Khanh City.

This path on the outskirts of Khanh City was the only way to enter the city from Prime City. There was a deserted slope next to it, and on the slope was a stone tablet. The name 'Khanh City' and its origins were carved on the stone tablet.

Just then, dozens of vehicles appeared on the road, heading this way in an impressive manner.

Inside one of these vehicles were Ryan and Aaron. Aaron remained composed with the Tai Chi blade in his arms, while Ryan wore a dark and ferocious expression. He looked out the window, staring at the long fleet behind them through the side mirror. His heart was completely shrouded by the desire for revenge.

“Tyr Summers, you killed my older sister and my second brother. Today, I will make the entire Khanh City’s underground world go down with you.”

Ryan was extremely confident. To him, this battle was a sure victory.

Out of anger, Gary had mobilized the family’s entire force, and even their number one expert had come with them. With this formation, they could easily induce great bloodshed even in Prime City. Hence, dealing with a mere Khanh City was too easy.

Awooo...

Just then, shrilling howls resonated through the night sky. This beastly howl made many people inside the cars feel their scalps going numb.

In Ryan's car, his driver frowned slightly. "What's going on? I think I hear wolves howling."

"Pay attention and drive. This is Khanh City in the south. How could there be wolves?" growled Ryan.

However, soon after he spoke, the car in front of them abruptly stopped, causing the long fleet following behind it to halt as well. Feeling confused, the people at the back rolled down their windows and looked outside.

Ryan's car was positioned in the center of the fleet. He grabbed the walkie talkie beside him and asked into the device, "What's going on?"

"Third Young Master, there are a few cars up ahead, blocking our way. These people look

hostile. What should we do?”

Ryan frowned. “They must be from Khanh City. Get out and kill them all.”

“Understood.”

Following Ryan’s orders, the doors of the fleet opened. Almost two hundred men bearing weapons came out of the cars.

Once outside, they met a shocking scene. A man leading an azure wolf stood atop a small slope, looking like a demon of the night as he stood there, unmoving. The azure wolf lifted its head, howling at the moon.

Awooo...

This scene was truly a little frightening.

On the road, the group of impatient Wolf’s Den members were staring at this large group of two hundred people with excitement in their eyes. Each of them was cracking their knuckles, they could not wait to start.

Lately, they had either been training with the wolves or Tibetan Mastiffs in the shed, or they battled each other. They had long gotten tired of it.

Once in a while, Max sent them on some missions, but now, these missions no longer posed any challenge. In fact, it wasn't that the missions were easy. Instead, each one of them had become too strong.

Now that they were facing two hundred people, how could they not get excited?

“Brother Tyr has said that with each opponent's head, we get a hundred thousand,” Stephen roared.

However, money did not induce much of a reaction from the Wolf's Den's members.

Stephen felt a little speechless and continued, “And another two wolves for training.”

Awoo!!!

In an instant, the Wolf's Den members howled in great delight. Their cries were far more horrifying than the wolves or Tibetan Mastiffs.

On the other side, the aura of these two hundred people was greatly oppressed by the small group. The Fisher family hitmen were fine, but many of the elites Ryan had gathered from Prime City's underground world felt their scalps prickle and their heartbeats go wild.

What was going on? Weren't they supposed to just come to Khanh City to display their authority? Without them having to lift a finger, weren't the citizens here supposed to grovel at their feet just by seeing their numbers?

But what was happening? They had just reached Khanh City and a bunch of freaks had appeared before them. Each of them looked even more frightening than wild beasts.

Across them, the Wolf's Den members were now pouncing at them with great enthusiasm

like wolves attacking a flock of sheep.

The grand battle started.

No. This wasn't considered a grand battle at all. It was a one-sided slaughter. That's right, it was a massacre! It required almost no effort for the Wolf's Den members to annihilate Prime City's Fisher family.

At the border marker, Tyr leaned lazily against the stone tablet. He lit a cigarette on this rare occasion before looking at the words on the tablet.

Squinting his eyes, he mumbled to himself, “After tonight, it seems like there's a need to add three more words on this tablet as a reminder for those people in Prime City—God's Forbidden Territory!”