

## Chapter 194 Next Slash, Hell

It was a completely one-sided battle. Each Wolf's Den member now had the ability to take on dozens of men. Forget two hundred, even if there were a thousand men, these excited wolf cubs could pummel them all the same.

Once the battle began, it could only be described as tragic. It was like the Wolf's Den members were on steroids. With their fists, iron fingers, and even daggers, they kept defeating those from Prime City.

Sounds of limbs breaking and howling cries filled the air.

These people did not understand exhaustion. Instead, they got even more riled up.

The underground elites of Prime City could not even take one strike from the Wolf's Den members. While the Fisher family's hitmen could last a few more blows, they would soon

be defeated as well.

That wasn't the worst part. What was more horrifying was how a Tibetan Mastiff and several azure wolves were running around amidst the crowd. Their sharp fangs and piercing claws were no joke. In less than a minute, that Tibetan Mastiff had taken down a few men.

A weirdo like Matthew had an even greater impact on the battle. This human tank was crushing everything in his path. As for Stephen, Jamie, and the other higher-ranking Wolf's Den members, they could easily defeat their opponents with one move as well.

Even a woman like Vanessa showed no mercy. Brandishing a butterfly knife, she continued dashing through the crowd. Like a dancer in the chaos, her movements were elegant, but her butterfly knife left a trail of blood in its wake.

In less than a few minutes, one-third of the

two hundred Prime City men had fallen to the ground. Fear began spreading in these people's minds. Five minutes later, some started throwing down their weapons to surrender.

“Sh\*t... sh\*t, are these freaks from another dimension?”

“I'm going home.”

Eventually, some of the underground elites could no longer take the pressure. Their minds started collapsing. To them, facing these Wolf's Den members was like going against demons.

Before demons, fear would only grow without limit.

With one-third defeated and nearly half of them throwing in the towel, there were soon only a little over a hundred men left of the group of two hundred. And of these hundred people, most of them were the Fisher family's prized hitmen.

However, even these hitmen felt powerless

right now. For too long now, they had been standing proud in Prime City, never caring about the people from inferior cities. Yet, before they knew it, a group of savages had emerged from this lowly city.

Over at the border marker, Tyr had carved the words 'God's Forbidden Territory' on the stone tablet. Like steel talons, these words were vigorous and powerful. The most incredible thing was that Tyr had carved these words with his bare finger.

The battle below had reached its climax. Inside the car, Ryan was dumbstruck as he watched the scene unfold. He had no idea why Khanh City would have such a ferocious group. As his scalp prickled, he felt an intent to retreat.

This was his Fisher family's full force, but before these people, their forces seemed incredibly weak.

Beside Ryan, Aaron, who had been resting his eyes the entire time, suddenly awoke. Although

he did not witness the battle outside, he felt a dense murderous intent.

“Third Young Master, if you hear me asking you to leave, you mustn’t hesitate. Drive away immediately,” said Aaron, pushing the car door open and leaving with his sword.

Ryan shuddered. What did that mean? Even Aaron was talking like this. Could the Fisher family’s number one guardian perhaps lack the confidence to defeat these people?

“Impossible. This can’t be happening. How can a few country bumpkins from Khanh City win against our Fisher family?”

Up till now, Ryan was still delusional. He still thought of himself as an almighty existence and didn’t believe that his family would lose. He also doubted that his family’s Guardian would lose.

Swish!

As the long sword was drawn from its

scabbard, it felt like watching a martial arts movie. Right now, Aaron was akin to a traveling swordsman. Before he even arrived at the battlefield, his pressuring aura could already be felt.

“An expert swordsman!”

Tyr, who had been leaning against the stone tablet, suddenly snapped to attention. It came as a surprise that the Fisher family had a swordsman in their ranks.

As the saying goes, wherever there are humans, there will be secret societies. And wherever there are secret societies, there will be swordsmen.

Celestial Empire’s secret society began declining a hundred years ago, but it never disappeared. The society merely continued existing in a different form, and Aaron Fisher was clearly from that world.

Mildly narrowing his eyes, Tyr felt a hint of

interest. Stubbing out the cigarette in his hand, he stretched leisurely before walking forward.

In this dark and gusty night suited for murder, a sword swept across, leaving no blood on the blade.

Swish!

Sounds of a swinging blade could be heard.

A chilling flash sparked in the dark night. Failing to avoid in time, a Wolf's Den member had his chest cut, leaving a huge bloody wound. Thankfully this Wolf's Den member had a strong physical constitution. If he were a regular fighter, that one slash would have sliced him open.

A silhouette flashed across like a phantom in the night. Next, the blade slashed again, and another Wolf's Den member was thrown back from the impact. A deep wound appeared on his body, making him lose all combat ability on the spot.

With two slashes, he had defeated two Wolf's Den members. Aaron's swordsmanship was indeed remarkable.

“What the f\*ck?”

Being the closest to him, Jamie's expression froze before he searched for Aaron's silhouette. Without another word, he picked up a knife and charged at Aaron.

Clang clang clang!

Sparks flew as the blades clashed. As expected of a higher ranking member of the Wolf's Den, with a blade in hand, Jamie could withstand several attacks from Aaron. However, Jamie's knife was soon sent flying, and Aaron swung his blade again. A wound appeared on Jamie's arm, trailing all the way up to his shoulder.

Jamie sucked in a breath of cold air. Despite knowing that he was no match for Aaron, he showed no signs of backing down and charged forward. Like a wolf, it was the Wolf's Den's



primal instinct never to surrender. They would never retreat even in the face of death.

Aaron gave Jamie a look of approval. “Not bad. But! The next slash will send you to hell!”

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## Chapter 195 Read It Out

Aaron Fisher was not actually a brutal man. A true swordsman would be simple and straightforward. Only with this composure could they achieve greater heights in swordsmanship. Hence, he disliked killing.

From the moment he attacked, his aim was only to immobilize the Wolf's Den members, never to take their lives. However, this did not mean that Aaron wouldn't kill.

Jamie's relentlessness had drawn out Aaron's murderous instincts. He now planned to take Jamie's life with the next attack.

“Stop trying to act all mysterious. I'll be the one sending you to hell instead,” Jamie roared as he punched an underground elite beside him and snatched the man's knife. Blood flowed down from the wound on Jamie's arm, staining the knife red.

Clang!

Sparks flew as the Tai Chi sword and steel knife clashed. Following a metallic sound, the knife in Jamie's hand was cut in half.

Jamie was startled. Before he could react in time, Aaron's blade had reached his throat.

The threat of death instantly engulfed Jamie's body. His pupils dilated and he could foresee imminent death. Even if his mind could react, his body could not match up to its speed. Aaron's blade was quick. So quick that Jamie couldn't avoid it.

However, the instant Aaron's blade pressed against Jamie's throat, a silhouette flashed before him. Tyr Summers suddenly appeared, blocking his way. At that moment, in Jamie's eyes, Tyr's existence was akin to a god.

"Brother Tyr!" Jamie subconsciously called out, still a little startled from his brush with death.

Tyr was standing straight with a hand behind him, while the other pinched Aaron's Tai Chi sword with two fingers.

Aaron was surprised, it had been years since anyone was able to stop his blade. In his memory, the last time a person stopped his blade was when he fought an insanely powerful subordinate of Prime City's Southriver King.

The man deemed the strongest fighter in Prime City had managed to stop Aaron's sword. But even though he was Prime City's strongest, he had clapped with both hands to stop Aaron's blade.

Now, this young man, who seemed to be less than thirty-years-old, looked like a grandmaster. With one hand behind his back, it only took him two fingers to stop the sword.

At that moment, Aaron could feel his scalp prickle. Summoning his strength, he tried wrenching his sword free. Yet, Tyr's fingers

were like a vise, clamping down on his sword. No matter how hard Aaron tugged, it was futile.

“Trying to kill my brother? You’re not worthy.” Tyr’s lips curled slightly, releasing his grip.

Aaron stumbled back a few steps. After steadying himself, an unprecedented stern expression appeared on his face. “You’re Tyr Summers?”

“That’s right. I am he.” Tyr nodded and asked, “How do I address you?”

“Aaron Fisher. I’m here on the Fisher family’s request, to take your life.”

“Do you regret it now?”

“In the fifty years of my life, I’ve never known the word regret.”

Having said that, Aaron swung his blade across the ground. The tip of the blade never touched the floor, but a long sword mark was left in its

After these swings, Aaron felt like he had exhausted all his abilities. He never held back in his attacks, but he still couldn't kill Tyr, so he was out of ideas.

"Are you done playing? It's my turn now," said Tyr in a low voice, his lips curling into a peculiar smile once again.

That grin instantly made the hair on Aaron's skin stand.

Turning to his side, Tyr simply lifted his hand to pinch Aaron's blade with two fingers once more. His fingers quivered and, pa! The sword in Aaron's hand snapped in two, and the blade flew far away, piercing into the stone tablet.

Pa!

Tyr slammed a hand onto Aaron's chest. The older man immediately felt his chest crack and he spat out a mouthful of blood. Next, the sword in his hand was taken away by Tyr. With a harsh stab, the broken sword pierced into Aaron's chest.

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Everything happened too fast. When Aaron regained his senses, he could feel his life quickly drifting away. He had never seen such a strong expert in all his life.

Grabbing his arm and dragging him along, Tyr walked towards Khanh City's border marker. On the tablet, the other half of the blade was completely stabbed in.

Tyr pressed Aaron against the tablet with one hand, while the other pointed to the newly carved words on the stone. “Read it out!”

Aaron stared at the words on the tablet. His mind went blank.

Tyr knocked his knuckles on the tablet loudly. “Read...”

“God... God’s Forbidden Territory!”

Even an elite expert like Aaron Fisher could not go against the fearsome aura Tyr was exuding. Under the pressure of such power, Aaron subconsciously read out the words ‘God’s Forbidden Territory’.

At that moment, he seemed to have understood. His face turned ghastly pale.

Aaron abruptly turned his head and yelled at Ryan—who was still in the car—in a hysterical voice, “Third Young Master, run! Leave this place. Go back to Prime City and never return!”



After saying that, Aaron gritted his teeth and smashed his head on the stone table. His head coincidentally collided with the words 'God's Forbidden Territory', and fresh blood stained one of the words red.

An outstanding warrior, the Fisher family's number one guardian. In the end, he chose to end his life this way.

Tyr released Aaron before lighting another cigarette. This was his second cigarette for the day. Usually, he never smoked this much. He took a long draw of smoke before staring dazedly at the words he had carved on the tablet. No one knew what he was thinking right now.

After a long while, a faint smile appeared on Tyr's remarkably handsome face. He gently patted the tablet and mumbled to himself, "From now on, I'll be protecting this land."

## Chapter 196 Don't Come to Khanh City, Ever

By then, the Wolf's Den members had beaten the remaining Prime City fighters to a pulp. None of the Wolf's Den members had lost their lives. They mostly suffered light injuries, while only a few were heavily injured.

At their feet lay more than a hundred people, either dead or crippled. The air was filled with the smell of blood, and this place looked like a scene from hell.

Roar...

Awoooo...

The azure wolves started howling at the moon again, while every Wolf's Den member cried out savagely.

Refreshing! This was definitely the most satisfying battle they had since entering the

Wolf's Den. A battle with their lives on the line was what they desired.

Glancing at these Wolf's Den members, Tyr smiled. Long ago, Nemesis was just like these people. For the sake of their beliefs and dignity, they would defend it at the cost of their lives. He believed that the day of Nemesis' reformation would soon come!

Inside the car, Ryan witnessed the entire process of this battle. Initially, he still placed his hopes and expectations on Aaron. But now, Ryan was completely devastated.

In all his life, he had never been so terrified before. This horrifying battle had completely refreshed his knowledge. When he saw how the Fisher family's number one fighter couldn't even lay a finger on Tyr Summers, Ryan was completely dumbstruck.

Aaron was his family's guardian. Even in the whole of Prime City, he was ranked in the top three.

However, the man died just like that. There was no telling how much despair Aaron felt before he died, and what he was feeling when he shouted at Ryan to run and never set foot in Khanh City again. And then, this incredibly strong fighter had smashed his head onto a stone tablet out of despair, to take his own life.

“Go... G-go, quickly. Leave this place. Leave this horrifying place. Start the car now. Turn around. Turn the f\*cking car around now.”

Ryan was stammering incoherently out of fright. He kept urging the driver to turn the car around and leave. However, the driver was clearly more frightened than Ryan. When he pushed the ignition button, his hand kept shaking.

At last, the car started. It ran into several other vehicles before getting onto the muddy path beside the road and sped away in Prime City's direction. They were utterly traumatized.

“There's someone running away. After them!”

Stephen instructed.

Immediately, two Wolf's Den members got into a car, prepared to give chase.

Yet, Tyr's voice suddenly called out faintly, "Don't. Let them go."

Getting into his car, Tyr took out his phone and called Noah. Someone needed to take care of this mess, and something like this was naturally Noah's job.

Half an hour later, Noah arrived at the border marker with a dozen cars. When he saw the tragic scene before him, he felt his scalp prickle as well. When he saw the blood on the stone tablet and how the broken blade was stabbed into it, Noah sucked in a cold breath.

"God's Forbidden Territory," he read out loud. "There were more than two hundred people, but they were all defeated before even stepping into Khanh City. Brother Tyr, how did you do it?"

Noah felt a lingering fear. Yesterday when Leon made him that offer, for a moment, the deepest part of Noah's heart wanted to go against Tyr and accept Leon's offer. After all, for a lowly mafia boss like him, the Fisher family's support was too tempting.

But Noah was thankful that he had persevered in his beliefs. He had not betrayed Tyr. Otherwise, he would have ended up in a worse state than these people from Prime City.

Many of the people on the ground were still conscious. They weren't dead, just crippled.

When Noah's subordinates went over to them, each one of them displayed great fear. They started screaming out loud like madmen, as if they had been traumatized by the Wolf's Den members earlier.

Upon seeing this, Noah and his men felt chills go down their spines.

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At Prime City's Fisher manor, Gary Fisher stayed up all night. From the moment Ryan and the group left until now, Gary had been waiting at the mansion's entrance, looking into the distance. Just like before, he was feeling uneasy.

"I'm thinking too much. I must be thinking too much. With Aaron there, Ryan and the others will definitely be alright. This time, they'll be able to kill that Tyr Summers and eliminate Khanh City's underground world. They will succeed. No one can offend my Fisher family. There's only one ending for those who do—death."

As if he had lost his mind, Gary kept mumbling to himself the whole night. The servants in the house dared not ask him anything. Just a little earlier, a servant went over to check on him, with the intention of comforting him. Alas, this servant ended up being trampled by Gary and was now lying in a hospital, unconscious.

Late in the night, Ryan's car could finally be

seen shakily returning to the Fisher family's mansion. He stumbled out of the car and dashed into the house.

Gary's eyes sparkled as he hurried over to Ryan. "Ryan, you're back. Where is your Uncle Aaron?"

However, Ryan seemed to not notice Gary at all and started yelling to quickly close the gates immediately after he came in.

"What happened to you?" Seeing how his son looked frightened out of his wits, Gary frowned hard.

"Close the gates. Are you all idiots? I said close the gates now," Ryan shouted at the servants around him until someone finally came to their senses and hurriedly shut the mansion's gates.

Pa!

Gary slapped Ryan across the face. "Just what is going on? Have you lost your mind?"

That slap helped Ryan regain his senses. An



expression filled with immense dread appeared on his face.

“Father, it’s over. Everything’s over. Uncle Aaron is dead. His blade never even scraped the corners of Tyr Summers’ shirt. All of the Fisher family’s hitmen and those hundred over elites I gathered from Prime City’s underground world have been wiped out. We’re done for. That Tyr Summers is a demon, and he has a group of monsters under him.”

As Ryan explained, his mentality started to collapse.

A buzzing sound exploded in Gary’s mind. He couldn’t accept this reality. Even Aaron had died. How was that possible?

“Impossible. This is impossible. Ryan Fisher, you’re lying to me, aren’t you? You’re joking, aren’t you?”

Ryan felt to the ground, limp like a pile of mud as he howled in despair, “Father, Sister... just

what kind of demon did Sister provoke? Just why did we lose our minds and send our full force to Khanh City? That place is God's forbidden territory!"

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## Chapter 197 The Huge Project Begins

God's Forbidden Territory.

The prominent figures of Prime City have always looked down on the dignitaries of inferior cities. They have always been arrogant and considered themselves a divine existence.

But now, Riverdale's Khanh City was deemed to be God's Forbidden Territory. In the past, people like Gary and Ryan would have thrown their heads back in laughter upon hearing this. But now, these three words were like a curse, continuing to resonate in their minds.

Pfft!

Gary spluttered blood a second time. His vision went black and he passed out again. This time, he was out for three whole days. Even the doctors at home couldn't help him. Hence, when he finally regained consciousness three days later, he was lying in a hospital bed.

“Father, you’re awake,” said Ryan.

After calming down, he had stayed by his father’s sickbed the whole time.

“Ryan, where are your older sister and second brother?” asked Gary.

Those words completely baffled Ryan. For a moment, he didn’t know how to answer.

“Father... Didn’t Sister and Second Brother already...”

“Hehehe... hehehe...”

Gary’s strange chuckles made Ryan’s scalp tingle.

“This is not the end of our Fisher family. As long as that huge project succeeds, we can take back everything we’ve lost.”

Just then, Gary’s assistant burst into the room nervously. “Third Young Master... Oh, Old Master, you’ve woken up.”

The assistant was initially looking for Ryan, but after seeing Gary conscious, he quickly went over to the older man.

Ryan frowned hard, sounding irritated as he asked, “What is it?”

He was opposed to anyone disturbing his father right now.

“Third Young Master, Old Master, the head of the Griffin family, Shane Griffin, called to invite Old Master for a meeting at Bamboo Villa. He and the Layton family’s head, Xavier Layton, are waiting there right now.”

“What?” Upon hearing this, Gary sat up in bed. “Ryan, get the car. I’m going to Bamboo Villa.”

But Ryan was a little hesitant. “Father, your health is of greater importance now.”

“I said, get the car,” Gary snapped before simply getting out of bed.

Tearing away his IV drip and oxygen mask,

Gary instructed his assistant to bring him a change of clothes.

“A three-way meeting means that the big project will soon begin. If that project succeeds, our Fisher family will rise again. When that time comes, I’ll make Tyr Summers and his men pay with their lives.”

However, Ryan sounded pessimistic as he said, “Father, our Fisher family is now powerless. Even if the project starts, I’m afraid...”

“Don’t be. I’m good friends with Shane and Xavier. Even if our Fisher family is powerless now, they must still be willing to give us a hand. What are you standing there for? I said, get the car.”

“Yes, Father.”

After changing his clothes, Gary got into the Benz Ryan had prepared for him and sped away to Bamboo Villa.

Bamboo Villa was a property owned by one of

Prime City's prestigious families, the Griffin family. It was famous in Prime City's Southriver Town.

At the moment, two middle-aged men were sitting across from each other as they drank tea inside one of the scenic pavilions of Bamboo Villa. One was the Griffin family's Shane Griffin, while the other was Layton family's Xavier Layton.

Similar to the Fisher family, both Griffin and Layton families were prestigious in Prime City. Their status was only just below the largest tribe in the city, the Yorke family.

These two men were remarkable individuals themselves. As these three families regularly had business dealings with each other, the heads of the families were close to each other and could be considered old pals.

There was a stone table in the pavilion, and on this table was a large cake. On top of the cake were many small triangular flags, making the

dessert look like a board used for planning war strategies in ancient times.

Shane and Xavier fixed their eyes on this cake. No one knew what they were thinking.

As Gary hurried over to the pavilion, Shane and Xavier immediately greeted him, “Old Brother Fisher, you’re finally here.”

A faint smile appeared on Gary’s sullen expression as he saluted. “I’m sorry to have made my brothers wait.”

Taking a seat, Gary immediately noticed the cake. When he saw the densely decorated flags, he finally felt much better.

This cake was a map of Prime City, with its separate territories marked. More than a year ago, they had made a plan together, and had been waiting for a chance to launch an attack in an attempt to take over the city. This was the huge project Gary had been talking about this whole time.



Riverdale's provincial capital, Prime City, was also known as Southriver Town or Southriver City.

Ten years ago, Southriver Town was in a state of chaos. Large families constantly fought each other, causing the place to become downtrodden. After that, a prominent figure by the name of Carson Yorke appeared. Emerging as a new force, he spent two years leading the Yorke family to subjugate the other families in Prime City, conquering the summit.

Carson then reallocated the resources of various industries so that all families could develop equally. Thereafter, the Yorke family became Prime City's biggest tribe. They were respected by the other families, and Carson Yorke himself was crowned as the Southriver King.

All the great families in Prime City continued to thrive for eight years after this incident.

However, a little over a year ago, Carson's wife,

Heather Quelch, who had gone through thick and thin with him, suddenly fell ill. From then on, Carson shifted his entire focus to curing her. Simultaneously, his outstanding subordinates started searching the world for miracle doctors and started ignoring the situation in Prime City.

Hence, the Fisher, Griffin, and Layton families utilized this chance to start growing their forces in secret, accumulating strength.

When Heather Quelch dies, the Southriver King would go completely mad, reduced to a useless man consumed by grief. When that happens, the three families would join forces to annihilate the Yorke family in a crushing blow, take control of Prime City, and divide the city's resources among themselves.

From recent news, it seemed that Heather's condition was getting worse, and no doctor could help. Hence, from Gary and the others' point of view, the day of action was close!

As he looked at the cake on the table, Gary was

already excited.

Seeing how Gary was staring at the cake, Shane spoke up, “Old Brother Fisher, you look a little unwell.”

Gary waved. “A minor accident happened at home, so my mind is slightly affected, but I’m fine.”

On the other side, Xavier narrowed his eyes and said meaningfully, “Old Brother Fisher, I heard that Charlotte and Leon have been killed. Also, your Fisher family’s top three prized fighters and all your elites in Prime City were annihilated at Khanh City. Old Brother Fisher, you have such a big heart. Is something like that only considered a small accident to you?”

## Chapter 198 Stillborn

When Xavier said this, he gave off an enigmatic air. Among the three families, the Layton family was considered weakest. Hence, in the past, Xavier never dared to speak to Gary in such a tone.

Gary's expression immediately turned ugly. Despite how the Fisher family had tried to contain this news, the truth would inevitably come to light. Over the last few days, while Gary was unconscious, news of the Fisher family's great misfortune had spread throughout the entire city.

Talk about touching a sore spot. If it were before, Gary would have snapped at Xavier. But now, with the lack of confidence, he could only suppress his rage and look at Shane and Xavier.

“Old Brother Layton, Old Brother Griffin, I don't wish to bring up my family matters. However,

since our families are allies, the two of you will help my family get through this tough time, right?”

Shane and Xavier grinned widely.

Gary continued, “When our project succeeds, I will make that Tyr Summers pay with his life. During this period, I’ve been caught up with the Tyr Summers’ incident, so I haven’t been paying much attention to Carson Yorke. Now that you’ve asked for me in such a hurry, does that mean Carson’s wife, Heather, is dead?”

At this, Gary couldn’t resist getting excited. “Hahaha, the project our three families have been planning for over a year can finally launch.”

Shane and Xavier remained quiet, never answering. Instead, they were staring at Gary with a peculiar look in their eyes.

“My brothers, why aren’t you saying anything?” asked Gary.

A long while later, Shane began slowly, “Old Brother Fisher, your Fisher family is completely powerless now, and yet, you’re still thinking of cooperating with our Griffin and Layton families?”

Gary was stunned. “Old Brother Griffin, what do you mean by this?”

Shane started laughing out loud, and beside him, Xavier laughed as well.

“Old Brother Fisher, I’m just joking. Don’t take it seriously. You’re absolutely right. Our families belong to one alliance, we’re the holy trinity, right?”

Gary let out a sigh of relief and smiled as well. “But, of course. The three of us have been brothers for so long, so it’s only natural for us to enjoy blessings and endure misfortunes together. So, about that project?”

However, Shane tried to change the subject again, asking, “Since Old Brother Fisher keeps

saying we're brothers, if both our families are in trouble, would you...?"

'Trouble? What trouble can these two families have?' wondered Gary.

He could sense that something fishy was going on. Were these guys trying to kick his Fisher family out now that they found out his family was in a bad state?

Gary immediately answered, "As I said, we're brothers. If you guys are in trouble, my Fisher family would give our all without hesitation."

"Really?" A glint sparked in Shane and Xavier's eyes.

"When have I, Gary Fisher, lied to you?"

"Haha, then let the both of us thank you in advance, Old Brother Fisher."

"Thank me?"

Gary was a little confused. But soon, he seemed to have understood that the reason behind

their weird behavior was just so they could get a bigger portion during resource division. Now that misfortune had befallen the Fisher family and they had lost all influence, Gary was well aware of his position.

“If this project succeeds, my Fisher family will naturally take a step back. When the time comes, your families can have forty percent each, while my family takes twenty percent. How does that sound? Although we no longer have any manpower, my family can offer money, and we can also take care of various connections. I believe that with our strengths combined, this project will be in the bag.”

How sorrowful it is to watch a former person of power fall from their pedestal. Formerly the most influential of the three, Gary was now resorting to playing the small character willingly.

After saying all that, Gary looked at Shane and Xavier with great anticipation. “Brothers, what do you think?”



However, Shane and Xavier kept shaking their heads. Shane's next words made Gary's mind explode with a buzzing sound.

“Old Brother Fisher, there's something you might not know, but the project our three families have spent over a year planning has failed before it could launch.”

Buzz...

Gary's head was buzzing as he stared at them with a shocked and incredulous expression. “Brother, this joke isn't funny at all.”

Xavier scoffed and said, “Who's joking? Heather Quelch's illness has been cured. In a few days, the Southriver King, Carson, will be returning to the city with his wife. Those influential subordinates of his have already returned. Among them is the strongest fighter of our Prime City. The moment he returned, the city went back to normal. Our plan has failed.”

All of a sudden, Gary felt drained of energy. He even felt unsteady in his seat and almost fell to the ground. His family was now suffering a huge loss, with the lives of his son and daughter having been taken by Tyr Summers' hands.

He was in dire need of this project to help his family recover, so that they could invade Khanh City once more and take revenge. But now, the project had failed before it even began.

No matter how mentally strong Gary was, he couldn't accept this reality.

“Impossible. This is impossible. You must be lying to me. That Heather Quelch has final stage liver cancer, it's an incurable disease. How could she be healed?”

Xavier snorted. “It's your decision whether to believe it or not.”

Gary couldn't accept this reality after all. Right

now, he was focusing all of his attention on the cake in front of him. He started laughing out loud again, seeming to have lost his mind.

“Brothers, stop fooling around. If Heather Quelch is really cured, why would you guys put out such a huge cake? Hahaha, you guys must be joking, right?”

As Gary spoke, he subconsciously plucked out one of the tiny flags on the cake. “How can both your families finish such a large cake? My Fisher family only wants a small portion, so let me see what this flag represents.”

However, when Gary saw the label on the flag, his entire being seemed to have fallen into an ancient ice pit.

“This... Atrium Building.”

Gary felt a wave of fear and quickly pulled out another flag from the cake.

“Richmond Business Hotels.”

Feeling his head burst, Gary kept pulling out

flags.

“Hamley Aquatics, Tacoma City’s collaboration project, Skyscraper Amusement Park..”

Gary stared at the labels on these tiny flags in confusion before slamming a hand on the cake.

“What do the two of you mean by this? Why are the properties of my Fisher family written on the labels of all these flags?”

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## Chapter 199 Getting A Baby Brother

In an instant, the atmosphere in the pavilion became oddly subtle. Shane and Xavier glanced at each other. Then, the both of them turned to Gary at the same time and laughed out loud. Gary felt a chill in his heart.

“Old Brother Fisher, didn’t you just say that we’re an alliance? That we’re brothers? That if our Layton and Griffin families are in trouble, you would definitely give everything to help us? You said so yourself. Now, the Southriver King is returning, and our plans of rebellion have failed before they even began. However, for over a year, we’ve invested a lot of manpower and finances into this project, so our families’ efforts can’t go to waste, right?”

“So, Old Brother Fisher, do a good deed and help us for the sake of both our families’ well-being. Having spent such a long time preparing, if we don’t get anything in return, it

'll be hard for us to explain to our families, isn't that right? Old Brother Fisher is so generous. You'll definitely help your two old pals through this hard time, right?"

Gary's body weakened and he fell back onto the bench. With a ghastly pale face, his body trembled as he pointed to Shane and Xavier. "Scheming b\*astards, you're worse than animals! You beasts, how dare you think of attacking my family and taking my assets? Dream on!"

"Hahaha!" Shane and Xavier cackled louder.

Now that their masks had been removed, they stopped being so courteous to Gary.

"Gary Fisher, this is not your decision to make. There's no one left in your family to take care of such a huge fortune. So, rather than being beaten up, why don't you hand it over of your own accord? It'll save our families the hassle of taking it from you the hard way. That would also end up disrupting the peace, wouldn't you

agree?”

“You... you guys...”

Pfft! **N**

Gary spluttered a mouthful of blood, spraying it on the cake covered in little flags. His vision blackened and he fainted for the third time.

Shane and Xavier never spared him a glance, simply looking at the bloody cake before them as they howled in laughter.

Sure enough, there was no such thing as eternal friendship in this world. The only thing that would always be certain was profit. And at times, these so-called brothers were far scarier than enemies!

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After taking care of the troublesome Fisher family, Tyr seemed to have a lot of free time again. For a little over a week, he spent every day playing with Blair to compensate for the

regrets and obligation he felt previously.

Meanwhile, Winifred was getting busier and busier. Autumn Field's brand logo design was ready. Next, they planned on officially registering Autumn Field's exclusive brand name. Hence, things were utterly hectic for Winifred during this period of time.

While Tyr kept Blair company, he did not forget about pleasing his mother-in-law. He especially bought an Apple iPhone for her, and whenever he had time, he would teach her how to surf the net, watch videos, and to keep up with the 5G era's pace.

That night, while the family was having dinner, Helen was sighing at her phone. "Say, how can such a prestigious family go bankrupt just like that? Winifred, why do you think this happens? Do companies really go bankrupt so easily?"

The family was staring at Helen, confused. They had no idea why she was saying this so suddenly.



Winifred answered, “Mom, why are you suddenly saying this? It’s naturally very risky to own a company, because there are too many things involved. If we’re not careful, we might fall into a bottomless pit. Don’t think that large corporate owners are well-off with billions in assets. If they really make a mistake, they could end up losing everything in one night.”

“No wonder.” Helen sighed before showing everyone the news on her phone. “Look at this news. Prime City’s Fisher family was a long-standing family in the city for over ten years. A family like this should at least have tens of billions in assets, right? Yet, in just the short span of one week, they’ve collapsed. Their assets have been divided and taken away by other large families, leaving them with nothing.”

“And look at this news,” Helen continued. “The Fisher Group’s president, Gary Fisher, is out on the streets. He was once a prominent figure in Riverdale Province. Just earlier this

year, I saw him on a financial program on television. Now, he's been reduced to begging on the streets and is even a little crazy. He keeps calling out, 'summers, summers'. Why do you think he's always shouting 'summers'? Does he perhaps think the summer weather is too hot?"

Helen continued to gossip endlessly. However, Winifred glanced suspiciously at Tyr. Although she didn't understand some things, she was not a fool and had guessed some of what was going on.

Tyr flashed her a warm smile and teased, "Why are you looking at me? Are you entranced by my charming good looks?"

Winifred almost spat out her rice. She retorted, "With the likes of you? And what good looks? How shameless."

Helen shot both of them a glare. "You're both so cheesy. Leave the flirting in the bedroom."

Winifred immediately turned red. Out of

embarrassment, she buried herself in her bowl, thinking that her mother was getting more and more indecent. On the other hand, Tyr was gleeful. Evidently, the time he had spent pleasing his mother-in-law had not gone to waste. She was now starting to side with him.

The next sentence from Helen startled Tyr even more, “I say, you two. Since you’re husband and wife, when are you going to give me a grandchild?”

Tyr and Winifred were both stunned.

Blair was immediately annoyed and grumbled, “Grandma, aren’t I your grandchild?”

Helen answered out of reflex, “You don’t count. You’re a granddaughter.”

“What’s wrong with being a granddaughter? Grandma, don’t you like granddaughters?”

Blair was mildly irked.

“What Grandma means is to have your Papa and Mama give you a baby brother. Don’t you

want a baby brother, Blair?” said Helen.

Blair's incredibly beautiful eyes widened. Staring at Tyr and Winifred, she said in all seriousness, “Papa, Mama, are you really going to give me a baby brother? Will the baby come from Papa or Mama? I came from Mama, so does a baby brother come from Papa? Papa, is there a baby brother in your tummy right now?”

Tyr was sweating profusely. He quickly changed the subject, “Dad, Mom, that mansion in Lunar Mountain has been bought for a long time now. Have you guys thought about when you want to move in?”

Helen wanted to change the subject as well so she quickly answered, “Your father and I were just about to talk to you guys about this. We’ve checked the dates. How does next weekend sound to you?”

Tyr smiled and shrugged. “Of course we’re okay with it. That house was bought for you

guys, so you can make the decision.”

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## Chapter 200 A Revolting Family

The next weekend, Tyr and his family moved into the mansion halfway up Lunar Mountain.

Early in the morning, Helen Cole got Jacob Zea to buy lots of ingredients from the supermarket. It was only natural to invite Helen's side of the family for their housewarming. Helen was washing the ingredients when Tyr came in, wanting to help out.

"Tyr, your grandfather and aunt will arrive in Khanh City soon. Drive over and receive them later," said Helen.

Tyr was mildly confused and asked, "Mom, last night, didn't you say that you wanted to receive them personally?"

"Just go when I tell you to. What's with the nonsense?" Helen answered as she chopped down hard on a lump of pork meat on the chopping board.

Baffled, Tyr wanted to ask more, but Winifred pulled him out of the kitchen instead.

“Tyr, just go since Mom asked you to. Don’t provoke her right now,” she said.

Tyr was stunned. “What’s wrong with her? She was fine earlier, so why is she suddenly so angry?”

Winifred answered, “Things were fine, but just now, Grandpa called saying that Second Grandpa’s family wants to come too. So, now she’s unhappy.”

“Second Grandpa?” Tyr asked.

Winifred explained, “My grandpa is the third child in his family. My second grandpa, Philip Cole, is his second brother.”

“Does Mom dislike Second Grandpa?”

“Not only does she dislike Second Grandpa, she also dislikes their whole family. Especially Second Grandma, Sandra Lewis, and their son,

Kyle Cole. They're especially revolting. That Kyle Cole is in his forties, but he's still a bachelor. He's always loafing around, gambling, and is a troublemaker through and through. At any rate, the entire family is exceptionally troublesome. When they heard we bought a mansion, they shamelessly wanted to come over, making Mom very upset."

Tyr chuckled and said, "We're all relatives, so there's no need to be this way."

Winifred shook her head. "It's a long story. Mom hates how Second Grandma always brings up the rice soup incident from so many years ago. It's been tens of years. From time to time, she brings it up to take advantage of Grandma and it's really revolting."

"What rice soup incident?"

"I'll tell you about it when we have time."

Winifred glanced at her watch. "Grandpa and the others are almost at the bus station. Your



Cadillac is a seven-seater, so it's perfect to pick up the six of them. Hurry up. If you're late, Second Grandma and her family will start grumbling.”

“Six people?” Tyr was shocked. “Why are there only six people?”

“Grandma has motion sickness, so she can't come. And Uncle Brent Cole has to work overtime, so it's only Aunty, Grandpa, and Aunt Holly.”

“Alright then.” Tyr shrugged, not wanting to know about the Cole family's trivial matters. He drove out of the mansion, heading for Khanh City's bus station.

It was now early August, and soon to be the hottest period of the year. Khanh City was known for being hot. In the summer, temperatures could easily rise up to forty degrees.

Worried that Grandpa and the others would be

left waiting under the hot sun, Tyr sped the whole way there. When he arrived at the station and parked the car, he happened to see Grandpa and the group walking out of the station.

Tyr immediately went over to them. “Grandpa, Aunt Holly, Aunty.”

Upon meeting, Tyr took the initiative to greet Paul and the others before turning to the other three people.

Second Grandpa, Philip Cole, looked very much like Paul, only a little older. Second Grandma, Sandra Lewis, seemed to be in her sixties. She was dressed nobly, with her hands and neck covered in jade accessories.

However, Tyr could easily tell that her accessories were all peddler goods. Everything on her was worth no more than a thousand bucks. Only the jade bangle on her wrist seemed to be worth a little more, so it must be a family heirloom.

Last was Kyle Cole. He was a man in his forties who was tan and chubby and wore a large gold chain around his neck. On this hot summer day, that gold chain had left a red mark from strangling his neck. It was obvious his chain was a fake as well.

“Second Grandpa, Second Grandma, Uncle, hello,” Tyr greeted the other three people politely.

However, their expressions were a little ugly.

Kyle scanned Tyr up and down before saying with disdain, “You must be Tyr Summers. I heard you used to be a beggar, is that true?”

His first sentence was something like this. This Kyle Cole was truly disrespectful. Paul immediately frowned because he knew about Tyr’s background.

He was just about to speak up for Tyr when Sandra spoke enigmatically, “It’s such a hot day and you didn’t even bring over a few

bottles of water. Don't you have any courtesy?"

Tyr's impression of these two immediately fell. No wonder his mother-in-law was so upset by them. There was a reason behind it. These people were clearly b\*tches.

Seeing that only Tyr had come, Sandra continued to ask, "Why are you the only one here? Where are Helen and Jacob? Why aren't they here to receive us?"

Although Tyr was annoyed, he didn't want to stoop to the level of these older folks. He remained smiling as he answered, "Mom and the others are cooking at home."

"Cooking?"

Now, not only Sandra, even Philip's expression darkened.

"We're eating at home?"

"That's right. Is there a problem?" Tyr was confused.

Sandra scoffed, looking very displeased. Turning to Paul, she said, “Say, Old Third, your Helen is now living in a mansion. Why isn’t she willing to pay a little more money to eat at a restaurant? I thought she was going to treat us to a meal at a five-star hotel, but in the end, we’ll just be eating at home. Had I known, I would’ve never come all this way to suffer this wretchedness.”

Paul’s expression was ugly. He groaned inwardly.

‘Did my daughter and granddaughter invite your family? Who were the ones who shamelessly insisted on coming along? Are these words fit for a human’s mouth?’

He had been tolerating his second older brother for tens of years, and at times, he felt like he had reached a breaking point.

“It’s more enjoyable to eat at home for a housewarming,” said their aunt, quickly trying

to smooth things over. “It’s getting late. Let’s hurry on.”

Tyr hurriedly agreed, “Yeah. It’s so hot outside. Let’s not stand here and get inside the car. There’s air-conditioning, so it’s cooler inside.”

“Hmph, you say it like we’ve never used an air-conditioner before,” Kyle snorted, shooting a contemptuous glance at Tyr. He then spoke as if giving orders to a servant, saying, “What are you still standing there for? Give me the car keys.”

Tyr was dumbstruck.

“We’re getting in the car first. Didn’t you hear my mother say that she’s thirsty just now? Hurry up and get a few bottles of water! Remember, don’t buy those cheap one-dollar bottled water. I want the two-dollar Evian Spring Water. With ice!”

Tyr was speechless.