

looking at Winifred, feeling lost. To come up with a design in one hour was totally impossible. Even if they could do it, there would definitely be nothing remarkable.

How could it get a place in the competition?

“Just do as I say.”

The more pressed for time they are, the more clear-headed Winifred felt.

“Before this, I’ve designed many other works. I even have the base drafts. Now, we just have to complete it, and that will do.

Everyone, do as I say.”

In an instant, all the designers regained their spirits.

“Yasmin, please help me get the base drafts in the file cabinet in my office. Quick!”

Yasmin immediately nodded. “Understood,

President Zea.”

After that, Winifred looked at Lea, who was in charge of mapping. “Start up the application and mix the colors I tell you to.

“And Sister Chloe, I’ll send you my previous design over the computer. Follow my instructions and start the structure splicing!”

“Everyone! I’m giving you five minutes to go through my base drafts. If you have any opinions or suggestions, bring them up immediately!”

After firing off her instructions, Winifred informed Graham to get a car ready at the factory’s entrance. Once they have completed this new design, they have to get to the city center to submit it.

The entire designing department entered into a state of war. Everyone put out their best effort and spirit to move speedily per Winifred's instructions!

Ten minutes...

Half an hour...

One hour...

One hour and a half later, when Chloe pressed 'Enter' on the keyboard, the new design was printed out! By then, Winifred had arranged all the materials about this design and put it into a file folder.

This was a piece that Winifred had spent a long time designing previously. Although it was not as perfect as the stolen piece, it was quite a good one. They had no option but to



try now in desperation.

Winifred grabbed the file holder and pen drive before running to the car. “There’s still twenty minutes. Factory Director Davis, please help.”

Graham nodded. “Don’t worry, President Zea. Before factory work, I was a cab driver. I’ll definitely get you there on time.”

The Benz sped away like a free-ranged wild horse. Graham did not disappoint. He successfully got Winifred to the city center at the last minute of the submission time.

After that, Winifred handed in her pen drive and design materials to the registration department, successfully registering their work.

When she came out of the city center,

Winifred heaved a long sigh of relief.

“President Zea, I, Graham David, have never respected someone so much in many years. Deputy Manager Zea is one, and you’re another.”

“Is that so?” Winifred smiled. Her smile was a little bitter.

Graham said earnestly, “This incident today was clearly a dead-end, but under your leadership, you and your team carved out a new path to survival. Miss Zea, I feel that being able to follow you for the rest of my life is the best decision I can make. With a boss like you and a team like this, I believe that Autumn Field Group will be able to hack away troubles to grow bigger and stronger!”

Just then, Iris, who had also just submitted

her entry, came over.

“Wow, Winifred, you seem to be doing well. Someone’s already flattering you now. You must feel great listening to flattery like this, but why do I find it disgusting? A rubbish corporation like your Autumn Field wants to grow big and strong? Dream on!”

Winifred shot Iris a glare, intending to ignore this spiteful woman.

However, Iris was nonchalant. She continued to insult Winifred. “Winifred, with your insignificant skills, don’t you feel ashamed when joining Gucci’s competition? The works you’ve designed when you were in the Zea Group were all trash. Just wait and see, Winifred. This time, Iris Zea’s creation will shine in this competition. The first place will definitely be mine. And you will get first



place as well. Just from counting backward.”

Having said that, Iris laughed out loud as she walked away.

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Dark clouds suddenly covered the bright sunny sky. At Khanh City’s long-distance bus stand, Yara held onto a luggage bag as she waited at the bus stand, looking nervous.

Just then, a Benz stopped in front of her. The one driving was Travis Jensen. The door opened, and Iris came out.

“Miss Iris.” Yara lit up and hurried over to Iris.

“I’ve already transferred you the hundred thousand. This is your bus ticket.”

Iris handed Yara a bus ticket that led to

other cities. “Leave Khanh City this instant! And Yara Campbell, you should know my methods well. You’re only here in Khanh City for university and not a citizen of this city! Take this money, go back to your city and never come back here! If you dare to come back in secret, don’t blame me for not showing you mercy.”

Yara nodded. “Don’t worry, Miss Iris. I definitely won’t come back here. I feel very sorry for President Zea about this. If my family weren’t ill and needed the money, I would never...”

“Shut up!” Iris barked in disgust. “I’m not in the mood to listen to you repent. Leave now!”

Yara stopped talking and went into the bus station with the ticket in hand.



Back in the car, Iris was wearing a chilling smile. This smile even made Travis shudder a little. This woman was getting more and more vicious. Even Travis himself was starting to get a little scared.

“Why did you make her leave so fast?”

“If I don’t make her leave, should I wait for Winifred to catch her?” Iris snorted. “That incident with Ethan Lynch last time was almost ruined. This time, I won’t make the same mistake.”

Iris started cackling all of a sudden. “I must say, Winifred’s design this time is really shocking. When I get first place in this competition with her design, I’d love to see the look on her face. It’ll be like her mother had just died! How interesting would that

be?”

## Chapter 56 Catwalk

That afternoon, when Yara disappeared from the company, everyone could already guess. Winifred never thought that a naive university student like her would actually do something like this.

The police had started their investigation, but Yara had fled the city. Even if they could get her back, everything was futile now. The matter had already happened, so Winifred no longer wanted to pursue it.

To prevent Tyr and Helen from worrying, Winifred did not tell them about this incident.

After submitting their design, what was left



was to wait for news from the competition organizers. Although her masterpiece was gone, Winifred was still confident of her previous design.

The fashion design competition was divided into three processes. The first process was for contestants to prepare their work and submit it during registration. This process was now complete.

The second process was for the organizers to have the professional judges choose their top twenty designs. After that, the organizers would have their factory produce these twenty designs.

The final round was to have professional models to wear this on the runway to decide the final rankings!

One week later, the organizers have

successfully chosen their top twenty.

Winifred's design had entered this round.

Another week later, all the designs have been produced. The final round of this Gucci Fashion Design Competition, the Catwalk Show, will soon begin.

At nine in the morning, the third floor of the city center's Fashion Show Hall was packed with people. Other than the fashion designers from twenty different companies with their followers, the organizers had also invited celebrities in the province to watch the competition.

The competition's judging panel was composed of internationally influential figures. Other than the world-class chief designer, Mikhael, the organizers had also invited Master Allen, who was of similar

status with Mikhael, to serve as judges for this competition. It was easy to tell that this competition was of great importance to Mikhael.

“Are you very nervous?”

At the audience seat, Tyr saw Winifred chewing her lip. He subconsciously grabbed her hand only to find it covered in sweat.

“What are you doing?” Winifred quickly pulled her hand back!

“Hehe, you look so nervous, so I wanted to give you some encouragement.” Tyr put a tissue in Winifred’s hand with a smile on his face. “Wipe your sweat. Your forehead’s covered in it. You don’t actually have to be so nervous. I believe in your capabilities. You’ll definitely get first place in this



competition. After all, this is a design that you and your team have created after half a month of continuous hard work. Today, it'll definitely stun the crowd!"

Tyr had decided to let Winifred express herself freely in this competition, so he did not look too deep into the competition matters. If Winifred never told him, Tyr would never know that her work had been stolen. Hence, Tyr kept assuming that Winifred's contest submission was the one she and her team had spent half a month designing.

Winifred took a deep breath, wanting to tell Tyr the truth. But in the end, she held it in.

Just then, Iris, Jorge, Jackson, and the rest of the Zea Group's higher management entered the venue. Coincidentally, their

seating distribution was right next to Winifred.

“Grandpa, Uncle, Aunty...” Although Winifred now had her own company, she would still stand up and greet Jorge and his group immediately.

Jorge shot an indifferent glance at Winifred and turned away without saying anything. Jackson and Lilian, instead, snorted. Their faces were filled with disdain when they looked at Winifred.

“Winifred, I never thought you’d have such good luck to be able to get into the top twenty. But it’s only just the top twenty. Mikhael must have had dust in his eyes to choose a design like yours.” Iris sat beside Winifred on purpose. She wanted to use this method to give Winifred a hard slap across

the face.

“Winifred Zea, I’ll let you see just how good I am today. You’re destined for last place today, and I will be the champion!”

Tyr snorted. “You’re not afraid of losing your tongue from boasting too much, are you? It’s like the saying ‘your character determines your appearance’. People who don’t have character can never come up with anything decent!”

Iris immediately got up and pointed at Tyr. “Tyr, who are you scolding?”

“Whoever’s yelling.” Tyr glared at Iris. “You can point at me again if you dare.”

Iris quivered. The image of Tyr punching a hole through the table resurfaced in her



mind. “Who wants to waste time with a beggar and a wild man like you?”

By then, all the contestants, judges, audience, and media had arrived at the venue. The models wearing the competition designs were also ready to make their appearance.

As this fashion design competition hosted by Gucci and the city center in a joint effort entered the last round, the catwalk show began!

In an instant, the atmosphere of the venue became tense.

As the catwalk show music began, tall models with distinctive features ascended the stage stylishly. Each model walked down the runway and struck various poses at the

end of the runway to show off the glamour of the clothes they were wearing. After that, the judging panel below would grade them.

Including Mikhael and Allen, there were a total of ten judges. With ten points being the highest from each judge, the total was a hundred points.

Soon, the model wearing Winifred's competition submission appeared at the runway. Everyone had to admit that when it came to fashion design, Winifred was very talented and very accomplished. Even if the masterpiece she and her team had designed for half a month had been stolen, this new creation of hers that the model onstage was wearing still caused a huge uproar.

Finally, the judges presented their grades. Five ten points, three nine points, and two

eight points. It was a total of ninety-three points! This was a very high grade!

Winifred's model was the fifth last model to come on stage, and her grade was currently the highest. With this, Winifred had firmly secured the top five in this competition, and there was a high chance for her to be in the top three. Even getting number one seemed possible!

Getting into the top five meant that they could now get orders from the city center and Gucci, so Winifred was considered to have succeeded.

“Winifred, I've already told you from the start that you can definitely do it!” Tyr did not require Winifred to get the first place. Her current placing was enough to satisfy Tyr. “There will always be gains and rewards



after hard work. This is the product of you and your team's endless effort for the past half month. Now, it has shone brightly in this competition.”

However, just as Winifred was about to start celebrating this joyous moment with Tyr, darkness flashed in Winifred's eyes.

## Chapter 57 The Hand of God, Green Phoenix

She turned to Tyr and said with much difficulty, “Tyr, now that it’s come to this, I have to be honest with you. What we’ve designed previously is not the one we submitted for this competition.”

“Why?” Tyr did not understand.

“Because that design was stolen! This current design is a past work of mine that our team had spent around two hours to put together. It’s only a substitute!”

Tyr looked shocked. He had never expected something like this to happen.

“Why didn’t you tell me about this earlier?”

Did you catch the person who stole the design?”

“It’s a university student in our design department. Although the investigation was done, the perpetrator was never caught.”

Winifred sighed. “But what use will it be even if we catch her? The competition’s already over.”

Tyr sighed as well. “It’s great that you can still get a place in this competition nonetheless.”

By then, another two models had completed their walk, but their grades never exceeded Winifred’s.

“Top three is secured!”

Winifred grunted a reply, but she was still



sighing. “Actually, every designer hopes to be able to present their best work in front of international masters like Mikhael and Allen. Our previous design would definitely have dazzled the world and gotten first place. But this piece today is only worth third place!”

Sure enough, the second last creation that was presented had gotten a grade of ninety-five marks.

Tyr said, “There will be another opportunity in the future. But I’m curious as to what your masterpiece looks like. Once we get back, design it one more time, and I’ll think of a way to show it to Mikhael...”

However, Tyr’s words did not get a response from Winifred.

This was because Winifred’s attention was

completely drawn to the runway.

The last creation of the evening's catwalk show was being presented. As the model in the long dress took each step down the runway, Winifred was stunned.

The crowd instead, went into an uproar!

“Oh my god! It's... it's gorgeous!”

“Which grandmaster designed this? How did they come up with such a shocking piece?”

“Yes, yes! It's too beautiful like it was made by the hand of God!”

In an instant, the venue was filled with commotion. It was like how Michael Jackson had stood onstage for two minutes years ago while his fans cheered and applauded!

The design and style of that long dress

utilized the latest and most popular elements. Every structure and combination seemed perfect. As the model donned this long dress, the piece accentuated the model's figure to the fullest, making everyone go mad!

And that was not the best part! The most remarkable thing about this dress was its color. It had utilized the current latest trend, gradient colors! The upper body around the chest area was a butter yellow color, and as it went down, the color gradually grew lighter until it finally turned into dark yellow. Following after was an off-white transition. The abdomen portion was a dark-green that got lighter as it went down further, and finally, the knee portion of the skirt was a green color.

In color combination, yellow and green was



definitely not a good match. However, the gradient on this dress had instead given everyone a visual impact. Paired with the design of this long dress, it instantly made the dress dazzle!

In addition, as the model reached the front of the runway, and the lights hit the dress, the venue went chaotic! That was because the color of the dress was not a piece of dyed fabric. Each color was a strand of fabric, embellished onto the dress, one by one. That way, the colors would not look rigid but instead looked like feathers! Like it was alive!

Ten points.

Ten points.

Ten points.

The eight judges had successively given ten

points. Only Mikhael and Allen gave it nine points.

Although these two top-class masters did not give it full marks, nine was already a very high grade!

This creation named 'Green Phoenix' was no doubt the most stunning piece of this catwalk show. It had even won first place with a total grade of ninety-eight marks!

Mikhael could not retain the excitement in his heart and stand up. He had something he wanted to say so the venue instantly fell silent.

Although his English was not considered very good, Mikhael had used English to comment on the 'Green Phoenix' to show his respect for this great country's designer.

“I never imagined that I could see such a remarkable piece in this design competition. In fact, while we were filtering the submissions, when we first laid eyes on the 3D rendering of this piece, Allen and I were stunned by this design. And so, we’ve decided to let the factory produce this at once and arrange it as a grand finale. The effect and visual impact displayed was better than we thought. This piece will be tonight’s champion. Please allow me to call this designer the Hand of God!

“I’m no longer able to contain my excitement. It’s been many years since I’ve been this excited... I can’t wait to have this designer share her thoughts on this design with everyone as only designers themselves could truly present the soul of their piece!



Now, let us put our hands together for Miss ...”

When Mikhael looked over at Winifred, Winifred could feel her heart jumping out. Out of reflex, she wanted to stand up, but Tyr held her down.

“Winifred, what are you doing?”

Winifred was anxious and said. “Tyr, this design is mine. This is the one that’s been stolen.”

“What?” Tyr looked shocked.

By then, Mikhael had called out this designer’s name. “Miss Iris Zea!”

In an instant, everyone focused their attention on Iris Zea. Iris, who was already impatient, got up immediately. Under

everyone's gaze, she wore a cheeky grin as she prepared to get on stage.

Winifred was instantly pale. "Iris Zea, how dare you steal my design!"

Iris walked over to Winifred and smirked. "What nonsense are you spouting, Winifred? Have you lost your mind? 'Green Phoenix' is my creation. It's my design. Trash like you better not slander me."

Having said that, Iris intentionally bumped into Winifred. Under the spotlight, she arrogantly walked up to the stage.

## Chapter 58 Getting Back Up

That moment, Iris had no doubt become the brightest star in the venue. The Zea family below the stage were thrilled. Even Jorge's hands were trembling with excitement.

“I never knew Iris could come up with such a masterpiece.”

“Yeah! It's too stunning. Iris is too awesome!”

“First place! Iris's design has gotten first place! That means our Zea Group will be heading toward success!”

Lilian turned to look at Winifred contemptuously and mocked, “Iris was right. Previously, our Zea Group couldn't



grow our business because Winifred, your designs, were rubbish. Winifred Zea, you were the obstacle to our family's road to success. Thankfully you've left our family now. Otherwise, our family would've been ruined by you."

It was hard to imagine that this was something an aunt would say to her niece. Iris had now assimilated Winifred's relatives, and the whole family became as nasty as her.

Winifred felt numb. She had never dreamed that Iris would be the one to steal her design. How could she do that?

Tyr's expression was now a gathering of thunder and dark clouds. "Iris Zea, do you have a death wish?"

By then, Iris had ascended the stage under

everyone's gaze, feeling glorious. Mikhael held up the microphone as she smiled at Iris. To be able to find a great piece in this country was extremely thrilling to her.

“Miss Iris, you can now freely describe the concept of this ‘Green Phoenix’ you’ve designed and your thoughts and source of inspiration when you created it. I believe that with your explanation, the crowd will be able to see into the deepest part of your heart and understand the soul behind this ‘Green Phoenix’!”

Iris nodded with a smile and took up the microphone.

“This ‘Green Phoenix’ was stemmed from a hobby of mine. I’m a literature girl, and I love reading books, especially stories about classical mythology within our country. I

yearn for the various wonders in those stories, and the phoenix is my favorite legendary bird. Hence, I named my design ‘Green Phoenix’ and used the most popular gradient coloring as my base. By matching green and yellow to represent the green phoenix and yellow flames, I’ve designed this masterpiece for everyone!”

Iris spoke expressively on stage. It was clear that after she had stolen Winifred’s design, she had spent a lot of effort in preparing this. This speech was thought of for her in advance by a professional fashion designer she had hired.

When Iris finished saying this, the crowd down below started applauding hard.

However, Mikhael and Allen did not clap. On the contrary, a hint of disappointment



appeared on Mikhael's face. This speech and explanation were truly remarkable to the common man, and it was well-rounded. But to top-class designers like Mikhael and Allen, it was only surface level, and it lacked a soul.

Just then, Allen stood up and asked, "Miss Iris, is this all the explanation you have for your work?"

Iris was stunned before answering, "Yeah. I've already said what I have to say."

Allen, instead, frowned slightly. "Then, Miss Zea, did you intentionally set a difficult task for the judging panel when you submitted this design? For example, you've intentionally missed out on one final detail and wanted to present it to us at a time like this or something? To truly present to us a

complete masterpiece.”

Setting a difficult task for the judging panel was an interesting way of submitting an entry for international competitions.

Designers were all proud beings and thought of their works as masterpieces. There were even designers who believed that the judges' skills' were below their own. Hence, before they submitted their entry, they would intentionally give their creations tiny flaws to test the judges. To see if the judges can pick out the weaknesses during their evaluation.

However, Iris immediately shook her head and laughed. “Master Allen, are you joking with me? You and Master Mikhael are top-class international designers. As a junior, how could I give you guys a difficult task?”

Moreover, this 'Green Phoenix' is as perfect as it is. What's there to add?"

"Alright, then." Allen returned to his seat, feeling a little disappointed. After that, he looked at Mikhael. "Mikhael, it seems that you've misjudged this time. This final detail never existed for this young designer. That extra element you've taken the liberty to add into the design will never be used tonight."

Mikhael, too, let out a helpless sigh. "I thought I could see the birth of a miracle tonight, but I was just overthinking. She can't be blamed, though. She's still young. To be able to complete it to this point is good enough."

While that was what Mikhael said, she felt a little reluctant on the inside. She took up the microphone once again and asked, "Miss



Zea, since you don't have a final detail to add, why did you use strands of fabric for the gradient color embellishment instead of embellishing it directly on the dress? And you've also mentioned in your design that these strands of the fabric have to use double-side dye. Why can't it be other types? If we don't consider double-sided dyeing, a softer fabric could be used to replace this.”

Iris was dumbfounded, but Mikhael's sudden question. This was not included in her prepared speech.

“I... I... I just like this kind of method. Is there a problem?”

This answer was completely unprofessional. It was impossible for a professional designer not to be able to answer why they had used that specific material.

That moment, many of the professionals present were staring at Iris oddly.

Iris felt that things were turning bad, so she suddenly got nervous. To prevent this from dragging on, Iris quickly asked, “Master Mikhael, am I... the champion of this competition?”

“That’s right. You’re the champion!”  
Mikhael nodded briefly, feeling very disappointed on the inside. This piece tonight could have been even more stunning. Mikhael had even added that final detail and prepared the after-effects. But this design did not belong to him. He could not change another person’s design of his own accord in a huge competition like this.  
And so, this piece was graded for only ninety

-eight marks. If the final detail was added, it would be a hundred marks, making it a true masterpiece.

“Missing a final detail. The missing detail that Mikhael mentioned... Could she have thought of what I did?”

Just as everyone was cheering for Iris for getting first place, Winifred had instead been riled up.

“It must be that. It took me a whole night to finally think of that last step. That last step was the final detail. But when I wanted to put in that last detail, the design was stolen. This won't do. This design can't just end here. It was destined to stun the whole world!”

Previously, whenever Winifred encountered



Iris's malicious attacks, she would tolerate them. But this time, Winifred did not intend to tolerate anymore. Even if it could ruin the Zea family, she had to push this design to the top. It was not only for herself but also for the responsibility toward art, even more so for her team, who had worked with her tirelessly day and night for fifteen days.

This was a fight for justice!

Right now, Winifred could not be as weak as she was before. Her spine had once been broken because they wanted her to live miserably. But now, Winifred had decided she would get back up again! ①

## Chapter 59 The Divine Regalia, Autumn Field

Winifred stood up and said loudly, “Mr. Mikhael, this design is not complete. It still lacks one final step!”

After she had said this, the whole venue was staring at Winifred with confusion in their eyes. Even Tyr was shocked!

Mikhael was startled. “Miss Winifred, what do you mean?”

Winifred walked over to the stage. “Mr. Mikhael, this piece is not called ‘Green Phoenix,’ but ‘Autumn Field’. This design did not come from Iris Zea. I designed this, and Iris Zea has stolen my design!”

The earth shattered, and thunder rolled in

the skies! No one had anticipated such shocking news to crop up at the last moment of this competition!

In an instant, everyone's eyes were focused on Winifred. All the media cameras also pointed at Winifred.

“Winifred Zea, what nonsense are you spouting? Who has stolen your design? This design belongs to me, Iris Zea. And what do you mean ‘Autumn Field’? It’s such a dull name. Even if you’re trying to slander me, can’t you do some homework before coming over? You b\*tch, slut! You’re just jealous of me, aren’t you? Security! Security, come and throw this mental woman out!”

Iris was panicking. Otherwise, she would not behave so nervously. The Zea family stood up as well, riled up as they berated Winifred,



calling her shameless and immodest!

In contrast, Tyr was calm. If it were before, when the Zea family humiliated Winifred in front of him, Tyr would have gone up and slapped them all silly. But this time, Tyr did not do anything.

He cradled his chin with a hand as he stared fixedly at his wife on stage with gratification and excitement in his eyes. Winifred, you've finally gotten back up!

With just Winifred's statements, it was indeed hard to persuade the crowd. Several security guards had now appeared to escort Winifred away, but Mikhael quickly put up a hand to stop them. "Wait..."

"Mr. Mikhael, you're not going to believe this b\*tch's nonsense, are you?"

Mikhael ignored Iris. Instead, he turned to Winifred and said, “Miss Winifred, I’d like to hear about your design concept. As for whether or not this design belongs to you, after hearing your description, we’ll be able to give you a fair judgment based on our expertise. But I’d like to remind you that legal action will be taken for slandering. Of course, those who steal the design will also be dealt with legally!”

Winifred bowed to Mikhael. “Thank you, Mr. Mikhael, for giving me this opportunity.”

After that, Winifred started her explanation steadily.

“This design is called ‘Autumn Field’. The inspiration came from my daughter and me. Our destinies are like muddy village roads,

bumpy, uneven, miserable...”

Next, Winifred used a few minutes to describe Blair and her life, including their encounters in the past six years. These encounters were extremely taboo topics for Winifred. She was reluctant to bring them up before. But now, she had completely let go of her fears to narrate this destiny of hers for everyone to hear.

Many people were moved as they were engrossed in Winifred’s sorrowful story.

“However, although the autumn fields will wilt into yellow, they are still filled with life. Just like my daughter and me. Although faced with the prejudices of life, we won’t believe in destiny. We are optimistic and motivated. We believe that light will finally shine into this dark and gray world we live in



as long as we have colors in our hearts.”

As she spoke, Winifred pointed to the chest area of the design. “The wilting yellow represents bitterness, destitution, and life’s dead-end. But the grass in autumn has the most tenacious life force in this world! Belief makes this wilting yellow turn into light yellow, and finally, dark yellow. This is rebirth. Autumn will pass. This pure white is the cold winter. But winter, too, will pass. When winter passes, spring is sure to follow. When spring comes, everything regains life, and this wilted yellow finally becomes fresh green.”

In an instant, the hall was deadly silent. Compared to Iris’s earlier description, although Winifred’s story was not as glamorous as hers, each sentence struck its

audience deep into their souls! Iris's explanation was only surface level, while Winifred's story had truly given this piece meaning and a soul.

“There is the wind in spring. This breeze can carry hope to every corner of the world, so this design is incomplete. Because its green is only at the bottom, the wind has not taken it to the world.”

As she spoke, Winifred looked at Mikhael. “Master Mikhael, do you think what I have said makes sense?”

By then, Mikhael's jaw had dropped. His whole body was even trembling with excitement. Allen could not restrain himself and stood up as well, exclaiming, “Mikhael, is... is this real? Am I dreaming?”

Allen and Mikhael both looked at Winifred at

the same time and asked, “So, Miss Winifred, what do you need now?”

“Wind! I need wind!”

Mikhael suddenly took out a remote control he was keeping on him and pressed the button on it. In front of the runway, two curtains immediately parted. Behind these two curtains were fans prepared in advance.

The wind started blowing toward the runway, blowing onto the model, blowing onto the ‘Autumn Field’.

Fuuuuu...

Thousands of fabric strands started flowing with the wind. The back of those fabric strands was actually dyed with a green color! Without the wind, the green color at the back



would be concealed. When the wind came, it was displayed.

In an instant, this 'Autumn Field' completely changed color. From its original three colors, it was now completely emerald green. Just like how the autumn breeze sweeps over the field, bringing along the jade green and life force with it as it carries them all over the world!

“My... Oh my god...”

“What did I just see? I just saw autumn change into spring. It's like we've just experienced three seasons!”

“No, this is the evolution of life. It's rebirth!”

“This is hope! This is an unyielding human life! This is a complete comeback!”

“This is ‘Autumn Field’!”

The hall was immediately in an uproar. If this scene had been in Milan’s fashion show, it would have stunned the world!

‘Green Phoenix’. Although this name sounded grand, when placed on such a design, it was blasphemous.

‘Autumn Field’ was its true soul!

## Chapter 60 We Autumn Field Won't Buy It!

Mikhael and Allen were holding their heads in their hands in great excitement. “Miss Winifred, Master Allen and I fully believe that you made this design. Because only its true creator can describe its soul.”

“No, Mikhael, you're wrong. It's not like that.” Iris had completely lost it. She never imagined something like this would happen. She had gone mad and was now yelling and screaming on stage. “This design is called ‘Green Phoenix’, not that bullsh\*t ‘Autumn Field’. It's my design, and Winifred's only taking advantage of it by spouting nonsense. You guys can't simply decide and judge on your own. I'm the champion of this



competition. I'm the 'Green Phoenix's owner!"

At this point, Iris was still trying to argue. However, at that moment, two policemen led Yara Campbell over to them.

"Miss Iris, you don't have to explain anymore. I've come clean!"

Iris looked at Yara, confused, and subconsciously said, "Yara Campbell, you... why have you come back?"

"Miss Iris, my conscience wouldn't let me rest. So I've surrendered myself and come clean with the police." Yara turned to Winifred and gave her a deep bow. "I'm sorry, President Zea. It was I who has taken Iris Zea's money to steal your design. I've let you down despite the belief and nurture you'

ve shown me. I'd like to apologize to you!"

Winifred was stunned while Iris started going crazy again. "It's a lie. This is all a lie! This is an actor hired by Winifred. She's trying to frame me."

Mikhael and Allen now had a clear picture of everything. They pointed at Iris and scolded, "You're a humiliation to us designers! A disgrace! Not only have you done something dirty like stealing someone else's work, but you've also broken the rules of our competition and the rules of designers everywhere! The law will heavily punish you!"

Iris kept shaking her head. "No, stop slandering me. I have been framed."

A policeman went over to Iris. Right in front

of everyone and all the media present, he hand-cuffed Iris. “Whether or not you were framed, we’ll know once you follow us to the police station and assist in our investigation. By the way, we’ve retrieved the surveillance footage of you bribing Yara Campbell at the bus station. It’s over for you!”

Iris was let away by the police just like that during the most glorious moment of her life.

The other Zea family members felt their heads spin while Jorge’s vision blacked out, and he fainted on the spot.

After so many twists and turns, the competition finally ended with ‘Autumn Field’ being the champion!

Autumn Field Group signed a large contract with Gucci, and Winifred became good



friends with Mikhael.

Simultaneously, because of 'Autumn Field's' dazzling performance in this competition, the newly founded Autumn Field Group was now the town's talk! Its fame had now leaped up to be on par with the Smith Group.

Other than that, after a discussion between Mikhael and Allen, they had decided to officially invite Winifred to participate in an upcoming international fashion show with her 'Autumn Field'. If Winifred could shine on that fashion show, she could become the designing world's valuable rookie as a young designer.

This was an excellent chance for Winifred to make a name for herself in the designing world, so she agreed to it without hesitation.

In this competition, Winifred and Autumn

Field were the biggest winners! And the biggest loser was, of course, the Zea Group.

The Zea Group was now in a fragile state. They had thought they could make a comeback through this competition but never imagined that such a huge scandal would happen. In an instant, the Zea family was cornered, and their reputation was immediately destroyed.

Iris was taken to a police station for investigation. If the organizers and Winifred wanted to press charges, Iris's actions were considered a violation of the law, and could be sentenced to prison.

At Autumn Field's gates, a car was stopped by a security guard. The door opened, and five people came out. These people were Jorge, Jackson, Lilian, and Iris's parents,

Jared Zea and Lily Jung. Even if they had now fallen from grace and the Zea Group was hitting a dead end, the Zea family remained arrogant as ever.

“What are you doing? How dare you stop us? Don't you know who we are?” Lilian had her hands on her hips as she yelled out loudly.

The security guard was a new staff who had no idea who these people were. “Who are you? Without a pass, you can't enter the company.”

“What pass? I'm your President Zea's aunt. You son of a b\*tch, how dare you to block our way?”

The security guard was stunned, but he did not dare to let these people in without permission. He immediately took up his



walkie talkie and reported this to the factory director, Graham Davis.

A few minutes later, Graham was following behind Joseph as they walked over to the gates. When he saw Jorge and his group at the gates, Joseph snorted in his mind. Joseph would never forget that incident at the Zea Group the last time. What comes around goes around. It seems like it's your turn today, Jorge.

“Second Brother, what is the Zea Group's great president like yourself doing at our small company? This doesn't suit your status.”

Jorge looked annoyed as he said coldly, “Old Fourth, I'm not here for you. I'm here to see Winifred.”

“What business do you have with our

President Zea? Didn't you already chase President Zea out of the Zea family? I've heard that you, Jorge Zea, have disowned this granddaughter of yours. What made you suddenly realize and remember this granddaughter of yours?"

Jorge's expression darkened in an instant. "Old Fourth, this is my family's matter. An outsider like you should stop trying to pull anything funny. Get Winifred out here, now! What? Does she think she's really tough now that she can even disrespect her grandfather?"

Jackson and Lilian quickly echoed beside Jorge, "Yeah! We're her elders, but she's not even here to welcome us. Who the f\*ck is she to act tough?"

Joseph snorted. He knew what the Zea family

was here for. “Second Brother, I think it’s time you changed this stinking personality of yours.”

Joseph showed Jorge not a single bit of respect. “You guys are here to get President Zea to plead for Iris Zea, am I right? To stop Mikhael and the city center from suing Iris, and for President Zea to not take any action against her, otherwise, Iris would have to be sentenced to prison, right? One other thing is that your Zea family’s reputation is completely trashed, and you’re here to ask Autumn Field for orders as well, am I right? Since you’re here to beg, you should look like you’re begging. Put your arrogance away. Our Autumn Field Group won’t buy it!”



## Chapter 61 To Riverville City

Everything Joseph said had hit home. He was right. This was what the Zea family was here for. But even if they had fallen into such a state, this group of people still thought they had power over Winifred. Them and what army?

Joseph's words made Jorge and his group flush red. However, these people still had no intention of repenting.

“Winifred Zea, get out here! If my Iris ends up in jail, I won't forgive you!” Lily was anxious. From the day since the police caught Iris, she had never gotten a good night's sleep.

“Stop barking here.” Joseph's expression

darkened, as well. “Leave immediately. Autumn Field does not welcome you! To even have the audacity to get some business from us! Dream on!”

Jackson stepped up, reluctant to give in. “Fourth Uncle, you’re not the boss of Autumn Field Group. Get Winifred out here to see us. I refuse to believe that she would dare disobey us.”

Joseph snorted. “Now, I really am the boss of Autumn Field.”

“What?” Jorge and his group were stunned.

Joseph said, “President Zea isn’t in Khanh City now. It’ll be the Dumpling Festival soon, so her family had gone back to her mother’s hometown at Riverville City to celebrate. Hence, before she left, President

Zea has given me full authority over the company. She never said to help your Zea family.”

After informing them, Joseph snorted and walked away with Graham without ever looking back. Before they left, Graham specifically instructed the security guard, saying, “If anyone tries to do anything funny to Autumn Field, just call the police!”

Jorge and his group were rooted at the spot like bamboo trees. They never expected Winifred and her family to be away from the city. Were they intentionally trying to disrespect them?

“What do we do? What do we do now?” Lily was almost crying from anxiousness. “If Winifred doesn’t come back and plead for her, Iris will definitely be sentenced to



prison. Dad, think of something, quick! Make a call. Call Winifred quickly. If the call doesn't get through, call Jacob, he's your son after all. You can't let Iris go to prison!"

Jorge was feeling frustrated and barked, "Shut up! Iris has brought this upon herself! How could she do something like stealing and even dared to use it in a competition? Did she think everybody else is stupid? This is karma! She deserved it!" 1

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Riverville City and Khanh City both belonged to Tririver Province. These two cities were not too far from each other, separated only by one long river. However, Khanh City was just a small district beside the river, so it was not as developed. Riverville City, instead, was truly a city

beside the river!

Transportation was well-developed, and there was a large bridge built over the river so one could travel over directly to Riverville from Khanh City. The previous ferry services had not been removed but instead became a specialty of Riverville City.

Tyr and his family did not come to Riverville by car but had instead used the ferry services. The sunlight was just as lovely as the family of five sat on the ferry, enjoying the river's scenery. They were in a great mood.

“Tyr, we had come to Riverville in such a hurry, will the Zea family really be okay? Iris is still my cousin sister, after all. She might really be sentenced to prison.”

Throughout the journey, Winifred felt

restless. Even if she was bullied to no end by the Zea family, she was still reluctant to see the family fall from grace. 1

“It’d be best if that shameless woman was sentenced to prison! I say, Winifred, you’re just too kind. She has done such outrageous things to you, so why are you still trying to help her?” Helen was irked as she spoke. “Tyr, I support you in getting us to come earlier to Riverville for the Dumpling Festival. You’ve done the right thing.”

This was the first time his mother-in-law had praised him of her own accord. Tyr felt a little happy.

Just then, his father-in-law, Jacob, who had been sitting on another side, sneakily beckoned Tyr over. Tyr sat over and asked in a hushed voice, “What’s up, Dad? Why are



you so sneaky?”

Jacob smiled and led Tyr to the head of the boat before taking out a pack of cigarettes. He lit one up for himself and handed one to Tyr. Tyr rarely smoked, but he would never dare decline one from his father-in-law.

After lighting up the cigarette, Jacob took a deep breath as a trace of melancholy flashed in his expression.

“Dad, is something bothering you?” asked Tyr.

Jacob continued smoking as he said, “Tyr, you have to be careful when you’re at Winifred’s grandfather’s place. If Winifred’s grandfather or uncle says anything harsh, don’t take it to heart.”

Tyr was stunned. He could sense the double

meaning in his father-in-law's words and quickly said, "Dad, do you mean that Grandpa's family is just like the Zea family, that they have a bad relationship with us?"

"It's not exactly that." Jacob scanned Tyr. "They wouldn't care if you had money or not; it's just that your body doesn't look burly."

"Burly?"

And so, Jacob started explaining the situation of Helen's family to Tyr. Winifred's grandfather was named Paul Cole. He had gone to war in his younger days and was a true warrior. After retiring from the army, Paul had previously started a martial arts institution in Riverville City. Riverville was considered a harbor city, so its citizens were fierce and many of them liked to solve problems with their fists.

Twenty years ago, Paul's martial arts institution was quite famous within the city. However, in recent years, following the economic development in Riverville City, this martial arts institution had slowly died out. Now, Paul had retired to enjoy the rest of his days at home.

Paul Cole had a son and two daughters. His eldest son, Brent Cole, was also a soldier and was currently serving a national unit. His second daughter was Holly Cole. Although she did not join the army, she was a typical brawny woman. She was almost fifty this year but remained a spinster.

Brent had a son named Stephen, Winifred's cousin brother. Half a year ago, after he had retired from the army, he had planned to open a boxing gym in the city.



In summary, this family was considered a family of warriors. And because of such a family background, the whole family had stout personalities, and they looked down on weak, wretched trash the most.

Tyr immediately understood Jacob's meaning. The older man was worried that the Cole family would look down on Tyr because of his weak appearance.

In fact, Tyr's body and looks did not seem the least bit brawny in appearances. Tyr was very handsome. If he would dress up a little, he could even match up to the elite boy-toys in America. Without a doubt, his build was not burly, and with clothes on, he really looked like a weakling.

However, unbeknownst to man, behind the

clothes concealing his prowess, every part of Tyr's body was toned. There were explosive power and force hidden within. No one knew the heated stories of the blade scars and gunshot wounds he had hidden on his body. They also did not know that he had hidden away a soul so terrifying like it was a wild beast under Tyr's handsome and weak facade!

## Chapter 62 Elder Cousin Stephen

Tyr stubbed out the cigarette in his hand and laughed. “No wonder Mother-in-law is so aggressive. So it’s something to do with her family. Dad, you were bullied a lot when you stayed with the Cole family, weren’t you?”

Jacob let out a bitter smile and said, “I’ve already gotten used to it.”

“Hehe.” Tyr patted Jacob on his shoulder. “Your son-in-law is not some studious weakling. I’m very strong!”

By then, the ferry had gotten close to Riverville City’s pier. From afar, the sturdy city of Riverville came into view.

Just then, at the parking lot of the dock, a



tough man with a strong build and chiseled face by the name of Stephen Cole was waiting. He was especially here to receive Winifred's family and had been waiting here for some time. Beside him was a tattooed man with a buzz cut waiting with him.

The sun was high up in the sky, and the air was getting hot. Sweat had started to form on Buzzcut's forehead.

"Brother Stephen, isn't your cousin sister's family here yet? Look how big the sun is. It's too hot." Buzzcut was complaining, but Stephen instead shot him a cold glare.

With just one look, Buzzcut instantly felt a chill run up from his spine to his skull. He no longer felt hot. He obediently kept quiet while Stephen stared fixedly at the ferry closing in at the port.

“Tyr Summers.” Stephen opened his phone. The screen was showing a photo of Tyr. It was a photo Winifred had sent to Stephen when they chatted before. Stephen and Winifred were cousins but Stephen had always thought of Winifred as his younger sister.

When Stephen heard that Winifred had gotten married, he immediately asked her about it. The moment he knew that Tyr was the beggar who had slept with Winifred six years ago, Stephen was furious. He had almost brought his men along to the Zea mansion to settle a score with the Zea family members.

However, Stephen had then heard that Tyr was treating Winifred and her daughter well, so he held back his rage. Still, after

seeing Tyr's photo, seeing how scrawny he looked, Stephen was unsatisfied. To him, his cousin sister was an excellent woman, so her man had to be powerful! And Tyr's appearance was far from Stephen's expectations!

“Tyr Summers. How can you match up to my cousin sister with the likes of you? Compared to my brother, Matthew Collins, you're far inferior. This will be a nice opportunity for me to test you since you're here in Riverville City. If you're truly a wretched piece of trash like your appearance shows, don't blame me for breaking you and Winifred up. The way I see it, Matthew and Winifred is the matching pair.”

Just then, the ferry had docked. From afar, Stephen could see Winifred's family get out



of the boat.

“They’re here. Get ready, and don’t make any mistakes. Or don’t blame me for not showing you mercy.”

“Understood, Brother Stephen!” Buzzcut instantly disappeared into the crowd.

Stephen hurried toward Winifred’s family.

“Uncle!” Upon seeing Stephen, Blair immediately ran to him, overjoyed.

Stephen loved this niece of his dearly. He carried Blair in his arms and gave her the toy he had prepared for her in advance. “Do you like it, Blair? Uncle chose it, especially for you.”

Blair looked a little annoyed at the toy gun in her hand. “Uncle, Blair is a girl. Didn’t I

already tell you that if you want to give Blair toys, it has to be Barbie dolls?”

Stephen was speechless while Winifred hurried over and said, “Blair, how can you be so picky of what Uncle gives you?”

Stephen smiled. “That’s right. Blair can’t be choosy. The gun is more fun than dolls.”

“It’s not fun. It’s not pretty at all.” Blair snorted and started waving the fairy wand in her hand. “Look, this is a gift from Papa. He knows what girls like. Bibidi bobidi boo, turn Uncle into a frog!”

Stephen looked over at Tyr with a hint of contempt in his eyes. “You must be Tyr. As a man, you should spend more effort in your career rather than researching what girls like. And more importantly, a man should be

masculine!”

Stephen was only one or two years older than Tyr, but at this first meeting, he was already trying to lecture Tyr. Tyr did not respond and endured it.

After that, Stephen greeted Helen and the others. When he called Jacob ‘Uncle’, there was also a hint of disdain in his tone. It was evident that Stephen had been influenced by his family from a young age to look down on weak, wretched trash!

The group left the pier, ready to get into the car and head to the Cole family’s house. Everywhere around them was crowded and lively.

Just then, a thief had brought out a knife, ready to cut Winifred’s bag open.



Tyr immediately noticed this thief's actions. He was about to make a move, but Stephen was one step ahead of him and caught the thief by his wrist.

“What are you doing?” Stephen's tone was cold.

The thief was startled and quickly said, “I... I wasn't doing anything.”

Slap...

Stephen landed a tight slap across the thief's face and roared, “How dare you steal from my family!”

The thief was stunned for two seconds before bursting out in a fury. “F\*ck! How dare you hit me! Do you know who I am?”

“Who cares who you are?”

Having said that, slap! Stephen gave the thief two more slaps on his face.

“Come out, everyone. I’ve been hit!” The thief yelled out, and immediately, a group of people came out from around them.

The one leading them was Buzzcut, who was standing beside Stephen earlier. Seeing his subordinate attacking, Buzzcut flared up in anger and pointed at Stephen. “You have some f\*cking nerve! Don’t you know the rules here? How dare you hit my brother? Do you have a death wish? Which hand did you hit him with? I’ll break it for you.”

Having said, Buzzcut shifted his gaze to Winifred and narrowed his eyes. “Young girl, you look pretty. Want to have some fun with me?”

Thump!

The hot-tempered Stephen immediately kicked Buzzcut in his stomach, sending him flying a few meters back. The brothers of this man with a buzz cut were enraged and started fighting Stephen.

“Is there any meaning to this?”

That kick earlier was quite nicely done. It was useful in tricking the common man. But to an elite like Tyr, that kick was just too fake. Hence, he immediately realized that this group of people was hired by Stephen to put on a show.

His goal was not to rescue a damsel in distress but to test if Tyr was an unyielding man!

“I see that you like to play.” Tyr instantly



clenched his fist. “Then, I hope that you guys can bear the consequences!”

## Chapter 63 Do You Fear Death?

Tyr did not care if Stephen really hired these men. Their appearance had frightened Blair, and Tyr disliked having his little girl scared by anyone. Besides, what Buzzcut said to tease Winifred earlier had struck a nerve in Tyr.

Tyr was ready to take action, and once he did, the other party might lose a limb or two. What was so bad about a fully functional body? Why did they have to rush to their deaths this way?

“Something’s not right...”

However, just as Tyr was about to deal with Buzzcut and his group, Tyr suddenly felt a strong murderous intent toward his elder

brother's prowess! This feeling was like being targeted by a lethally vicious and venomous snake.

“A gun!”

As the master of the overseas region, Rayne's Regal Palace, Tyr had experienced countless bloody battles and had scraped by death over a hundred times to get where he was today.

Outside the country, dozens of influential figures wanted Tyr's life. Hence, Tyr was immensely sensitive to the dangers around him to a perverted extent.

Ten meters away, the black muzzle of a gun was pointing at Tyr's group. The aimed target was not Tyr but Winifred. Tyr abruptly turned to see a mildly bearded



middle-aged man on a barge nearby, waving at him. This middle-aged man had employed the sniper in the crowd. If Tyr did not do as the middle-aged man signaled him to, that sniper would have shot Winifred right in the head.

Tyr was fully capable of locating that sniper in the shortest time and take him out, but Tyr was not willing to take this gamble. Because the gun was pointed at his beloved woman, he would regret it for the rest of his life if he made a mistake here.

Tyr did not hesitate because he had no time to hesitate. He turned and chased after the middle-aged man as fast as he could.

“He ran?”

Tyr had just left, and Stephen immediately

stopped fighting with Buzzcut's group. His expression became extremely gloomy.

“Brother Stephen, did that guy just run away?”

Buzzcut and his group were confused. The surprise in their eyes seemed to imply that they had never seen such a coward after so many years of their thug life. When his wife, child, and parents-in-law were in danger, the guy had actually run away as a man!

“Get lost!” Stephen barked, and Buzzcut's group dispersed.

Helen, Winifred, and the group were frowning at Stephen. “Stephen, what is all this?”

Stephen answered honestly, “These are people I've brought over. I wanted to test

Tyr Summers to see if he's actually some wretched trash. I had thought that he would fight back after seeing you guys bullied, even if he ended up falling to the ground, that would mean he was at least hot-blooded. But he ran! What kind of man was he?"

Stephen was furious. He had given Tyr a zero on his performance. Right now, his impression of Tyr was so negative that he wanted to punch the man to death! How could a wretched piece of trash like Tyr match up to his cousin sister?

"Winifred, what kind of man did you find? He isn't at all responsible and is complete trash."

Winifred was confused as well. Based on her understanding of Tyr, he was not like this.



The other time in the Zea Group's building, he had punched a hole in the conference table. Tyr had even explained to Winifred back then that he would fight with other beggars for food when he was still a beggar, which had given him such great fighting skills. But Tyr's action in this situation had stunned Winifred.

Helen, who had just changed her views recently about Tyr, was now seething. “What is that trash, Tyr, doing? His wife and child were this frightened, but he just turned and ran! He's really useless! But that's not right...”

Helen was confused. Back then, at Ethan's house, she had seen Tyr fight with her own eyes. The man was really skillful and had beaten up Ethan's hired gangsters within

seconds. His prowess was still vivid in her mind. “What’s wrong with Tyr today? That trash has utterly embarrassed himself!”

Jacob let out a helpless sigh. He had only just reminded Tyr on the ferry, but Tyr pulled such a stunt as soon as they got off. Jacob always considered himself a weak wretch, but he never thought his son-in-law was even worse than him.

Just then, at the barge, the small house inside was filled with the smell of nicotine. That middle-aged man was sitting at the long table’s head as he smoked the cigarette in his hand. Behind him stood a man wearing black sunglasses. He was faintly emitting a hostile aura.

Tyr pushed the door open and sat at the opposite of the middle-aged man. “Long

time no see, Perry Reynold! I never imagined that you could become one of the five Valiant Generals in the Summers family in the short span of fewer than ten years. You have quite the skills!”

Tyr knew this man. A Valiant General who held high authority in the Summers family. The Summers family, a northern elite tribe. They had three kings and five generals under their command, and each of these figures was well-known in the north. Be it their abilities or skills. They were all first-rate.

Perry was still smoking the cigarette in his hand as he narrowed his eyes at Tyr. “You’ve changed a lot over the years as well. I remember you crying the day when you were chased out of the Summers family by



Old Mistress.”

Tyr laughed. “Is that so? I’ve forgotten that. It was truly embarrassing.”

Perry took out a cigarette from the box next to him and handed it to Tyr. “Want one?”

Tyr took the cigarette, lit it, and took a draw. “I never thought you would come for me at Riverville City. Why didn’t you just head directly to Khanh City?”

Perry laughed. “Have you forgotten that I came from Riverville City? I only went to the north back then for some matters. I wanted to look for you at Khanh City, but you ended up coming here of your own accord. Tyr, I think Arthur has already passed you the message. Old Mistress misses you very much!”

The smile on Perry's face was gone, and a trace of melancholy appeared in his eyes. "An old lady in her seventies misses her grandson so much. Do you really have the heart to see her fall sick from yearning?"

Tyr puffed out a ring of smoke and laughed. "Kirin Summers' condition is getting worse, isn't it?"

"He's still okay."

Tyr chuckled. "Then, did Arthur remind you before?"

"Remind me about what?"

Tyr stood up and leaned closer to Perry. "Remind you that if you want to look for me, you first have not to fear death. Perry Reynold, do you... fear death?"

## Chapter 64 Don't Point A Gun At My Family

A person's aura can never be faked. Only a truly powerful figure would be able to emit a strong aura.

When Tyr said those words, his whole being was emitting an extremely pressuring aura. To the point that even a dignified Valiant General of the Summers family like Perry would feel shocked.

The man was startled. He assumed that Tyr would still be a piece of trash who would cry and beg for mercy after being chased out of the Summers family's house ten years ago. He never thought that Tyr would have such a huge change in the short span of a few



years.

However, the shock only lasted an instant.

Soon after, Perry reverted to normal. “

Although I have no idea what you've experienced in these ten years, I have to say, you've truly grown up. But you've only just grown up.”

Perry stubbed out the cigarette in his hand. “

I have to admit that among the five Valiant Generals of the Summers family, I fear death the most. But Tyr, I don't believe you'll be able to handle me. You're the third young master of the Summers family, so you should know full well that going against the Summers family is not a wise choice.

The Summers family only wants your bone marrow, not your life. If you're willing to submit, the Summers family can even

ensure you a comfortable life after that.  
What's there to be stuck up for?"

Tyr laughed, innocent and without a hint of maliciousness. For a regular person, donating their bone marrow was not exactly an intolerable thing. However, for an ace who had always lived in battles and bloodshed, his bone marrow was more important than his life. To become a true ace, one would have to train every muscle to perfection, including bone placement. If there were even a slight inconsistency, their abilities would be greatly affected, much less about retrieving their bone marrow.

Seeing Tyr keep quiet. Perry smiled as he waited for his answer. "So? If you've thought it through, come back with me."

"Thought it through? What I can't think

through is if Arthur has a grudge with you. Why did he put you in this life-threatening situation? He's clearly trying to kill you.”

Perry's expression darkened. The man in the sunglasses behind Perry immediately roared, “Brat, know your place!”

Tyr abruptly lifted his head to glare at the man in sunglasses. His tone became chilling. “Was it you who aimed a gun at my wife in the crowd just now?”

The man in sunglasses was silent. This was a form of acquiescence. 1

“Draw your gun.”

“What?” The man was stunned. As a gun master, this was the first time he heard such a request. Out of reflex, he took out a pistol, equipped with a silencer, and pointed it at



Tyr.

“Shoot.”

The man was stunned again. Perry was frowning as well.

Tyr abruptly stood up. Like a bolt of lightning, the man in sunglasses instantly sensed a strong murderous intent coming for him. He quickly reacted and pulled the trigger out of reflex, but he suddenly felt a surge of pain flowing from his fingertip.

Tyr had flicked the burning end of his cigarette at the man's finger. As the explosives sparked, Tyr had grabbed the gun in his hand, and the muzzle was turned to aim at the man's chin.

Bang!

A direct headshot!

The man in sunglasses fell to the ground with his head split open like a watermelon. Perry was stunned.

Tyr was expressionless. It was like he had just stepped on an ant. “Back then, no one had ever dared point their guns at me because they were afraid of death! Now, I’m adding a new rule to the list, never point a gun at my family!”

Having said that, Tyr turned to leave. “Perry Reynold, were you thinking of playing with me with just this level of playmate?” ①

After a moment of shock, Perry regained his composure. “It looks like you’ve really grown up and you’re skillful now. This is just nice. After I’ve settled my matters in these few days, I’ll play with you.”

Tyr answered, "I don't mind. I can wait for you. But if you can't beat me, you'll have to lose a life!"

When he left the barge, the sun was a little too dazzling outside. Tyr tipped his head up to look at the sun, blinking slightly at it for about ten seconds before smiling. "Gladys Dawson, you're finally getting impatient!"

Tyr's meeting with Perry lasted only about half a cigarette's time. By the end of it, Stephen and Helen were still insulting Tyr behind his back.

When she saw Tyr come over, Helen immediately rushed over with a dark expression, "Tyr, where did you run off to?"

Tyr quickly answered, "Mom, didn't we come across a pickpocket? I went to look for



the police.”

“Then, did you find any?”

Tyr shrugged helplessly. “I’ve circled the whole place, but I can’t find any. Hey, where’s the group of pickpockets?”

After that, Tyr walked over to Winifred and Blair with a face filled with concern and asked, “Are you guys okay? Were you frightened?”

“How dare a coward like you dare to ask? I’ll be cursed if I believe that you were looking for the police! You wretched piece of trash must have run away because you were scared, right? Tyr, you’re not suited for Winifred!”

Having said that, Stephen threw a punch at Tyr. Tyr moved his head slightly and dodged

it.

Stephen was initially startled. But soon, he thought of it as a coincidence and was ready to throw the second punch.

“Cousin Brother, stop!” Winifred’s exclamation made Stephen stop immediately.

“Winifred, why are you protecting this trash? Let me teach him a lesson and regain some justice for you.”

“I don’t need it.” Winifred went in front of Tyr and shielded him. Tyr felt touched by this.

Stephen pointed at Tyr’s nose and bellowed, “Trash! If you’re brave enough, don’t hide behind a woman’s back. Come and challenge me, one-on-one!”

However, Tyr was currently occupied with playing the 'Who blinks first' game with Blair. He had completely ignored Stephen.

This disregard made Stephen jump from anger. Seeing that Stephen was about to burst, Winifred quickly pulled Tyr away.

"Tyr and I will go and get presents for Grandma. You guys go on ahead."

After that, Winifred dragged Tyr away as they ran, even leaving Blair behind.

When they both got out of the pier, Winifred kept patting her chest and said, "We've finally made it out. My cousin brother is such a hot-tempered man."

"He was just thinking of you."

Tyr was not angry. Even if Stephen was



against him, Tyr knew that the man was only doing this for Winifred. Hence, Tyr would not mind his actions!

“I’ve really gone to look for the police just now,” said Tyr.

“Yeah, I know.”

Tyr never thought Winifred would believe him so easily. He was, instead, shocked.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing...” Tyr shook his head. “Do you think that I’m a coward as well for doing this?”

“Hahaha!” Winifred started laughing instead. “No, you’re not a coward. Instead, I think you’ve done the right thing!” 1

## Chapter 65 Claire Jones

Tyr was stunned. He never thought Winifred would think that way. Did women not prefer their men to be heroes?

“To be frank, I don’t like this temperament of my maternal grandparent’s family. They’re all like balls of flame, wanting to settle everything with their fists. It’s already the twenty-first century, and it’s been twenty years, they’re still acting like sailors. This is a lawful society. Getting the police when something happens is the correct thing to do. So, Tyr, I think you’ve done the right thing.”

“Is that so?”

Tyr was wearing a smile, but he felt helpless

and bitter on the inside. It seemed like his wife was still too pure.

They went into a supermarket to buy some supplements and cosmetics for Winifred's grandmother, aunts, and uncles. After that, they got some other presents.

Once they were done shopping, the two were ready to get a cab to the Cole House.

However, they just happened to pass by a jade store, and coincidentally, Winifred's grandmother loved jade stones, so she decided to go in and pick some out.

The jade store's assistant ardently received Winifred and Tyr just as they were focused on choosing, a hand slapped Winifred hard on her back.

“Winifred Zea!”



Winifred turned to see a tall and sensually dressed young woman. Winifred was stunned for two seconds before recalling who this person was. “Claire Jones, what are you doing here?”

Claire Jones was Winifred’s classmate in high school. Back then, she and Winifred were deemed as the Two Golden Flowers of the class. Claire was the type of girl who liked make-up and dressing sensually, while Winifred was relatively pure in her style. Even with her bare face, Winifred could compete with Claire. Hence, while they were the Golden Flowers in name, Winifred was truly the most beautiful girl in class.

“I got married over here in Riverville City.” As she spoke, Claire pulled a mature and handsome man over who was dressed in

branded clothes and introduced, “This is my husband, Benjamin Goldfield. He’s from Riverville City and has a company dealing in aquatic products with an annual income of one to two million. Although it’s not much, it’s enough for us.”

Claire’s statements sounded humble, but her tone was filled with hints of gloating. She then looked at Tyr, who was standing beside Winifred, scanning him.

“Winifred, I heard from a classmate a little while back that you’ve married a beggar. Is this him? Haha, I even heard that your daughter used to be so hungry that she ate bread from a food waste bin. Is that true? My, Winifred, you used to be my competition when it came to beauty, so how did you end up like this? But it can’t be

helped, I guess. You got pregnant before marriage and gained extra baggage. Now that this beggar is willing to come back and marry you, it's quite a happy ending, I'd say."

After that, Claire turned to Tyr with a bright smile and said, "I say, beggar. Being able to get such a beautiful wife is a blessing of eight lifetimes. I'm Winifred's best friend, so you can't bully her. Otherwise, I won't forgive you."

Slap!

Tyr gave Claire a tight slap across the face and said, coldly, "Show some respect when you talk to my wife!"

"How dare a stinky beggar like you hit me?"

Claire burst into a fit. Benjamin hurried over



in an instant. “The nerve of you! How dare you hit my wife?”

Slap!

This second slap from Tyr completely stunned Benjamin.

Tyr retracted his hand with contempt on his face. “F\*ck. Stray dogs just love coming over and barking. Do you guys have a death wish?”

Winifred stared at Tyr, shocked. She wondered since when did Tyr become so tough? Although Winifred disliked people around her to settle issues with fights, she had to admit that those two slaps from Tyr were absolutely thrilling!

“F\*ck!” Benjamin flared up in anger. He clenched his fists and rushed over, wanting

to take revenge.

Just then, the store staff quickly said, “Guests, please don’t cause trouble here. This store belongs to the Collins family!”

Upon hearing the words ‘the Collins family’, Benjamin immediately shrunk back down. Claire’s pupil dilated as well. They seemed to be very fearful of this Collins family.

The two quickly explained, “You guys clearly saw that it was they who started it. This has nothing to do with us.”

The store staff sounded annoyed when she said, “I don’t care who starts it, but if you break something here, you won’t be let off easily. So, are you guys buying?”

“We are! Of course, we are!” Having said that, Claire pointed to an emerald pendant

worth eight thousand and said, “Bring this out for me to see.”

“Please wait a moment.” The staff immediately took out the emerald pendant and was ready to introduce the item to Clair.

Yet, before she could even speak, Claire said, “I like this very much. Wrap it up. It’s just eight thousand. It’s not expensive at all. It’ll just be like losing a card game.”

The staff looked delighted and instantly took it away to wrap it up.

Claire turned to Winifred with clear disdain and contempt in her expression as she mocked, “Winifred, look at me, I can easily buy an eight thousand dollar pendant. It’s so cheap. But look at you, a poor fool, and you’ve even married a beggar. Where did



you get the courage to come here and buy jade stones? This is the Collins family's jewelry store. It's of a very high standard. Did you guys come into the wrong place? You can't even afford a car, how dare you come here to spend?"

Winifred was too lazy to quarrel with Claire. However, Tyr was smirking beside her. He pointed at an eighteen thousand dollar emerald bangle and said, "Wrap this up for me."

Claire was stunned and quickly said, "Beggar, do you have money?"

"I heard from you that the Collins family is quite impressive here. If I don't have the money, I wouldn't have dared to buy anything here." As he spoke, Tyr pointed at a pair of emerald earrings worth thirteen

thousand and said, “Wrap this up too.”

After that, Tyr held back a smile as he looked at Claire. “It’s just ten or twenty thousand. It’s not much. Don’t even think about comparing money with me. Us beggars aren’t inferior when it comes to earning compared to your husband.”

Tyr instantly provoked Claire. She pointed at a bangle in the display cabinet and said, “This twenty thousand piece, wrap it up for me.”

After that, she looked challengingly at Tyr. “You f\*cking stinky beggar, how dare you try to compete with my husband in terms of money? You must have a death wish!”

Tyr shrugged, looking nonchalant, and pointed to five items in the cabinet. “I want

these five items.”

Claire was furious. As blood rushed to her head, she, too, pointed at a few items in the cabinet and said, “I want these as well.”

Tyr chuckled indifferently. “Wrap up everything in this whole row for me.”



## Chapter 66 I Don't Need To Pay

At that moment, Tyr and Claire's battle could be described as 'madness'!

Winifred and Benjamin were stunned as they watched on. The store assistants looked thrilled as they kept wrapping things up for Tyr and Claire. They moved skillfully in fear of lagging. As they packed, they tore out the price tag and scanned the price into the computer.

These store assistants did not care if the customers were doing this in a fit of pique. Once the price tags were torn, and the price was scanned into the computer, this deal was considered complete. This was the rule of the Collins family's jewelry store.