

# The Mighty Dragon Warrior Chapter 13

## Chapter 13

The Presidential Suite, initially brightly lit and elegantly furnished, suddenly felt like it was plunged into a dark and stormy evening. "Tell me everything!" Jacob's face was emotionless. His narrowed eyes glinted with a steel cold glare, making Jerry shudder. Bracing himself, he summoned all the strength he could muster to respond. "My niece's mother..." "She's Mrs. Lynch!" Jacob interrupted as he withdrew his intimidating aura from the room. Being able to breathe better, Jerry nodded quickly to agree with his boss. "Yes, Mrs. Lynch." Before he could finish his narration, the door swung open and one of the bodyguards peeked in. "Sir, President Willow is here." Jacob scrunched his brows together for a moment, before waving his hand to signal them to let her in. Soon, the door swung wider as Willow strutted in, dressed in her royal purple evening gown. "Sir!" Willow was the president of Draco Chamber of Commerce and was invited to a dinner event hosted by the Paramount Chamber of Commerce that was held for her, but she remained respectful in Jacob's presence. "Thank you for your efforts." Jacob nodded back at his liege as a sign of acknowledgement. "This hotel looks good; we should consider purchasing it." Willow raised her eyebrows. "I agree. The Chamber requires a location to operate

from too.” “You should rest soon if you have nothing else to do.” Jacob tapped on his chin lightly as he observed her. Willow glanced at Jerry. “Sir, I have a few ideas about how Draco Chamber of Commerce can break into Paramount’s market...” “We can talk about this tomorrow.” Jacob raised his hand to stop her. *Should I inform him that this would involve billions in investments?* Willow exhaled slowly as she came to a decision. “Yes, Sir. Thank you for your concern – I shall leave now.” Jerry could smell the scent of her perfume even after she had left, leaving him alone with Jacob. “Continue.” Jacob instructed Jerry, who straightened up immediately to continue with his narration. “Mrs. Lynch had a close friend who she met up with often before she gave birth.” *Alvina? I don’t recall Naeve mentioning this name.* Jacob rolled his eyes up, pondering about the name. “They took one and a half hours to arrive at the hospital, which was unusually long. The route should’ve taken them merely 40 minutes to arrive, and there weren’t any reported cases of traffic congestion.” Jerry continued slowly, all the while observing Jacob’s expression. “Why wasn’t she warded since she knew that she was going to give birth?” “She insisted on giving birth to the child despite her family’s protests. Estranged, she didn’t have much finances to stay in the hospital ward.” Jerry watched as Jacob’s face fell in realization of this revelation. *Naeve was born with a silver spoon. She was a university student when she carried her child, but even so, she was willing to give up a life of comfort to keep her*

*child. Without a man to protect her, she had to learn how to take care of herself and the child she was carrying despite never having a bad day in her life. Why did it take Naeve more than one hour to arrive at the hospital? Giving birth is a dangerous event – could she have died due to the delay?*

*If only I was with her!* Jerry stuttered as he watched Jacob’s face scrunch up in agony. “Spit it out!” Jacob growled when he realized Jerry was holding back his report. “Mrs. Lynch applied to defer her studies for one year so that she could take care of her child well, but the university expelled her instead.” Jacob felt his anger rumble from deep within him, and when he smashed his hand down, the carpet cracked into pieces from the force of the crash. “Damn it!” His eyes were bulging with anger. *Naeve cared deeply for her studies because her family had high expectations of her, and because she had poured her heart and soul into it. And yet, she gave up her sacrifice and broke her parents’ expectations of her so that she could keep her child!* Jacob clenched his jaw in frustration and remorse when he thought about how much discrimination Naeve must have endured. *Ding...* Jacob exhaled slowly as he pulled his phone out and glared at the screen. Seeing that it was his father, he smothered his anger. “Yes, Father?” “Someone sent money home today.” Franklin whispered as he glanced around from Rowan Lane’s top floor. Jacob squeezed his eyes shut in an effort to keep his tone even. “I know that. I won’t allow them to disturb you in the future, alright? I have something to deal with here. Shall we talk

tomorrow?" "Um, okay..." Franklin nodded, but he frowned as soon as he hung up on the phone call. *Does that mean my wife's cousin managed to climb his way up and is contending with the big shots?* Meanwhile, Jacob lowered his phone slowly. His cold eyes bore into Jerry. "Are you implying that Alvina has something to do with Naeve's death?" Jerry nodded. "According to my analysis, she must've had a hand in Mrs. Lynch's demise." "I don't want conjectures! I want only the truth!" Jacob growled. "Boss, give me another eight hours. I will uncover the truth!" Jerry vowed as he lowered his gaze. Jacob took a deep breath in to calm down, before responding, "You have twenty-four hours to show me what happened all those years ago." "Your wish is my command, sir!" A ponderous silence muted their conversation. "You may go now," Jacob offered out of a sudden. "Prepare a car for me tomorrow and send one of the Shadow Rangers with us." "Sir, what do you intend to do?" Jacob leaned back. "Moira wanted to employ a driver for my daughter. We need to make sure that I get the role, so kindly prepare the necessary background documents for me too." Jerry could not believe his ears. *Why would the boss want to work as a personal chauffeur?* Eventually he nodded, indicating that he understood his assignment. The night was inky dark and the silence was only punctuated by the rustling of leaves by an occasional breeze. The dust on the floor of an abandoned tower swirled unnaturally as an incorporeal shadow drifted in. The wind howled in agony as the shadow shuttled through the

tower, before stopping at one of the floors. If someone stared hard enough through the dim moonlight shining through the cracks, they would see a slender person dressed in crimson sheathed within the swirling shadows. As the shadows dissipated, an orange-red fire blossomed in the person's hand, casting the room in an eerie red light, which revealed the bloodbath that had happened only recently. A scream of agony pierced the night as the crimson-dressed person unleashed their pain. "Who did this? Who killed my disciples? Who dares defile the Cruor Sect? I will flay you and break every bone in your body!"

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