

Chapter 271 Apparently, this middle-aged man was coming for Finnick.

There seemed to be bad blood between them, and Finnick looked like he was having a hard time dealing with him.

After all, Finnick was considered an influential figure in Northspring, and he wouldn't behave like this even if he ran into some local dignitaries.

Since he called the man before them Mr. Hamilton, Kayson couldn't think of any families other than the Hamiltons, the strongest family in Northspring, that could make Finnick behave this way.

"Mr. Hamilton, I'm entertaining important guests of mine tonight. Can you do me a favor and let me have this private room? I'll go to your house and apologize to you afterward!"

When Mr. Hamilton heard what he said, he glanced at the group of people behind Finnick and said amusingly, "If it isn't Mr. Zachry from the Zachry Group." Bo's face turned stern. He knew that Finnick had offended a powerful figure in Northspring, but he did not expect that person to be someone from the Hamiltons.

Bo replied respectfully, "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Hamilton." Mr. Hamilton then asked indifferently, "Do you have any problem going to Room Segunda?"

Bo was momentarily stunned before he said, "No problem at all."

An amusing smile appeared on Mr. Hamilton's face as he said, "Did you see that, Mr. Sullivan? Mr. Zachry is smart. You should learn from him."

Finnick lowered his head. He did not expect that he would get humiliated so much in front of Kayson today.

"Alright. It's time for you to get out of here. This private room belongs to me now," Mr. Hamilton said as he waved his hand impatiently.

Since Finnick did not say anything, Kayson was not going to say anything either. It was Finnick who got humiliated after all. Since he did not ask for help, he wouldn't do anything. After all, who knew if he wanted his help or not?

At that moment, a man barged in. He was none other than Jonah, the manager of the hotel, and his face was filled with bruises.

Kayson was not surprised to see those bruises on Jonah's face. This was because he had been **keeping his senses open, so he knew everything** about Jonah's situation.

"Mr. Yarde, Ms. Tood... I'm sorry. I've tried my best, but I couldn't stop Mr. Hamilton from coming in." Mr. Hamilton was dumbfounded when he heard what Jonah said. "Mr. Yarde? Isn't this Fernando's hotel? When was the change made?"

Kayson looked at him gloomily and asked, "Don't you think you should give me an explanation for hitting Jonah?"

Mr. Hamilton chuckled as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world. He **narrowed his eyes** and said, "Kid, do you know who I am?" Kayson shook his head. "I don't care who you are. If you can't give me an explanation, forget about Room Primera, I guarantee that you won't even be able to enter any restrooms in the Sirens Hotel."

"What a cocky brat. Seems like I need to give you some lessons so that you'll know who is the **boss here!**"

Mr. Hamilton's face turned cold, and a fighter standing beside him charged **forward**. Judging from his speed, Kayson knew that he was a skilled fighter, but he was still far from being a master. A human figure zoomed past the door. It was Mr. Eastwood, Finnick's bodyguard. He clashed with the fighter beside Mr. Hamilton. They were both about the same in terms of power, and they could defeat each other. As such, they took a few steps back after exchanging a few blows.

Upon seeing Mr. Eastwood, Mr. Hamilton scoffed. "I was wondering why you all have the guts to talk to me like that. So it's because you're here, Mr. Eastwood." Mr. Eastwood said, "Mr. Hamilton, there's no need to be so aggressive. We can always find a win-win solution for this situation."

Mr. Hamilton said calmly, "Mr. Eastwood, although you are an expert in using energy and are about to become a master, you're nothing in front of the Hamiltons.

"I'm sure you know the power of the Hamiltons in Northspring. It's really not a wise move to offend the Hamiltons just to earn a few pennies from Finnick."

Mr. Eastwood did not feel insulted. Instead, he said calmly, "Mr. Sullivan is my master, and it's my responsibility to help him get rid of his troubles. Besides, Mr. Sullivan treats me well, and I should return the favor."

Chapter 272 Mr. Hamilton scoffed coldly. "Hah, what a fool!"

Another energy fighter at the peak level dashed forward in the next second,

At present, one of them was fighting Mr. Eastwood, while the other darted straight toward Kayson

Kayson lifted his hand and cast the Novem Lightning Zero Impact into the man's arm,

"Argh!"

The fighter let out a pained scream as his arm exploded into a plume of blood mist.

Without giving him a chance to catch his breath, Kayson threw a heavy punch at his chest, sending him flying backward and slamming hard into the wall.

For a moment, everyone in the private room fell silent.

The fighter that was fighting Mr. Eastwood was so scared that all colors were washed from his face. He hastily took a step back and retreated to the door. Mr. Hamilton's pupils constricted as he couldn't believe everything that had just happened before his eyes.

The fighters he had brought with him were energy fighters at the peak level, but Kayson was able to take one of them down in just a few punches.

Did this not mean that the young man who seemed to be in his 20s was a master-level fighter!?

“You’re a master –level fighter?” Mr. Hamilton’s face was gloomy. This was something that he did not expect.

He bowed to Kayson and continued. “Seems like you’re a friend of Mr. Saul. I’m Mr. Saul’s friend as well.

“Since fate has brought us together today, we shouldn’t be fighting against each other because of some insignificant people.”

Kayson was rendered speechless upon hearing what he said. He replied, “I’m not a friend of Fernando Saul. Besides, he’s dead.”

The smile on Mr. Hamilton’s face froze.

“What? Fernando is dead?!”

He had just returned to Northspring, so he did not know what had happened in Northspring yet

Kayson shook his head and said, “The Hamiltons, huh? This isn’t the first time I’ve come across you guys.”

After he finished speaking, he disappeared from Mr. Hamilton’s vision. In the next second, he appeared in front of him and delivered a palm strike at him before he could do anything Mr Hamilton’s eyes rolled toward the back White froth began to form around his lips as he

fell to the floor, twitching vigorously like a beached fish.

The fighter standing by the door was shocked, and his pupils constricted. He turned **his head around**, and just when he was about to run **away**, **Kayson threw a silver needle** at him, and he fell to the floor as well.

Jonah looked at Kayson in awe as he wiped the floor with the Hamiltons. He felt touched as well since Kayson was doing this for him. He stood by his side and supported him despite facing the almighty Hamiltons. This was something that Fernando had never done before.

“Inform the Hamiltons to pick them up or just dump them on the street,” Kayson gave his order as he returned to his seat. He was so calm that it looked as if he was disposing of a bag of **trash**.

Finnick took a deep breath and said, “Mr. Eastwood, can you help us with it?”

There was no way Mr. Eastwood would say no to Kayson. He turned around and went to do his bidding.

Inside the private room...

Bo was nervous as he said, “Mr. Yarde, we might be in big trouble this time. The Hamiltons are the strongest family in Northspring. Even Fernando didn’t have the nerve to mess with them.” Kayson felt curious after he heard what Bo said. “Are the Hamiltons really that powerful?”

When he was at the Roselle Lodge, Zephyr did not seem that strong to him at all.

Finnick sighed. "You're not from here, so you might not know about it. The Hamilton family is an old family in Northspring. They have been here for I don't know how many generations. They have their roots stretched deep into every inch of the city.

"Although they have exhibited some decline over the years, no one can top them in terms of wealth and power in Northspring."

Chapter 273 Thanks to Finnick and Bo, Kayson had a better understanding of how powerful the Hamiltons **were**

It was true that the Hamiltons did not fail its name as the strongest family in Northspring. They had a long history in Northspring and had their roots stretched into every crook and nook of the city,

Fernando was known as the strongest lighter in Northspring. He was a master –level fighter, yet he did not dare to behave outrageously before the Hamiltons.

Most of the time, he would treat the Hamiltons with respect.

The distribution of forces in Northspring was very different from other cities. Apparently, one large family was dominating the other small families, and the difference in strength between them was huge

Although it was a fact that the Hamiltons were strong, Kayson was not scared of them.

He looked at Finnick and asked, "So, do you want to tell us the story between you and the Hamiltons, Mr. Sullivan?"

Since the Hamiltons were so powerful, there was no way a local like Finnick would have the nerve to mess with them.

Finnick let out a bitter sigh. "It's all because of a woman."

Kayson was stunned, while Bo exclaimed, "What!? I've been wondering why you refuse to tell me more details. So it's because of love!"

Finnick rolled his eyes at Bo. He was too old to start a new relationship. It was for the young people only.

"That man just now is William Hamilton. He's the sixth brother of the Hamiltons, but he doesn't hold much power in the Hamiltons.

"I'm of the same generation as him, and as a businessman, it goes without saying that we need to entertain our clients and guests from time to time.

"When I was serving my clients in a pub, I had my eye on a woman and ended up sleeping with her."

Finnick let out a bitter smile. "Who knew that woman only served William?"

"When William found out about this, he kept giving me a hard time. "Initially, I was annoyed, so I asked him why he kept causing me so much trouble because of a **woman**.

"Only then did I learn that she was William's first love..." **Kayson was stunned**, and Bo broke into a fit of laughter. Rowena felt a little bit embarrassed. She couldn't help but start wondering if Kayson would also immerse himself in a bevy of young girls after his business started to flourish.

Bo laughed and said, "No wonder he won't stop pestering you!"

Finnick sighed, "Yeah... And he got infuriated as well after my question.

"Although he doesn't hold much power in the Hamiltons, he's the sixth in his family, and his **brothers are more** than willing to stand up for him."

At that moment, understanding dawned upon Bo. "I see. No wonder every time when the Rubrum Enterprise is going to have a major breakthrough, something comes up and prevents it from happening! "So it's because of the Hamiltons?"

Finnick nodded, "Yeah, I'm aware of what the Hamiltons are capable of. I tried to mend our relationship, but William didn't give me the chance."

Kayson lamented, "What a complicated relationship you have!"

Finnick did not know what to say either. There was no way he could know that the woman **was** William's first love.

If he had known it earlier, he would never have gone near her!

Finnick gnashed his teeth and suddenly said, "Mr. Yarde, it seems to me that you're not scared of the Hamiltons at all. Can you be the mediator and help me reconcile with the Hamiltons?"

Since Finnick had asked, Kayson was more than willing to help him.

"I'm sure the Hamiltons will come for me. After all, they need me to solve William's problem. I'll see what I can do when the time comes. Even if they refuse to make peace with you, I'll make sure they won't dare to disturb you."

Finnick's pupils constricted, and he exclaimed happily, "Thank you very much, Mr. Yarde!" If Kayson had shown the slightest hint of fear in front of the Hamiltons, he would have never asked him for help

However, Kayson seemed rather fearless toward the Hamiltons, so he was willing to take the bet. After all, the development of the Rubrum Enterprise was going down the hills due to the Hamiltons' suppression. Even if they couldn't make peace, at least he could bring them down with him. He had had enough of the Hamiltons getting in his way already!

Chapter 274 Kayson said faintly, "Let's eat. The dishes are getting cold."

At the Hamilton manor...

"What? who the hell dares to hurt my brother!?" Theodore flew into **a rage when he received** the call. He was the third brother amongst the Hamiltons.

"The Sirens Hotel?" Theodore's gaze was cold, and his voice was filled with rage. "I see! The Hamiltons have just hired a new fighter. He arrived today, so I sent Irvin to arrange dinner for **him**."

"Keep an eye on the Sirens Hotel. I'm going to shred those who dare to harm my brother into pieces tonight!"

After that, he hung up the call and had the driver head toward the **highway exit**.

A luxury Mercedes sedan came off the highway.

Theodore hurriedly went forward and greeted the man respectfully, "Mr. Hodge, thank you for coming all the way here from Skyspring." Benedict smiled and nodded. "Don't mention it, Mr. Theodore."

Offering Benedict a smile, Theodore said, "Mr. Hodge, Let's go to the hotel for dinner, but before that, there's one thing I need you to help me out with."

Benedict nodded and said, "Since I agreed to work with the Hamiltons, it's only right for me to help out when you're in trouble. Go ahead and say it."

Theodore's gaze turned grim as he said, "Someone injured my brother, and he's in the hospital now. We don't know what happened to him, but he wouldn't stop vomiting.

"So I hope you can help us to take down that person that harmed my brother!"

Theodore nodded. "Sure. Please lead the way." "Okay!"

Theodore's eyes lit up with delight, and he brought Benedict to the Sirens Hotel.

The staff that had been waiting in front of the entrance went up to them when he saw them and greeted them reverently, "Mr. Theodore!" "Bring us to the private room!"

Theodore's face was grim. Benedict **was a master**-level fighter, and no one in Northspring could defeat him other than Fernando.

Inside the elevator, Theodore asked, "Oh yeah. Who is in the private room?"

The male servant replied, "I'm not sure either. But Mr. Sullivan is entertaining his guest. Mr. Zachry from the Zachry Group is there as well."

"Finnick?" Theodore let out a cold smile, "It seems that the suppression of the Rubrum Enterprise over the years has not been enough. I guess he has to go bankrupt to learn his lesson!"

Soon, they arrived at the floor where Room **Primera was**.

Benedict emerged from the elevator and frowned when **he sensed a powerful aura**. "**There's a skilled fighter in this hotel!**

Theodore chimed in and flattered him, "I'm sure they are nothing but a weakling before you, Mr. Hodge."

Benedict did not say anything anymore, and the male servant led them to **Room Primera**.

Theodore kicked the door open and walked with a gloomy face toward the people **inside**.

"Finnick, Bo, seems like you two are having a good time. You two have a lot of guts to continue to stay here and enjoy your meal after what you did to my brother." Finnick and Bo did not say anything, nor did they stand up. Thus, Theodore felt **embarrassed**.

Suddenly, Kayson's voice rang out. "Hmm... You look familiar..." Meanwhile, Benedict's pupils constricted. His face turned pale as he looked at Kayson fearfully. He bowed to Kayson and said with a shaky voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Yarde. I didn't know it was

you!”

Chapter 275 Kayson said flatly, “It’s really you. I thought my eyes were falling me again.”

The fighter standing before him was one of the three master level fighters that Kayson had encountered at the Wolfenden mansion in Skyspring back then.

When the three of them all acked him, Kayson killed the fighter who used the Thunderpalm technique in one hit when the remaining iwo fighters saw how powerful he was, they ran **away**. Benedict was one of the two that had run away that time

“Mr. Hodge, what are you doing!?”

Theodore and his men looked at Benedict in disbelief.

Benedict ignored him. He just wanted to kill him right now.

11 he had known that Kayson was here, he would not have come here at all, no matter what.

When the scene of Kayson taking down the fighter in one hit surfaced in his head, Benedict’s legs went weak. He just wanted to dig a hole and run away now. Ever since he ran away from the Wolfenden mansion in Skyspring, he had decided not to set his foot into either Skyspring or Clouspring.

In the meantime, the Hamiltons offered him a chance to work with them, so he picked up the offer.

Initially, he thought he could have his way in Northspring since it was a rather underdeveloped city. It was never in his wildest dream that he would run into his nightmare on the first day he arrived here.

Benedict took a few quick steps up to Kayson and said fretfully, “What brought you here today, Mr. Yarde?”

“Well... I have some matters to settle here. Did the Hamiltons send you here to kill me?” Kayson asked calmly.

Benedict broke into a cold sweat as he quickly explained, “Of course not! I’d never dare to do something like that to you, Mr. Yarde. You’ve got to believe in me!”

Theodore’s expression changed, and it was only now he realized something.

‘Mr. Yarde? Hold on a second! Is he a master–level fighter? But how is that possible? Could it be that Benedict is lying to me? But Benedict is a master–level fighter. If this young man isn’t stronger than him, there’s no way he would treat him so politely.’

Meanwhile, Benedict turned his head around and said sternly, “How dare you, Theodore!?! How dare you want to hurt Mr. Yarde!?”

Theodore came back to his senses and shouted, “How could you betray me, Benedict?”

‘Betray you? Staying alive is more important than anything else!’ Benedict said inwardly, ‘I didn’t spend my whole life honing my fighting skills just to die like that. I still haven’t had the chance to enjoy *glory* and wealth.’ benedict then said, “Mr. Yarde, this fellow wants to kill you. He’s got some dirty tricks up his his

sleeves. Why don't I help you to get rid of them?" "Hmm? Well, you can beat them up," Kayson said nonchalantly. "But don't kill him. Then, get someone to send him home."

Zephyr's father, who had faked his death, seemed to **have some connections to Zachary, so he** decided to do Zachary a favor and spare the Hamiltons.

If not, William would have died already.

"Okay!" replied Benedict.

He moved as fast as a bolt of lightning and beat both Theodore and his driver to a bloody pulp.

Then, he pointed at the pale-looking servant and said, "Mr. Yarde, this guy works for the Hamiltons. Should we kill him?"

"No... Don't kill me!" The servant got to his knees, and his face was pale as a sheet of paper.

Kayson shook his head and said, "Just beat him up and ask Jonah to fire him."

Benedict did as he was told. He threw all of the Hamiltons out of the hotel before returning to the private room. "Mr. Yarde, it's all a misunderstanding. I hope you can forgive me."

Chapter 276 The sight of Benedict pouring wine for Kayson made Bo and Finnick's eyes twitch, and they **looked thrilled beyond words.** After drinking for a bit, Kayson asked Benedict, "Why are you here in Northspring?" Benedict answered rather embarrassedly, "I'm here for a living... The Hamiltons **are recruiting** a new fighter guard, so I came." "How much is it per month?" Kayson asked. Benedict was taken aback before he answered, "Uh, the market price is \$150,000 a month..." Kayson thought about it and told him, "Why don't you work for me? I'll pay you \$160,000 a month."

He pointed at Rowena and said, "This is the current deputy general manager of the Sirens Hotel. When she's familiar with her job, she'll be promoted to the general manager of the hotel.

"You'll protect her here and also be in charge of the hotel security." Benedict responded fervently, "I'd love to! It'd be an honor to work for you! "As for the salary, just pay me like an ordinary person. I don't need \$150,000 a month. It's too much."

Seeing that Kayson seemed ready to insist, Benedict gritted his teeth and said, "\$15,000 a month, maximum. No more than that!"

Bo and Finnick **were envious.** Otto, whom Bo had hired and Kayson had beaten previously, was paid \$3,000,000 a year! Finnick could only pay for an average fighter, but even getting Mr. Eastwood to be his bodyguard was only affordable after a discount. And even then, Mr. Eastwood was paid more than \$15,000 a month!

Kayson smiled. "Alright then."

After drinking some more, Benedict, who now knew that Kayson actually controlled the shares of the Sirens Hotel, was surprised. He had agreed to work in the hotel, but his mind was leaning toward getting closer to Kayson. Now that he knew Kayson called the shots in this hotel, he perked up and decided to do a good job, lest Kayson was unhappy with him. He then asked, "Mr. Yarde, do you remember the practitioner who left the Wolfendens with me previously?"

"I do. What about him?" Kayson nodded.

Benedict answered, "He's also been free recently. If you need to, I can ask him to work here." Kayson was doubtful. "He'd be willing to?" Benedict chuckled. "Of course, he'd be happy to!"

There was no way Kayson would refuse if he could get more capable men to work under him.

"Sure, go on and contact him then."

After eating and drinking, it was time to leave. Rowena drove Kayson to Cecile's place, only to be surprised. "You're staying here?"

It was where the impoverished usually stayed. Kayson, who now possessed all of Fernando's businesses and assets, could hardly be considered impoverished.

Kayson smiled. "I'm staying with a friend temporarily." "Oh..."

"Be careful on your way back. I'll head in now."

Rowena nodded. "Okay... Uh, I'll be going to the hotel tomorrow to learn a bit. Will you be going too?"

"Me?" Kayson paused before he replied, "Depends. I won't be going if nothing's up." Rowena could not help feeling disappointed. When Kayson entered the alley, he saw Shyla staring at him by the door. Before he could

speak, she asked, "Who's that girl I saw just now? Do you have friends in Northspring too?"

Chapter 277 Kayson was slightly taken aback before he answered, "We just got to know each other." **Shyla stayed** stoic. Who would buy that they had just gotten to know each other when they had come back so late after going out together!?

Kayson went inside, and Cecile smiled. "You're back, Kayson. Are you hungry? I can make you something,"

"No, I'm good. I brought some yummy things back for you." Kayson had gotten some expensive dishes back from the Sirens Hotel. The chefs there cooked so well that even he did not have much to complain about. He believed that Cecile would like the food.

Cecile nodded quietly, looking at the spread of expensive dishes before she called Shyla in to eat with her.

When Shyla tasted the food, she felt her eyes glow. "Not bad. Which hotel did you get the food from?"

"The Sirens Hotel." "The Sirens Hotel? It's no wonder... I heard that the chefs there are the best even among their

peers."

Kayson smiled. "I'm not sure about that, but since even the great Ms. Tinsley has heard about it, it must mean that the chefs **there are marvelous.**"

Cecile tied her hair up so it would not get in the way while she ate, and Shyla did the same. Suddenly, Kayson's expression froze. He stared at the red marks on the back of their necks and asked, "Did you two go out in the afternoon?"

Shyla nodded. "Yeah. I took Cecile shopping. She's going to university soon. "Right, you didn't know, right? Cecile was accepted into the finance course of Northspring University."

Kayson replied with a smile, "That's great. Your family's here, so you can take care of her in Northspring." He then asked, "Did you meet anybody strange today?" "Strange?" Shyla recalled and shook her head. "Nope!" Cecile asked, "Is something the matter, Kayson?"

Kayson frowned, his gaze dark as he answered, "You were both poisoned."

"What!?"

Both girls were shocked. Shyla naturally believed Kayson, as the latter's medical **prowess was extraordinary**

"But nobody approached us..."

Kayson answered, "A sales associate got close to you when you went shopping."

Shyla was alarmed, "You mean the sales associate in the outlets? But we decided to go shopping on a whim..."

Kayson thought about it. "Maybe the sales associate was controlled... Take me where you shopped tomorrow. Do you still remember what the associate looked like?"

"For sure!" Shyla was certain. "I'll remedy the poison for you two first lest it damages your body." Shyla was not too worried, as she had faith in Kayson's medical skills. Kayson asked her to lie down. She had an excellent figure—voluptuous, with a slim waist that made her curves drool-worthy even when she lay down.

Unfortunately, Kayson did not have the time to enjoy the view now. This poison was unusual. Once it was triggered, a skilled energy fighter might not be able to bear it either.

As Kayson pierced Shyla with several needles, the latter furrowed her brows in pain. "Just bear with it for a bit," Kayson said while delivering a ball of energy into Shyla, who bit her lip.

After a moment, Shyla coughed up some black blood. At the same time, Kayson felt a ball of toxic energy running within her. "Humph, think I wouldn't notice you leaving poison in Shyla?" Kayson's gaze was cold as he released a stream of gray lightning energy to blow the toxin out instantly.

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Shyla shuddered, and an unprecedented pleasure caused her to moan in **reflex**. **As soon as she** did, though, she blushed until she turned scarlet. **It was so embarrassing!**

Kayson withdrew his lightning energy and said, "You're fine now." "I—I'll go to bed then!"

Shyla, who thought of her moan just now, wanted to bury herself underground as she scurried out of the room in embarrassment.

Kayson did not mind and just called Cecile in.

A while later, the latter ran out of the room with a **crimson face as well**. Kayson slept in Timothy's room while Shyla and Cecile shared a room. As Kayson remedied the toxin in both girls, an old man in plain gray clothes opened his eyes abruptly in a cave several kilometers away. "The two poisonous energies were cured not even three minutes apart. This person's energy repertoire is unimaginably dense." The old man sighed. "Looks like I need to get the Hamilton –style swordsmanship manual soon, or I might not be able to fight him..." The old man in gray was Mr. Powell, who had sat with Fernando previously. He called himself Ezekiel 'Tre–strike' Turner's mentee, but he was much older than the former.

"This should be taken care of as soon as possible. I shall make a move tonight to save myself **any unnecessary trouble**... Fernando... didn't die in vain!"

The old man moved swiftly, traveling several meters with one step, and disappeared in the dark.

Kayson, Shyla, and Cecile woke up early the next morning to go where the girls had shopped yesterday.

Shyla took some time to find the sales associate and found out that she had called in sick upon asking.

With Finnick's help, Kayson got the sales associate's rental address.

The three of them departed directly. When they arrived and received no response after knocking, Kayson used his mind expansion to check what was going on. He ripped the lock with his bare hands a few moments later, a sight that Shyla was used to, baffling Cecile.

When Kayson entered, he saw a girl sweating profusely, and there was no color on her lips as she lay on the bed, already wearing a black uniform. It was obvious that she had been getting ready for work

Kayson laid two fingers on her forehead before commenting, "As expected, she's being controlled, and it has damaged her physical and mental wellbeing."

Shyla asked worriedly, "Can she be saved?"

"Yeah."

Kayson used needles on the sales associate, allowing the latter to stop shaking and eventually

open her eyes a while later.

She was shocked when she saw three strangers in her home but was too weak to get up. She got teary immediately and asked fearfully, "W–Who are you..."

Shyla quickly answered, "Hi, we bought clothes from the shop where you work yesterday!"

"It's you..." The sales associate remembered Shyla and Cecile, as they were both beautiful.

Kayson told her, "I'm a doctor. Someone was controlling you with dark magic yesterday and poisoned the two of them." The whole situation felt like fraud to the sales associate, so she asked timidly, "What... What are you guys talking about?"

Kayson did not have the time to explain too much. He lifted a hand to activate her **pressure** point, so she had to stay still. Then, he pulled out the silver needles on her forehead, lifting a black globule of energy.

“Hah, let’s see where you’ll go running this time!” Kayson’s gaze was icy as he trapped the black ball of energy with his lightning energy.

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The sales associate regained clarity the moment Kayson pulled out the ball of mind power left in her. She stared at the black globule of energy on Kayson’s needle in disbelief and asked, “What is this?”

She could not move but she could hear and see.

“The medium the culprit left in you to control you.” Kayson produced a porcelain vial and put the energy in with a wooden cork that had a rune on it.

Even though the sales associate found it absurd, she believed it now. There was really something as bizarre in this world!

Shyla went up to her with a soft smile. “Don’t be scared. What’s your name?”

“I—I’m Waverly Faber.” “I’m Shyla Tinsley, and this is my sister, Cecile Redcliff, and my boyfriend, Kayson Yarde.” Kayson glanced at Shyla as she said that, but the latter seemed unfazed. She was not looking at Kayson as she asked Waverly, “Waverly, have you come across a strange or peculiar person, lately?”

“No, I’ve been working basically every day,” Waverly answered.

Kayson walked to the side to retrieve a pen and a piece of paper, wrote a prescription, and then passed it to Waverly.

“Get the herbs on this prescription. As a regular person, being controlled by mind expansion will harm you. “These are nourishing and adjusting herbs. Have them until you’re physically and mentally fine.”

Waverly accepted the prescription Kayson gave her and thanked him.

After Kayson got what he needed from Waverly, he left with the two girls.

“Kayson, what do we do next?” Shyla still did not understand why someone would want to poison her and Cecile. Kayson’s tone was determined when he answered, “We find the culprit.”

Shyla chuckled wryly. “How? It’s like finding a needle in a haystack.”

The Tinsleys were influential, but this was not their territory. It might be easy to find a regular person, but searching for an expert who had poisoned them so far from their home turf would be a challenge.

“I have my ways. I’m not letting the culprit off the hook when he dared to poison you both.”

The culprit had to be a grandmaster-level fighter. Their mind expansion power was not strong, but Kayson could feel a domineering vibe laced within it.

He had planned to let the girls go home first, but upon further consideration, he kept them around him lest they were ambushed again. He took them to a quiet park, and just as he

opened the vial trapping the black ball of energy, the rune stuck on the cork was burned out of **thin air**

The ashes and the globule of energy were combined into one as they floated away in a particular direction.

Cecile's eyes widened as she asked curiously, "Kayson, are you performing a magic trick?"

Kayson chortled. "It's not magic, Cecile. It's a tracking technique of the philosophy branch."

"You know so much!" Shyla looked astonished.

Kayson replied with a smile as he walked, "A little. It's what my mentor taught me. My mentor knows a lot of things and has taught me all of them since I was young, regardless of whether I was able to learn it or not."

Cecile sighed. "Your mentor must be like an immortal if you're already this amazing!"

"I have no idea. I barely see him as it is."

The black globule of energy led Kayson and the girls down the road. A few hours later, the three of them reached the suburbs, where a manor was located.

Kayson took a look and commented, "Seems like he's a rich guy." Shyla nodded and walked toward the gate.

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Kayson was stunned as he walked in.

"The Hamiltons?"

Precisely. A sign that spelled the words "Hamilton Manor" was hanging by the entrance of the manor.

Kayson's expression was cold as he frowned. Could the Hamiltons have ordered the culprit to poison Cecile and Shyla? In that case, he was not letting them off the hook, even if Zachary stepped in!

Shyla could not help wondering, "Northspring's Hamiltons... The Hamiltons poisoned me? That can't be... The Tinsleys have never offended the Hamiltons!"

Then, a loud boom came from the deepest part of the manor before a thick billow of smoke rose.

As Kayson raked the area with his mind expansion ability, there was a subtle change in his expression. Then, he told the girls seriously, "Try to go where the smoke is as soon as you can. I'll rush there first!"

Amid the sound of a thunderbolt, Kayson sprinted off like a flash of lightning.

Moments later, he reached a lavish courtyard, but as soon as he stepped in, he was greeted by scattered corpses and blood everywhere.

An old man with dark eye circles wearing plain gray clothes was stepping on a dead body while carrying a half-dead person. The globule of black energy that had led Kayson over there was fusing with this old man.

"Trektus from the philosophical branch?"

The old man looked grim. "Kayson, you know a philosophy technique!"

“You know me?” Kayson exclaimed. “Of course!” The old man said unnervingly, “I was planning to work with Fernando, yet you killed him.

“Kayson, you ruined my plan, yet you dare get in my way today. You really have a death wish.” Kayson narrowed his eyes. “So you’re avenging Fernando? That’s why you poisoned the girls?”

“Humph, I was just testing how good you are. I think through my steps before I execute them.”

Kayson replied flatly, “You shouldn’t have done anything to them. Otherwise, you’d still have a chance to stay alive.”

“Hahaha!”

The old man tossed a half-dead Hamilton to Kayson and scoffed, “I, Claude Powell, have been alive for years, and this is the first time I’ve met an arrogant kid like you!”

He blew a mouthful of black smoke at Kayson right after saying that. His exhale **was as** pungent as burning plastic.

Kayson let out a low-toned shout before he transformed his energy into a billowing gale to bounce the toxic air away.

Claude was not surprised. “As expected of a pre-celestial practitioner. You’re so young, yet you manipulate your energy so easily. You’re practically a peerless prodigy. “It’s a pity that you’ve underestimated my poison energy.”

Claude stomped the floor, causing a crack to slither toward Kayson as dark clouds of poison energy rose from the crack like steam.

Kayson directed his lightning energy at his feet and stepped back while he stomped away at the poison mass.

Claude snorted and suddenly slammed his palm on the floor.

The whole floor was fissuring as lasses of poison energy poured over and engulfed Kayson, turning his skin purplish-black. Claude cackled. “Young man, you lack experience in practical fights. Given the short distance between us, I have been able to feel the return of the mind expansion power for a long time. “In that case, how could I possibly wait for you here without preparing?” Kayson stood rooted to the spot, and even his lips turned black.