

MY FGB 291

**Chapter 291** The woman's name was Naomi Lynn. She was the pharmacist assigned to the eighth division. Although she was young, she was very capable. It was rumored that her master **was a great** medical practitioner, but no one knew who he was.

That being said, Naomi had gained her reputation, not through her master but through her own skills and knowledge. The entire eighth division could question their captain's capability but none of them dared to question hers.

She was the one **who saved them from the clutches of death.**

Some even said she was the second "Living Reaper." At that moment, Naomi's clear eyes were filled with rage. This was because her captain had told her that there was someone who could confirm what kind of poison Hendery had gotten just by smelling the poison.

She did not believe in this kind of bullsh\*t at all. She hailed from a great master, so she had received training to smell and recognize medicines. Although she had never admitted it herself, she knew how great her master was and had full confidence in her own capabilities.

She did not know what kind of poison it was, but she did **not believe that there was someone** who was better than her other than **her own master.**

Kayson now understood what Campian wanted to tell him. It seemed to him that the pharmacist on their team felt that her prestige was being challenged. Kayson took a step forward and said, "I'm Kayson." Naomi looked at him and frowned. "You're Kayson? Who is your master?" Kayson said, "My master is just a normal man who likes to travel across the world." Naomi scoffed coldly and continued. "Hah! I heard that you can immediately identify the poison that Mr. Todd is suffering from?"

Kayson nodded. "Yes, probably."

Naomi said coldly, "Probably? My captain told me on the phone that you're 10% sure you can identify the poison immediately, and now you say probably?" Kayson smiled at her but did not say anything. He did not want to waste his time anymore.

"We're running out of time. Give me the poisons first."

"Give him the things!" Naomi ordered coldly.

**An assistant came forward with an unfriendly look in his eyes. Kayson opened up the medical case, and there were a few vials inside of it. He picked them up one by one, opened them up, and smelled them. Then, he saw there was a bag of blood with Hendery's name written on it. He opened the packet of blood up and smelled it.**

**After that, he frowned** slightly but did not say anything.

Seeing his reaction, Naomi asked sarcastically, "Hey, why are you keeping silent? Didn't you **say** you can identify the poison by just smelling it? Say it now. Which one is it?" **Kayson** picked up a vial and threw it to Naomi. "This is the one."

Naomi accepted the vial midair and frowned. "Are you sure about it?"

Kayson replied indifferently, "I'm very sure about it. You can go ahead and run an analysis on it. But I think Hendery will be dead by the time the analysis results come back."

Rowena's eyes turned red around the rims when she heard what Kayson said, and she pleaded, "Kayson, you've got to save my brother!" Kayson offered her a gentle smile and replied, "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to your brother."

Naomi did not know if she should get angry at Kayson or not. She turned her head to look at Campian and said, "Cap, I'll check this vial of poison first. "But I'll not hold any responsibility for the death of Mr. Todd if the time to analyze the real poison is delayed because of him."

Campian said, "Sure, but still, I hope you can work as fast as you can."

Naomi threw a glance at Kayson and said exasperatingly, "You'd better hope that this is the one. If not, the entire eighth division won't let you off the hook so easily!"

After that, she turned around and stormed toward the analysis room.

Kayson smiled. After she was gone, Campian asked, "Mr. Yarde, are you sure that is the one?" "Of course. I'm Rowena's boyfriend. Do you think I want anything to happen to her brother?" Campian felt he was right as well.

**Chapter 292** That being said, Campian still found it hard to believe when Kayson said he could identify the poison by smelling it. Without wasting even a second, Kayson went to a drugstore and picked up some herbs so that he could concoct some tonics for Hendery.

There was nothing Rowena could do other than waiting anxiously in front of the emergency room. Hendery was the only person she had left in this world, and she couldn't imagine what she would do if she were to lose him as well.

About one hour later, the door to the emergency room was opened from the inside, and the doctor came out. "We managed to attend to most of his wounds, but the poison is eroding his organs.

"This causes a lot of damage to him, and if this goes on, he won't be able to make it in another four hours."

Rowena felt as if all her energy had been sapped away. She leaned against the wall and sat on the floor. She buried her head into her knees and cried.

Campian was stunned and said, "Dr. Shawn, you've got to do something. We still need another half a day!"

The doctor said, "Half a day... I don't think we can do that with our current medical apparatus. Besides, I don't see any point."

Campian's face sank when he heard what the doctor said. He walked to the side and made a call to urge Naomi.

However, Naomi hadn't even finished the analysis of the poison that Kayson selected. Just as Kayson had said, judging from Naomi's speed, Hendery would be dead by the time she finished the antidote.

Naomi was picking up her speed on the analysis now.

In the end, after roughly two hours, she finished the analysis. One of her assistants asked when she saw the dumbfounded expression on Naomi's face. "How is it, Naomi?"

Naomi mumbled, "It... It matches... But, how is that possible?"

All of her assistants were flabbergasted. "Matches? What matches?"

**After a short while, they all remembered** something and were stunned.

**Looking at the two** reports in her hand, Naomi said hesitantly, "The poison that he **selected has the exact same composition** as the poison in Mr. Todd's blood."

**All the assistants looked at** each other as they held their breath in shock.

"**Maybe it's a stroke of** luck?" mumbled an assistant.

**Naomi glanced at** him and said, "Hurry up and work on the antidote." **Was it really a stroke** of luck? Well, nobody knew other than **Kayson**.

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However, she refused to admit defeat. So what if he was right? She was confident that she would be able to come up with an antidote faster than him,

Kayson borrowed the medicine chamber of the drugstore after buying the herbs.

He had finished making the pill, but the tonic still needed some time, Kayson looked at his watch and mumbled, "I should be able to make it in time"

He know what kind of poison Hendery was suffering from, so he knew how long he could hold **on**

In the best case, he could hold on for another five hours, and in the *worst* case, four hours.

It had been two hours, and the tonic needed another three hours.

When a gush of steam burst out from the whistling pot, Kayson's eyes glowed.

'It's done!

He hurriedly put everything into his bag and rushed back to the hospital.

When Rowena saw him, her eyes glowed up with hope as if she had seen the savior of her life.

Campian walked forward and said, "You're back, Mr. Yarde! The doctor said Hendery can't make it for another four hours, and it has already been three hours!" Kayson smiled. "Don't worry, Captain Wolke. What I'm holding is the antidote."

Chapter 293 Not wanting to waste a single second, Kayson told Campian, who was apparently dumbfounded, to get him into the emergency room.

Hendery's organs and limbs were seriously injured. Even if he could make it through this, he wouldn't be a fighter anymore.

Kayson poured the tonic down his throat and popped the pill into his mouth. The indicators on the devices stopped fluctuating violently, and the condition began to improve

At the same time, black-colored sweat was oozing out of Hendery's pores all over his body, and blood filled with poison was seeping out of some wounds.

Kayson heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Hendery was improving. The doctor was stunned when he saw everything happening before him. The pill and tonic Kayson had fed Hendery had pulled him back from death! The doctor couldn't help but ask, "Sir, this medicine of yours..." Kayson knew what he wanted to say. He said, "It's just an antidote. Once the poison has been expelled, his body will start to heal itself. It isn't a medicine of miraculous effect or something."

The doctor felt embarrassed and did not press on.

Kayson emerged from the emergency room, and Rowena looked at him with hope in her eyes. Kayson offered her a smile and said, "Don't worry. Your brother will be fine. He just needs to wait for his wounds to heal."

"Really?" asked Campian, his voice filled with delight. The doctor then came out of the emergency room with a mixed expression. He looked at Kayson in admiration as he replied to Campian, "Yes, it's true. The patient's condition is improving, and the poison has been expelled from his body." Letting out a sigh of relief, the doctor continued. "His antidote came right on time, and the effect is instantaneous. Had he been slower for a bit, the patient would be dead." Campian sighed in relief as he said gratefully, "Thank you so much, Mr. Yarde! You too, Dr. Shawn!"

Dr. Shawn waved his hand and said, "Don't thank me. The one who saved the patient's life is Mr. Yarde." After Dr. Shawn left, Hendery was pushed into the ward. Rowena threw herself into Kayson's arms and sobbed. "I... I nearly lost my brother."

Kayson did not know where to put his hands, so he just patted her head slightly. "I'm here and won't let that happen."

Rowena sobbed and nodded.

They then went to Hendery's ward. Hendery had saved Campian's life, so the latter stayed in the ward to take care of him. Three or four hours later, the sky had turned dark. Campian received a call, and very soon, Naomi and her assistants came to the ward.

Naomi said, "Cap, I've finished the antidote."

Campian nodded and said, "Thank you very much, Ms. Lynn, but we don't need it anymore." Naomi was stunned. When she saw Kayson, her eyes suddenly turned red around the rims, and her voice was shaking.

"H-He made the antidote first?"

Campian was aware that Naomi took a lot of pride in her medical skills. However, there was nothing he could say right now. The fact was that Kayson was better than her, and he did not know how to comfort her.

Her assistants were filled with disbelief as well. This was the first time they had seen someone better than Naomi.

Naomi gnashed her teeth. Her pride did not allow the tears to fall from her eyes, but she knew well inside her that she had lost.

It was not a stroke of luck. Kayson really knew which kind of poison it was.

She had to admit that tomorrow morning was the earliest time she could finish the analysis and then make the antidote.

Kayson was indeed better than her.

Naomi walked toward Kayson and gave him a bow. "I'm sorry. I lost!" Kayson said flatly, "It was never a match, so there isn't winning or losing. Honestly, it's considered very impressive you could formulate an antidote even though you were pressed for time."

Chapter 294 If they were in the past, Naomi would definitely lash out at Kayson, telling him that he was not qualified to judge her if she heard what he said.

However, she did not feel any resentment toward him right now. Since she refused to straighten her body, Kayson said helplessly, "Alright, you can straighten your body now." Naomi straightened her body, and her face was filled with disappointment. She bit her lips softly and asked, "Mr. Yarde, can... Can you tell me how you knew that's the poison?"

She was convinced that Kayson was better than her, so she took the initiative to ask for advice. "Because of two aspects," Kayson said with a smile. Naomi's eyes glowed, and she continued excitedly. "Please tell me about it!" "First, you need to be very familiar and be able to tell each of the poisonous herbs in the poison."

Naomi asked in confusion, "But I know every composition that I analyzed..." Kayson continued. "Here comes the second point."

Naomi looked at him intently as if she was a student waiting for the teacher to give her the answer.

Kayson paused for a moment before saying, "That's experience. "Some of the nature of the poison will change after entering a human's body, and the smell will become different. Since their nature has changed, you can't rely on your nose to determine which kind of poison it is."

Naomi couldn't help but ask, "You don't look much older than me. So how can you have so much experience?"

Did he start learning all this when he was in his mother's womb?

Kayson smiled but did not give her any answer. At that moment, Hendery woke up and coughed. Kayson turned to look at Hendery, ignoring Naomi's question. "How do you feel, Hendery?" asked Kayson. Hendery forced a smile on his face and said, "I feel a bit tired and sore. Other than that, I'm fine..."

Rowena's eyes were red as she said, "Brother, you're poisoned. If Kayson hadn't gotten the antidote, I would never have seen you again!" Hendery rubbed her head and sighed. "Knowing you is the greatest luck in my life, Kayson."

“Don’t say that, Hendery. This is all because of fate.”

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Hendery looked toward Campian. “Cap? What are you doing here?” Campian said sternly, “Of course, I need to stay here and take care of you. If you hadn’t taken the blow for me, I’d be the one lying in bed right now.” “How about the criminal...”

“Don’t worry. He’s already dead! It’s all thanks to you. If not, a lot of our comrades might have lost their lives once I lost the fight.”

Hendery still needed to recuperate. Kayson asked Rowena to stay back to take care of him while the rest of them came out of the ward.

Meanwhile, a member came toward them and handed a file to Campian before standing at the side.

“Are you sure these fires are the doing of a pre-celestial fighter?” Campian looked toward the field investigator next to him.

The investigator replied, “Sir, we’ve detected a massive amount of fire energy on the scene!”

Campian flipped through the file and deeply frowned. “This is weird. If this person is a pre celestial fighter, then why did he set fire to the mountain? Does he not have anything better to do?”

The investigator said, “We have no idea either. But these burned mountains and forests are contracted by the same individual. We suspect that this is a deliberate retaliation against the boss.”

Campian closed the file and asked, “Who is the contractor for these mountains and forest?” “It’s Mr. Cash, an owner of a building materials company,” replied the investigator. Kayson was stunned and asked, “Is he Shaun Cash? The building materials mogul of Skyriv?”

**Chapter 295** Since Hendery had Rowena to take care of him, and his condition had improved a lot, Kayson just told them what to watch out for before leaving the hospital with Campian. The victim of the mountain fire that the investigator had talked about was indeed Shaun, the building materials mogul in Skyriv.

Perhaps it was because Kayson had saved Hendery’s life that Campian was very grateful to him. He shared all of the information the investigator told him with Kayson.

After reading through the investigation report, Kayson had a rough idea of what was going on

Shaun worked in the building materials industry, so woods were very important to him. Besides, he had contracted a large amount of forest land some years earlier.

One of the reasons his business had flourished was that Northspring was a city surrounded by mountains and forests, so he could reduce the costs.

Other cities in Skyriv did not have as many mountains and forests as Northspring. Not only that, but logging was not allowed in most of the forests, and this put Shaun in an even more advantageous position.

He had all the resources he needed, so of course, he would become a building materials mogul. He had a huge advantage over other people working in the same industry. Because he could satisfy his own needs, he had formed a nearly closed-loop supply of building materials. Thus, he had very little dependence on outsiders.

This was also the reason he could ignore Sir Osborn from Skyspring.

However, if a large number of his mountains and forests were burned down, it would be devastating for him.

If he went to other provinces to look for wood supply, the cost would go up, and profit would go down. Although he would still be able to reign supreme in the industry, he would have to give up a lot of profit in return. After all, he not only supplied building materials to all parts of the provinces but also to other provinces where mountains and forests were scarce.

The losses could be astronomical.

The mountain fires that happened everywhere in the past two days stressed Shaun.

Fortunately, the fighter he had hired was meticulous. He discovered the energy mark left behind by someone, so he told him that someone must be setting the mountains on fire to take revenge against him.

Shaun knew what was going on after what the fighter told him. However, he did not have any evidence, so he couldn't do anything at all.

Ultimately, he had no choice but to ask for help from the Admiralporium.

The *Admiralporium* was efficient. They immediately sent someone to look into the matter and compiled a *comprehensive* analysis report. When they reported to Campian, that was when Kayson learned that Shaun was in trouble.

**At the** company...

Shaun was pacing back and forth nervously. A middle-aged man in his 40s sighed and said, " Mr. Cash, no matter how anxious you are, you have to wait for the Admiralporium."

Shaun forced a smile and said, "Of course, I understand that, Mr. Shorrock. But I'm **pressed for time.**"

Mr. Shorrock was the master-level fighter that Shaun had hired to be his bodyguard. His name was Ren Shorrock.

As they were talking, a series of footsteps rang out outside the door, and a group of six people walked in.

"Have you come up with a solution yet, Shaun?" The man standing in the front was a middle aged man who was about the same age as Shaun. His eyes were cold, but there was a hint of mockery and smugness in them.

Shaun's face sank. "Bryce, don't you think you're too anxious?"

Bryce was one of the shareholders of Shaun's company. The shares he was holding were only second to Shaun.

He was the second person in charge. However, not only did he not put more effort into putting out the fires and finding the cause of the fires, but he had also criticized Shaun openly in the board of directors meeting. He had accused Shaun of his negligence of duty and lack of prevention awareness. He had also said that he often neglected his work to find a doctor for his son.

In other words, he was saying that Shaun was no longer fit to lead the company.

Nobody was initially standing on Bryce's side, but as more and more forests got burned to the ground, some shareholders started to panic.

**Chapter 296** Another board meeting was held that afternoon, when Shaun was attacked even further. "Bullsh\*t! Do you know how much of the forest has been burned? Each tree burned is money lost for us!"

When Ren stood up, Bryce and the others quieted down. There was apparently still **respect for the master-level powerhouse.**

Ren then spoke up. "Mr. Jupp, the investigation shows that the culprit is an energy-enhanced expert who controls his energy as well as a highly-skilled fighter.

"Mr. Cash has already asked for Admiralporium's intervention. I would like to ask you to be patient."

An older man asked, "Arson by an energy practitioner? When did we offend such a person?"

The other board members looked astonished, and a ghost of a smirk flashed in Bryce's eyes. Ren's support had come at a perfect time!

Bryce said impassively, "As expected. I received credible news that Mr. Cash has offended Sir Osborn of Springside. "And I didn't believe it at first. I do now!" The old man was alarmed. "What? Shaun Cash, you offended Sir Osborn? Have you lost your mind?!"

The other board members looked just as terrified, horror filling their eyes. Ren furrowed his brows. Damn it! It seemed that he had said the wrong thing.

Bryce then asked out loud, "Mr. Cash, for the sake of the company and our mutual benefit, please resign from your position as chairman to prevent the rest of us from being implicated. "I believe that you wouldn't drag all of us down with you. Right?"

Shaun scowled. Bryce was there to force him to relinquish his position today! it seemed that the Osborns were really behind the forest fire and Bryce had managed to curry favor with them.

The old man had a stern expression as he ordered, "Shaun Cash, resign from your position as chairman right now and let Bryce take over. I don't want to die with you!"

"Mr. Searle, you're old friends with my father, so I trusted you the most," Shaun said.

Raven Searle's gaze was aloof. "Trust? How much is that worth?"

Another board member spoke up. "Shaun, quit playing the pity card. Resign! If you don't, we'll vote on the spot to remove you from your position!"

Unable to take it, Ren fought back. "Mr. Cash has never mistreated any of you!"

In spite of this, Raven and the other company veterans only kept quiet, their faces cold. Bryce had a victorious grin on his face as he looked at Shaun gloatingly.

Shaun shook his head with a bitter smile. The Osborns and Sir Osborn!

**Before** he could say more than that, a voice rang out from the door. "Uncle Shaun."

when Kayson entered, Shaun was taken aback before he asked in surprise, "Kayson? What brings you here?"

Kayson smiled. "I heard that you've run into some trouble recently, so I came to see if I could be of any help."

Warmth pushed in Shaun's heart. These men, whom he had worked with for years, could not even compare to a young man like Kayson, whom he had known for less than ten days.

"Hahaha. Well, who's this young man who's overflowing with confidence?" Bryce could not help cackling. What a brazen young man who had barely stopped breastfeeding!

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Kayson glanced at him and asked, "Uncle Shaun, who's this?"

"One of my company's board of directors, Bryce Jupp," Shaun answered.

Kayson let out an "oh" and nodded before he told Bryce, "Go to the hospital and get yourself checked. The woman you came in touch with last night has an STD."

Bryce panicked inwardly because he had slept with his mistress last night, yet the whole affair had been kept confidential. There was no way anyone would know! He defended himself frantically. "What is this nonsense you're talking about?! I was working in my study last night. I didn't go out at all!"

"Oh, it's fine if you deny it. I was just giving you a friendly reminder." Shaun confirmed it with a serious face. "Mr. Jupp, Kayson's a highly skilled practicing doctor. He wouldn't make anything up."

Bryce scowled. "No need to be cynical, Shaun. If you don't resign, we'll vote!"

Kayson reeled in his gaze and spoke up. "Uncle Shaun, I might be able to help if a master-level powerhouse set the fire."

"Ha! Very funny! Do you even know what a master is like?" Bryce mocked him aloud with a disdainful gaze.

Shaun smiled wryly as well. "Kayson, this isn't something typical that you can just deal with."

"Not necessarily," Kayson replied with a smile.

Bryce cackled. "Mr. Cash, why don't you give it one last try since he says that he can handle it? What if he's actually able to get you out of trouble?"

Raven and the others looked like they were ready to watch the farce, but Shaun was angry. Kayson was the savior of his son. He did not want anyone slighting him. Just as he was about to lash out, two people walked in. Shaun had no idea who they were, but Ren, who was a master-level powerhouse, was baffled. He went over in a hurry. "Captain Wolke! What brings you here?"

Campian smiled. "I'm here to investigate your company's forest fires." Ren was shocked. Why would a minor incident like this warrant a personal visit from a captain of Admiralporium?

He introduced the man hastily. "Mr. Cash, this is the eighth division captain of Admiralporium's Squad 13 in Northspring, Campian Wolke."

**Shaun, who was flabbergasted**, quickly greeted the man. "Nice to meet you, Captain Wolke!"

Campian greeted him back amiably. "Nice meeting you too, Mr. Cash. **No need to be so courteous.**"

"Nice to *meet* you, Captain Wolke. I'm Bryce Jupp." Bryce smiled politely, sounding incredibly *courteous*. He *could* not help it. Campian's position as a captain was no weaker than a city's **leader** simply in terms of his authority.

Admiralporium was under Northspring's name too. In addition to the department's uniqueness, any city or local bureaucracy department had to make things convenient for them **It was not** hard to imagine how influential and authoritative Admiralporium was.

Campian glanced at him but did not say anything. He was no regular person. He was a captain, after all.

Kayson was obviously on Shaun's side, while Bryce was apparently not on good terms with Shaun. Campian gave it some thought and told the men, "Admiralporium will take over the case of the master burning the forests. I shall supervise the investigation personally and catch the culprit. "Have patience, please. You may head back and wait for further news."

**Chapter 298** There was a subtle change in Bryce's expression as he asked awkwardly, "Captain Wolke, something as petty as this probably doesn't require your honorable attention, right?"

"This is no petty matter. Damaged forests don't only cause economical loss, but plenty of animals have lost their habitat too," Campian answered seriously. "It'll even affect the local ecology, environment, air quality, and various other aspects. It mustn't be taken lightly!"

Bryce called bullsh\*t in his mind but he dared not show it explicitly, so he could only lead Raven and others out of the office reluctantly. With Campian's support, there was no way they could continue picking on Shaun.

When all of them left, Campian looked at Kayson and told him warmly, "Mr. Yarde, leave Mr. Cash's matter to me. Don't worry about it."

"Hope that's not too much trouble for you, Captain Wolke," Kayson replied with a smile. "Not at all!" Campian answered seriously. He then looked at Shaun. "Mr. Cash, please send someone to guide my members to the location so they can collect samples of the energy there."

Shaun recovered by then and promptly agreed. "Right away!"

He sent someone speedily, and Campian contacted a neighboring member to take care of the job in the forests.

Shaun glanced at Kayson repeatedly, feeling astonished. How did Kayson know someone like Campian? Even the leader of Northspring would have to treat Campian politely if they met, yet Campian was very polite to Kayson.

Campian stayed for a while before he left Shaun's company. Since he was going to supervise the fire investigation personally, he could not give everyone instructions remotely. Shaun sighed. "Kayson, you've really opened my eyes. Someone like Captain Wolke is so polite to you!"

"I just managed to save one of his subordinates by coincidence," Kayson answered humbly.

"That's still impressive. It's said that these Admiralporium captains are all arrogant. They barely pay the head of Northspring any mind. "It's completely impossible for a regular person to be treated that courteously." Kayson recalled the people from Admiralporium who had intruded on the Hamiltons and, true, they had seemed to be quite full of themselves.

"Uncle Shaun, in your opinion, are the Osborns behind the arson?"

**Shaun looked solemn.** "It could be them... but we have no evidence."

Ren spoke up from the side. "Young man, you can't make things up just like that. The Osborns are influential and have established themselves in Springside for years. "They're more resourceful and capable than one can imagine!"

**Kayson** had kept his energy and prowess in check, so Ren had not been able to see his full **potential.**

Shaun sighed. "Master Shorrock is right... I underestimated their boldness.

"It never crossed my mind that they'd dare ask someone to set fire to **the forests. I wonder if** they know how much it's going to affect them if this is proven to be related to them."

"They must know, certainly, so they must have made sure to clean up the **mess and stay out of it,**" said Kayson.

Ren informed him grimly, "I've heard about the Osborns' tactics. It's said that **those who** offend them either die or end up meeting a horrible end. "But even though everyone knows that this is related to him, no one is able to dig into it and tie it back to him."

Shaun scoffed. "What are we scared of? We'll go head to head with him if **worse comes to worst.** Admiralporium is still around. Could the Osborns really flip the world around?"

Kayson had not expected such determination and boldness from Shaun.

Two hours later, Campian called back to inform that the result of the sample collected had **come in.**

Chapter 299 Campian told them on the phone, "According to the report, we were able to pinpoint that the culprit is 'Flamethrower' Jesse Lynch, who's spent years in exile.

"Jesse is a highly wanted criminal in Admiralporium. He's at the peak of the master level and could throw flames from his hands astonishingly well.

"He's on our current wanted list, but it's not my team's job. I didn't expect him to be the one who set the fire."

Kayson perked up and asked, "There's another team in Northspring other than yours?"

Campian answered, "Yeah. The leader is Shien Cooke, the captain of the Fifth Division. He's better than me, so Jesse Lynch was assigned to him."

Kayson thought about it. That seemed to be the name of the man who had intruded on the Hamiltons back then... Kayson had chatted with Delmont while he practiced and had heard the latter mention the guy before. He asked with a smile, "Have you tracked him down, Captain Wolke?" Campian sighed. "You're overestimating me. I'm okay at fighting, but tracking isn't my strength." There was a pause before Kayson offered, "I might be able to find Jesse for you, Captain Wolke."

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"Mr. Yarde, are you serious?" Campian gasped. Kayson elaborated. "But I need a sufficient sample of his energy."

"That's easy. I'll go collect more!" Campian replied, sounding thrilled. "I'll wait for you here at Uncle Shaun's then." Kayson smiled.

"Sure!"

Campian eagerly asked his squad members to collect more of Jesse's lingering traces of energy after hanging up. Meanwhile, Kayson called Delmont.

"Mr. Hamilton Sr, those Admiralporium guys who came to the Hamiltons' place before... Was their leader Shien Cooke?"

Delmont did not seem to be on friendly terms with Admiralporium, as his tone did not sound too friendly. "Yes."

"Do you have a conflict with Admiralporium, Mr. Hamilton Sr?" Kayson asked.

Delmont was quiet for a bit before he explained briefly. Before he had become a master-level practitioner, his wife had been killed by a high-level skilled fighter. The latter had people backing him, and Admiralporium had glossed over the case, as it had qualms about it and had been unable to catch the murderer.

This has turned Delmont against Admiralporium. Because he resented the organization, he had set a new rule, forcing the Hamiltons to restrict themselves from getting too involved with Admiralporium in the future.

Kayson remembered that Hendery had mentioned Admiralporium being where all the fighters and practitioners were handled Hendery had been so proud of being part of the organization too.

I now seemed that Admiralporium was only a typical organization,

\*Shien Cooke probably had a favor to ask the Hamiltons at the time. Do you think you'd be able to guess their purpose, Mr. Hamilton Sr?"

Delmont answered, "No need to guess. I know what they wanted! I collected a compass during my travels in the past

"As long as traces of the target's energy are dropped on the compass, it'll point to where the Ow710 IS."

hayson was astonished. "You have a treasure like this?"

Delmont chuckled. "Not anymore. I don't know where it went, but it disappeared a long time ago Somebody probably lost it or stole it."

kayson thought that it was a pity. The item would have been useful otherwise. "Why? Are you looking for somebody?" Delmont asked, "Who are you looking for? I can send the whole Hamilton team to help. "The Hamiltons are deteriorating, but they're still the best in Northspring. As long as a Hamilton orders them, those nobodies will do their job properly."

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"Not exactly. I'm still occupied now, so I won't be able to head back for the time being. Please take good care of Shyla and Cecile for me, Mr. Hamilton Sr."

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<h2><em><strong>Chapter 300 </strong></em></h2>

<p>Delmont laughed. "Don't you worry. Even without you, I wouldn't dare slack off when it comes to the heiress of Skyspring's Tinsleys."</p>

<p>Kayson chortled before he ended the call.</p>

<p>Shaun could not help asking, "Kayson, who were you talking to on the phone just now? Northspring's most established family-the Hamiltons!"</p>

<p>The mention of their name was already shocking to Shaun.</p>

<p>Kayson answered, "Mr. Delmont Hamilton."</p>

<p>"Heavenly Sword Delmont Hamilton? Isn't he dead?" Ren gasped.</p>

<p>"He faked his death," Kayson replied.</p>

<p>Shaun was thoroughly flabbergasted. He was not scared of the Hamiltons. After all, he was already not intimidated by the Osborns. But as a local, he was well aware of how powerful the Hamiltons were locally!</p>

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Kayson could do whatever he wanted in Northspring just because of the Hamiltons. Faked his death, huh? What a grand escape for Delmont Hamilton!" Ren seemed to figure it out in an instant. "But isn't he afraid of practitioners going to him and asking about the Heavenly Swordsmanship when he reappears?" Kayson smiled cryptically. "Mr. Hamilton Sr. must have his own plan. Let's just wait." By 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon, Campian arrived at the company with sufficient energy traces and asked, "Mr. Yarde, will these be enough?" Kayson took a glance and estimated. "Should be okay if he's still in Northspring. There was also a young, petite girl with Campian. She had big eyes and a doll-like face, and she commented in shock, "Captain, you must've been lied to. What could this do? I think it'd be better to just go to the Hamiltons and ask to borrow their compass. Kayson looked at her and smiled. "They lost that compass. You wouldn't be able to borrow it even if you went to see them." The girl scoffed. "How would you know? You're not a Hamilton!" "I know Mr. Hamilton Sr.;"

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The girl widened her eyes. “You can really bluff, huh! Mr. Hamilton Sr. has been dead for

years!”

Campian looked confused as well while Kayson asked with a smile, “Captain Wolke, have you heard of Trektus?”

“Mr. Yarde, do you know the art?” Campian was both shocked and immensely delighted. The girl’s face was filled with disbelief as well. “Do you practice philosophy?”

“I come from a nondescript background.” Kayson shook his head,

He then pulled out a blank piece of paper and scribbled on it before lighting it up using Jesse’s traces of energy. The paper burned slowly, the smoke only as thin as a strand of hair while it drifted and floated in a particular direction,

Campian was thrilled. “It’s really Trektus!”

The girl who had come with him was amazed as well, as she had not expected to witness a technique of the philosophical branch of practice.

Kayson got up and said, “Uncle Shaun, I’ll leave with Captain Wolke.”

“I won’t hold you guys back then. Mr. Shorrock is a master-level fighter, so let him go with you!” Shaun suggested quickly.

Ayson and Campian did not say no, so the group departed, following the wisp of smoke as Kayson held the burning paper and led the way.

Campian’s gaze was a little thoughtful. It would be a huge feat if he caught Jesse, but he was not as good as the criminal. He had to inform Shien in order to capture the man.