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In the afternoon, several black SUVs abruptly screeched to a halt right in front of the entrance to Park Place.

The doors opened, and the first to get out was a young man dressed in bright-colored clothes. With his handsome features and lofty demeanor, he carried an imposing presence. Following behind him were a group

of martial artists clad

Watching their departing figures, Stephan shouted out. 'Inform Mrs. Harmon immediately!'

in eccentric uniforms, each of them emanating an intimidating air with their controlled breaths. It was evident

that they were far from ordinary.

"This is the Harmon family's territory. All of you, leave immediately!" the two bodyguards by the entrance warned them.

"Too loud." With a wave of his hand, the two bodyguards flew away as blood spurted from their mouths. It was as if they were hit by a speeding car.

The group of people then strutted into Park Place.

In the hall, Natasha was enjoying tea, and a copy of a financial report was in her hands. These past few days, because of the invention of Immortinol, business was going very well for the Harmon family, and the company stock prices were skyrocketing.

If this continued, Natasha would be able to replace Edwin's status within a year and a half, becoming the first

woman to be the wealthiest person in Swinton.

“Ms. Harmon, enjoying your day. I see.” She suddenly heard someone by the entrance and looked up, finding

the group of eccentrically–
dressed men. Leading them was a young man standing right at the center.

“Who are you?” She raised her eyebrows.

“Hummer. Joshua Hummer,” he smiled faintly.

“So it’s you..

Natasha narrowed her eyes. “Mr. Hummer, don’t you think it’s too much for you to barge into

my residence like this?”

“Is it? I don’t think so.” With an ambiguous smile, he continued, “Ms. Harmon, I’ll go straight to the point. I’m here for three things. First, Immortunol has caused considerable loss to the Hummers. Hence, you are to hand over the formulation. Second, my sister was humiliated some time back, which brought shame to the

Hummers. All thanks to a bastard named Dustin. Get your men to bring his head to the Hummer’s residence

as an apology, and for the third. It’s simple. All you need to do is be a guest at Hummer’s residence tonight.”

Joshua spoke lightly like a master giving orders to his servant.

Even the usually composed Natasha lost her cool when she heard him. “Joshua Hummer, did you hit your

head somewhere? You want my man’s head? Who gave you the courage to speak that way?”

To spout unreasonable demands as soon as he walked through the door, this guy was too much!

“Natasha Harmon, I’m not negotiating. I’m giving you a chance. Know your place.”

“Hmph! Do you think you are in Hummer territory?” she slammed the table with force. Instantly, a huge number

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of bodyguards came out from different directions and surrounded the Hummer entourage.

“Ms. Harmon, what happened?” Stephan asked as the leader.

“Mr. Chapman, we have a few uninvited guests at home. Kindly show them the way out,” Natasha ordered

coldly.

“Yes, ma’am.” Then, he glared directly at Joshua. “Dear guests, you are not welcome here. Please leave.”

“Hmph! A pity.” Joshua smirked. He suddenly disappeared like a ghost and appeared in front of Stephan.

“You Stephan’s pupils dilated. He was about to make a move when he realized he was already held in a chokehold. The next thing he knew, it became hard to breathe, and his limbs turned limp. He wasn’t able to

muster an ounce of energy.

“The audacity of a low-level martial artist like you. Kneel!” Joshua lifted him single-handedly and slammed him to the ground,

An explosion-like sound echoed through the room, and the floor cracked open, leaving a crater in its wake while Stephan’s incapacitated legs sprayed out blood.

“Scram!” Joshua delivered a kick, aiming straight at his core.

With a grunt, Stephan was thrown a few meters away. He violently crashed into the wall, and blood spurted out of his mouth. That kick had dissipated Stephan’s internal energy.

“How insolent! Get them!” Natasha was furious. Under her orders, the bodyguards took out their batons and

charged.

“Ants,” Joshua muttered in disdain.

With a wave of his hand, a surge of energy that could move mountains and seas burst forward and rippled toward them. Before the bodyguards could reach him, they were sent flying by the impact and fell to the ground. During that moment, groans could be heard all around.

“An external manifestation of energy? Have you achieved divinity?” A seriously injured Stephan locked on in

horror.

Countless martial artists dreamed of achieving divinity. Skilled low-level martial artists could split open rocks and lift thousands of pounds of weight. However, compared to divine-level martial artists, their differences were like the sky and earth.

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Low-level martial artists were restricted to only channeling their energy through physical attacks, while divine-level martial artists surpassed human capabilities. With the ability to manifest energy externally, they were

able to strike across space itself!

In the face of a divine-level martial artist, even the best low-level martial artists paled in significance. They

existed on different planes of status and prowess.

The strange thing was that Joshua was only in his twenties. His talent in martial arts was terrifying for him to

be able to achieve divinity at his age.

“Ha You’re quite perceptive.” Joshua smiled proudly, “Since you’ve realized I’m a highly–skilled, divine–level martial artist, you should understand my words carry weight.”

Natasha’s brow furrowed. So they’d come prepared, laying low all for this day.

“After you, Ms. Harmon. Don’t make me go on a massacre,” he smiled teasingly. A wealthy princess was

nothing in his eyes.

“I hope you won’t regret it.” Natasha walked out with a sneer. She knew if she didn’t obey, everyone here today

would die.

“Tell the Harmons to fulfill my demands, and Natasha will be safe. Otherwise, there’s no telling what I’d do to

her.”

He took out an envelope. With a swipe of his hand, it shot out like a dagger and stabbed right into the door

frame.

Watching their departing figures, Stephan shouted out, “Inform Mrs. Harmon immediately!”

“What? Natasha has been kidnapped?”

After the news arrived and Jessica was briefed about the situation, her expression hardened, along with the

rest of the people present.

“How could that happen? We have dozens of bodyguards. How could Natasha be taken away?” Ruth was in

disbelief.

“They were too strong. We were no match for them.” Stephan mourned. His legs were crippled, and his core was destroyed. He was as good as useless.

“Who was it? The audacity to kidnap my daughter!” Jennifer was furious.

“We’re not sure of their true identity, but they left a letter.” Stephan signaled his men to give the letter to Jennifer. She opened up the letter, and her expression grew dark as she read it.

“Mom, what does it say?” Ruth asked impatiently.

“It says, before the sun rises, bring the formulation of Immortunol and Dustin to Hummer Villa as ransom.” Her tone was almost a growl.

“Hummer Villa? Isn’t that Edwin’s territory?” Ruth frowned. Did this have to do with the Hummer family again?

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“Inform headquarters immediately. Get them to deploy the shadow guards for support!” Jennifer was solemn, “Make a call to Dustin as well. Ask him to come here immediately!”

“Mom, you can’t be thinking of surrendering him to them, are you?” Ruth implored.

“This happened because of him. Why should he be free?”

“But

“No buts. Natasha’s safety comes first. Go now!”

“Okay.” She pursed her lips as she made the call, not daring to go against her mom.

Meanwhile, at Peaceful Medical Center, Dustin’s expression turned solemn as he listened through his phone. He felt a surge of anger rising within him.

“I’ll be there right away.” He spared the nonsense and hung up, leaving the house in a fury immediately after.

He stepped on the gas pedal for the entire journey. Within 20 minutes, he arrived at Park Place. As soon as he walked in, the first thing he saw was the casualties lying on the floor. Stephan’s

injuries were the worst. His face was pale as he constantly coughed up blood, and his core energy had been completely destroyed.

“Dustin, you’re finally here!” Ruth found solace in his appearance.

“Who did this?” Dustin’s piercing gaze could kill

“See for yourself!” Jennifer threw him the letter.

Dustin read it, and his temper flared. “The Hummer family are all pigheaded! It seems like they will never learn

their lesson!”

“My daughter has been pulled into your mess. What do you plan on doing?” Jennifer questioned.

“I will definitely rescue Ms. Harmon,” he assured her.

“And if you fail?” she retorted.

“Then I’ll pay with my life!” Dustin’s expression grew solemn.

“Hmph! At least you’re able to man up. My daughter’s affection has not gone in vain.”

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Suddenly, she clapped. Right on **cue**, a group of domineering martial artists clad in all-black gear strode in proudly.

Taking the lead was a woman with short hair. She had striking features that gave her a cool look. Because of her tight-fitting outfit, her figure appeared exceptionally curvaceous and left an impact.

Jennifer said impassively. “This is Isfrid. She leads team five of the Harmon family’s shadow guards and is highly skilled, Bring her team with you so you have each other’s backs.”

“Mrs. Harmon, forgive me for my bluntness, but our team is enough to ensure Ms. Harmon’s safety. Why do we need to involve outsiders?” Istrid gave Dustin a contemptuous once over. “Team five is well trained, and our teamwork is unparalleled. Having our members are more than enough to save Ms. Harmon. We can’t afford to bring along baggage since it will make the operation riskier. I hope you will reconsider, Mrs. Harmon.”

“Dustin is a good fighter, and the Hummer family asked for him personally. He has to be there,” she replied frankly.

“If that is the case, please have him listen to our orders and not get in our way, lest it affects our operation,” Istrid said unfeelingly.

An exceptional fighter, she was extremely confident in her abilities. Her team always worked in the shadows. but her skills were comparable to the highly skilled martial artists of The Hundred Immortals.

“Suit yourselves. I only have one demand—bring my daughter back to **me** alive,” she ordered solemnly.

“Yes, Mrs. Harmon.” Isfrid bowed before leaving arrogantly with her team behind her.

“Mr. Rhys, be careful. The Hummers have a highly skilled martial artist among them. He’s possibly achieved divinity,” Stephan warned Dustin.

“Achieved divinity? They’re mere ants to me.” With that, he left.

Night gradually fell.

Meanwhile, in the square outside Hummer Villa, a group of armored fighters sat around a bonfire, roasting a

whole lamb. Beside them was a dog cage, and inside the cage was a ragged woman. Her hair was disheveled, and her body **was** covered in injuries. It **was** clear that she had been tortured.

There was even a collar around **her** neck, which was attached to a dog leash held by an elderly man. That man

was Fletcher Lawson.

“Mr. Lawson, it’s about time. It seems like he’s too scared to come since he hasn’t shown up till **now**.” A bald man smirked.

“Of course! With so **many** of **us** keeping guard here, who would send themselves to death? That punk has long fled!” Everyone chimed in, laughing heartily. Who would barge in foolishly when they knew it was a trap?

“Mr. **Lawson**, the **woman** in the cage is exceptional. Why don’t you allow us to enjoy her first?” the bald man

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said with an evil grin.

“That’s right. Mr. Lawwon. We’ve been deprived for too long. How can we give up the chance when a beautiful woman is present?” the rest jeered.

It wasn’t the first time they’d engaged in acts of arson, murder, **and** looting.

“Play around if you must, but keep yourselves in check,” Fletcher said calmly.

“No problem.” The bald man chuckled, then approached the cage eagerly. He ripped the woman’s skirt apart, exposing her white thighs.

“What a beauty! Just as we thought!”

He licked his lips and pounced with a devilish smile. Just as he was about to carry out his intentions, a fleeting flicker of light sliced through the air with a faint whistle. Emerging from the darkness and piercing through the bonfire’s glow, a golden needle found its mark between the man’s eyebrows.

With a groan, his eyes widened as he convulsed. Soon, he turned stiff. He was rooted in place with no signs of

breath.

“Hey! What are you dawdling for? If you can’t do it, we’ll go instead. Don’t make us wait longer!”

“That’s right! There are so many of us waiting for our turn. Can **you** be faster?”

Nobody noticed anything strange. They were rushing him instead.

“Hey! We’re talking to you. Are you deaf?”

A muscular man walked up and nudged his shoulder. Immediately, like a statue that had lost its balance, the bald man toppled to the ground.

The muscular man was shocked and extended out his hand. “What the f*ck? He’s not breathing!”

He’d just finished his sentence when another faint whistle was heard. A second gold needle sliced through the air and embedded straight between his brows. Falling to the ground with his head up, he died instantly.

“What’s happening?” Everyone looked at each other in dismay. They only reacted when they saw blood

between the victims’ **eyebrows**.

“We’re **being** ambushed! Stay alert!” Following the shouts, the fighters took out their swords, looking around in

all directions.

“Who the f*ck is it?”

“**Step** out if **you** dare! You’re a pussy for hiding!”

The crowd **roared** incessantly.

Right then, a sudden, powerful gust of wind whipped through the surroundings. Illuminated by the street lights,

a tall, slender figure **walked** into the villa with deliberate steps.

Fletcher took a closer look and suddenly let out a laugh. “How brave. He really walked into the lion’s den.”

“Release her immediately!” **Dustin** ordered coldly. His voice **wasn’t** too **loud**, but it reverberated across the

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whole villa. His expression was impassive, but his gaze was as cold **as** ice.

“Know your place! There’s no need to think about being a hero when you’re dying soon.”

Fletcher **waved**, “Get him! Whoever brings me his head first will be rewarded 100 million!”

100 million?” The crowd of fighters was excited.

There was nothing money couldn’t solve, and a lavish reward would certainly give birth to brave warriors.

People would kill friends and relatives for 100 million, not to mention a stranger.

Get him!”

The crowd roared and rushed forward without delay.

“Attack!” Suddenly, a group of all-black, masked assassins emerged from the darkness. They had a knife in

one hand and a crossbow in the other. Although they were few in numbers, all of them **were** well-trained.

Pushing forward, they surrounded the Hummer family’s fighters. It **was** like nothing could stand in their way. They were the shadow guards led by Istrid.

Although the Harmon family’s shadow guards were not well-known, they were all handpicked talents among hundreds of candidates. They were specifically tasked with removing obstacles and eliminating dissidents for

the Harmon family.

“See that? This is the true power of the Harmon family’s shadow guards!” Istrid emerged from the darkness

and stood beside Dustin.

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Coldly, she said, “Wait here, and don’t run off. I don’t want you to cause us any trouble. Understand?”

“They have highly skilled fighters among them. Your men won’t be able to handle them.” Dustin responded. flatly.

“Ha! What a joke! I’ve fought in countless battles, and I’ve seen it all. A burn like you will never understand how strong we are.” Her expression grew colder.

“Having confidence is commendable, but don’t be too blind. You should always believe there is someone better out there,” he reminded.

“Shut your nonsense. Just stay here as I told you to. I won’t forgive you if you ruin our operation!” she shouted coldly before joining the fray.

Dustin didn’t say anything more and narrowed his eyes, staring silently at Fletcher. Seated behind him were a few martial artists clad in eccentric clothing. From their breathing patterns, Dustin could tell that **they** were all the best low-level martial artists, with two of them already considered a high-level martial artist.

“So he has backup. No wonder he **dared** be so wild.” Even though his men were going down, Fletcher wasn’t anxious. In fact, his expression showed one of amusement.

It didn’t matter if they died since they were just cannon fodder. The real fighters were seated right behind him. There weren’t many of them, but they were all ranked on The Hundred Immortals.

Especially the twin brothers with the code name Darkwrath and Lightwrath. They were the **seventh** and eighth on The Hundred Immortals, respectively. They practiced the dark arts, and their moves were terrifyingly lethal. When they f

ought

separately, they were comfortably ranked in the top ten. When they joined forces, their power

doubled.

Of course, besides the twins, another highly skilled martial artist was hidden within the villa. That person was ranked third on the Hundred Immortals—Judge. Whenever Judge appeared, only a trail of death would follow.

Regardless of how many fighters the Harmon family sent, they were all going to meet their demise.

After a brutal fight, hundreds of the Hummer family's fighters were left lying on the ground. The shadow guards of the Harmon family, on the other hand, had suffered only a single casualty and five injuries. Their losses were relatively minimal in comparison.

"Hmph! You dare kidnap Ms. Harmon with these pitiful weaklings? You should have known better!" Istrid stood with a sense of pride. With a swift downward flick, droplets of blood glistened as they splattered off her sword. She looked gallant **and** imposing.

"**Impressive!** The Harmon family's shadow guards **are** indeed impressive! Fletcher applauded with a smile.

"Since you're aware of our skills, why aren't **you releasing** the hostage yet?" Istrid pointed her sword forward.

commanding attention,

"The **person** you're looking for is right here in this cage. Come save her yourself if you have the guts."

Fletcher overturned the **dog** cage with a kick, **and** the woman inside trembled in fear. However, her disheveled

appearance made it difficult to discern her **features**.

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“Ms. Harmon?” Istrid’s expression hardened, and she rushed forward with her men. As they neared the cage. Istrid drew her sword and severed the chains with a resounding clang.

“Ms. Harmon! Are you okay?”

Istrid opened up the metal door and was about to save the woman **inside** when the woman suddenly flashed an evil grin, With a sudden wave of her hand, she threw out a barrage of yellow powder that was highly toxic. Any ordinary person who came into contact with it would surely meet their demise.

Istrid’s pupils constricted, and she immediately stepped back, covering her mouth and nose to avoid inhaling the dust.

“Hah... You reacted quickly. You almost fell into my trap,” the woman chuckled lightly, pushing her hair aside to reveal a pale and unfamiliar face.

“Who are you?” Istrid’s brow furrowed. It was fortunate that she dodged in time, or she would have been in trouble.

“That’s not important. What’s important is how much your head is worth.” the woman replied and launched another attack, thrusting her knife forward.

“Hmph!” Istrid’s longsword quivered as it severed the woman’s arm and, at the same time, pierced through her chest with lightning speed.

“So fast. The woman’s eyes widened **as** she toppled backward.

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“How weak.” Istrid wore a disdainful expression as she scanned her surroundings.

“Anyone else?”

“Interesting”

Leering at her curvaceous figure, Darkwrath licked his lips in excitement. "Hey, pretty lady, let me have a taste of you!" As he spoke, his toes tapped the ground, propelling him forward like a ghostly shadow. His body flickered in and out of existence, making it hard to figure out his movements,

Istrid bellowed, "Die!"

With a flick of her sword, two blades that were both swift and deadly danced forward. Just as her attack was about to hit their target, Darkwrath suddenly vanished from thin air.

"Hey, pretty lady, where are you looking?"

She heard a sinister voice behind her, and her expression changed slightly. Without looking back, she thrust her sword backward. She was fast, but Darkwrath was faster, and her sword sliced through the empty air.

Taking advantage of her distraction, Darkwrath grabbed her butt forcefully. Chuckling obscenely, he remarked, "Soft and supple. What a treasure." He didn't harm her, clearly reveling in playing with his prey like a game of cat and mouse.

Fueled by the humiliation, Istrid erupted in fury. "You will pay with your life!"

Her sword danced with rapid speed. In an instant, she was enveloped in a whirlwind of swirling blades that radiated with shimmering brilliance.

Yet, Darkwrath continued to flicker in and out of existence, appearing to be at ease and in control.

Istrid was out of breath when Darkwrath suddenly wrapped her in an embrace from behind. His tongue slithered out on her face, and he licked her slowly and forcefully.

"Beauty, you're delicious! I'm going to eat you tonight!" He chuckled devilishly, his face full of lust.

"You're seeking death!" Her eyes were red from a mix of anger and embarrassment. She redirected her sword toward her own abdomen, intending to deal a severe blow to Darkwrath through herself.

However, Darkwrath **was** obviously prepared as he **pressed** a finger onto a **pressure** point on her body. She let out a muffled groan and collapsed to the ground, her arm feeling so numb that she was unable to hold up her sword.

“Who... who are **you**?” she asked in shock and anger. She didn’t expect her opponent to be that strong.

“I am Darkwrath, ranked eighth on The Hundred Immortals.”

Realization

struck Istrid, and her **expression** changed. It was no wonder he **was** so formidable—

he was among the top ten highly skilled martial artists on The Hundred Immortals.

“Pretty lady, what’s the point of serving the Harmon family? **You’d** be better off with me. I’ll make sure you live

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luxuriously, and every night will be like our honeymoon!” Darkwrath licked his lips, smirking obscenely.

“How dare you!”

“You insolent bastard!”

Seeing their leader humiliated, the shadow guards behind Isfrid couldn’t hold back any longer and brandished their swords, charging toward him.

“Fools.” Darkwrath sneered and propelled out into their midst. With a swift motion, two steel claws extended out from his sleeves, piercing through the throats of two shadow guards. He then yanked back forcefully, painting the air with blood and flesh.

The two shadow guards let out an anguished shriek before dying an immediate death.

That wasn't the end, as his steel claws continued to strike fiercely and relentlessly. Like a violent storm, he was unstoppable. In the span of a few breaths, the entirety of the shadow guards were left lying on the ground. Half of them were dead, and the other half were seriously injured.