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Steve was a little perplexed by Charlie's words. He furrowed his brow and replied earnestly, "Sir, Helena is the Queen of Northern Europe. Her visit to Canada is a significant political event. Normally, all the arrangements for such occasions are made well in advance. Her scheduled visit to Canada was supposed to be next Friday, which is still nine days away. How is it possible for it to be moved forward?"

Charlie remained composed and replied calmly, "You don't need to worry about that. Just answer my question."

Steve pondered for a moment before responding, "My father wanted Royce to establish contact with Helena. It was an idea he had some time ago. He also expressed his desire a few days ago for Royce to go to Canada and meet Helena on behalf of the Rothschild family, to establish a connection and explore the possibility of a marriage. If everything went according to plan, Royce would have been sent when Helena arrived in Canada. However, given the current circumstances, I'm not sure if my father will change his mind."

Charlie replied, "I don't believe he will change his mind. In his eyes, Helena's visit to Canada is a separate event, unrelated to the Four Treasures of the Study. Furthermore, Helena's change in schedule is sudden, and his last-minute request for Royce to go to Canada is merely seen as a shortage of manpower in the search for the Four Treasures of the Study. It does not increase the risk of the artifact leaving the United States. Why wouldn't he seize this opportunity?"

He continued, "Moreover, your Rothschild family is currently facing public pressure and scandals from both within and outside. There is no chance to turn the tide at the moment. If we can divert public attention elsewhere, it would be a beneficial and harmless choice."

Steve sighed helplessly and said, "That may be true, but we don't have any current conversation with the Nordic royal family, and we can't control when Helena comes to Canada. If she comes as planned next week, then we will have to wait a few more days if you want to take the opportunity to go to Canada with Royce..."

For Steve, he didn't want Charlie and the Four Treasures of the Study to stay in the United States any longer.

The Four Treasures of the Study was a ticking time bomb. As long as it remained in the United States and not in his possession, he would be constantly at risk.

Furthermore, with Charlie holding him captive, his life was in constant danger. Although he was certain that Charlie knew the exact whereabouts of the Four Treasures of the Study, he didn't have the ability to take it from him.

So, no matter how he looked at it, he hoped that Charlie would leave the United States with the Four Treasures of the Study as soon as possible.

However, hope is hope, and reality is reality.

The reality was that he wanted Charlie to leave early, but he couldn't expedite Helena's arrival, and he also didn't want Charlie to stay and wait for her. Because during those nine days before Helena arrived in Canada, he and his son would be hostages in Charlie's hands, and there would always be some risk.

Reluctantly, he said to Charlie, "Sir, you don't understand. Even though the Nordic royal family's assets and power may not be as prominent, and their assets may not even surpass those of a medium-sized tech company in Silicon Valley, they have enough political clout. Despite Helena's youth, she is still a queen of a country. Even if she comes to the United States, the country with the highest GDP in the world, she would still be treated as a head of state. So, even our Rothschild family cannot simply summon the Queen of Northern Europe. And waiting for nine days is too risky. Maybe we should consider another solution!"

Charlie remained calm and assured him, "You don't need to worry about that. I will ensure that Helena arrives as soon as possible."

Steve asked in disbelief, "Are you joking, sir?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "Steve, since we are planning to cooperate, I won't keep anything from you. Do you know who I am?"

Steve shook his head and said, "I don't know... Who are you?"

"Charlie Wade."

Charlie calmly revealed his name and continued, "You may not have heard of me, but you surely know my father's name. He is Bruce Wade!"

"Wade... Bruce Wade?!" Steve exclaimed, "The Bruce who caused so much trouble for the Rothschild family twenty years ago?! And your mother is Lily from the Evans family?!"

Charlie nodded, "That's correct."

Steve took a deep breath and blurted out, "No wonder! No wonder the Wade family's TikTok refused to take down the scandalous videos about us. It turns out you are Bruce's son..."

He then asked without thinking, "So, was it also your doing when Bruce Weinstein exposed the videos of Brooklyn Prison, Peter Cole, and Matt and Weinstein's wife having an affair?"

Charlie calmly confirmed, "Yes, it was my doing."

Steve was shocked and said, "Mr. Wade, you are truly extraordinary. With just a few moves, you have thrown the Rothschild family into chaos, displaying the same audacity as your father did back then..."

Charlie responded nonchalantly, "We are all adults here. There's no need for flattery."

As he spoke, Charlie retrieved his mobile phone from his shirt pocket, casually tapped a few times on the screen, and said, "By the way, I forgot to mention, this phone has been recording our conversation since I arrived. Everything we have discussed has been recorded."

Steve's expression instantly turned to shock and fear. He anxiously pleaded, "Mr. Wade, why would you do this? Can't you trust me?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "I am aware that there are core members of the Rothschild family present. I thought it would be prudent to have a video recording of our conversation."

Steve felt a wave of dejection. He hadn't expected that the process of reaching a cooperation with Charlie would be captured on video. This meant that Charlie now had leverage over him.

Once Charlie took the Four Treasures of the Study out of the United States and resolved his own crisis, he would also have control over Steve. If he exposed the video and let his father know that Steve allowed the Four Treasures of the Study to leave, or even assisted Charlie in taking it out of the country, Steve's life would be ruined.

In that case, Steve would forever be at the mercy of Charlie.

Unbeknownst to Steve, Charlie had not actually recorded anything from the start.

He had simply fabricated a lie to intimidate Steve and only started recording when he took out his phone just now.

Thus, he deliberately assured Steve, "Don't worry. Since we have decided to cooperate, I won't betray you without reason. As long as you help me take the Four Treasures of the Study out of the United States, your position as the heir will not be threatened, and I will keep this secret for you."

"Although the Wade family had conflicts with yours in the past, our cooperation now presents an opportunity to mend fences. In the future, when your father is no longer with us and you successfully become the head of the Rothschild family, we can explore numerous possibilities for deep collaboration. As the saying goes, friends walk together for a lifetime. Despite the age difference, you

still have many years ahead of you. If we get along well, we can be friends for thirty to fifty years, don't you think?"

Unaware that Charlie was recording their conversation, Steve felt somewhat relieved by his words. He realized that Charlie held significant leverage over him, and his compliance would determine whether or not Charlie chose to expose him.

His life was in Charlie's hands now, and it seemed his future would be as well.

Steve saw no way out, but he was not naive.

He quickly assessed the situation.

Non-cooperation with Charlie could lead to Hank, now Charlie's unwilling pawn, endangering both him and his son. Hank's actions, under Charlie's control, wouldn't implicate Charlie, and their deeds might remain undiscovered.

In contrast, collaborating with Charlie seemed a safer bet.

At least it promised the preservation of his life.

Moreover, aiding Charlie in acquiring the Four Treasures of the Study could secure Steve's position as the heir. Eventually, surpassing the current patriarch could elevate him to the head of the Rothschild family.

The thought of having a degree of control in Charlie's hands was a small price to pay for such benefits.

Besides, this leverage wouldn't always be potent in Charlie's hands, especially once the current patriarch passed away.

As the presumptive heir, Steve had to be cautious. Any slip-up could cost him his position and favor. However, once he succeeded as the patriarch, the leverage would lose much of its power, reducing to a mere moral blemish.

Realizing all this, Steve shed his hesitations and pledged his loyalty to Charlie: "Mr. Wade, rest assured, I will spare no effort to help you bring the Four Treasures of the Study back to China!"

Charlie, curious, probed further: "Steve, what motivates you to make such a noble decision, even against your own kin?"

"It's justice!" Steve, driven by his strong survival instinct, declared confidently and righteously: "It's the justice in my heart, something money cannot buy! Mr. Wade, I am a man of conscience! The Four Treasures of the Study, being a Chinese national treasure, has been in the Rothschild family since it was taken from China nearly two centuries ago. As a Rothschild, I feel deep shame and unease about this. If I can contribute to returning the Four Treasures of the Study to China, it will be fulfilling my moral duty."

"Very good!" Charlie praised, impressed: "Steve, you truly are a breath of fresh air in the Rothschild family! If you become the patriarch in the future, the Wade family will be proud to call the Rothschild family a strategic partner."

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Steve harbored a secret, hidden deep within his heart.

If he were to inherit the position of family patriarch in the future, he would never spare a second thought for the Wade Family, a second-rate clan. Once he overcame this current predicament and ascended to power, he would become an untouchable figure to Charlie.

What worth would the Wade Family hold then?

However, Steve kept these thoughts concealed, careful not to let them slip from his tongue.

With a smile, he addressed Charlie, "With your words, Mr. Wade, our families will undoubtedly become each other's most crucial allies in the future!"

Charlie, well aware that Steve was merely putting on an act, played along. The video recording on his phone continued, and the more convincingly Steve acted, the more influential the video would be as a deterrent in the future.

Charlie couldn't help but sigh, "I heard that your father, Howard, is over 80 years old now?"

Steve nodded, replying, "Yes, my father just turned 84 this year."

"84?" Charlie sighed again, "That's quite an achievement!"

Steve was curious, "Why do you say that, Mr. Wade?"

Charlie nonchalantly smiled, "Oh in our country, there's a saying that when one reaches the ages of 73 and 84, it becomes a challenging time for the elderly. It implies that these years are filled with hardships, various illnesses, and a higher chance of passing away. Since we're already in the fourth quarter of the year, if your father is fortunate, he might just pass away this year."

"Is that so?" Steve's initial reaction revealed his interest, unable to hide his smile and curiosity as he asked, "Mr. Wade, is there any scientific basis for this saying?"

Charlie waved his hand dismissively, "It's merely a folk belief, no scientific basis. But for you, or for us, it's something to look forward to, don't you think?"

Steve thought he had already said what he shouldn't have, so there was no need to hide anymore. In this cutthroat world of powerful families, where everyone secretly wished for their own father's demise, he was no exception.

Moreover, due to the recent Four Treasures of the Study incident, his grandfather had been making a fuss about who would inherit the family legacy. Steve naturally hoped that his father would pass away sooner rather than later.

Charlie's words struck a chord with him, leaving him feeling both embarrassed and exhilarated. He responded, "Then I'll borrow your well wishes, Mr. Wade!"

Charlie nodded, smiling, "Let's wish together!"

After saying this, they both shared a brief laugh.

Charlie, with a tinge of regret, remarked, "Ah, it would be even better if we had a glass of champagne to celebrate this moment."

Royce, standing nearby, quickly interjected, "We do! There's champagne in the liquor cabinet, I'll go fetch it!"

With haste, he retrieved a bottle of champagne and a few glasses, their arrival accompanied by the dim moonlight seeping through the window.

The champagne cork popped, followed by the harmonious clinking of three glasses.

As Steve sipped his wine, he visibly relaxed and grew more jovial.

Intrigued by the Four Treasures of the Study, he turned to Charlie and asked, "Mr. Wade, is there a chance Helena will arrive in Canada tonight?"

Charlie smiled, responding, "Of course, it's possible. Allow me to make the arrangements."

With that, Charlie ended the video recording and dialed Helena's number.

There was a six-hour time difference between Norway and New York.

Being in the more eastern region, it was already morning while darkness still cloaked New York. Helena, currently organizing her schedule for the coming days with her butler, was caught off guard by Charlie's call. She quickly found a way to shoo away her house keeper. She answered the phone, her voice, brimming with excitement, "Hello, Mr. Wade!"

Hearing Helena's elation, Charlie couldn't help but feel a flicker of warmth in his heart. He smiled and inquired, "Helena, how have you been lately?"

"I'm doing well," Helena promptly replied, "Everything is fine, except for the constant nagging from the royal family, which is quite bothersome. But it's a minor issue."

Curiously, Charlie asked, "You're already a queen, who dares to nag you?"

Helena exhaled a sigh of resignation and said, "Mr. Wade, there's something you might not understand. Despite being the Queen, I am still bound by royal traditions. They're akin to congressional members, constantly inquiring about the minutiae of my life. They scrutinize everything from my attire and diet to my social interactions and speech. What's most vexing is their obsession with my marital status. Their relentless badgering about it is utterly infuriating."

Charlie, intrigued, inquired, "Does the royal family actually pressure the Queen into marriage?"

"It goes beyond mere pressure," Helena lamented. "They're intent on pairing me with a royal prince from another nation. Their biggest concern is preserving the royal lineage. But frankly, I'm indifferent to it. If there's no one to succeed me, I'd rather have the Nordic parliaments abolish the constitutional monarchy altogether after my demise."

Charlie chuckled, cautioning her, "You better not mention that idea to anyone else, or they'll accuse you of going against tradition."

Sighing, Helena confessed, "I know, Mr. Wade. I only confide in you about this matter."

Charlie smiled and inquired, "By the way, I heard you'll be visiting Canada next week?"

"Yes," Helena confirmed, "It's a state visit arranged by the government. There isn't much substance to discuss, mainly just appearances and strengthening public opinion and interaction between our countries."

Charlie asked, "Would it be possible to move up the schedule?"

"Move it up?" Helena queried, her curiosity piqued, "Why do you ask, Mr. Wade? Are you planning to go to Canada soon?"

Charlie didn't hold back, disclosing, "I've encountered some minor troubles in the United States and need to pass through Canada to return to China. If you can arrive in Canada as soon as possible, I can extricate myself from this situation."

Upon hearing this, Helena didn't inquire further about the specifics. Without hesitation, she assured him, "Mr. Wade, rest assured, I will do my best to expedite my departure to Canada. The sooner, the better."

With that, she checked the time and added, "Please wait a moment, Mr. Wade. I'll confirm with the relevant parties."

Typically, diplomatic visits adhere to strict schedules, involving intricate time and itinerary arrangements, as well as security preparations. Changing the schedule is not an easy task.

However, Helena's situation was unique.

Although she held the status of a national sovereign, her role primarily served as the Nordic region's foremost symbol. Moreover, her visit did not involve urgent matters. The main purpose was to make appearances, strengthen public opinion, and foster goodwill between the two countries. Adjusting the schedule wouldn't be too challenging.

In fact, Helena's visit to Canada was at the invitation of the Canadian government. They had shown considerable respect for her personal preferences, even in planning the itinerary and route. This level of consideration afforded her much more autonomy and control over the visit.

Furthermore, Helena possessed several significant advantages.

Firstly, she possessed extraordinary beauty, surpassing anyone in the European royal family. Even the most stunning Hollywood actresses throughout the years couldn't hold a candle to her.

Secondly, she exuded a youthful and optimistic image, radiating health and vitality.

Within the upper echelons of European and American society, who among them didn't have some dark history? Drug abuse, infidelity, promiscuity, violence, imprisonment, or even connections to the underworld. While it wouldn't be fair to brand the entire upper class with these vices, it was safe to say that they had a wide range of flaws.

But Helena was different.

Coming from a noble royal lineage, she received an aristocratic upbringing from a young age. While others were immersed in their rebellious phase, dating, frequenting nightclubs, smoking cigarettes, and even experimenting with drugs, she abstained from such vices. Even now, she remained untarnished.

Her impeccable positive image withstood even the most stringent scrutiny.

In the entire European and American upper-class society, Helena was a rare gem. She garnered a massive following across all age groups. The youth admired her, the middle-aged and elderly held her in high regard. They believed that having a daughter like her, poised, flawless, and continuously striving for self-improvement, was the epitome of an ideal. Even children adored her more than Loreen from "Frozen." Every child harbored a fairytale dream of becoming a prince or princess, and liking Helena would garner their parents' utmost approval. She was seen as the most positive and likable role model in today's society.

In other words, Helena's ability to accumulate buffs was comparable to that of a person of color who also had gender identity disorder, extreme environmentalism, and was a vegetarian cross-dresser passionately advocating for environmental protection in the United States.

Due to her continuous accumulation of buffs, Helena had already ascended to the ranks of top-tier celebrities worldwide. Various countries in Europe and America eagerly sought her presence, hoping to bask in her popularity and gain

public favor. Canada was no exception. They treated her visit with utmost respect, accommodating her personal wishes regarding schedule and route. Thus, she possessed a significant degree of agency in this matter.

Though she didn't explicitly express her desire to arrive in Canada earlier, she informed the Canadian side that she was dealing with minor health issues and required treatment as prescribed by the royal family's doctor. She then presented Canada with a choice: either she would come earlier, or the visit would have to be postponed until the following year.

The Canadian side, eager to capitalize on her popularity and gain public favor, quickly agreed to Helena's request for a schedule change after a brief discussion.

With everything settled, Helena dialed Charlie's number and eagerly shared the news, "Mr. Wade, I've already communicated with the Canadian government, and they have agreed to my request to come early. In three hours, at 7 a.m. local time in Canada, the royal family and the Canadian government will announce it simultaneously to the public!"

Charlie, thrilled by the news, quickly asked, "So, when are you departing for Canada?"

Helena, equally enthusiastic, replied, "I've already instructed the crew to get ready. The royal family and diplomats are finalizing the arrangements. We can depart in as little as four hours!"

Relieved, Charlie let out a sigh of gratitude and expressed his thanks, "Thank you, Helena. You've been a tremendous help this time!"

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Helena's official itinerary is set to be announced within a few hours. Soon, they find out if Howard Rothschild will allow his grandson Royce to accompany her on the journey.

If everything goes according to plan, Charlie can use Steve's helicopter to travel to Canada with Royce. These two gentlemen are currently bound by force, so Charlie has no need to worry about them leaking any secrets. In fact, he can even use this cooperation to his advantage in the future, manipulating them for his own benefit, which is far more advantageous than relying on mere psychological suggestions.

Once someone is under psychological influence, those closest to them will eventually notice the flaws. Charlie prefers a softer form of binding, where the stronger the other party struggles, the tighter they become bound.

Steve and Royce were taken aback when they saw Charlie summoning Helena, the Queen of Northern Europe. She is so busy that even prime ministers and presidents have to make appointments and wait in line. They never expected that Charlie had such influence over her.

Seeing their astonishment, Charlie pointed at Royce and said to Steve, "If Howard doesn't allow your son to go to Canada after Helena's early visit is announced, you can confront him!"

Steve hurriedly reassured him, "Mr. Wade, rest assured, Howard cares about this matter even more than I do!"

He continued, "You see, our Rothschild family has had a dream for two or three hundred years, a dream that we've been striving for but have never achieved - to marry into the European royal family!"

"While Helena is well-known, the finances of the Northern European royal family have always been difficult, and their population is not prosperous. Their overall situation is truly miserable, just like some very famous but dependent internet celebrities. They may have high popularity, but they haven't made much money. They have to borrow money from their bosses just to buy a house."

"Mr. Howard believes that this is the most favorable situation for us because these European royal families are all the same. As long as they have a little money, they act noble. They don't even look at those who don't have the same

noble lineage as them. When we attempt to marry into their families, they are greedy for our money but disdainful of our lower birth."

"Only when they are in trouble and can't even maintain their basic noble appearance do we, as a financial conglomerate family, have a chance."

Charlie nodded and said, "Your analysis is indeed reasonable, but the actual situation will soon reveal itself."

As he spoke, he gazed out the window.

Outside, the sky had turned pitch black.

The pre-dawn darkness was even deeper than the middle of the night.

Charlie felt that it was time to retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study.

Regardless of whether Howard would allow Royce to go to Canada or not, he needed to obtain the Four Treasures of the Study first.

However, there were still hundreds of people outside, keeping a watchful eye on the Cole Family Manor. He needed to carefully consider how to retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study without attracting attention.

After pondering for a moment, Charlie looked at Hank, who stood beside him, and said, "Hank, there will soon be some activity at the Cole family villa. When that happens, inform everyone that someone may have entered the Cole family through a secret passage and tell them to rush in immediately and apprehend the intruder. Make sure they don't take the Four Treasures of the Study!"

Hank asked in confusion, "Mr. Wade, how do you know there will be activity at the Cole family villa?"

Charlie replied calmly, "If I say there will be, then there will be."

Hank quickly responded, "Alright, Mr. Wade, I understand!"

Charlie instructed further, "Once you give the order, I will leave first. You stay here and keep an eye on the two Mr. Rothschild. If they attempt to escape or leave your supervision, you have my permission to eliminate them. Do you understand?"

Hank replied without hesitation, "Understood!"

Charlie nodded, then walked over to the window, gazing out at the shadowy outline of the Cole family manor in the darkness. With a silent thought, he released a substantial amount of reiki from his body, directing it towards the Cole family villa like a swift wind and lingering clouds.

In the next instant, an eerie silence enveloped the Cole family villa, abruptly shattered by a series of clattering noises. It sounded like a multitude of glass and metal objects crashing to the ground.

This sudden disturbance sent a shiver down the spines of the staff who had been monitoring the Cole residence. Soon, an excited voice crackled through Hank's intercom: "Boss, something's happening at the Cole family villa!"

Hank responded urgently, "Oh no! The Cole family might have used a secret passage we're unaware of! Quick, we must intercept them before they escape with the Four Treasures of the Study! Everyone, charge in now! A reward of 10 million U.S. dollars to anyone who captures them alive! And 100 million U.S. dollars to the person who finds the Four Treasures of the Study!"

His words ignited a frenzy. The team, previously concealed, burst from their hiding spots and swarmed into the Cole Manor like a pack of wild dogs.

Although they were employees of the Rothschild family, they were not of high standing. Their usual annual salaries ranged from a hundred thousand to a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Suddenly, the prospect of earning millions, even hundreds of millions of dollars, was irresistible.

Driven by the green light from Hank, they knew it was a race against time, with the fastest having the best chance at the prize.

Understanding the stakes, they dashed towards the interior of the Cole family villa, desperate not to miss this golden opportunity.

As the mob descended on the Cole manor, Charlie turned to Hank and issued a stern command, "Start with those two. No one is allowed to look out the window."

"Understood, Mr. Wade," Hank replied, aiming his pistol at Steve and his son.

Seizing the cover of night, Charlie leaped out of the window and blended in with the crowd surging towards the Cole Manor. Yet, his approach differed from the rest.

While the others headed straight for the main villa, assuming the disturbance originated there, Charlie halted at the entrance to the manor. He split his reiki in two: one part to ensure he remained unnoticed, and the other to merge with the two massive stone lions guarding the gate.

It was then that Charlie uncovered a concealed compartment within one of the stone lions, ingeniously hidden in the base. The entire lion served as a lid, effectively camouflaging the compartment, undetectable without specialized equipment.

Ironically, the Rothschild family and their staff, driven by conventional logic, never considered searching outside the manor's gates. They had focused their efforts on the interior, particularly the villa, employing various detection methods.

Peter had cleverly exploited this oversight. Had he hidden the Four Treasures of the Study anywhere else within his property, it was only a matter of time before the Rothschilds uncovered it.

Without hesitation, Charlie approached the stone lion. Channeling his reiki into his right arm, he effortlessly lifted the lion, revealing the hidden compartment beneath. Inside lay an exquisitely crafted rosewood box.

Charlie knew that within this box lay the coveted Four Treasures of the Study and the "Preface to the Apocalyptic Book."

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In order to swiftly resolve the situation, Charlie refrained from immediately opening the wooden box before him. Instead, he opted to scan it with his reiki, instantly detecting two items nestled inside.

One was a thick book, and Charlie surmised that it was likely a replica of the "Introduction to the Apocalyptic Book."

The other was a metallic object resembling a pagoda.

With confirmation that the items were unharmed, Charlie instinctively wanted to withdraw his divine sense and make a hasty departure from the Cole Family Manor, carrying the items with him.

However, as Charlie's reiki brushed past the pagoda, it seemed to sense his presence. In an unexpected turn of events, his reiki was forcefully drawn towards the pagoda, without any prior warning.

What caught Charlie by surprise was the unique interaction between his reiki and the pagoda. His reiki, governed by his divine consciousness, acted as an invisible extension of this consciousness. When the reiki was absorbed by the pagoda, it unexpectedly drew out a strand of his consciousness from his own spiritual sea. This extraction of consciousness was involuntary and forceful, a phenomenon he hadn't anticipated.

In that moment, Charlie found himself in a chaotic world. Everything around him was shrouded in darkness, with only a faint, hazy light ahead. The absence of objects left him feeling suffocated in this desolate mist.

Suddenly, a thunderous rumble echoed through the air, shaking the ground beneath him. Lost and bewildered, Charlie witnessed the earth splitting open, unleashing a burst of dazzling golden light.

Before his eyes, a golden square pagoda emerged from the cracks, radiating a brilliant golden glow. As more of it revealed itself, the light intensified, captivating Charlie's gaze. He craned his neck, but the pagoda reached such towering heights that he couldn't see its peak even from its base.

This majestic and awe-inspiring four-sided pagoda left Charlie in awe.

Just as he marveled at its splendor, the two golden doors of the pagoda swung open from within, flooding the surroundings with blinding golden light. It was impossible to discern what lay beyond the opening.

Whether by design or chance, Charlie's legs moved uncontrollably towards the doors.

With each step, the golden light grew more blinding. It surpassed even the brightness of staring directly at the noon sun. Yet, as he finally entered the interior of the pagoda, the golden light vanished abruptly.

His vision plunged into darkness, only to reveal a vast open space before him. Thousands of monks sat in silent meditation, their chants resonating through the air. In front of them, a bustling construction site buzzed with activity, as ancient craftsmen toiled away at erecting a four-sided pagoda. The leading monk, dressed in a golden robe, sat upon a wooden platform.

Charlie recognized this four-sided pagoda, although it felt both familiar and unfamiliar, evoking a sense of *déjà vu*. However, he couldn't recall where he had encountered it before.

In an instant, the scene shifted away from the construction site, soaring above the bustling city of Meridian.

Charlie's gaze swept over the city, drawing upon his historical knowledge and the books he had read. Suddenly, realization struck him.

At that moment, he had an epiphany. The square pagoda he had witnessed was none other than the renowned Big Wild Goose Pagoda in Meridian, a celebrated landmark.

What he had seen was the pagoda during its construction phase, a glimpse into its ancient past.

The mingled sense of familiarity and unfamiliarity he experienced likely stemmed from the multiple renovations the Big Wild Goose Pagoda underwent over the centuries. Its appearance, characteristics, and even the number of stories had undergone significant transformations.

Furthermore, these extensive reconstructions of the Big Wild Goose Pagoda occurred centuries ago. The structure people were familiar with today had been shaped by five major revisions, leaving its original design lost to history. This was why Charlie felt a peculiar sense of recognition, yet hesitated to confirm his suspicion.

Intrigued, Charlie murmured to himself, "Could it be that the eminent monk I encountered was the legendary Tang Monk, Moksadeva?"

As this revelation settled in, the scene whisked Charlie away from the thriving Meridian and transported him to a Daoist temple nestled at the southern foot of Checksong Mountain, just outside the city.

Recognizing the terrain, Charlie identified the location as the northern foot of Checksong Mountain. The words "Checksong Temple" inscribed on the temple gate confirmed that this was the sacred ground of Taoism, Daqin.

Daqin, the birthplace of Taoism, was said to be where the founder of Taoism, Laozi, preached and spread his teachings. During the Tang Dynasty, Emperor Li Yuan held Taoism in high regard, renaming the place Checksong Temple.

In the scene before him, a group of slender Taoist priests, clad in green robes with their hair tied in long buns, were seated cross-legged on a platform. They

were forming uniform hand gestures in the air, their expressions reflecting deep devotion and concentration.

Charlie immediately recognized that these were no ordinary monks. Each one of them was a practitioner of reiki. The hand seals they meticulously formed were imbued with surging reiki. It was apparent to him that they were collaboratively working towards the completion of some grand formation, their movements synchronized in a display of profound spiritual discipline and unity.

What astounded Charlie even more was the pure golden four-sided banner suspended in mid-air before the Taoist priests. It rotated slowly, illuminated by a radiant golden light. This was the very same four-sided banner that had been inside the wooden box!

The hand seals made by the Taoist priests merged with the banner, enhancing its power with their reiki and formation skills. The golden light emanating from the banner grew more resplendent, complementing the Great Wild Goose Pagoda, which stood several miles away.

At that moment, the leading Taoist spoke, "Once we complete this formation with the banner and Master finishes building and consecrating the pagoda, the two will harmonize, ensuring the prosperity of the Tang Dynasty for eight hundred years! Our brothers and sisters have dedicated their lives to this cause, sacrificing everything for the people of the Tang Dynasty!"

The Taoist priests wore expressions of devotion as they echoed in unison, "We seek only the eternal prosperity of the Tang Dynasty, a flourishing nation, and the well-being of its people!"

Charlie stood in awe, utterly captivated by the unfolding scene.

He had never expected that the four-sided banner had been crafted by these accomplished cultivators.

Moreover, the combined power of the four-sided banner and the Great Wild Goose Pagoda, built and consecrated by Master Moksadeva, were the national treasures that safeguarded the prosperity of the Tang Dynasty.

Yet, a question nagged at Charlie's mind. If these two items were the result of the efforts of the esteemed monk and the accomplished Daoist, why did the Tang Dynasty, as the Taoist had claimed, not prosper for eight hundred years? In reality, the Tang Dynasty's reign lasted less than three hundred years.

As Charlie pondered this mystery, he suddenly realized that he hadn't immediately recognized the Great Wild Goose Pagoda earlier due to the numerous renovations it had undergone. Even during the Tang Dynasty, it had been modified three times. Could it be that these alterations had disrupted the Feng Shui arrangement created by the Great Wild Goose Pagoda and the four-sided banner?

Lost in his thoughts, Charlie sensed the scene before him fading away. His divine sense retreated, returning to the towering pagoda rising out of the ground.

However, the pagoda did not cling to his divine sense. Instead, it pushed it out through the doors and sealed them shut. The pagoda slowly crumbled back into the ground, and everything around him reverted to its original chaotic state.

Unbeknownst to Charlie, as the pagoda collapsed, it left behind a strand of divine sense that merged seamlessly with his own, becoming one...

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When Charlie regained consciousness and reconnected with his physical body, his senses sharpened. Although his experience of projecting his divine sense felt like it last a while, in reality, it transpired in a mere instant.

With little time to think, Charlie retrieved the wooden box and meticulously inspected the concealed compartment, ensuring it was devoid of any other items. He then delicately restored the stone lion to its original position, securing it firmly.

Meanwhile, chaos continued to unfold within the Cole Family Manor.

Soon after, Charlie swiftly returned to the room where Hank and the others were stationed. He gracefully leapt through the window, landing with a quiet poise.

Steve and Royce were left dumbfounded.

While Charlie's leap out the window didn't particularly impress them, his entrance through the window was nothing short of mind-boggling.

Inside the room, Charlie instructed Hank, "Make sure they face the other way and keep a close watch on them. Anyone who dares to look back should be dealt with."

Hank promptly replied, "Understood, sir!"

Steve, teetering on the edge of a breakdown, pleaded, "Mr. Wade... We are already partners. You don't need to be so suspicious. I know you retrieved the Four Treasures of the Study, but I assure you, I won't breathe a word of it to anyone. There's no need for Hank to constantly hold a gun to our heads..."

Charlie interrupted him, asking, "Are you trying to teach me how to do things?"

Steve quivered in fear and hastily shook his head, saying, "No, no..."

He averted his gaze, refraining from looking back.

Charlie opened the wooden box and marveled at the Four Treasures of the Study nestled within. He couldn't help but ponder, "This treasure banner is exactly like the one I saw with my divine sense. Could it be that my divine sense entered here?"

With this thought in mind, Charlie extended his hand and gently lifted the Four Treasures of the Study from the box.

The main body of the treasure banner was crafted from gold, not as opulent as those specifically used to enshrine relics, yet it emitted an indescribable majesty.

Having experienced the projection of his divine sense, Charlie understood that the Four Treasures of the Study in his grasp was more than a mere magical tool. It contained the reiki and efforts of countless cultivators, capable of safeguarding the world and the nation. While it reached its peak efficacy when in harmony with the original Wild Goose Pagoda or even the entire Meridian City, it remained an invaluable Feng Shui treasure.

The two-hundred-year prosperity of the Rothschild family undoubtedly owed much to the Four Treasures of the Study.

At one point, Charlie had considered keeping the Four Treasures of the Study with him, as it was a creation of the Chinese nation's forebears. However, he swiftly dismissed the idea.

The Four Treasures of the Study was not meant for the possession of a single individual. Charlie couldn't entertain such thoughts.

He gently placed the Four Treasures of the Study back in the box. As for the copied version of the Introduction to the Apocalyptic Book beneath it, he left it untouched. After all, it wasn't the right time to peruse it.

With the item in hand, Charlie began to chart his next moves.

If Howard instructed Royce to head directly to Canada, Charlie could easily transport the Four Treasures of the Study out of the United States. Once in Canada, he could effortlessly return it to China's authorities, completing his mission.

Once the Four Treasures of the Study is safely returned to China, he planned to entrust it to the Chinese authorities through the assistance of Maria's adopted son, Keagan Myers. This strategy would ensure that his mission was fulfilled successfully and the cherished artifact was rightfully restored to its homeland.

However, Charlie had no intention of leaving the United States just yet.

After all, Peter still lay in the hospital. It remained uncertain how the U.S. government and the Rothschild family would treat him upon his discharge.

Charlie didn't want to abandon him. If possible, he would attempt to secure Peter's release from custody and, at the very least, restore his freedom.

Meanwhile, Hank led his team into the Cole Family Manor, turning it upside down, yet they discovered no trace of an intruder.

What confounded them was the evident disturbance within the Cole family villa. Furniture and decorations lay shattered, indicating that someone had indeed been present. However, there were no footprints or any other evidence of an intruder.

Howard's sources immediately relayed this information to him.

Upon hearing the news, Howard grew exceedingly anxious and promptly dialed Hank. As Howard's call came through, Hank glanced at Charlie and asked, "Mr. Wade, it's Howard on the line. Should I answer?"

Charlie nodded, "Go ahead. He probably wants to inquire about the operation's details. Inform him that you heard the commotion but failed to apprehend anyone. If he inquires about the power outage, exaggerate its severity and insinuate the possibility of a mole within the Rothschild family."

Hank didn't hesitate and responded, "Understood, Mr. Wade. I'll speak with him!"

He answered the call and respectfully stated, "Hello, sir! I was just about to report to you. We heard a loud commotion within the Cole Family Manor earlier. Concerned that someone may have entered through an unknown passage, I dispatched our men immediately. Please forgive me for not seeking your counsel beforehand..."

Howard concurred and remarked, "You acted appropriately. In critical situations, one must trust their instincts and act decisively without seeking my input."

He then queried tentatively, "What is the situation at the scene? Did you apprehend anyone?"

Hank replied, "Not yet. Nearly all our men entered, but we haven't uncovered any valuable leads."

Howard's voice grew increasingly worried as he asked, "Signs of entry, yet no leads. This suggests that someone infiltrated the Cole family through a secret passage and departed undetected..."

He continued, "By the way, Hank, I heard there was a power outage tonight?"

"Yes." Hank explained, "Both circuits sustained damage tonight, and repairs are proving difficult. Power is not expected to be restored until noon."

Howard's mood darkened further, and he inquired with concern, "The power outage, could it be more than a mere coincidence?"

"It's highly doubtful." Hank left no room for optimism. He spoke gravely, "Sir, I believe our every move is being monitored by the other side. They were aware of our covert surveillance and even knew about the extensive array of surveillance devices we had installed. That's why they sabotaged the power supply, rendering all our surveillance equipment useless."

Howard's heart sank, and he asked, "Have we failed in maintaining secrecy, or is there a leak within our organization?"

Hank responded, "Both are feasible, but the latter seems more probable."

Howard queried, "If there is a leak, who do you suspect?"

Hank replied, "I cannot say for certain at this time. We must conduct an investigation before making any judgments."

Howard continued, "What are your thoughts on the individual who infiltrated the Cole family tonight? Were they after the Four Treasures of the Study?"

"It is highly likely." Hank asserted firmly, "They took a considerable risk, indicating their intent to acquire the Four Treasures of the Study."

Howard's heart sank further.

He murmured, "If this is really the case, it means that the infiltrator must have taken away the Treasure..."

He immediately barked at the butler beside him, "Notify everyone, all departments, to seal off all entrances and exits in and around New York. We must conduct an exhaustive search within the restricted area. We must retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study at all costs!"

At that moment, someone beside Howard interjected, "Sir, we have just received news from Canada. Queen Helena of Scandinavia has unexpectedly advanced her visit to Canada."

Howard furrowed his brow, "Advanced her visit? When?"

"Today. It is stated that her private jet will depart in two to three hours. Her first destination is Ottawa, followed by nearby Montreal."

Howard questioned, "Why the sudden change in her itinerary?"

The individual explained, "It is reported that the queen has encountered some minor health issues and had to reschedule her visit for medical treatment next week. Consequently, she had to move her visit to Canada forward."

Howard grunted in acknowledgment, "I see."

On the other end of the line, Hank seized the opportunity to inquire, "Sir, what should I do next?"

Howard gritted his teeth and stated, "Dig three feet into the ground if need be, but find the entrance they used to infiltrate and exit the Cole Family Manor!"

He continued, "By the way, inform Steve that Helena is departing for Canada. Instruct him to prepare Royce, and I will dispatch people to assist with the coordination. Our reputation has suffered recently, so we must seize this chance

to forge a strong relationship with the Scandinavian royal family. It may prove useful in the future!"

Hank swiftly replied, "Understood, sir. I will inform Young Master Steve immediately!"

Howard issued a cold warning, "Hank, they infiltrated and escaped the Cole Family Manor under your watch, leaving no trace! I will hold you accountable for this! Until I decide on your punishment, you better provide me with some valuable leads. Fail to do so, and I won't show you any mercy! Do you understand?!"

Hank blurted out, "I understand, sir. Rest assured, I will give my utmost!"

Howard then hung up.

Hank glanced at Charlie and respectfully relayed, "Mr. Wade, Howard instructed me to inform Young Master Royce to prepare for Canada!"

Charlie nodded, "I heard."

He then turned to Steve and Royce, stating, "Both of you, turn around and face the other way."

The two promptly complied, respectfully gazing at Charlie, awaiting his next words.

Charlie continued, "Royce, I will be flying with you to Canada via helicopter. Can you trust your pilot?"

"Absolutely!" Steve responded promptly, "My pilot comes from a direct lineage!"

"Excellent." Charlie nodded and instructed, "Once we depart, you stay here and await further instructions from your grandfather."

Steve readily agreed.

His sole concern was securing his position as the heir. As for the Four Treasures of the Study, he harbored no attachment. If it was lost, so be it. In Steve's eyes, the Rothschild family possessed abundant wealth. Even if they had to endure a fifty percent loss, it mattered little as long as he could inherit the family legacy.

...

Charlie and Royce boarded the helicopter and departed New York before dawn.

With special clearance from Howard, the helicopter faced no scrutiny. Even when crossing the border between the United States and Canada, they encountered no questions.

As Charlie crossed the border between the United States and Canada via helicopter, he took advantage of the relatively relaxed bilateral entry and exit regulations. The relationship between the two countries, though not as open as the EU nations with their completely open borders, still facilitated easier passage. Moreover, the Rothschild family wielded considerable influence in Canada, ensuring that his helicopter's border crossing went unnoticed.

Once safely across the US-Canada border, Charlie felt a wave of relief. He immediately messaged Hogan, instructing him to purchase the earliest available flight ticket to Montreal. Flights between these two cities were frequent, with services beginning around six in the morning and running every two to three hours until 9:30 at night.

Upon receiving Charlie's message, Hogan, understanding the urgency, promptly booked the earliest flight and prepared to head to the airport.

Next, Charlie contacted Wesley, asking him to urgently redirect several agents from Dragon Temple stationed in Canada to Montreal for immediate deployment.

He then reached out to Nanako Ito in China, requesting her assistance in chartering a transoceanic business jet from Montreal under the Ito family's name, which would fly directly to Aurous Hill.

With these plans in place, the helicopter Charlie was aboard arrived in the southern suburbs of Ottawa, Canada's capital. For security reasons, he chose not to land in Montreal. The helicopter, although exempt from border checks and entry registration, was continuously tracked by Canadian air traffic control. Its flight path, altitude, and speed were all recorded.

To avoid leaving a traceable record that the Rothschild family could potentially investigate, Charlie opted to disembark while still dozens of kilometers from Ottawa, leaping from the helicopter above a farm area south of the city.

Royce Rothschild and his team were stunned as they watched Charlie jump from a hundred meters up. But as they observed him land safely and start running, their astonishment turned to disbelief.

After landing, Charlie, while on the run, took out his phone to call Maria back in China. It was late night there, and instead of sleeping, Maria was in her yard by the hot spring pool, tending to the delicate branches of the Pu'er tea mother plant, her thoughts lingering on Charlie.

When her phone rang with a call from Charlie, her face flushed with a mix of shyness and excitement. She answered, her voice tinged with bashfulness yet unable to conceal her elation, "Where are you calling from at this late hour, Mr. Wade?"

Chapter 5609 bookmark

Upon hearing Maria's voice, Charlie couldn't help but smile and said, "I'm in Canada, about to head to Montreal."

"Montreal?" Maria exclaimed, "The last time I went to Montreal, it seems like it was during World War II..."

Before Charlie could respond, she asked curiously, "Wasn't the Young Master going to the United States? How did you end up in Canada? Did you see Peter Cole?"

"I did see him," Charlie replied, "There are many stories behind it, and it's hard to explain over the phone. I called you to ask for a favor."

Maria pouted and said, "No need for the Young Master to be so formal with me. If there's anything I can do, just let me know."

Charlie didn't hold back either and said, "I obtained a national treasure and want Uncle Hogan to bring it back to Aurous Hill, and then have Mr. Myers help deliver it to the authorities."

"A national treasure?" Maria asked in astonishment, "What national treasure are you talking about?"

Charlie asked her, "Have you ever heard of the Four Treasures of the Study?"

Maria was so shocked that she almost dropped her phone and exclaimed, "The Four Treasures of the Study?! Are you talking about the legendary artifact that was crafted by master artisans in the Tang Dynasty to protect the country?"

Charlie curiously asked, "Have you heard of it, Miss Clark?"

Maria blurted out, "My father mentioned it before. He said that his master always talked about wanting to see the true appearance of the Four Treasures of the Study when he was alive. He said it was a treasure forged by the hands of skilled craftsmen. Later, I also saw some records in historical documents, but many people say it is a fabrication and does not really exist..."

Speaking of this, Maria hurriedly asked, "How did you obtain the Four Treasures of the Study? Can you be sure it's the real thing?"

Charlie smiled bitterly and said, "This is a long story. I probably need to explain the details to Miss Clark when I return. But I can confirm that it is real. Just by holding it in my hands, I can tell it's not an ordinary item."

"That's true. The Young Master has extraordinary abilities and can definitely discern its authenticity," Maria said, then she stopped asking for specific details and said, "Young master, the Four Treasures of the Study has always been a legendary artifact. Even the fact that the Young Master was able to obtain it on this trip to America is truly a stroke of luck. In my opinion, the Young Master should keep the Four Treasures of the Study with you. It will surely bring great help to your journey!"

Charlie smiled and said, "This thing was created by skilled artisans and many monks to protect the country and its people. How can I keep it for myself? If I were to keep it, what would differentiate me from the Rothschild family?"

"Besides, with my current level of expertise, I am not deserving of such a treasure. It's better to let Mr. Myers help return it to Aurous Hill. It should shine and inspire the people of China."

Maria couldn't help but ask, "Have you thought it through carefully, Young Master?"

Charlie nodded, "Yes, I have."

Then, Charlie said, "I have a favor to ask of you. I would like you to inform Mr. Myers and ask him to make preparations to temporarily return to Eastcliff. When Uncle Hogan brings the Four Treasures of the Study back to Aurous Hill, I want him to bring it to Eastcliff as soon as possible."

Maria asked, "Young master, for such an important donation, don't you plan on going to Eastcliff yourself?"

Charlie said, "I can't go back for the time being. Besides, I don't want people to know that I brought the Four Treasures of the Study back to the country. This is something that Mr. Myers needs to communicate with the authorities and ensure that the process of the Four Treasures of the Study returning to China is not revealed to the public."

Maria said, "Young master, rest assured, I will explain everything clearly to Keagan."

Charlie said, "Also, please ask him to convey to the authorities that the only request from the donor is to publicly announce the return of the Four Treasures of the Study to the country as soon as possible and to handle it properly. Only when the news of the Four Treasures of the Study's return to China is released through official channels can things in the United States settle down completely."

"Understood! I got it!"

...

Montreal Airport.

Before Hogan arrived, Charlie saw several special agents from Dragon Temple in Canada.

These individuals were different from the mercenaries employed by the Dragon Temple headquarters. They did not directly participate in military operations hired by the Dragon Temple around the world. Instead, they would stay in fixed countries and regions as secret liaison stations, becoming members of the station.

Their daily responsibilities, besides maintaining military training, mainly involved setting up safe houses and meeting points in the local area. At the same time, they secretly stockpiled necessary weapons, equipment, transportation, cash, gold, and even false identities, in order to facilitate other operations conducted by the Dragon Temple in the local area.

The Dragon Temple had three secret liaison stations in Canada, located in Vancouver in the west, Toronto in the east, and Edmonton in the central region.

This time, Wesley dispatched special agents stationed in Toronto.

These special agents appeared to be employees of a travel company on the surface, mainly responsible for receiving tourists from around the world coming to Canada. They did have legitimate business operations and employed over a hundred staff members. Only a dozen or so executives were members of the Dragon Temple, while the rest were formally recruited employees.

These special agents had clean identities. They had the image of corporate executives and carried themselves with the demeanor of the elite class. When a group of seven or eight people traveled together, it looked like a business trip. Combined with their legal identities and work backgrounds, they could withstand meticulous background checks.

Charlie assigned them the task of safely escorting Hogan to Aurous Hill and completing the handover with Keagan Myers.

They were already members of the Dragon Temple, and they didn't know Hogan or that he was bringing the Four Treasures of the Study back to China, so the security was guaranteed.

Furthermore, Charlie could be sure that Steve and Royce would never reveal the news that they had cooperated with him and helped him transport the Four Treasures of the Study.

Therefore, the attention of the Rothschild family would not shift to this matter, and the safety of Hogan carrying the Four Treasures of the Study back to China was further enhanced.

In addition to arranging these special agents to accompany and protect Hogan, the Dragon Temple also arranged for an American special agent to quietly send Charlie back to the United States. This person had been operating at the US-Canada border for many years and had his own connections at the border crossing. Plus, there was an RV camper van with excellent camouflage that could easily hide two or three people inside and smoothly cross the US-Canada border.

At around eight o'clock in the morning, Hogan took the earliest flight and landed at Montreal Airport.

After meeting with Charlie, he handed the wooden box containing the Four Treasures of the Study to him and said, "Uncle Hogan, you take the Four Treasures of the Study to Aurous Hill first. I have already arranged for someone to meet you in Aurous Hill. His name is Keagan Myers, and he will bring the Four Treasures of the Study to Eastcliff."

Hogan asked anxiously, "Young master, aren't you coming with me?"

"I'm not going," Charlie said, "Uncle Cole is still in the hospital. I can't just leave like this. I have to ensure his safety and eliminate any future troubles before I can leave."

Hogan nodded and said, "Then please take care, Young Master. I will return as soon as I deliver the Four Treasures of the Study!"

Charlie said, "Uncle Hogan, there's no need for you to come back. I will arrange for someone to meet you in Aurous Hill and help you settle down there. You can work in Aurous Hill on weekdays and return to Hong Kong Island to be with your family on weekends. You can use the Wade family's plane whenever you want."

Hogan, seeing Charlie's firm attitude, nodded gently and said, "Alright, Young Master, take care!"

Half an hour later, a private jet took off from Montreal Airport and disappeared into the skyline.

The Four Treasures of the Study, which had been away from China for two hundred years, had finally begun its journey home.

Charlie watched as the plane disappeared little by little and then got into the Dragon Temple special agents' residence car and headed towards the US-Canada border checkpoint.

Charlie had originally wanted to visit Ottawa and meet Helena in person, but considering that Peter was still in the hospital and that the Chinese authorities

might announce the return of the Four Treasures of the Study within a dozen hours, he didn't dare to waste any time. He had to make arrangements in advance to protect Peter's safety.

The only thing Charlie was worried about was Howard Rothschild losing his composure and seeking revenge against Peter.

Helena had a four-day visit in Canada, and if Charlie could handle things in New York within those four days, he would make sure to go to Canada and meet her to express his gratitude for her help.

Chapter 5610 bookmark

When Charlie returned to New York City, Hogan was soaring over the vast ocean on a plane.

Meanwhile, Steve Rothschild remained under Hank's watchful eye, and the Rothschild family's subordinates had tirelessly searched the Cole Family Manor throughout the night and into the morning, but to no avail.

Howard was growing desperate. He had intended to keep a low profile at the Cole Family Manor, but the likely theft of the Four Treasures of the Study forced him to act swiftly. Otherwise, all his efforts would be in vain.

Without hesitation, he ordered Hank to intensify the search and dispatched another team equipped with advanced geological exploration equipment to the scene.

Several heavy trucks arrived at the Cole Family Manor, setting up various devices to scan the entire estate's underground. These devices were so sophisticated that they could even detect ant nests beneath the surface. If there were any secret passages, they would surely be discovered.

However, this was still the Cole Family Manor. While Peter may have committed a crime, his family was innocent. The Rothschild family's audacious

intrusion into the Cole Family Manor, as if they had stumbled upon a gold mine in their backyard, did not go unnoticed by the public.

As a result, several media outlets, led by short video platforms, were quick to report this brazen and lawless act by the Rothschild family.

The American people were outraged.

No one had foreseen that the newly exposed Rothschild family would persist in openly defying the law. This time, they had directly enlisted an engineering team to excavate the Cole family manor, behaving like outlaws. Consequently, the Rothschild family became the target of an unprecedented barrage of verbal and written attacks on the internet throughout the morning.

The FBI was furious.

They knew they couldn't control the Rothschild family, so all they had hoped for was their discretion. Committing a crime was one thing, but doing so discreetly was another matter entirely. Otherwise, their reputation would be tarnished.

However, Howard had no time for such concerns. He needed to find a clue swiftly. If there was no secret passage in the manor, then the incident from the previous night was likely a mistake. But if they did find a secret passage, they had to follow it to the end.

Howard was willing to risk the family's reputation and face for the sake of the Four Treasures of the Study. It demonstrated just how important it was to him.

However, reality often surprises us.

Howard's exploration team thoroughly investigated the area within a 500-meter radius beneath the Cole Family Manor, but they found no trace of a secret passage.

In other words, the entire manor lacked the basic conditions for discreet entry and exit.

This puzzled Howard.

To prevent the situation from escalating further, he had no choice but to evacuate everyone from the Cole Family Manor. The American police and FBI, in an attempt to quell public anger, selectively arrested some of those involved to provide an explanation to the public.

With a sense of helplessness, Howard could only pin his hopes on Peter. Regardless of whether the Four Treasures of the Study had been taken the previous night or not, Peter must know the details. To find the artifact's whereabouts, they had to start with him.

He immediately called Hank and ordered, "Hank, find a way to get Peter Cole out of Manhattan Hospital for me, by any means necessary!"

Hank hesitated before responding, "Sir, Peter Cole is under the protection of the police and FBI. There are also many media outlets and a crowd surrounding the hospital. The only way to get him out is to snatch him..."

Howard angrily shouted, "Then snatch him! And find the best interrogator in the world to extract the information from him! If he doesn't reveal the whereabouts of the Four Treasures of the Study, kill him!"

Hank hesitated for a moment before saying, "Alright, sir, I'll make the necessary preparations and do whatever it takes to snatch Peter Cole from Manhattan Hospital!"

Howard paused for a moment, then quickly said, "Forget it..."

After calming down, Howard realized that sending people to search the Cole Family Manor in broad daylight was already a major taboo. If he sent Hank and his men to the hospital to kidnap someone, the act would be even more heinous.

Attempting to snatch someone directly from the police and FBI would undoubtedly lead to a firefight. It would be equivalent to an act of terrorism, and that was something that should not be done under any circumstances. Otherwise, all hope would be lost.

After careful consideration, he reluctantly said, "Find a way to infiltrate Manhattan Hospital discreetly. Once you have a clear understanding of the situation, report back to me. Follow my orders for everything else."

Hank immediately responded, "Yes, sir, I'll prepare right away!"

Hank hung up the phone and turned to Steve Rothschild, asking, "Your father asked me to go to Manhattan Hospital. Are you staying here, or do you have other plans?"

Knowing that Hank was currently under some form of mental control by Charlie, Steve played along and said, "You do what you need to do, don't worry about me. I'll go back and rest."

Hank warned him, "Don't forget what Mr. Wade instructed you. If you dare to betray Mr. Wade, I'll be the first to kill you!"

Steve forced a bitter smile and replied, "I'm in the same boat as him now, and he's the captain. I'm just an innocent passenger who was tied up and brought on board. Even if I had a hundred times the guts, I wouldn't dare to betray him..."

Hank coldly snorted, "You better know your place!"

With that, he reached for his right side ribs and forcefully broke the sixth and seventh ribs.

Royce was dumbfounded, thinking to himself, "This guy is truly ruthless..."

Now composed, Hank took out his phone and dialed a number. After a brief conversation, he said, "Hello, I've broken two ribs on my right side. I need to be admitted to Manhattan Hospital for treatment."

The voice on the other end of the line replied, "No problem. When do you want to be admitted?"

Hank replied, "The sooner, the better."

The voice on the other end said, "Give me an address, and I'll arrange for a medical helicopter to come and pick you up. By the way, you haven't left New York, have you? If you're out of New York, the helicopter won't be able to reach you."

Hank said, "I'll send you my location shortly. The helicopter can come to this location."

"Okay!"

...

Meanwhile, Aemon, a direct descendant of the Mirren family, who was at the headquarters of the Warriors Den in Antarctica, also came across this puzzling piece of news.

He quickly made his way to the door of Morgana's closed-door cultivation room. After hesitating for a moment, he decided to knock.

Ever since returning from China in a daze, Morgana had hardly left her room.

For over three hundred years, she had never felt as vulnerable as she did now. The sudden blow had left her disheartened.

Aware that Aemon had arrived, she initially had no intention of seeing him. However, after careful consideration, she recognized Aemon's cautious nature. If he didn't have something important to report, he wouldn't have bothered her.

With a wave of her hand, the heavy stone door opened.

Aemon respectfully entered and saw Morgana sitting on the ground behind a gauze curtain. He spoke in a low voice, "My Lord, I have something to report..."

Morgana nodded, her tone cold as she said, "Go ahead."

Aemon began, "In recent days, the Rothschild family's actions have been peculiar, and I believe there must be something suspicious going on."

Morgana sighed softly and said, "The Rothschilds... just a financial family obsessed with wealth. Little do they know that no matter how much money they have, they are still insignificant ants. Why do you pay attention to what they're doing?"

Aemon quickly explained, "My Lord, the Rothschild family recently captured an antique dealer. They tortured him in secret, and this incident was exposed. The matter has not yet died down, and today they even dared to go to the antique dealer's residence with a large number of people and excavated the area, bringing along a lot of exploration equipment. This incident has had a significant and negative impact on the internet."

Morgana furrowed her brow intensely and inquired, "So, are you suggesting that the Rothschilds are searching for something of great significance?"

"Yes," Aemon replied hastily. "The crucial lead we have is that the antique dealer primarily deals in the resale of Chinese antiques within Europe and the United States. There's a rumor that the Rothschild family entrusted him with a valuable Chinese antique for restoration. However, word has it that he secretly created a forgery and switched it with the original. When the Rothschild family discovered this deception, they apprehended him, subjected him to a lynching, and subjected him to severe torture."

After a brief pause, Aemon continued, "I believe that the antique they captured must have an extraordinary origin! Otherwise, with the Rothschild family's trillions of dollars, there is nothing in the world that would be worth their tremendous efforts. Even if they packaged all of Leonardo da Vinci's paintings, they wouldn't care."

Morgana nodded, analyzing, "Looking at the global antique market, both Eastern and Western, there are hardly any single items that have sold for more than a billion dollars. A billion dollars is definitely not worth the Rothschild family's great efforts. There must be something suspicious about this!"

She continued, "Notify Eddie George, the husband of Tece Evans and have him find a way to gather more information about this news. If this leads to a major breakthrough, I will remember your contribution!"

Aemon knelt down excitedly on one knee and respectfully said, "Thank you, my Lord!"

Morgana then asked, "By the way, where has Landon Prescott been lately?"

Aemon quickly replied, "My Lord, you ordered Landon to stop investigating Blackwater Corporation and the Warriors Den and maintain silence for three months. At that time, Landon was in North Carolina, USA, which is also the headquarters of Blackwater Corporation. He has remained there during this time, maintaining his silence."

Morgana nodded, "Since he is also in the United States, have him meet with Eddie. Although Eddie is brave and resourceful, his strength is still lacking. With Landon's assistance, the chances of success will be much greater."

Aemon immediately responded, "Yes, my Lord, I will inform them!"

Chapter 5611 bookmark

Since the Evans family encountered Gideon in China and witnessed his demise, they have never returned to New York.

During a phone call between Aunt Tece and her husband Eddie, the Evans family and Charlie all sensed that something was amiss with Eddie.

However, due to the distance between them and the fact that Aunt Evans's daughter still lives in New York with Eddie, everyone understood the situation without needing to confront each other.

Eddie currently presents himself as the son-in-law of the Evans family, publicly identifying as such.

Moreover, with the Evans family temporarily absent from the United States, he has positioned himself as the sole representative of the family in the country, enjoying a period of popularity.

However, Eddie is fully aware that the Evans family is in the process of transferring their assets and focus, gradually moving from the United States to China. Even without any confrontation, in another two or three years, he will likely be left with nothing by the Evans family.

What frustrates him and Morgana the most is that the Evans family has entered into a long-term deep investment cooperation with China, gaining official endorsement at a critical moment. The Warriors Den no longer dares to provoke the Evans family.

Furthermore, since Morgana fled from China last time, she has put the entire Warriors Den into a state of silence and has no intention of causing trouble for the Evans family again.

At this moment, Eddie is sitting in the office of Lord Evans, the elder of the Evans family, on the top floor of Anbang Building. He is lazily reclining in Lord Evans's boss chair, with his legs resting on the desk and a top-grade Cuban cigar in his mouth.

As he leisurely savored his cigar, his phone on the desk suddenly received a notification.

Receiving a notification on his phone is nothing out of the ordinary, but this particular notification is different.

Because this message is from the Warriors Den's own communication app.

Receiving this notification means that the organization is summoning him.

Recently, Eddie's phone has been silent, as the entire organization has entered a period of silence, and the headquarters and others will not contact him. So,

receiving a message now indicates that there must be an extremely urgent matter at hand.

Without hesitation, he opened the notification and entered the app. A prompt box appeared on the app interface, displaying the name "Aemon Mirren."

He immediately sat up straight, clicked the confirm button on the prompt box, and a video call window popped up. Aemon appeared on the other end of the video: "Eddie, the British Lord has a mission for you."

Without wasting a moment, Eddie said, "Mr. Mirren, please speak. I'm all ears!"

Aemon waved his hand and asked, "Let me ask you something first. Have you heard about the conflict between the Rothschild family and that antique dealer? Do you know what they are looking for?"

"I've heard about it," Eddie replied, "This matter has caused quite a stir. It is widely known in New York and even in Europe and America. Mr. Mirren, why are you concerned about them?"

Aemon inquired further, "Do you know the real cause of their conflict? The Rothschild family most likely wants to find something in that antique dealer's shop. Do you know what they are looking for?"

Eddie shook his head and admitted, "To be honest, Mr. Mirren, I haven't paid much attention to this matter and don't know the specific reasons behind it."

Aemon instructed him, "Then find out. Use your connections and try to gather any clues!"

Eddie respectfully assured him, "Yes, Mr. Mirren, rest assured, I will do my best to find out!"

Aemon warned him, "Landon Prescott has already flown to New York and will land in two hours. Go to the airport to meet him and await further instructions."

Upon hearing that Landon is coming, Eddie couldn't help but feel nervous. He secretly thought, "Three out of the four marshals have been killed by a mysterious person. Only Landon Prescott remains. Perhaps someone wants to eliminate him. If he comes to New York, will I be in danger?"

Eddie always felt that the four marshals were quite unlucky. They may be powerful on the surface, but they have lost three marshals in a few months, with one missing. If he works with Landon, he might be dragged down and face the same misfortune.

However, Aemon holds a high position in the Warriors Den. If Morgana is the immortal ancestor who never dies, then Aemon is the right-hand man who takes care of everything for the ancestor. He issues orders, and Eddie cannot refuse.

So, he could only respectfully say, "Yes, Mr. Mirren, I understand!"

Aemon hummed and warned him, "Gather information as quickly as possible. The lord is waiting. If your response is too slow, beware the lord's wrath."

"No, no! I will do my best!" Eddie promised repeatedly and hung up the video call before immediately starting to inquire about the situation.

In fact, the search for the Four Treasures of the Study by the Rothschild family is no longer a secret among the police and FBI systems in New York. After all, Howard used his privileges to block the entire city just to find the Four Treasures of the Study. He had to let the people he mobilized know what he was looking for.

Therefore, detailed image data of the Four Treasures of the Study had already been sent to all departments cooperating with him to block New York and search for the banner.

However, he was still very shrewd. He did not tell anyone the name of the artifact. He just told these people that a very precious and significant antique had been stolen from the Rothschild family.

Those police and FBI officers had no idea that behind this Eastern antique, there was a national treasure that could influence the country's fate. They only knew that the Rothschild family was looking for something very precious and of great significance. So, everyone was on high alert to find this thing and return it to the Rothschild family.

Because the image data of the Four Treasures of the Study had already been sent to tens of thousands of people, Eddie easily obtained a copy.

When he saw the image data of the Four Treasures of the Study, he didn't think much of it. After all, it was a Tang Dynasty item, and its appearance was not particularly exquisite. It lacked the exquisite craftsmanship of the Pearl Relic from the Northern Moore Dynasty, which used various rare materials.

In Eddie's eyes, the thing the Rothschild family was looking for could be described in four words: ordinary and unremarkable.

However, he did not dwell on this matter too much and immediately sent the data to Aemon.

Not only did Eddie fail to recognize the Four Treasures of the Study, but even Aemon didn't recognize it either.

Maria, who had lived for nearly four hundred years, had only heard her father mention it briefly in the past. In the three hundred years since then, she had only come across non-authoritative records of the Four Treasures of the Study in some unofficial historical accounts. Those records were all in text form, and the authors were merely passing on rumors.

The authors and readers of those books had no idea whether the Four Treasures of the Study was real or not. Even if it was real, they didn't know what it looked like, let alone Aemon.

However, Aemon was the first to analyze that this thing was definitely extraordinary.

Therefore, he did not underestimate the seemingly plain Four Treasures of the Study, but quickly printed it out. After all, he had to present it to Morgana.

He presented the printed color photo to Morgana, respectfully saying, "My Lord, Eddie has sent the information. The object in the photo is the antique that the Rothschild family has been desperately searching for in New York."

Morgana eagerly looked at it and saw that it was an artifact, somewhat resembling the Great Wild Goose Pagoda. Her heart skipped a beat, and her whole body trembled uncontrollably.

She excitedly held the high-resolution photo in her hand and couldn't help but exclaim, "Could this be the Four Treasures of the Study that my Master considered a divine artifact back then?!"

Like Lucius Clark before her, Morgana had heard about the Four Treasures of the Study from her Master Morvel Bazin.

After all, Morvel Bazin was from the Lide period of the Tang Dynasty. When he was born, the Great Wild Goose Pagoda had just been built, so he had always known about the Four Treasures of the Study. He just never had the opportunity to see the true appearance of the Four Treasures of the Study.

He had previously informed Lucius Clark and Clark Morgana that the Four Treasures of the Study was a prestigious magical artifact collaboratively crafted by numerous skilled Taoist priests during the Tang Dynasty. Not only did it bear an uncanny resemblance to the first-generation Great Wild Goose Pagoda, but it also harmonized and synergized with it seamlessly.

Morgana used to have doubts about the authenticity of the Four Treasures of the Study, but now, seeing this photo and considering the Rothschild family's efforts and risks to find it, she believes that this thing is most likely the real Four Treasures of the Study!

At this moment, Morgana feels that all the gloom of the past few months has been swept away in an instant!

She excitedly thought, "Even my Master never dared to hope or aspire to the Four Treasures of the Study, and now it is in the hands of the Rothschild family. This is truly a heaven-sent opportunity for me! If I can obtain the Four Treasures of the Study, my own fortune and that of the Warriors Den will soar! Who knows, maybe my chance to live for another five hundred years is hidden within this Four Treasures of the Study! If I can also gain further insights into profound Dao techniques from the banner, my cultivation might make great progress!"

With these thoughts in mind, she almost without hesitation said to Aemon, "Prepare the plane! I want to personally go to New York! Also, inform Eddie and Landon to investigate the antique dealer with all their efforts. We must find out the whereabouts of this antique!"

Aemon didn't expect this object to prompt Morgana to go to New York without hesitation. So, he instinctively said, "My lord, didn't you say that the situation is sensitive recently and the Warriors Den should try to maintain silence? If you still personally go, won't there be unforeseen risks? Moreover, the journey to New York is long. The flight from Buenos Aires alone will take at least ten hours, plus the time before and after, it will be at least fourteen to fifteen hours. I suggest that you leave this matter to Landon and Eddie. They are capable and resourceful, and they will be able to complete the mission!"

Morgana firmly shook her head and said, "This matter is extremely important to me and to the entire Warriors Den. I cannot afford any mistakes. Let them do their best, but regardless of their success, I must personally go to be reassured!"

After saying that, she gently shook the photo in her hand, and it instantly turned into ashes and fell to the ground.

Morgana looked at Aemon and ordered, "You come with me, but remember not to tell anyone in the Warriors Den about this matter!"

Morgana had always harbored desires throughout her life.

Until today, her greatest desires were the ring in Maria's possession and the secret of longevity left behind by her master, Morvel Bazin.

But now, her most coveted prize had become the Four Treasures of the Study.

You see, both the ring and the longevity secret belonged to Morvel Bazin.

Yet, even he couldn't acquire the Four Treasures of the Study.

Hence, the value of the Four Treasures of the Study far surpassed the other two.

The longevity secret had driven Morgana to journey to China and return to the Eternal Mountains. And now, she had to personally retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study to ensure nothing went awry.

And so, Morgana embarked on her journey to Buenos Aires with great haste.

On the plane, Morgana's excitement knew no bounds. As someone who had lived for four hundred years, she rarely experienced restlessness and impatience.

She couldn't help but feel anxious, wishing the plane would fly faster.

However, the only means of transportation from the island where the Warriors Den was located to Buenos Aires was a seaplane. Unfortunately, seaplanes had a maximum speed of only five to six hundred kilometers per hour.

Looking out of the window at the sea below, Morgana mused to herself, "The ring that Master left for Lucius must possess teleportation abilities. Otherwise, it couldn't have whisked him away thousands of miles in an instant. But alas, Maria lacks the cultivation to activate the true power of that ring. If only I could obtain that ring, then no matter how vast the world or how distant, it would be within my grasp with a mere thought."

The mere thought of it made her seethe with anger.

She had spent over three hundred years searching for the powerless Maria, and she still didn't know when there would be a breakthrough in the longevity secret.

Because of this, she began to silently pray, hoping she wouldn't miss out on the Four Treasures of the Study like she did with Maria and the longevity secret, and that she wouldn't have to spend an eternity chasing after it.

She used to believe she had an abundance of time, but now she knew all too well that she only had a hundred years of life left.

...

While Morgana was flying over the waters near Antarctica, the loyal and brave marshal of the Warriors Den had already flown from North Carolina to New York.

Simultaneously, Hank had been transported to Manhattan Hospital via helicopter due to his broken ribs.

Situated in the heart of Manhattan, Manhattan Hospital resembled a grand office building from the outside.

This comprehensive medical facility spanned 21 floors, offering a wide range of services, including outpatient care, emergency treatment, surgeries, imaging, pathology, and inpatient care.

The basement housed the imaging and radiology departments, while the first to tenth floors accommodated the outpatient clinics, emergency rooms, operating theaters, and administrative offices. The inpatient wards were located from the tenth floor onward.

Due to its prime location in Manhattan, the hospital catered to a high-end clientele. Most of the inpatient rooms were single occupancy, with some even resembling luxurious suites. Staying at this hospital was akin to staying at a five-star hotel.

Peter, currently undergoing treatment, had been assigned to the comprehensive ward on the seventeenth floor. The FBI had specifically requested room 1701 for him and had taken over rooms 1702, 1703, and 1704.

Concerned about Peter's safety, they had deployed a large number of personnel for protection.

Hank had also been assigned to this floor. Initially, he had hoped for a room as close to room 1701 as possible. However, the FBI had already made their requests known to the hospital. Although they had taken over rooms 1701 to 1704, they had also transferred other patients to rooms starting from 1705. As per the FBI's instructions, all the rooms in front had to be occupied before proceeding in numerical order. Skipping room numbers was strictly prohibited.

Consequently, the current patients were all assigned to rooms numbered from 1730 to 1709, leaving Hank with no choice but to settle for room 1708. If more patients were admitted, they would be assigned to room 1707, and so on.

After Hank was admitted, the doctor examined his injuries. Rib fractures were typically not severe, especially since Hank's fractures were on the right side, avoiding any damage to his heart and minimizing potential complications.

The doctor provided him with a simple fixation and pain relief. Further treatment would require additional examination. During the waiting period, Hank took the opportunity to update Charlie on the situation.

Charlie had already returned to New York and was preparing to visit Manhattan Hospital. When he received Hank's call, he inquired, "Hank, have you entered Manhattan Hospital?"

Hank replied, "Yes, Mr. Wade, I'm already inside. I'm currently in a ward on the seventeenth floor. Peter Cole is also on this floor, but I can't get close to him at the moment."

Charlie asked, "Have you contacted Howard?"

"Not yet," Hank replied. "I wanted to inform you first and see if you have any instructions."

Charlie pondered for a moment and said, "I don't have any specific instructions. Contact Howard and find out his plan for you."

"Understood!" Hank responded respectfully. "I'll contact him right away."

After ending the call, Hank immediately dialed Howard's number.

When the call connected, he informed Howard, "Sir, I'm already in the hospital, but I can't get close to Peter. The FBI has tight security here, and they've established a quarantine zone. If I approach too closely, it will raise suspicion."

Howard cursed angrily, "Damn bastards! They're making such a fuss over a mere thief. It's absurd!"

Hank inquired, "Sir, what should I do next?"

After a moment of contemplation, Howard replied, "First, gather a few clever subordinates and have them wait nearby under the pretext of visiting. I'll try to negotiate with the FBI and see if we can loosen their grip."

"Alright," Hank acknowledged. "I'll make the necessary arrangements."

Howard ended the call and immediately contacted the person in charge at the FBI.

To his surprise, the person who usually answered his calls within seconds took an unusually long time to respond this time, allowing the phone to ring persistently without any answer.

Growing increasingly frustrated, he decided to compose a message and sent it to the individual, reading: "Do not decline my call unless you wish to incur the wrath of the Rothschild family!"

After dispatching the message, he made another attempt to call, enduring seven or eight rings before the other party eventually picked up the phone and expressed a resigned tone, saying, "Mr. Rothschild, what can I do for you?"

Howard's tone turned cold as he replied, "I have something important to discuss, and I must meet with Peter Cole. I need you to allow my people access under your supervision."

The person hesitated before responding, "Mr. Rothschild, Peter Cole's situation has put us in a difficult position. The entire United States is watching us closely. If I allow your people to get close to Peter Cole and anything goes wrong, not only will I lose my position, but the President's approval rating will plummet!"

Howard retorted, "Rest assured, my people will only ask him questions. They won't harm him."

The person remained firm, stating, "That's impossible. Mr. Rothschild, if mere questioning would suffice, you wouldn't have imprisoned him and subjected him to severe interrogation in the underground secret room of Brooklyn Prison. I won't hide the truth from you—numerous media outlets are closely monitoring our actions. Any further acts of favoritism would place your Rothschild family in a precarious situation."

Frustration coursed through Howard as he angrily questioned, "Then why don't I withdraw the charges with the police and declare it all a misunderstanding? In that case, do you still need to protect Peter Cole?"

Chapter 5613 bookmark

Withdrawing the lawsuit is Howard's only option for now.

He was the one who initially sued Peter. Given his social status, if he tells the police and the court that everything before was simply a misunderstanding, that Peter didn't steal his belongings, or that the stolen items were mere replicas

worth less than a hundred dollars, Peter will undoubtedly be released without charge.

Once released, he will regain his freedom, and the FBI will no longer need to keep a close watch on him.

However, this would be another blow to the Rothschild family, as it would mean admitting that all the previous scandals were false accusations or misunderstandings against Peter.

It's just rubbing salt in the wound.

But Howard has no other choice.

His intuition tells him that he must find the Four Treasures of the Study as soon as possible. If the Four Treasures of the Study is truly irretrievable, the Rothschild family's two hundred years of good fortune is likely to come to an abrupt end.

After hearing Howard's words, the head of the FBI responded coldly, "If you do withdraw the lawsuit and the court declares Peter innocent, then we will stop protecting him."

He then added, "But Mr. Rothschild, I want to remind you that you shouldn't think that once Peter regains his freedom, you can do whatever you want to him. If anything happens to him, the FBI will thoroughly investigate. The current public opinion of the Rothschild family is already very unfavorable. I advise you not to act on impulse."

Howard retorted, "I don't need your advice on how to act!"

With that, he abruptly hung up the phone and dialed another number for the New York court.

...

Soon, Landon Prescott landed at JFK Airport after a two-hour flight.

As he stepped out of the airport exit, Eddie George, who had been waiting for a long time, respectfully greeted him and whispered, "I am Eddie George, pleased to meet you, Mr. Prescott!"

Landon, a middle-aged man with a tall and imposing figure, looked relatively young for his age, exuding an aura of maturity and success.

Upon seeing Eddie, Landon couldn't help but comment, "The last time I saw you, you were barely ten years old. Now, it seems you're almost the same age as me."

Eddie was pleasantly surprised and said, "I didn't expect you to remember me!"

"Of course I remember," Landon said lightly. "I had some dealings with your father."

Changing the subject, he asked, "Have you gathered any information about Peter Cole? What exactly are we searching for on behalf of the British Lord?"

Eddie whispered, "I have found some information. I will explain in detail once we're in the car."

"Alright."

The two of them left the airport and arrived at Eddie's limited edition Rolls-Royce Phantom. Eddie acted as the driver, opening the rear door for Landon. After Landon got in the car, Eddie closed the door and returned to the driver's seat.

As he settled into the driver's seat, Eddie handed several printed images to Landon and introduced, "Mr. Prescott, these are what the lord wants us to find. Take a look."

Landon took the materials and glanced at them. He asked with confusion, "Isn't this just an ordinary golden pagoda? What's so special about it that the lord personally ordered us to find it? Did you find any other information or clues?"

Eddie quickly explained, "I couldn't find any information about the antique itself, and the Rothschild family hasn't revealed anything either. All I know is that their patriarch attaches great importance to this antique, and the recent series of scandals that have been exposed are mostly related to it."

Landon clicked his tongue and said, "Strange, truly strange. Such an insignificant thing manages to capture the attention of the lord. There must be something extraordinary about it that the public doesn't know."

He then asked, "Where should we start looking for clues related to this item, as instructed by the British Lord?"

Eddie said, "Based on the general information, an antique dealer stole this item from the Rothschild family. The family has been trying to recover it, but the dealer remains tight-lipped. Even the Rothschild family couldn't extract any information from him. He seems to be a tough nut to crack."

Landon said indifferently, "I've encountered many tough individuals, but with the right methods, they won't be able to hold on for long."

He inquired, "Where is the antique dealer now? Take me to meet him!"

Eddie said, "The person is currently in Manhattan Hospital, under the guard of the FBI. The situation has caused quite a commotion in New York, so it won't be easy to meet him directly. Unless we resort to force, but doing so would draw the attention of the FBI. If things spiral out of control, the British Lord might hold both of us accountable."

Landon asked, "Do you have any good ideas?"

Eddie said, "The best plan I can think of is to send someone to 'stay in the hospital,' as close to the person as possible. Then you and I can disguise ourselves as visitors going to see a friend and, in the process, gather information about the situation inside and find a suitable point of entry."

Landon nodded. "That could work. We can't solve the problem in one go. We need to gather information first and see if there's a suitable opportunity. Ideally, we should extract the person from the hospital before the FBI can react, find a secure location, and gradually make him talk."

Eddie flattered, "There are many residences and businesses in New York where we can find a safe place. Once we discover the whereabouts of the antique and obtain it, we can confine the person in a suitable location. After that, we can make him disappear without a trace."

"Good." Landon agreed without hesitation. "Let's proceed as you suggested and act swiftly!"

Eddie smile and remarked, "Honestly, Mr. Prescott, as soon as you boarded the plane, my subordinates had already arranged for individuals to be admitted to the hospital. It's time for you to check in right away."

He quickly said, "I hope you won't blame me for taking the initiative. I thought time was of the essence, and you were on the plane, so I couldn't discuss it with you. That's why I made these arrangements in advance. If you find it useful, then it will be a meaningful move. If not, we can disregard it. The person will receive medical treatment for a while and be discharged once recovered, without arousing suspicion."

Landon smiled slightly and said, "Aemon said you are resourceful and advised me to listen to your advice. It seems he was right. You are indeed quick-witted. If you had waited for me to arrive and then suggested this, we would have wasted two or three hours."

Eddie breathed a sigh of relief and respectfully said, "Thank you for your praise, Mr. Prescott. I will do my best to assist you and achieve victory!"

Eddie was a cunning individual.

Though lacking in cultivation, his mind worked quicker than most, and his eyes were sharp. He understood his position within the Warriors Den. Despite being a

son-in-law of the Evans family and holding a high social status in New York, his life and death were ultimately controlled by the Warriors Den.

Once the Warriors Den cut off his antidote, he would have no choice but to climb higher within the society. His social standing outside of the Warriors Den was insignificant.

Within the Warriors Den, strength always held sway.

The British Lord's power was unquestionable, and after her, the highest status in the Warriors Den belonged to the Three Elders, followed by the four marshals, and then the younger generations of the Lord's family, including Aemon.

Though Aemon enjoyed the trust and favor of the Lord, within the Warriors Den, he still had to address Landon as "superior" and refer to himself as "subordinate."

It was akin to the imperial relatives of ancient times. Despite having blood ties with the emperor and maintaining closer relationships, no one could step on the head of the current top general and get away with it. The emperor would be the first to oppose such an act.

Because of this, Eddie also wanted to take this opportunity to get closer to Landon. If he could establish a connection with him, it would undoubtedly prove beneficial and harmless in the future.

And so, the two of them drove straight to Manhattan Hospital, intending to investigate the situation there.

...

At the same time.

Charlie bought a bouquet of flowers at a flower shop downstairs in Manhattan Hospital and confidently walked into the hospital lobby, holding the flowers.

After providing his identification and the name of the patient he wished to visit to the receptionist, the receptionist quickly located Hank's visitor application, which had been left by the nurse. They promptly arranged for someone to accompany Charlie to the elevator and respectfully said, "Sir, you can go straight to the 17th floor from here. Turn left after exiting the elevator, and you will find Room 1708."

"Okay." Charlie nodded and entered the elevator.

The elevator ascended, finally stopping on the 17th floor.

Charlie stepped out of the elevator, clutching the bouquet of flowers, and was about to locate Room 1708 when he overheard a nurse speaking urgently to her colleagues at the nurse station, "The emergency department just notified us that a patient involved in a car accident is about to be transferred to Room 1707. Get ready to receive them. They'll be coming up in the medical elevator soon!"

Two nurses hurried out of the nurse station, one stationed outside the medical elevator to receive the incoming patient, while the other nurse entered Room 1707 to assess the situation.

Charlie furrowed his brow. Since Hank's hospitalization was connected to Peter, his intuition told him that the person about to be admitted to Room 1707 must also be of significance!

At that moment, the medical elevator chimed, and its doors slid open. A young man lay on a gurney, being wheeled out of the elevator.

The young man's forehead was wrapped in bandages, and his body bore multiple abrasions. He lay motionless on the bed, groaning in pain.

Charlie immediately sensed the absence of reiki in the person, but he was undoubtedly a martial artist!

Releasing his own reiki discreetly to investigate, Charlie detected the presence of the poison used by the Warriors Den on their dead soldiers and Cavalry Guards!

This poison was all too familiar to Charlie, as he had already detoxified more than one person. He knew it well.

This discovery shocked Charlie, and he couldn't help but think, "The Warriors Den acts swiftly. They've found this place so quickly!"

Chapter 5614 bookmark

Knowing that the Warriors Den had become much more discreet, Charlie never expected to have any encounters with them during his visit to New York.

However, as soon as he arrived at the 17th floor of Manhattan Hospital, a member of the Warriors Den was immediately brought in. This couldn't be a mere coincidence.

Charlie's intuition told him that the Warriors Den must be after Peter.

And their goal in getting close to Peter, without a doubt, was the Four Treasures of the Study.

Charlie pondered, "When I spoke to Maria, she mentioned that Morvel Bazin had discussed the Four Treasures of the Study with her father, Lucius Clark. Morgana must also be aware of its existence, and she is likely the only person in the Warriors Den who knows its true background. Now that the Warriors Den is targeting this place, it must be on Morgana's orders."

With this realization, Charlie became more cautious.

He knew that besides Morgana, the Warriors Den also had Three Elders and a marshal. If Morgana sent a count, he might have a chance of winning, but if any of the Three Elders were sent, he might not be able to resist.

After all, they were all formidable experts who were about to open the Soul Palace, and their strength should not be underestimated.

Charlie analyzed the situation and concluded that he should quickly move Peter to a safe place to avoid any danger.

Before, it was only the Rothschild family who wanted to capture him, but now, the Warriors Den was also involved. If he didn't find a way to move Peter as soon as possible, both he and Peter might face grave peril.

And it was not suitable to stay and fight at this time; safety was of utmost importance.

Observing the other party being escorted into room 1707, Charlie walked to the door of room 1708.

After knocking twice, he didn't wait for Hank's response and simply pushed open the door to the ward.

Hank's single room ward resembled more of a one-bedroom apartment. Upon entering, there was a small living room for resting, with the ward situated inside.

At this moment, Hank was lying on the bed, bored, waiting for the doctor's follow-up examination.

Upon seeing Charlie enter, he quickly stood up and respectfully said, "Mr. Wade, you're here!"

Charlie nodded and placed the flowers he brought aside. He inquired, "Has Howard given you any new instructions?"

Hank blurted out, "Mr. Wade, not yet. He asked me to assess the situation here and await his instructions!"

Charlie asked again, "Based on your understanding of him, what do you think he will do next? Is it possible for him to forcefully take Peter?"

Hank pondered for a moment and shook his head, "Unlikely. When he asked me to come, I made it clear that I would do whatever it takes to bring the person back and interrogate him, but he refused. In my opinion, he wouldn't dare to act recklessly at this time."

Charlie nodded and thought to himself, "If Howard can't find a breakthrough here, he will definitely change his approach and release Uncle Cole. It will still take seven to eight hours for Uncle Hogan to reach Aurous Hill, including the time it takes for him to hand over the Four Treasures of the Study to the authorities and for Keagan to leave for Eastcliff. It will take another six to seven hours. By then, there will be about thirteen to fourteen hours left before the news of the Four Treasures of the Study's return to China is released."

Therefore, he asked Hank, "If I forcefully take him away, do you have any suggestions?"

Hank said, "Mr. Wade, there are at least ten FBI personnel here. If we rush in, the FBI will summon the entire SWAT team in the shortest possible time, and dozens of police helicopters will surround this place within ten minutes. If you take him away, this matter will definitely become headline news around the world, and the impact will be severe. I'm afraid Mr. Cole will have to live in hiding for the rest of his life."

"Valid point." Charlie nodded, while releasing his reiki to investigate the situation in the several rooms.

After a quick check, Charlie discovered that there were nearly twenty people, far more than the ten people Hank mentioned.

In rooms 02, 03, and 04, there were four people guarding each room, and in room 1701, in addition to Peter, there were six guards.

Moreover, all these FBI personnel were armed, and once someone barged in, they would not hesitate to shoot.

Once they opened fire, the situation would undoubtedly escalate.

Charlie held no grudges against the FBI and couldn't possibly harm these agents who were protecting Peter. Thus, a direct confrontation offered no solution.

However, there was also no good breakthrough point if he took a softer approach.

He couldn't possibly persuade all these nearly twenty people individually, could he?

Even if he succeeded in taking the person away, Peter would become a wanted criminal. According to his wishes, he would rather stay in prison than bear the stigma of being a fugitive.

Just as Charlie was at a loss, he suddenly received a WeChat message on his phone.

It was from Maria, and the content read: "Young Master, Morgana has gone to New York! Please leave quickly!"

Upon reading this, Charlie furrowed his brow and quickly replied, "When did this happen?"

Maria swiftly responded, "Just now, her private jet took off from Buenos Aires, and I checked the flight route application. The plane is flying directly to New York."

Charlie hadn't expected Morgana to personally come to search for the Four Treasures of the Study this time, and he couldn't help but feel a twinge of nervousness.

Considering that the Warriors Den had already infiltrated Manhattan Hospital, Charlie speculated that once Morgana arrived in New York, she would definitely come to the hospital to see Peter.

Peter might still be able to keep his life in the hands of the Rothschild family, but he would have no chance of survival in the hands of Morgana.

And Morgana must possess the means to extract every piece of information from him.

Charlie then asked Maria, "How long does it take to fly from Buenos Aires to New York?"

Maria replied, "Based on Morgana's aircraft, it would take at least ten hours."

Charlie stated, "Ten hours of flight, plus at least half an hour to go through customs, and then rushing here, it will be exactly eleven hours."

Maria said, "That seems accurate, but I suggest that Young Master leaves New York as soon as possible. It's too dangerous to stay."

Charlie replied, "I can't leave temporarily, unless I can take Uncle Cole with me."

Maria advised, "Then Young Master must act swiftly, resolve everything within eight hours, and then you can leave calmly."

Charlie couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

Could he come up with a suitable plan to extricate Peter within the next eight hours?

Just as he was grappling with this uncertainty, Steve Rothschild unexpectedly called Charlie.

When Charlie answered the call, Steve's voice came through the other end, "Mr. Wade, my father has contacted the New York police and the court. He's dropped all charges against Peter Cole, citing defective testing equipment used by his team. The issue is resolved, and it turns out that the artifact Peter Cole gave him is indeed authentic, not a counterfeit. So, Peter Cole will be acquitted soon."

Charlie inquired, "Acquitted? How long will it take to resolve this situation?"

Steve explained, "The formal process for acquittal involves a court hearing, which may take some time. However, given the negative impact of this incident, the judicial authorities are eager to bring it to a swift conclusion. My father is urging them to expedite the process as a special case. Consequently, the New York court will dispatch a team of judges to the hospital to carry out the court proceedings and deliver the verdict. They are expected to depart within a few hours. Considering the entire timeline, it should be completed around seven o'clock this evening."

Relieved, Charlie exhaled deeply.

Morgana still had at least ten hours left. If Peter Cole could be acquitted in three hours, Charlie could leave the United States immediately. He would then be arranged to return to China, and Morgana wouldn't dare to pursue him any longer.

Furthermore, even if Morgana did dare to chase after him, it wouldn't matter. All Charlie had to do was wait for two or three more hours, and the news of the Treasure's return to China would be made public. By then, Morgana would no longer have any reason to pursue Peter.

In Charlie's heart, a sense of hope and a bright future began to dawn.

Charlie felt a glimmer of hope.

At this moment, Charlie heard a knocking sound from the adjacent ward.

When the door opened, Charlie heard a man speak at the door, "Doctor, I'm a friend of Frank's. I came to visit him. How is he doing?"

Upon hearing this, Charlie deduced that someone from the Warriors Den was arriving.

Meanwhile, the doctor provided an update, stating, "The individual's injuries are not severe. With a few days' hospitalization, they can be discharged. However, it's estimated that it will take over half a year to fully recover to their pre-accident condition."

One of the men inquired, "May we go in and visit?"

The doctor replied casually, "Certainly, I'm almost finished here. You can go in and see the patient. Just ensure you don't linger too long. The patient requires ample rest."

"Alright, we'll be done in ten or twenty minutes at most. Thank you, doctor."

The one who had spoken turned out to be none other than Charlie's uncle, Eddie.

Charlie had never met Eddie and couldn't recognize his voice. As he focused on the commotion in the neighboring room, he overheard the entrance of two individuals and the closing of the door. Then, a third person's voice spoke, saying, "Greetings, Marshal Prescott and Eddie!"

Landon responded coldly, "Don't call me that title outside. If the core secrets of the organization are leaked, I will take your life!"

The third person quickly apologized, "I'm sorry for my presumption, please punish me!"

Landon snorted, "Hmph, since you have been diligent and responsible, I won't pursue it today."

Upon hearing this, Charlie's eyes lit up.

He still had at least ten hours of a time window, but those ten hours would be divided into two segments.

In the first segment, he had to wait for the court to arrive and declare an innocent verdict. Besides preventing the Warriors Den's people from getting close to Peter, there was nothing else he could do.

In the second segment, once Peter was released, he had to swiftly send him out of the United States.

This also meant that from now until the verdict, he had nothing else to do.

Since time was sufficient, Charlie couldn't help but come up with an idea: "Two of the Warriors Den's four marshals have died, and one has defected. The only one left is this Landon Prescott. This is a rare opportunity! Should I take advantage of this in the first time segment and get rid of him?"

Chapter 5615 bookmark

Zeba claimed that among the four marshals, Gideon reigned as the mightiest.

However, without self destructing himself, Gideon would never stand a chance against Charlie.

Consequently, Charlie felt assured of his ability to eliminate Landon.

Yet, whether or not an opportunity would present itself remained uncertain.

Charlie was well aware that killing Landon in New York would prove exceedingly challenging.

Engaging in a brawl amidst the bustling city center of a first-tier metropolis would yield more harm than good. If he were to attempt it himself, the entire altercation might be broadcasted live on the internet before he could even dispatch Landon.

Hence, Landon must not confront him head-on.

Nor could he rely on magic to deliver a fatal blow.

For instance, if a bolt of lightning were to suddenly strike a man to his demise within a Manhattan hospital, it would undoubtedly spark a commotion.

This meant that if Charlie desired to eliminate Landon, he must find a way to catch him off guard and dispatch him swiftly.

Before that, Charlie still faced a thorny predicament that required immediate resolution.

That loyal and valiant man might just be seeking an opportunity to attack Peter Cole.

If Charlie failed to expel him from the premises, he could strike without warning, putting Charlie at a disadvantage.

Once Landon made his move, Charlie would never simply wait for his own demise. He would inevitably have to engage in a public confrontation.

Contemplating this, Charlie suddenly devised a plan.

He procured a disposable mask from Hank's ward, donned it, and exited the room. He proceeded to the first-floor emergency room, where a young female nurse was on duty.

"Excuse me," he inquired, "which doctor was responsible for treating the patient who was just admitted to Ward 1707 after a car accident?"

The female nurse appeared slightly taken aback and asked with caution, "May I ask who you are? Are you a family member of the patient?"

Charlie infused her with a bit of his reiki and spoke calmly, "I am the new medical director of the emergency department. My name is Dr. Wade. You may address me as Dr. Wade."

The female nurse immediately responded respectfully, "Hello, Dr. Wade!"

Charlie nodded and instructed, "Take me to that doctor. I have some questions for him."

The female nurse replied deferentially, "Certainly, Dr. Wade. Please follow me."

With that, she led Charlie to the door of an office.

Giving a light knock, she announced, "Dr. Pitt, Dr. Wade is here to see you."

Dr. Pitt, surprised by Charlie's presence, looked at him curiously and asked, "Which department are you from?"

Charlie chose not to address his question directly but instead commanded the female nurse, "Your presence is no longer required. Return to your duties and remember not to divulge my visit to anyone."

The female nurse promptly nodded, turned around, and left the room.

Dr. Pitt remained perplexed. He couldn't fathom the masked man's purpose. Moreover, the man claiming to be Dr. Wade didn't even don a doctor's white coat.

Approaching Dr. Pitt, Charlie employed his reiki to implant a suggestion in his mind, reminding him, "Dr. Pitt, right? I am now the head of the emergency department. When we visit the patients in 1707, you will agree with everything I say and fulfill any requests I make unconditionally. Do you understand?"

Without hesitation, Dr. Pitt nodded, "I understand, Dr. Wade!"

Satisfied with his compliance, Charlie inquired, "Where can I find the medical records of the patient in 1707? I need to examine them."

"Of course," Dr. Pitt replied promptly. He retrieved the medical record of patient 1707 and handed it to Charlie.

Glancing over the document, Charlie discovered that the patient's name was Kerry Sutton. He had been admitted to the hospital due to a car accident, suffering multiple bruises and skin injuries, but no serious wounds.

Charlie questioned, "The patient's condition doesn't seem severe. Is it necessary to keep him hospitalized? Can't we simply monitor him in the emergency room?"

Dr. Pitt hastily responded, "Mr. Wade, you're unaware of the situation. This man happens to be Eddie George's assistant. Eddie George is the son-in-law of the Evans family and holds considerable influence in New York. He personally called the hospital chairman, who paid special attention to the case and arranged for him to be transferred to the comprehensive ward on the 17th floor for treatment and recovery."

Charlie's brows furrowed. "What did you say? Eddie George is the Evans' son-in-law?"

"Yes!" Dr. Pitt affirmed with a solemn nod. "That's correct!"

Charlie clenched his teeth instinctively, his fists tightening.

It appeared that among the three individuals in ward 1707, one was the supposed accident victim brought in earlier, another was Landon, and the third was his uncle, Eddie!

Previously, the Evans family had only harbored strong suspicions about Eddie's true allegiance, lacking concrete evidence.

However, today, he had appeared alongside Landon, confirming beyond doubt that he was an undercover agent of the Warriors Den!

Contemplating this, Charlie sneered inwardly, thinking, "It seems Morgana was truly determined to obtain the Four Treasures of the Study this time, sending Eddie and Landon here."

Without delay, Charlie retrieved his mobile phone and sent a message to his grandfather. The contents read, "Grandpa, I have irrefutable evidence that Eddie is a member of the Warriors Den. Now that I have the opportunity to eliminate him, do you think I should proceed?"

...

Meanwhile, in Eastcliff, China.

The early morning sun bathed Eastcliff in its golden glow. Samuel Evans had risen early, dressed impeccably, and prepared to attend a highly significant business event.

Over the past few days, accompanied by his eldest son, Desmond, his second son, Marcus, and the Chinese detective, Jack Lee, Samuel had signed strategic cooperation agreements with various government departments in Eastcliff.

For Samuel, the prospect of returning to China and contributing to the motherland's development filled him with excitement and anticipation.

The officials, too, regarded the return of a renowned overseas Chinese investor as a prime opportunity for collaboration. They wholeheartedly expedited the signing process, with a batch of business contracts being finalized each day.

Today, Samuel was making another significant move. On behalf of the numerous airlines under the Evans Family's control and investment, he placed an order for nearly a hundred large passenger aircraft from China.

China Commercial Aircraft Corporation extended a warm invitation for Samuel to experience a short-distance flight on one of their domestically produced large passenger aircraft in Eastcliff that morning.

Samuel, dressed in resplendent attire, had just stepped out to meet his two sons and Jack when he received a text message from Charlie.

As he read the message, his expression transformed into one of shock. Without waiting for the others to respond, he swiftly instructed, "Come to my room, all of you."

The three individuals followed him, perplexed by the urgency in his tone.

Once inside the room, Samuel turned to face them, handing his phone to Jack. He said, "Jack, read it first. Afterward, circulate it among yourselves. Don't say a word. Once everyone has read it, let me know if you have any objections. Regardless of your opinions, provide no reasons."

The three of them exchanged puzzled glances. Jack promptly took the phone and read the message. His expression underwent a sudden change.

However, aware of the need for haste, he swiftly passed the phone to Desmond.

Desmond, too, appeared shocked by its contents. He then handed the phone to Marcus.

Marcus's eyes widened, and he silently passed the phone back to Samuel. In a low voice, he inquired, "Dad, who should express their stance first?"

Samuel replied calmly, "I will."

The three of them looked at him intently, barely daring to breathe.

Samuel's expression hardened, a tinge of cruelty flickering in his eyes. Through gritted teeth, he declared, "I have no objections!"

Chapter 5616 bookmark

When Samuel expressed his opinion, Desmond immediately voiced his support, "Dad, since Charlie already has conclusive evidence, then I have to agree with you!"

Marcus also nodded in agreement, "Agreed. I too support your decision."

Jack, who stood nearby, pursed his lips, his mind racing with thoughts. He understood the underlying meaning behind Samuel's words and couldn't help but voice his concerns, "Uncle Evans, I stand with you as well, but will Tece blame Charlie in the future?"

Samuel waved his hand dismissively and replied, "The Evans family possesses a sense of basic judgment. Rest assured, Tece will undoubtedly understand."

He continued, his voice filled with a mixture of resolve and pain, "However, apart from Charlie, only the four of us are privy to this matter. Once it is resolved, regardless of Tece's thoughts, we must never speak of it again. It shall remain an unspoken agreement among us."

The three individuals nodded in agreement, recognizing that keeping it unspoken was the most prudent course of action.

Samuel paused for a few seconds, wiping away the tears that had gathered at the corner of his eyes. With resolute determination, he sent a message to Charlie, "Charlie, if you can ensure your own safety, feel free to eliminate Eddie!"

He then composed another message, "When you do, please convey my regards to him!"

Samuel had once held Eddie in high esteem. Despite his humble origins, Samuel saw potential in him, viewing him as a distant shadow of Bruce's spirit.

At the time, Bruce Wade and his own daughter Lily, had already been tragically taken from him. Samuel found solace in Eddie, believing that he could fill the void left by his lost loved ones.

Driven by guilt towards Bruce, Samuel couldn't help but treat Eddie as his own, placing his complete trust in him. He regarded him as a son.

Yet, when Charlie revealed solid evidence proving that Eddie was a spy for the Warriors Den, Samuel felt a sense of betrayal and deep regret.

He had believed that through Eddie, he could make amends for the regret he felt towards Bruce. However, it had all been wishful thinking, a self-imposed delusion.

The weight of his guilt towards Bruce intensified.

Samuel had a son in law that was one in ten thousand but he failed him. Then discovering that Eddie, whom he had sincerely treated for many years, turned out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing with hidden malicious intentions, not only

intensified his feelings of guilt towards Bruce but also exacerbated his self-blame.

Desmond noticed his father's sudden transformation, his weariness becoming more apparent. He instinctively moved closer to support him, his voice filled with empathy, "Dad, the past is already set in stone. Don't dwell too much on what cannot be changed. Thankfully, we still have the opportunity to make amends."

Samuel sighed helplessly, his murmured words carrying a heavy burden, "Many things have slipped through our fingers. I am sorry, Bruce. There will never be a chance to make up for this in my lifetime..."

Desmond's eyes widened as he realized the true source of his father's guilt and regret. It wasn't solely because of Eddie's betrayal, but rather the weight of his past actions towards Bruce.

Twenty years had passed since Bruce's tragic death, and the regrets of the past could no longer be rectified.

Marcus stepped forward, his voice gentle yet firm, "Dad, while we may not be able to make amends with Bruce, we still have Charlie. He carries her blood within him. From this moment forward, every member of the Evans family should make every effort to make amends to Charlie. That would be the best way to honor Bruce."

Samuel nodded slightly, his hands finding solace in the grip of his two sons. He spoke softly, "Let us depart. We should not keep them waiting any longer."

As the four of them emerged from the room, Eddie's fate had already been sealed.

...

Charlie received a reply from his grandfather and silently pocketed his phone. He turned to the doctor standing before him, Dr. Pitt, and requested, "What tests have been conducted on patient 1707? Show me the medical records."

Dr. Pitt promptly handed over the patient's medical records to Charlie. After a brief perusal, Charlie spoke up, his voice filled with a sense of purpose, "Do you have spare white coats? Find me a set."

"We have some available!" Dr. Pitt quickly retrieved a spare set of medical attire for Charlie.

Once dressed, Charlie declared, "Let us proceed. Accompany me to room 1707."

Dr. Pitt nodded, acknowledging Charlie's authority, "Of course, Dr. Wade!"

In room 1707.

Landon closed his eyes, focusing his reiki to assess the situation in room 1701 and its surroundings.

As he sensed the presence of over ten FBI agents lying in wait, a sense of unease washed over Landon.

Quietly and discreetly extracting Peter from this predicament seemed an insurmountable task, one that even Charlie doubted he could accomplish.

For a moment, Landon struggled to devise a plan, unsure of how to proceed.

Eddie observed Landon opening his eyes and approached him, inquiring, "What's the situation?"

Landon shook his head, clicking his tongue in frustration, "It's complicated. They have a significant number of personnel, and I fear we won't be able to act swiftly."

Eddie pondered for a moment before suggesting, "If we can't find an opportunity to act, let us remain vigilant here and await further instructions from Aemon."

Reluctantly, Landon voiced his concerns, "But wouldn't that mean missing a chance to make a name for ourselves?"

Eddie replied, his voice laced with sagacity, "Opportunities to make a name for ourselves must be seized strategically. If we knowingly act in impossible circumstances and leave any room for error, the blame will fall on us. We risk losing more than we gain."

Landon was about to respond when his brows furrowed, his voice dropping to a whisper, "Stay silent for now, someone is approaching!"

Landon sensed the presence of two individuals heading towards their room.

Unbeknownst to him, Charlie had concealed his reiki completely, leaving Landon unaware of his greater martial prowess.

Soon, a knock resounded on the door of the room. Landon signaled to Eddie, who opened the door to reveal two doctors standing outside: a blond Caucasian named Peter and a black-haired Chinese named Charlie, both clad in medical attire.

Eddie didn't think much of it upon seeing the doctors, assuming their arrival was routine. Although Charlie bore a resemblance to Bruce, Eddie had never met him in person and couldn't recognize Charlie's face as he wore a surgical mask.

Curiosity gleaming in his eyes, Eddie glanced at the two and inquired, "How may I assist you, doctors?"

Charlie looked at Eddie, instantly recognizing him despite this being their first encounter.

After all, Eddie was a well-known public figure, easily found in online search results.

Charlie extended his hand with a warm smile and greeted, "So, you must be the esteemed Mr. Eddie George? It's a pleasure to meet you for the first time!"

Eddie casually shook Charlie's hand and cut to the chase, "Why are you two here?"

Chapter 5617 bookmark

At this moment, Eddie didn't grasp the true significance of the Chinese doctor wearing a mask before him.

He believed that, given his status, even if the hospital chairman were present, they would still have to bow down to him.

As for the head of the small emergency department, he probably just wanted to get on his good side and gain favor.

So, he didn't pay much attention to Charlie standing in front of him.

Meanwhile, Charlie smiled faintly and said to Eddie, "Hello, Mr. George. I am the head of the emergency department. We're here to locate the patient's family members. Are you the patient's family member?"

Eddie arrogantly nodded and replied, "He's my assistant, so I'm essentially his family member. What do you want to say to me?"

Charlie smiled and continued, "Well, Mr. George, since you are our esteemed guest at the hospital, as a sign of respect, we have decided to transfer the patient to the VIP ward on the top floor. The area there is much larger, with excellent facilities, making it more convenient for you and your companion to stay with the patient."

As he spoke, Charlie also waved politely to the expressionless middle-aged man inside.

He knew him to be Landon.

And Landon didn't even bother to conceal his aura.

This was because Charlie had been practicing a technique that concealed his aura, so Landon didn't notice anything out of the ordinary and didn't act too cautiously.

Landon was extremely proud and didn't even care about Eddie, so how could he care about the doctor standing before him? He completely disregarded Charlie's friendly gesture.

Eddie never expected that Charlie came here to change the VIP ward for his "assistant." He had specifically asked the chairman to arrange for the doctor to assign his assistant to this floor, and he couldn't leave no matter what.

So he casually replied, "I appreciate your kindness, but there's no need to change the ward. The conditions here are also good, and we have no problem taking care of the patient here. If you have nothing else to say, please leave."

Charlie hastily reassured him, saying, "Please don't worry, Mr. George. The VIP environment upstairs is significantly better than here, and you won't have to worry about a thing. We'll arrange for someone to assist you with the ward transfer, and there will be dedicated individuals to accompany you. Please, let's proceed upstairs."

Eddie responded impatiently, "No need! If there's nothing else, please leave and don't disturb the patient's rest."

Charlie quickly interjected, "Please wait, Mr. George. The situation on this floor is quite unique today!"

When Eddie heard this, he became alert and glanced at Charlie curiously. He asked, "What's so special about it?"

Charlie nodded and explained, "Mr. George, you may not know, but Room 1701 is occupied by a prisoner, and not just any prisoner, a high-profile one. There are FBI guards stationed there..."

Eddie was surprised to hear this, but at the same time, he lowered his guard against Charlie himself because everything Charlie said matched the information he knew.

Curiously, he asked, "What does that prisoner have to do with us? Will our presence disturb them?"

Charlie nodded and replied seriously, "To be honest, the FBI has very specific requirements. They want us to clear out the 17th floor as much as possible and transfer the patients to other floors. If the patients cannot be moved, the number of caregivers must be strictly limited, allowing only one family member at most."

Charlie intentionally revealed the true situation of Peter Cole and the FBI in order to deceive Eddie and Landon with the utmost sincerity.

His intention was to physically separate these two individuals.

Only by separating them could he systematically defeat them.

So he intentionally brought up the FBI and fabricated a non-existent "requirement."

However, with his previous honest statement, this lie also seemed highly credible.

Eddie and Landon didn't even discuss it and believed that Charlie must be telling the truth.

They also thought that the FBI must be trying to minimize potential risks, so strictly limiting the number of caregivers seemed reasonable and convincing.

However, Eddie naturally didn't want to comply so easily.

Although he initially suspected that Landon might betray him, the opportunity to make a name for himself was right in front of him. If someone had to leave, it

would definitely be him. If that were the case, his credit would be greatly diminished if this matter succeeded.

So he said to Charlie, "No, you don't need to worry about them. If they approach me, I will communicate with their leader. I won't let you be in a difficult position."

Charlie hurriedly replied, "Mr. George, that won't do! The FBI has very clear requirements. If you and the gentleman behind you are unwilling to separate, then you can only move to a ward on another floor."

Charlie then proposed a solution, "How about this, Mr. George? I will arrange a ward for you on the 16th floor near the elevator. It's just a short walk away, and it will be done quickly."

As soon as Eddie heard this, he immediately objected, "No! My assistant has just been injured, and we can't put him through that!"

Charlie presented the assistant's emergency medical record and said, "Mr. George, your assistant doesn't have any major issues. He can be observed in the hospital or go home to rest. If you think it's truly not possible, I can arrange a few doctors and nurses to monitor him 24/7 at his home. In the comfort of his own home, the patient's mood and recovery will definitely be better than in the hospital."

Eddie became annoyed and retorted, "Can't you understand what I'm saying? I said the injured person can't be disturbed! He stays in this ward and doesn't go anywhere!"

Charlie, seeing his anger, could only say helplessly, "Mr. George, if the patient doesn't leave this ward, then either you or the gentleman behind you must leave. This is a strict order from the FBI. If you refuse to cooperate, I will have to inform them of the truth and let them communicate with you."

"Damn it!" Eddie gritted his teeth in anger!

He didn't expect that Charlie would show him no respect at all and even reveal the truth to the FBI.

Although he had a good reputation in New York, everyone knew that the reputation of the New York police and the FBI was under a major crisis. They would do everything they could to ensure that Peter Cole didn't encounter any more problems. If he went against them, they wouldn't give him a chance either.

As for Landon by his side, he didn't have any good ideas at the moment, and it was impossible for him to directly confront the FBI. So his situation was quite precarious at the moment.

Landon didn't doubt Charlie's words either. He had already investigated and knew that Peter Cole had at least a dozen or twenty armed FBI agents around him. It was reasonable for them to have security requirements for the hospital. If Eddie continued to refuse to cooperate and really attracted the FBI's attention, it would definitely spell trouble.

Considering all this, Landon decisively said, "Mr. George, it's better to avoid unnecessary trouble. New York is in a tumultuous time, and we shouldn't provoke the FBI. I will stay here to accompany the patient, so you should go back and rest."

Chapter 5618 bookmark

In Landon's view, it would be advantageous for Eddie to stay. If he successfully acquired what they needed, his assistance would be crucial for their retreat and search for a secure haven. Hence, Landon was reluctant to let Eddie depart.

Nevertheless, at present, Landon dared not draw any unnecessary attention.

He comprehended the circumstances and recognized what was truly important.

Firstly, he understood that he could not leave. Only he possessed the capability to snatch Peter Cole from the clutches of the FBI.

Secondly, he did not dare to allow Eddie to stay and defy the FBI's demands. If they truly drew the FBI's scrutiny and were compelled to change floors, they would find themselves in a precarious situation. Engaging them directly would not be advantageous, and if they were indeed relocated, they might lose the opportunity to act.

Hence, after careful deliberation, Landon decided to let Eddie depart in order to avoid attracting the FBI's attention.

Upon hearing this, Eddie felt deeply discontented, even unwilling.

Yet, he also understood that in this predicament, he could not continue to argue. After all, the FBI was merely a few rooms away from them. If they provoked them and failed to complete the mission, they would undoubtedly be in trouble.

So, he could only nod helplessly and said to Landon, "Mr. Prescott, please take care of things here. I'll head back first. If you need anything, just give me a call."

Landon feigned respect and replied, "Of course, Mr. George. Please take your time."

Eddie harbored resentment in his heart, rolled his eyes at Charlie, and let out a disdainful snort before waving his hand and departing.

Upon witnessing Eddie's departure, Charlie pretended to be relieved and said to Landon, "Thank you both for your cooperation. We are all here for work, so please understand."

Landon didn't doubt Charlie's intentions, nodding in agreement. "Indeed, we're all here for work, and it's understandable to follow the FBI's requirements. Doctor, please try to prevent the FBI from disturbing us."

"Of course," Charlie responded, nodding. "I won't disturb you then."

With that, he turned around and exited with Dr. Pitt.

Landon glanced at Dr. Pitt as he followed, sensing a slight bewilderment in the doctor's demeanor. However, not being proficient in psychological suggestion, he didn't pay it much attention.

As Charlie stepped outside, he happened to spot Eddie angrily approaching the elevator entrance, prompting him to follow immediately.

When Eddie entered the elevator, Charlie followed suit.

Seeing Charlie entering the elevator with him, Eddie's anger flared up. He tugged at his collar and sternly asked, "Why are you following me? Are you qualified to share an elevator with me? Get out!"

Charlie chuckled and quickly responded, "Mr. George, please don't be upset. I had to choose one of the two. This is the FBI's request. They tend to complicate matters unnecessarily. Just think about it; you are a distinguished guest at our hospital. If it weren't for the FBI's interference, I wouldn't dare to offend you. Don't you agree?"

Charlie's flattering words eased Eddie's anger somewhat. He surmised that the doctor must be acting under orders and couldn't disregard the FBI's demands. Furthermore, the doctor's humble attitude and polite words had a soothing effect on his irritation.

He said expressionlessly, "You're right. These FBI agents are utterly useless. They meddle in other people's affairs while neglecting their own duties. What a bunch of fools."

Charlie nodded in agreement. "You're absolutely right."

Continuing in a lowered voice, he added, "Mr. George, don't be too hasty. I'll observe the FBI's behavior tonight. If they become less vigilant, you might have an opportunity to visit. I'll find a way for you."

Eddie's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and he instinctively asked, "Is this plan feasible?"

Charlie reassured him, saying, "I believe it's quite feasible, but we need to wait and observe their actions tonight. They tend to be strict when their leader is present but more relaxed when the leader is absent."

Eddie thought the doctor was trying to curry favor with him and promptly responded, "If you can help me with this matter, I will speak highly of you to your chairman later."

Charlie eagerly replied, "Thank you so much, Mr. George!"

With that, they reached the underground garage in the elevator. Charlie offered to accompany Eddie to his car, suggesting they continue their conversation on the way.

Eddie agreed, knowing that he had come alone without a driver this time. He had driven himself to the airport to pick up Landon, making it more convenient for them to converse.

While walking towards his Rolls-Royce, Eddie inquired, "What time do you think they will relax?"

Charlie hastily responded, "I estimate it will take about one, two, or three hours."

He added, "I suggest you..."

Before Charlie could finish his sentence, Eddie spotted someone approaching and interrupted, clearing his throat. "I trust leaving the patient in your care, but I have one condition: the best treatment, the best medication. There should be no adverse effects on the patient."

Charlie nodded eagerly, aligning with Eddie's demands. "Absolutely, don't worry. We are meticulous in our work."

Satisfied, Eddie made a pleased sound and walked towards his Rolls-Royce. He told Charlie, "Get in the car, and we'll talk inside."

"Sure," Charlie responded, nodding repeatedly. Seeing that the Rolls-Royce had unlocked, he opened the door for Eddie and then entered the passenger seat himself.

Inside the car, Charlie discreetly used his reiki to inspect the Rolls-Royce. Unlike most vehicles, this one had exceptionally thick glass, door panels, and a reinforced chassis, making it bulletproof, explosion-proof, and eavesdropping-proof. Charlie found no electronic eavesdropping devices, making it exceptionally secure.

With that assurance, Charlie felt at ease, while Eddie seemed as comfortable as if he were at home. He picked up a bottle of Fiji water and took a sip before saying to Charlie, "If you can get me back to the ward within two hours, there will be a generous reward awaiting you."

Charlie smiled slightly, removed his mask, and looked at Eddie with interest. "I wonder, what kind of reward are we talking about, Mr. George?"

Eddie grinned, extending a finger. "If you can solve this within two hours, I'll give you one million U.S. dollars. If you manage it within one hour, you'll receive two million U.S. dollars!"

As he spoke, he suddenly furrowed his brow and said, "Wait a moment. You look familiar. Have we met before?"

Chapter 5619 bookmark

When Bruce passed away, Tece was still a student, and Eddie had never crossed paths with Bruce in person.

However, the Warriors Den had groomed Eddie specifically for Tece since his student days.

Back then, there were more than twenty young male "scholars" who were being prepared alongside him. Most of them were of pure Chinese descent, while a

few were of mixed race, and there were even a couple of white and black individuals.

The reason for this diverse selection was because the Warriors Den was uncertain about Tece's future preference for a spouse. So, they handpicked these young male "scholars" who were not only handsome and refined, but also underwent rigorous education and training.

Even to this day, Tece remained oblivious to the fact that the exceptional male students who had appeared around her in the past, excelling in academics, possessing extensive knowledge, and exhibiting gentlemanly behavior, were mostly undercover scholars from the Warriors Den.

The Warriors Den's intention was simple: they aimed to surround Tece with a large number of well-trained, high-quality males, hoping that one of them would eventually succeed in infiltrating the prestigious Evans family. And Eddie emerged as the ultimate victor.

In truth, Eddie had been well-versed in all matters concerning the Evans family for many years.

Although he had never met Bruce, he had studied and absorbed every piece of information available about him, including visual materials.

However, since Bruce had passed away several years ago, and in the time after he married Tece, he had neglected to review the materials from his past, causing him to somewhat forget Bruce's appearance.

Yet, deep within his memory, there lingered a faint familiarity when he glanced at Charlie, as if he had seen him before.

Curious, Charlie smiled and asked, "Mr. George, do I look familiar to you?"

Eddie, without any deception, responded sincerely, "Yes, indeed. You do seem familiar, as if I've seen you somewhere before, but I can't quite recall it at the moment."

Charlie casually tossed his mask onto the control panel of the Rolls-Royce, reclining comfortably in the seat with his hands spread out, and nonchalantly remarked, "Since you find me familiar, I might as well stop pretending."

Sensing something amiss, Eddie quietly reached for the gun in the storage compartment of the driver's door panel, furrowing his brows as he questioned Charlie, "What do you mean? Who exactly are you?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "Mr. George, strictly speaking, I should address you as my uncle-in-law, since you are still married to my aunt."

Eddie was taken aback, blurting out, "You...you are Charlie Wade!"

Curiously, Charlie asked, "Hmm? Uncle-in-law knows my name?"

Gripping the gun tightly, Eddie couldn't hide his excitement as he exclaimed, "We have been searching for you for so many years, and we never expected you to be in New York! This is incredible! I will contact your grandfather immediately. He will be overjoyed to know!"

After that, he pretended to take out his cell phone. However, in the next instance, Eddie's expression turned grim as he pulled out the gun and aimed it at Charlie's forehead, his voice cold as he demanded, "So, you are Charlie? Why are you here?! Do you know who I am? Do you know my true identity?!"

Witnessing the murderous intent in Eddie's eyes, Charlie discarded his disguise and smiled, "You are merely a scholar of the Warriors Den. Though you may seem important, in reality, you are nothing more than a dog on a slightly longer leash, needing regular doses of antidotes."

Frustrated, Eddie's expression darkened as he stared at Charlie, gritting his teeth and threatening, "You know too much! Do you believe I could kill you right now and collect a reward from our lord?"

Unperturbed, Charlie calmly stated, "I know far more than you can fathom."

Pausing for a moment, he continued, "Furthermore, I advise you to drop the gun, for it holds no power against me!"

"Do you know that I have personally slain three out of the four great marshals of the Warriors Den? And do you know that all the soldiers stationed in Cyprus have surrendered to me?"

"You, a mere scholar, dare to aim a gun at me. Aren't you afraid that I will snap your neck and find an opportunity to kill your parents, who were once part of the cavalry guard?"

Eddie's pupils contracted, fear flooding his eyes. Clenching his teeth, he angrily retorted, "Whether what you say is true or not, daring to threaten me with my family, you deserve to die!"

Without hesitation, he pulled the trigger!

In that very moment, Charlie swiftly made his move, grabbing the gun and exerting pressure on the hammer at the back, causing it to snap!

The gun remained silent, as the broken alloy hammer rendered it useless. Even if Eddie continued to pull the trigger with all his might, the gun would never fire.

Eddie had never imagined that Charlie possessed such strength! With just one finger, he had shattered an alloy hammer!

In that moment, terror washed over him!

You see, these scholars had been strictly forbidden from practicing martial arts since their youth, all to minimize the chances of exposing their true identities.

Their sole purpose was to study, immerse themselves in research, and ensure they could gain admission to any top university worldwide.

This approach enabled them to seamlessly infiltrate any household, even one as influential as the Evans family, without raising any suspicion.

Now, facing Charlie without any weaponry, Eddie found himself utterly defenseless and forced to surrender.

So, he put on a terrified expression, tossed the gun onto the back seat, and raised his hands, pleading, "Charlie... You mustn't misunderstand... Although I am a scholar of the Warriors Den, I... I genuinely love the Evans family... I truly love your aunt..."

Charlie sneered, "After all the members of the Warriors Den I have killed, you still have the audacity to spout such nonsense to me. Do you truly believe I would trust you? Are you overestimating your persuasive skills or underestimating my intelligence?"

Eddie sobbed, desperately pleading, "Charlie... Since you understand the Warriors Den, you must know that I had no choice! From childhood to adulthood, we could only follow the lord's commands, as any negligence would result in death, let alone resistance..."

Charlie smiled and replied, "There's no need to waste your breath. After today, you will die. I will personally kill you and Landon upstairs, and present both of your heads as a grand welcome gift to Morgana!"

Eddie's hysteria grew, and he cried, "If you kill me, your aunt will never forgive you! Your cousin will never forgive you! Your grandfather will never forgive you! He treats me like his own, like family. How could he bear it at his age if you kill me?"

Charlie calmly smiled, "Not long ago, I reached out to my grandfather, and he told me to kill whenever the opportunity arises. So, after today, you will die! Furthermore, the Evans family does not condone criminal behavior. If my aunt discovers your true identity, she would harbor no good thoughts towards you. And as for my cousin, whom I have never met, if she considers me her father's killer, she is free to seek revenge in the future."

With a shift in his tone, Charlie looked at Eddie and asked, "Do you honestly believe your daughter would still see you as her father once she learns your true face?"

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At this moment, Eddie's heart trembled with an overwhelming fear.

It was his father and grandfather's self-sacrifice to dismantle the Warriors Den that had granted him the chance to become an "intellectual."

To distinguish himself among the countless "intellectuals," he had devoured countless tomes and endured countless hardships. Throughout the decades, he had encountered countless obstacles and trials.

Now, he found himself in the clutches of Charlie, and it seemed that Charlie's associates had already resolved to end his life. A sense of impending doom filled him to the brim.

Driven by an intense will to survive, he stammered, "Uh... since you possess such profound knowledge about the inner workings of the Warriors Den, you must also be aware of the tragic fate that befalls individuals like us. If circumstances allowed, I would never have willingly served the Warriors Den or contributed to their cause. I implore you to spare my life. If you are willing to spare me, I will serve as your spy within the Warriors Den! I will report their every move to you and do whatever you ask of me. This way, I can seek redemption, which is far preferable to meeting my demise!"

Charlie grinned and replied, "You and my aunt are both disciples of the same sect. During the incident in New York where the Warriors Den conspired to annihilate my entire family, you must have been aware of it. Why, then, did you not consider your relationship with my aunt? Why did you not consider the immense kindness my grandfather bestowed upon you?"

Eddie was left speechless.

He was acutely aware of that incident.

Thus, he dared not conceal anything and sobbed, "Uh... during that time, it was the lord who ordered the execution of your entire family. We were merely following orders. My aunt and I were mere pawns in the grand scheme. The reason I was spared was because the lord believed that, after eradicating the Evans Family and seizing their business, there needed to be someone suitable to inherit the Evans Family's assets. As a male, I was deemed more suitable than my aunt, so I was allowed to remain..."

Charlie nodded, "Regardless, by choosing loyalty to Morgana over the lives of the Evans Family, you have proven yourself unworthy of pity!"

Eddie pleaded, "Uh... spare my life, for it will benefit you and cause no harm. I can remain within the Warriors Den as an undercover agent. There are many ways I can assist you! If I die, it will be a great loss for both you and the Evans Family!"

Charlie sneered, "Do you truly believe that Morgana would consent to you remaining as my undercover agent?"

Eddie asked, bewildered, "If you don't inform her, how would Morgana find out?"

Charlie's smile turned cold, "Don't you know? Morgana is already en route to New York."

"What?!" Eddie exclaimed in shock, "Lord... oh no... Morgana is coming to New York?!"

"Yes," Charlie affirmed, "My plan is to eliminate Landon before Morgana arrives. Once Landon is dead and you are the sole survivor, Morgana will undoubtedly seek you out for answers."

Eddie hastily extended his right hand and earnestly pleaded, "You can trust me. I won't breathe a word about you!"

Charlie sneered, "Landon may not be well-versed in psychological manipulation, but Morgana certainly is. She will find a way to make you spill everything. Instead of letting you expose my information in front of Morgana, it is better for me to eliminate you as well, giving Morgana an even greater shock!"

Eddie was consumed by terror and blurted out, "You can't do this... it's inhumane!"

Charlie mocked, "Humanity is the last thing I need when dealing with people like you."

With that, Charlie fixed his gaze upon Eddie, and a surge of energy infiltrated his mind. He coldly commanded, "Eddie, from this moment on, you will answer every question I pose without reservation. You will obey my every command without the slightest hint of defiance. Do you understand?"

Eddie's eyes flickered for a moment, then he replied resolutely, "I understand!"

Charlie inquired, "Why did the Warriors Den not cease their actions after my parents' deaths, but instead send you and my aunt to infiltrate my grandfather's family?"

Eddie shook his head, "I do not know... all I know is that in the year of your parents' demise, we received orders for training. Nearly sixty 'intellectuals' partook in the training, with the goal of successfully marrying your aunt and uncle. However, we are ignorant of why the lord desired such an arrangement."

Charlie furrowed his brow and pressed further, "Why did Morgana harbor you all within my grandfather's family for so long, only to turn against them and plot the extermination of my entire family?"

Eddie replied in a bewildered tone, "I do not know... from my speculation, it was perhaps to ensure my smooth ascension to the Evans Family. Once the Evans Family is eradicated and I assume control, the Evans Family would belong to the Warriors Den."

Charlie shook his head, "That is highly unlikely. If I, a mere pawn in her eyes, am deemed expendable, Morgana would be even less inclined to pursue such a course of action! She must have other motives!"

Eddie said, "I am unaware of them. Our access to information is limited. Since our departure from the organization, we have lived in the outside world, maintaining contact with the organization through covert channels. We have never returned to the organization since our departure. Hence, I am ignorant of the lord's intentions..."

Charlie nodded slightly, realizing that uncovering the Warriors Den's reasons for targeting his grandfather's family would be unlikely through Eddie. He would need to seize another opportunity in the future to unveil the truth.

For now, the utmost priority was to safely retrieve Peter from the hospital after the Rothschild family relinquished their pursuit of him. Simultaneously, he needed to find another opening to eliminate Landon.

As for Eddie, his demise was a minor matter, not worthy of mention.

The remaining matters could be addressed in due course.

After a moment of contemplation, a plan had already formed in Charlie's mind. He then issued an order to Eddie, "Assist me in arranging for a helicopter. Inform the individual in charge of Manhattan Hospital that a helicopter will touch down on the rooftop helipad within a few hours to retrieve a patient. Ensure they make the necessary preparations."

Eddie immediately acquiesced without hesitation, "Very well! Arranging the helicopter is a simple task. I can attend to it now."

Charlie instructed, "Keep the helicopter on standby. Leave the rest to me."

Eddie nodded subconsciously, "Alright! I will make the arrangements."

Charlie then asked him, "Send a message to Landon, informing him that you have just received reliable insider information that the court may announce the

acquittal and release of Peter Cole within two or three hours. In light of this, the FBI should withdraw. Advise him to exercise patience and await the opportune moment. Caution him against acting rashly!"

Eddie promptly followed the instructions and sent a text message to Landon.

In the hospital room, Landon read the message with elation and replied, "Eddie, is this news reliable?"

Eddie replied as directed, "Absolutely! Landon, exercise patience a little longer. Once he is acquitted, you will undoubtedly have the perfect opening."

"Excellent!" Landon replied without hesitation, "Then I shall await his acquittal before making my move!"