

Chapter 5621

After finalizing the plan, Charlie changed out of his doctor's clothes and returned to Hank's hospital room.

Next, he would patiently wait for the judge to arrive at the hospital with the complete legal documents and announce Peter's innocence and release. Currently, the Four Treasures of the Study was on its way back to China. As long as Peter was safely taken away and Eddie and Landon were taken care of, Charlie's trip to the United States would be considered a successful mission.

To ensure everything went smoothly, Charlie specifically had Eddie rent a private jet in his own name that could fly directly to China. He also arranged for the jet to be on standby at Kennedy Airport in New York with a flight plan to Eastcliff.

Late at night, the Chief Justice of New York, along with several court staff and Brooklyn Prison staff, rushed to Manhattan Hospital with the complete documents in hand.

The elderly Chief Justice didn't need to rush like this. It would have been in accordance with the normal judicial procedure to announce Peter's innocence and release in court the next day.

However, the reputation of the Rothschild family had been greatly affected this time, and coupled with the sudden power outage at the Cole Family Manor, Howard was extremely worried that the Four Treasures of the Study had already been taken out of the manor. He urgently wanted Peter to be released as soon as possible and then closely monitored his every move, hoping to find the whereabouts of the Four Treasures of the Study through this method.

Thus, the Chief Justice hurriedly arrived.

Charlie relied on his excellent hearing to monitor every move in Peter's hospital room while Landon in the opposite room slightly enhanced his senses to perceive any activity.

The Chief Justice, along with the staff, entered the hospital room. In the presence of the FBI and the staff, he said to Peter, "Mr. Peter Cole, the Rothschild family admits that the previous accusation of antique theft against you was a misunderstanding. After emergency deliberation in court, it has been decided to withdraw the charges against you. From now on, you are free."

Landon, who was monitoring the room with his enhanced senses, couldn't help but think, "Eddie's information is indeed accurate. The person surnamed Cole is indeed going to be released."

At this moment, Peter was also surprised.

He didn't expect the Rothschild family to retract their accusations so quickly.

Since meeting Charlie a few days ago, Peter had not received any news from him and didn't know if Charlie had taken the Four Treasures of the Study out of the United States. Now, with the sudden release, his first thought was to find a way to contact Charlie.

However, the next moment, he felt that he absolutely couldn't contact Charlie on his own. The Rothschild family was now releasing him, which resembled the hunters who would tie a feather to a bee they caught in the woods and then release it back to the hive to find its location.

He believed that the Rothschild family had the same intention now.

Seeing that he didn't speak, the Chief Justice spoke again, "In addition, Mr. Cole, the Rothschild family will cover all your medical expenses here. If you need further treatment, they will also cover the costs."

"Furthermore, regarding the physical harm, bodily and mental damages you suffered during your time in prison, the Rothschild family has offered a settlement of 30 million dollars. If you agree, they will arrange for a lawyer

to discuss the compensation with you. If you are not satisfied with the amount, you can file a lawsuit at any time."

The judicial system in the United States has many differences compared to the East, especially China.

One of the biggest differences might be the issue of compensation.

In China, the determination of compensation is often based on the average income per capita, so it is usually not very high. However, in the United States, once the nature and impact are severe, the compensation can be astronomical.

A few years ago, an incident occurred where an Asian doctor was assaulted and dragged off a plane by an airline company. The incident was exposed on the internet and caused a great deal of negative publicity. In the end, an undisclosed settlement was reached, but many sources indicated that the compensation could have been as high as 140 million dollars.

Such compensation is unimaginable in China, but it is not uncommon in the United States.

Since the Rothschild family acknowledged their misfortune and reluctantly admitted fault, according to American societal norms, Peter could immediately seek substantial compensation from them. Considering the gravity of the situation, and with skilled lawyers involved, securing a \$300 million compensation from the Rothschild family wouldn't be a daunting task.

However, Peter remained remarkably composed and stated,

"Compensation is not necessary. Please inform the Rothschild family's legal team to prepare an unconditional settlement agreement. I am willing to sign it."

The justice was taken aback and couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Cole, are you certain about settling unconditionally? While I may not be in a position to offer too much advice, given the widespread attention this case has

garnered throughout the United States, opting not to seek compensation... well, it might be considered somewhat unconventional."

Since the Rothschild family had chosen to release Peter, it was reasonable for him to receive a reasonable compensation. This would make the public feel satisfied and shift their attention away from the incident, eventually forgetting about it.

However, if Peter didn't receive any compensation, whether it was because the Rothschild family didn't offer it or because he refused it, it would leave a lingering feeling of dissatisfaction among the public.

The Chief Justice and the Rothschild family had close relations, so naturally, they didn't want this matter to leave any loose ends. As long as both sides could reach a satisfactory settlement that would satisfy the public, the incident would gradually fade from the public's view, and no one would remember it.

Therefore, the Chief Justice urged Peter, "Mr. Cole, I understand that your family is also a wealthy family, and money may not be of great concern to you. However, I hope you will carefully consider this matter. You have suffered injustice and torment and deserve compensation. The Rothschild family has indeed harmed you and should pay a sufficient amount of compensation and bear a heavy price for it."

Peter shook his head gently and smiled as he explained, "Compensation is truly unnecessary. If I accept their money, and it's a substantial sum, people's perception of this matter will drastically change. Initially, they sympathized with me and were willing to support my cause. However, over time, they might shift towards envy, jealousy, and even a desire to replace me, thinking of me as the beneficiary rather than the victim."

"In this process, the wrongdoer may gradually transform in their eyes, no longer seen as the culprit but as a generous benefactor. This goes against everything I stand for, and I cannot accept it."

The justice asked in astonishment, "Mr. Cole, what is it that you hope for then?"

Peter raised his voice, speaking earnestly, "My hope is for people to always remember this incident. To remember that the Rothschild family violated American laws, misused public resources for personal gain, and controlled the entire prison system unlawfully. Remember that they resorted to mob violence to torture others for their own objectives."

With growing fervor, Peter continued, "I hope people recall that their ancestors employed deplorable means to amass vast wealth from the East and China, causing countless tragic casualties. I desire people to forever acknowledge the multitude of sins committed by their forebears."

"Therefore, I cannot accept their money; I don't even want it."

The justice was taken aback for a moment. If Peter truly rejected any compensation, it would undoubtedly reignite public discourse. People would interpret his refusal as a testament to the immense harm inflicted upon him by the Rothschild family, and his unwavering decision not to accept a single penny from them.

In this scenario, the Rothschild family would find themselves in an even more precarious position in the court of public opinion.

At this juncture, a prison official who had remained silent stepped forward respectfully and said, "Mr. Cole, I'm Brian White, Deputy Warden of Brooklyn Prison. On behalf of Brooklyn Prison, I would like to extend my heartfelt apologies for all the injustices you've endured here. Furthermore, I wish to inform you that if you wish, we are prepared to compensate you for the injustices you've suffered."

Peter replied, "Don't worry. After this matter is resolved, I won't seek compensation from any party—be it the Rothschild family, Brooklyn Prison, or even the entire U.S. justice system."

With that, he turned to Brian and asked, "Now that I've been acquitted, can I have my personal belongings returned to me?"

"Of course," Brian replied. He promptly retrieved a prison-specific storage bag from his suitcase, "Mr. Cole, your personal belongings are all here. Please check them to see if there is anything missing."

Brian handed the storage bag to Peter, who proceeded to examine its contents. His primary concern was his mobile phone; everything else was secondary.

Afterward, he attempted to turn on his mobile phone. Long-pressing the power button, he watched as the phone booted up to its startup screen. Peter glanced at the justice and Brian, asking, "Has anyone accessed the information on my phone?"

Brian quickly responded, "Impossible. These belongings have been sealed since your arrival at Brooklyn Prison. We've never opened them, let alone accessed your mobile phone."

He pointed to the seal on the bag and continued, "Take a look at the seal's details. It was affixed on the day you were incarcerated at Brooklyn Prison." Peter calmly remarked, "Seals can be forged. You are in collusion with the Rothschild family, and if you can place the entire prison under their control, then my mobile phone would be child's play."

"Before my arrest, my phone had automatically shut down due to a depleted battery. However, it now not only turns on but also has 70% battery remaining. This implies someone connected my phone to a charger. Since you collected my personal belongings and sealed them in this storage bag, who was so considerate as to help me charge my phone?"

Brian was momentarily at a loss for words. He knew that not only Peter's phone but even Peter's home had been thoroughly searched by the Rothschild family. The mobile phone was a critical piece of evidence they wouldn't overlook.

In fact, the phone had long been hacked by Rothschild's hackers, and all its data and information had been copied.

Yet, when Peter transferred his belongings to the Four Treasures Chest, he anticipated that his phone would be the primary target of their investigation. Therefore, he took preemptive measures, deleting all valuable clues.

Peter deliberately allowed his phone's battery to drain to see if the other party would inspect it carefully. If he were handling it himself, he would ensure the phone's battery was completely depleted after copying the data.

Seeing his phone still had 70% battery life when turned on, Peter felt utterly relieved for covering his backtrail.

Witnessing the negligence of the Rothschild family, he became increasingly convinced that Charlie had found a way to transport the Four Treasures Chest out of New York, even under their vigilant watch. It was possible that it was already on its way back to China.

At this point, the justice, feeling slightly uncomfortable, quickly promised, "Mr. Cole, I will immediately report this matter to the New York police for a thorough investigation into who accessed your phone."

Peter smiled and said magnanimously, "Let it go, Chief Justice. I won't pursue this matter any further."

The justice and Brian both breathed sighs of relief simultaneously. If this matter became public, it would be a scandal for the justice department. If it triggered a chain reaction, the consequences could be unbearable.

The chief justice then handed Peter the documents, saying, "If Mr. Cole has no objections to the acquittal, please sign here. Once signed, the document will take effect immediately, and you will regain your freedom."

Peter nodded and took the pen, signing his name on the document as instructed.

The justice collected the documents and inquired, "Now that Mr. Cole has been acquitted and regained his freedom, what are your plans? Would you like to stay here for further treatment or leave and go elsewhere?"

Peter hesitated for a moment.

He knew that staying here would make him a target for the Rothschild family.

However, his injuries had already healed thanks to Charlie's treatment, and remaining in the hospital indefinitely made little sense. He couldn't live his life in fear, paralyzed by the threat of retaliation.

At this point, the FBI representative stated, "Now that Mr. Cole has been acquitted, our work here is complete. Our agents will gradually withdraw within the next ten minutes."

The FBI's role had primarily been to ensure Peter didn't make any mistakes while he was a high-profile prisoner seeking medical treatment overseas. However, the situation had changed with Peter's acquittal, and there was no longer a need for their protection. If any issues arose concerning his personal safety in the future, that responsibility would fall on the New York Police Department or other local authorities. The FBI was no longer involved.

Peter understood that the FBI wouldn't be his permanent protectors, but he had already put his life and death aside. Now that he had regained his freedom, he contemplated his next move. Ultimately, he decided to purchase the earliest available flight to leave the United States and return to China.

Since the Rothschild family had released him, there was a high likelihood they would not be able to prevent him from leaving the United States. Besides, he was departing empty-handed, ensuring he hadn't taken the treasure with him.

In that moment, his phone received a message from an unknown number. The message read: "Uncle Cole, once the FBI leaves, head straight to the hospital rooftop. I will arrange your return to China."

Chapter 5622

Peter immediately deduced that the message was sent by Charlie when he saw it.

Charlie had the assistance of the influential Joules family in the United States, and he also over core members of the Rothschild family, so it was easy to obtain his phone number.

However, Peter didn't anticipate Charlie's impeccable timing.

His phone had just been switched on when the message arrived.

With this in mind, he couldn't help but wonder, "Could it be that Young Master Wade is nearby?"

Peter's speculation was accurate.

Charlie overheard a conversation and discovered that Peter's phone had been activated. To signal Peter that he would definitely rescue him, Charlie had Maria, who was in China, send a message using an untraceable virtual number. This was a covert way of communication.

If this had happened a few minutes earlier, Peter would have been reluctant to leave the United States. According to his previous thinking, as he had already been pronounced guilty, he should serve his sentence there and return to China with a clear record after his release.

But the situation had changed. The chief justice had already declared his innocence, and he could depart from the United States at any time without being labeled a fugitive.

Thus, he swiftly replied with a simple message, consisting of only two words: "Thank you."

He also knew that although the number couldn't be traced, the content of the message was stored in the servers of the American telecommunication

company. The Rothschild family and other influential figures could access this information at any time.

Therefore, his response had to be cautious and avoid revealing any information related to Charlie.

After sending the message, Peter put away his phone and wearily said, "I appreciate all your efforts during this period. However, now that I have been declared innocent, please leave. I wish to rest alone."

The chief justice, realizing it was late, responded, "Very well, Mr. Cole. Take a good rest. Once you have recuperated, the lawyer from the Rothschild family will come to discuss the settlement, or the Rothschild family members can communicate with you directly."

Peter had no desire to waste any more words with him, so he nodded and replied, "Alright, let's discuss it another day."

The chief justice and his team bid their farewells and departed. The head of the FBI also presented a document to Peter, stating, "Mr. Cole, please sign this document to acknowledge that your life and health were not threatened during our mission to protect you."

Peter nodded and signed his name with a pen.

The other FBI agents began packing up their equipment, preparing to leave in ten minutes.

Since Peter had been declared innocent and had no objections to the FBI's departure, his safety was no longer their concern.

At that moment, Landon in Ward 1707 was getting ready.

In his opinion, once the FBI left, capturing Peter would be a piece of cake. He only needed to control him and take him to the rooftop, leaving the rest to Eddie.

While he was contemplating, Eddie, using the Warriors Den's software, sent him a message: "Landon, I have made the necessary arrangements.

The helicopter will land on the rooftop of the hospital shortly. I have also bribed Peter Cole's friend, making Peter Cole believe that his friend arranged the helicopter. Once the helicopter lands, he will head to the rooftop, and you can follow him to observe the situation. If he senses anything unusual, capture him and bring him onto the helicopter!"

Landon replied in surprise, "Is it really that simple?"

Eddie responded, "Yes, that simple."

Landon replied with doubt, "With your skills, you could have done it alone. Why did the lord need both of us to work together? With your abilities, there is no need for me to be here."

Eddie replied, "You are correct if everything goes smoothly. However, if unforeseen circumstances arise, even with my skills, I may not be able to guarantee a flawless outcome. The lord called you to provide an extra layer of security."

Landon felt a sense of unease.

He still couldn't fully believe that the mission could be accomplished so easily.

Thus, he reminded himself, "Keep a close eye on Cole and be wary of the surroundings. There must be no mistakes or loopholes!"

A few minutes later, a helicopter descended from the sky and landed smoothly on the rooftop of Manhattan Hospital.

Eddie, following Charlie's instructions, had arrived earlier by car and met with the pilot before boarding the helicopter together to reach the rooftop of Manhattan Hospital.

As soon as the helicopter landed, Eddie informed the pilot, "You don't need to turn off the engine. You can depart now. I will wait here."

The pilot wore a puzzled expression as he asked, "Mr. George... can you... fly a helicopter?"

Eddie replied calmly, "Of course. If I didn't know how, why would I have you leave?"

The pilot, not being a member of the Warriors Den but rather a pilot from a charter company under the Evans Family, didn't dare to defy Eddie's orders. He worked for a company controlled by the Evans Family, and the helicopter he piloted was owned by them as well.

Furthermore, Eddie had always overseen the management of this charter company, so the pilot could not disobey his commands.

Hence, the pilot said, "Alright, Mr. George. If you need anything, just let me know."

After saying that, he removed his noise-canceling headphones, waved to Eddie, and leaped out of the cabin amidst the deafening roar of the helicopter's engine.

The roar of the helicopter's engine heightened Landon's alertness on the 17th floor.

He knew that Peter could depart at any moment, so he focused all his attention on Room 1701, afraid that something might happen to him.

At that moment, the FBI had already finished packing their equipment and were preparing to leave one by one.

Charlie was well aware that Landon's reiki was mainly concentrated on monitoring Room 1701 and Peter. With limited energy, it was impossible for him to monitor numerous individuals simultaneously. Thus, Charlie confidently left Room 1708 and proceeded to the emergency department. He then repeated his previous actions, disguising himself as a doctor, and made his way directly to Room 1701.

Right before reaching Room 1707, Charlie sensed that Landon was monitoring him with his reiki. However, he remained unperturbed as he had interacted with Landon previously and shouldn't arouse any suspicion.

Hence, when he halted at the door of Room 1707, he lightly knocked on it. Landon swiftly opened the door from inside and asked warily, "Is there something you need, doctor?"

Charlie replied, "Hello, sir. Mr. George asked me to bring the patient from Room 1701 to the rooftop. He instructed me to inform you first and mentioned that the helicopter is ready on the rooftop, so you should come along as well."

Frowning, Landon inquired, "Did he say anything else?"

Charlie shook his head and replied, "No, he didn't provide any additional information. Why don't you give him a call to confirm? I am merely conveying his message."

Landon scrutinized Charlie and observed that he didn't appear to be lying. Thus, he deduced that it must be Eddie's arrangement.

After all, Eddie had just shared the specific plan with him, and it coincided with what Charlie had just conveyed.

In his view, Eddie wanted him to discreetly communicate the message to be prepared.

If he arranged for both Peter Cole and himself to take the helicopter, the mission would be successfully accomplished.

With this in mind, he said to Charlie, "Alright, I understand. You can go and attend to the other tasks assigned by Mr. George."

Charlie nodded and bid farewell before proceeding towards Room 1701.

Standing outside the door, Charlie knocked and announced, "Mr. Cole, your friend is here to escort you. The helicopter is on the rooftop, and he requested me to bring you up."

Peter instantly recognized Charlie's voice and swiftly opened the door. He gazed at Charlie, who was dressed as a doctor, and immediately felt a wave of relief. He inquired, "Are we leaving now?"

Charlie nodded and smiled, "He is already waiting for you up there. Allow me to escort you."

Peter gratefully replied, "Okay, thank you for your assistance!"

Without hesitation, Peter gathered his belongings and followed Charlie out of the ward, heading towards the elevator lobby.

Once inside the elevator lobby, Peter intended to inquire about the treasure. However, before he could speak, Charlie handed him his phone with a line of text.

Peter accepted the phone, read the message, and promptly returned it to Charlie. Simultaneously, he displayed a determined expression and made an OK gesture with his hand.

On the other side, as soon as Charlie and Peter entered the elevator, Landon exited Room 1707 and swiftly made his way to the elevator lobby. He took a separate elevator to the top floor.

Upon reaching the rooftop, Charlie had already escorted Peter to the helicopter.

Facing the forceful gusts of wind from the helicopter's rotor, Charlie guided Peter to the edge of the helicopter's cabin.

Peter was about to board when he suddenly sensed something amiss and swiftly turned around. He shouted at Charlie, "This is not the helicopter arranged by my friend!"

Charlie also shouted, "Mr. Cole, this is the helicopter arranged by your friend. Please board quickly!"

"No!" Peter adamantly shook his head and declared, "This is not arranged by my friend! I would rather go by car!"

With that, he turned to depart.

However, Landon, who had arrived right behind them, realized that Peter must have detected something.

Nevertheless, at this moment, even if Peter sensed something, it was too late.

In Landon's eyes, Peter was like an ant, and now he could effortlessly bring Peter onto the helicopter.

Thus, he swiftly took a few steps forward, blocking Peter's path and trapping him outside the cabin door.

Peter, faced with the obstruction, immediately questioned, "Who are you?"

Landon faintly smiled and replied, "Mr. Cole, if you wish to survive, board the helicopter with me!"

Without waiting for Peter's response, he reached out to grab him and pull him onto the helicopter.

The current situation had reached its final stage. Landon knew that once he got Peter onto the helicopter, the mission would be nearly complete.

Therefore, he had no intention of giving Peter any opportunity to escape.

Besides, he didn't take Peter seriously at all because he could see that Peter lacked any cultivation skills, making him powerless to resist.

However, just as Landon thought everything was proceeding according to plan, Charlie, who was less than two meters away from him, suddenly released an extraordinarily powerful surge of reiki. In an instant, he channeled all that energy into his hands and swiftly closed the gap between them, reaching Landon in the blink of an eye.

Landon's attention had been solely on Peter, and he never expected that the doctor accompanying Peter was a master who had concealed his true abilities all along.

For a moment, he was taken aback, quickly mobilizing his reiki to prepare for a confrontation. However, Charlie acted before him, and his strength surpassed Landon's.

Consequently, when Charlie forcefully used his energy-charged hands to firmly grasp Landon's arms from both sides, their formidable spiritual energies and physical strength melded into an impenetrable steel grip, like a vice clamping down on Landon!

Landon was shocked and only then realized that he had fallen into the trap set by this phony doctor.

Terrified, he struggled with all his might and roared, "You shameless villain! How dare you launch a sneak attack without adhering to martial ethics! I will end you!"

As he shouted, he exerted his reiki to the fullest, trying to break free from Charlie's restraint. Nevertheless, Charlie maintained control over him. All Landon could do was engage in a strength contest with Charlie, but he was clearly outmatched. Regardless of his efforts, he remained immobilized.

At this moment, Charlie sneered and declared loudly into Landon's ear, "Landon Prescott, right? Remember, the one sending you on your way today is Bruce Wade's son, Charlie!"

Upon hearing this, Landon was instantly horrified, and cold sweat uncontrollably flowed down his face.

In a sudden burst of realization, he shouted involuntarily, "Kid, do you think being one level stronger than me will be enough to kill me? Watch as I open the Soul Palace!"

With that, he began using his mental skills in an attempt to unlock the Soul Palace to save himself.

However, at that moment, Charlie sneered contemptuously and retorted, "Enough of your nonsense!"

With a powerful movement of his arms, Charlie lifted Landon's body upward!

Landon, who had been focusing on his mental skills, was baffled. "This kid is clearly much stronger than me, so why isn't he engaging in a direct confrontation with me? Instead, he's hugging me tightly. What kind of bizarre fighting method is this?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly felt a chilling sensation at the top of his head, as if all the hair had vanished in an instant.

Puzzled, he snapped back to reality, and his heart raced as he instinctively looked up...

And then, it hit him!

His forehead was suddenly in agonizing pain!

The rapidly spinning rotor of the helicopter was dangerously close!

The moment he raised his head, a layer of his forehead and skull was sliced off!

At that moment, he finally realized that Charlie had never intended to engage in a physical fight with him!

Instead, he had planned to use the fast-spinning, razor-sharp helicopter rotor to decapitate him!

Despite his strength, his neck was no match for the helicopter rotor, and his body was no match for Charlie!

In that helpless moment, all he could do was watch as Charlie hoisted him higher and higher.

Overwhelmed by fear, he finally broke down and shouted, "Yo... you... you're ruthless..."

The next second, his neck was severed by the powerful rotor.

His unwilling head was thrown several meters into the air by the rotor's force. A few seconds later, it landed with a heavy thud on the ground!

Chapter 5623

Landon could never have fathomed that, after a century of devoted cultivation, his demise would be so wretched!

He had always imagined that, as a cultivator, battles among fellow cultivators would involve soaring magical weapons and chaotic spells, with grandiose scenes that would shake the very foundations of heaven and earth. Surely, it would make the arduous hundred years of cultivation worthwhile!

But Charlie, another cultivator, didn't even afford him the chance to fight. He swiftly executed a "swift and unyielding" attack, combining it with a "miraculous display of strength" to deliver a fatal blow!

From the moment Charlie made the decision to eliminate Landon, he knew he couldn't engage him in New York.

Aside from the attention such a battle would attract, it was uncertain whether he could easily overpower Landon. If Landon turned out to be like Gideon, detonating the Soul Palace, Charlie would have no means to resist. Thus, Charlie devised a plan to use Landon's attempt to capture Peter as an opportunity to fashion a special guillotine for him.

And the most fitting instrument for this purpose was a helicopter.

The helicopter's alloy rotor could generate several tons, if not tens of tons of lift; and the engine propelling it could unleash hundreds, if not thousands of horsepower.

With these combined forces, severing Landon's head would be a piece of cake. All Charlie needed was to seize the moment and strike a fatal blow.

And with Landon's inexperience, he had no time to react when Charlie launched a sudden attack. Moreover, his strength was indeed inferior to Charlie's, leaving him no chance to put up a fight.

In that instant, his head had already rolled far away, while his headless body trembled uncontrollably, a gaping wound the size of a bowl continuously spewing blood.

Without a moment's hesitation, Charlie tossed his body into the helicopter's cabin, allowing the blood to splatter throughout the interior. As the entire killing process unfolded rapidly and it was late at night, no one bore witness to the horrifying scene that had just transpired on the rooftop.

And Landon's death had been swift and decisive. Even his brief moment of terror-filled screams were drowned out by the deafening noise of the helicopter's rotor.

Thus, no one within the hospital was aware that a brutal murder had just occurred on the rooftop.

With everything taken care of, Charlie calmly turned around, picked up Landon's head, and threw it into the cabin as well.

He then removed his mask, discarded his white coat, and wiped the blood from his face with the clean portion of the coat. Tossing all these items into the cabin, he securely locked the door.

Peter had been observing the entire ordeal, his expression somewhat shocked. Fortunately, Charlie had informed him of his plan in the elevator, so he knew that Landon was a master of the Warriors Den and expected that Charlie would eliminate Landon.

Prepared mentally, Peter managed to maintain his composure as he witnessed the entire process of Landon's murder.

After sealing the cabin door, Charlie made his way to the cockpit and addressed the dazed Eddie, saying, "Proceed as planned."

Eddie nodded heavily, replying, "Yes, sir!"

With that, he promptly piloted the helicopter, taking off and departing from the hospital.

Thanks to the meticulous training of the Warriors Den, although Eddie lacked martial arts knowledge, he had acquired a wide range of skills since childhood. Flying a helicopter was as familiar to him as driving a car.

As Eddie soared away, Charlie turned to Peter and said, "Uncle Cole, I didn't anticipate that the Four Treasures of the Study would attract the attention of the Warriors Den, and even Morgana is rushing over. Now that the Four Treasures of the Study is targeted, you will have to lay low for the time being until I can eliminate her."

Peter smiled faintly and responded calmly, "That's alright, Young Master Wade. Wherever I go and however I live, it matters not to me. As long as I don't leave behind the reputation of a fugitive, concealing my identity is of no concern. From this moment forth, I will follow your arrangements."

Charlie nodded and assured, "I'll arrange for you to go to Canada first, and then I'll return to China via Canada. The Four Treasures of the Study is expected to arrive in Eastcliff within a few hours. Once it's back in China, the official announcement will be made to the public through the appropriate channels. By then, even if there's still some lingering dust over the Four Treasures of the Study matter, I believe there's a high probability that they won't go through the trouble of hunting you down. As long as you stay out of sight, they probably won't come looking for you."

"Alright," Peter responded with obvious relief, sighing, "As long as the Four Treasures of the Study can return to China, I can finally find peace, even if it means sacrificing myself."

Charlie nodded and continued, "I will arrange for you to go to Aurous Hill first. I have some connections in Aurous Hill, and I can arrange for you to stay in the safest place."

Peter respectfully clasped his hands and said, "Thank you, Young Master Wade!"

At that moment, another helicopter approached from a distance.

This helicopter belonged to Steve Rothschild.

Previously, Charlie had used this helicopter to transport Hogan and the Four Treasures of the Study to Canada.

And this time, Charlie would be traveling to Canada with Peter aboard this very helicopter.

Steve Rothschild was seated in the cabin, and as soon as the helicopter landed smoothly on the rooftop, he swiftly opened the door, jumped out, and respectfully approached Charlie, saying, "After you, Mr. Wade!"

Charlie nodded, extending his hand with the palm facing Peter beside him, and said, "Mr. Cole, I assume you two are already acquainted, no need for introductions, right?"

Steve Rothschild forced a smile, quickly responding, "Of course, we know each other!"

He then turned to Peter and hurriedly said, "Mr. Cole, please, after you!"

Peter nodded slightly, expressing his gratitude. The three of them wasted no time and promptly boarded the helicopter.

The helicopter swiftly ascended into the sky, heading towards Canada.

Inside the cabin, Charlie inquired of Steve, "Does your father have any objections to your trip to Canada this time?"

Steve hastily replied, "No objections, none at all. Yesterday evening, my father was invited to a private dinner with Queen Helena, and she expressed her desire for further cooperation with the Rothschild family. As you predicted, my father thought of me first. He hoped that I could meet with Queen Helena in Canada this morning."

Charlie had arranged for Eddie to arrange a private plane to fly to China as a diversion, confusing Morgana. The route he planned for Peter's departure was to follow Steve and meet Queen Helena, then have Peter accompany Queen Helena on her private plane to Northern Europe.

Queen Helena, as the Queen of Northern Europe, possessed diplomatic immunity and could easily transport Peter out of Canada.

Thus, he had enlisted Queen Helena's help in releasing friendly messages to give Howard a reason to travel to Canada. This way, he and Peter could use Steve's helicopter to reach Canada.

Using Eddie was a visible plan, while using Steve was a concealed one. At that moment, Charlie inquired again, "Is New York still under martial law?"

"Yes," Steve confirmed with a nod. "My father is still hoping that the Four Treasures of the Study hasn't left New York. As long as its whereabouts remain undisclosed, martial law will persist in the city."

He glanced over at Peter and added, "He plans to adopt a two-pronged strategy this time. While continuing to maintain a lockdown in New York and investigate leads, he intends to release Mr. Cole but keep Hank monitoring him."

Charlie smiled and chimed in, "It appears that his strategy is about to crumble. Hank won't have the time to babysit Mr. Cole now. He's busy wiping out the entire surveillance system at Manhattan Hospital. By dawn, all surveillance footage from the hospital will be irreparably destroyed, and Mr. Cole will effectively vanish from the American scene, with no one outside knowing his whereabouts for a considerable period."

Steve chuckled along with Charlie, acknowledging that their collaboration had outwitted his own father.

Not only had he assisted Charlie in relocating the Four Treasures of the Study, but he had also played a key role in aiding Charlie in extricating the culprit, Peter Cole. If his father ever learned about these covert activities, he might very well kill him with his own hands and clean up the family.

Reflecting on the fact that he and Charlie were now firmly united in the same boat, he couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Wade, when will the news of the Four Treasures of the Study's return to China be made public?"

Charlie glanced at the time and grinned, "It should be just about ready this morning. You can rest assured, I've handled this matter meticulously, and there won't be any mishaps."

Steve finally breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as the Four Treasures of the Study didn't return, his position as the heir would remain unaffected, and this crisis would pass.

At this point, Charlie turned to Steve and asked with a smile, "By the way, Steve, your father places a tremendous value on the Four Treasures of the Study. If news of its return to China were to break, considering his age and health, could he withstand the shock?"

Steve's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and he replied eagerly, "Mr. Wade, my father has been losing sleep and appetite over the Four Treasures of the Study these past few days. If it were to inexplicably return to China under his watch, it might be a severe blow to him."

Charlie nodded, wearing a knowing smile. "After all, your father is advanced in age. A shock of this magnitude could potentially send him to his sickbed for an extended period. He might never fully recover his former vitality. If circumstances require it, you may find yourself assuming a more prominent role in managing the affairs of the Rothschild family."

With a meaningful look, Charlie continued, "Steve, don't forget those who've helped you on your path to wealth and prominence."

Steve was struck by the wisdom in Charlie's words. His father had been quite distressed recently, and if he were to suffer another emotional setback, Steve might be able to accelerate his ascent within the family.

Even if he couldn't officially claim the title of heir, he could still take charge of the family's operations. Stepping forward in such a way would solidify his position as the heir.

With these thoughts in mind, he couldn't contain his excitement and told Charlie, "Rest assured, Mr. Wade, should I ever become the steward of the Rothschild family, I won't forget the assistance you've provided me."

Charlie acknowledged Steve's words with a nod. Seeing the excitement and anticipation in Steve's eyes, he couldn't help but think to himself, "Let him revel in this for a few days. If he truly can't handle the shock and falls ill, I'll have to figure out a way to keep it quiet. Lending him a helping hand is essential because without me as a counterbalance, he might not be so obedient in the future."

Chapter 5624

Steve was growing restless, eagerly anticipating the moment when news of the return of the Four Treasures of the Study to China would be made public. He couldn't help but wonder if his father, who held the banner dear, would be devastated by this revelation.

Embarrassingly enough, Steve's greatest desire at the moment was for his father to be deeply affected by the news, perhaps even incapacitated or worse.

Little did he know that Charlie, who stood before him with a smile, was hatching a plot against him.

At that very moment, Eddie had already flown the helicopter carrying Landon's body back to the the Evans Aviation Company's heliport.

Meanwhile, Hank, a top agent, had stealthily infiltrated the surveillance room of Manhattan Hospital.

After touching down on the helipad, Eddie directed the staff to tow the helicopter into the hangar before sending them away. He pulled out his phone and informed the crew waiting at Kennedy Airport to proceed with takeoff.

The crew leader, perplexed, respectfully asked, "Mr. George, aren't you joining us on the plane?"

Eddie replied, "I have an urgent matter to attend to, so I won't be boarding. You can fly to China first. My wife is there, and she will contact you upon arrival. Just bring her back."

The crew leader assumed that Eddie had arranged for the plane to pick up his wife in China, and since he had pressing matters to attend to, it made sense for the crew to fly on their own. Satisfied with the explanation, he respectfully said, "Very well, Mr. George. We will request permission for takeoff and queue up now. I will contact you once we arrive."

"Good." Eddie nodded and ended the call.

Meanwhile, Hank had successfully sabotaged the hospital's surveillance system, erasing all recorded footage beyond recovery. Instead of returning to the ward, he headed straight to the hospital rooftop and meticulously cleaned up the bloodstains and flesh fragments.

With his tasks completed, he dialed Howard Rothschild's number. The first words out of his mouth were, "I'm sorry, sir, but Peter Cole has escaped." Upon hearing this, Howard's fury burned bright as he interrogated angrily, "Where did he go? Didn't I explicitly tell you to keep a close eye on him at Manhattan Hospital?"

Hank explained, "He was taken away by the Evans's son-in-law, Eddie George."

"Eddie George?!" Howard seethed. "Has the the Evans family also gotten involved in this matter?"

Hank replied, "I cannot confirm it at this moment, but it was indeed Eddie George ,who took him. The helicopter he used is registered under the Evans's aviation company."

"Damn it!" Howard gritted his teeth. "Is the Evans challenging me?"

Hank said, "Sir, to my knowledge, the direct members of the the Evans family have been in China for a while and haven't returned to the United

States during this period. Eddie is the one in charge here. I don't believe the Evans has any involvement in this matter."

Howard fumed, "I will get to the bottom of this! Find out where Eddie is and track the whereabouts of his helicopter!"

Hank promptly responded, "Yes, sir! I will investigate his location. I assume he will first return to the Evans's aviation company. I will go there with my team to gather information!"

"Good!" Howard gnashed his teeth. "If there is any evidence linking the Evans to this, they will have to answer to me!"

Hank readily agreed. After ending the call, he swiftly mobilized several helicopters and headed for the Evans's aviation company.

...

Meanwhile, in one of the helicopter hangars at the aviation company. After witnessing his private jet take off and soar towards Eastcliff on the flight software, Eddie retrieved a small fueling hose from the side of the hangar.

He dragged the hose to the helicopter, opened the cabin door, and settled into the cockpit, securing the fueling hose beneath his foot.

Then, he positioned Landon's lifeless body upright in the seat, carefully reattaching his severed head to the neck.

Next, he produced an exquisite Dunhill lighter from his pocket. With one hand gripping the lighter and the other locating the fueling valve on the hose, he remained motionless, awaiting something.

After approximately ten minutes, the sound of helicopters roared from outside.

Upon hearing the noise, Eddie swiftly turned on the fueling valve, causing aviation fuel to rush into the cabin, drenching everything, including himself and Landon's body.

At that moment, the hangar door swung open, revealing Hank and his team rushing in, their guns trained on the helicopter cabin. They shouted,

"Eddie.. Peter! We see you! Raise your hands and come out immediately, or we will open fire!"

Eddie cracked open the cabin door, allowing fuel to spill out through the gap. With a sneer, he retorted, "If you have the guts, go ahead and shoot. This place is drenched in aviation fuel. If you fire, we'll all go up in flames!" Hank and his men recoiled in terror, hastily taking a few steps back. Hank yelled, "Eddie, you are the Evans's son-in-law, highly esteemed by Samuel Evans. Is it worth sacrificing yourself for an antique dealer like Peter Cole?" Eddie sneered, "The Evans? Do you think I'm working for the Evans?"

Hank, following Charlie's instructions, asked in surprise, "But you are the Evans's son-in-law. Who else would you be working for?"

Eddie disdainfully remarked, "You, a lackey under Howard Rothschild, clearly haven't grasped the core secrets. Go back and ask your master if he's ever heard of the Warriors Den!"

"The Warriors Den?!" Hank admitted he had never encountered that name before and inquired, "What is the Warriors Den?"

Eddie smirked, "You may be oblivious, but your master should be familiar with it. Go and ask him! I'm taking Peter Cole to the British Lord"

With those words, Eddie flicked open his Dunhill lighter. Flames erupted from it as he ignited himself and Landon's dismembered body.

Charlie didn't want Morgana to stumble upon their bodies. With her skills and intuition, she might uncover something significant.

Especially in Eddie's case, Charlie had used reiki to implant a psychological suggestion. If Morgana came into contact with the bodies, she might be able to discern the truth.

Thus, the best course of action was to utterly destroy the bodies.

As flames engulfed the cabin and the hangar, a thunderous explosion reverberated through the air.

With a deafening bang, a burst of flames erupted from the cabin door, instantly setting fire to the fuel spilling on the ground.

Hank and the men in the vicinity were filled with horror and rushed out of the hangar. Within moments, the entire hangar was consumed by a raging inferno.

The hangar's fire suppression system activated immediately, but it proved futile against such an intense blaze.

The searing temperatures, reaching thousands of degrees, swiftly incinerated the dismembered remains of Eddie and Landon.

Hank, who had taken cover outside the hangar, witnessed this horrifying scene and retreated while hastily placing a call to Howard.

As soon as Howard answered the phone, he inquired icily, "Have you located Eddie George?"

Hank contacted Howard Rothschild and began, "I'm sorry, sir, but we've found Eddie... however..."

Howard angrily interrupted, "What do you mean? If anything else goes wrong with this matter, I won't spare you!"

Hank stumbled over his words, "But... Eddie didn't wait for us to apprehend him. He set himself on fire..."

"Set himself on fire?" Howard's confusion was palpable. He demanded, "What do you mean?"

Hank clarified, "He poured aviation fuel into the cabin recklessly and ignited himself, the helicopter, and the entire hangar... I also caught a glimpse of someone in the cabin. It might be Peter Cole... They have likely perished in the inferno, perhaps turned to charcoal..."

Howard's mind went blank, and he blurted out, "Are you... Are you joking? It's just Peter Cole. Why would the Evans's son-in-law, someone held in high regard by Samuel, set himself on fire?"

"I cannot fathom it either..." Hank said, suddenly recalling something. He hurriedly added, "By the way, boss, Eddie claimed he wasn't working for the Evans."

"What do you mean?" Howard felt his brain spinning, and he asked anxiously, "Then who is he working for?"

Hank replied, "He mentioned a group called the Warriors Den. I've never heard of them before. He also said he was reporting to the British Lord alongside Peter Cole... After uttering those words, he set himself ablaze..."

On the other end of the line, Howard was stunned, muttering, "What... What did you say? The Warriors Den? Are you absolutely certain you didn't mishear?"

Hank assured him, "Sir, I'm positive I didn't mishear! That's exactly what he said. My team can vouch for it..."

Howard's muscles tensed, and he exclaimed, "What? There were others?"

"Yes..." Hank confirmed, "They are all my subordinates. They accompanied me on the mission you assigned..."

Howard felt as if lightning had struck him, and he murmured, "Recall them immediately. Not a single one can be left behind! And make sure to collect their phones. They mustn't be allowed to contact anyone!"

Chapter 5625

Howard's panic stemmed from his knowledge of the ancient and enigmatic secret organization known as the Warriors Den, a topic often whispered by his fathers.

While he didn't possess much information about the society, his elders had imparted one crucial piece of advice: if he ever encountered the Warriors Den, he should steer clear of them at all costs.

Unlike other organizations motivated by monetary gain, the Warriors Den had a far more sinister agenda - they sought lives.

With a penchant for wiping out entire families, they reveled in the act of taking lives.

However, in the United States, only the elite super families like the Rothschilds were familiar with the Warriors Den. For the majority of people, the name of the Warriors Den remained unknown.

This was because the American upper class was a complex tapestry of different groups.

One part consisted of the nouveau riche who emerged during the rise of Silicon Valley and the Wall Street financial market. Though they possessed wealth, their foundations were shallow.

Another part comprised of old money families who had amassed their fortunes during the early stages of World War II. While they had some foundation, it was not substantial.

Then there were the political families who had gradually ascended to power after World War II. These families might not have possessed great wealth, but their infiltration of the political arena granted them access to a wealth of information.

Among these three groups, only the political families had some knowledge of the Warriors Den. However, to avoid unnecessary risks, they refrained from opposing the society and kept any information about them concealed.

The Warriors Den differed greatly from typical terrorist organizations. With their centuries-long infiltration of various parts of the world and society, they far surpassed the guerrilla fighters who had been hiding in the Middle Eastern mountains for a mere dozen years or so. The political families were well aware of this and approached them with caution.

Aside from the political families, the only other individuals in America who knew about the Warriors Den were those who had dealt with them directly, as well as the long-established Rothschild family.

Having been rooted in Europe for many years, the Rothschilds had shifted their focus to the United States during World War II in search of refuge. Their ancestors had been privy to the existence of the Warriors Den and had witnessed their methods two hundred years prior.

Despite the passing of two centuries, the successive heads of the Rothschild family continued to impress upon their successors the importance of never offending the Warriors Den, no matter what.

While Howard didn't take the Warriors Den seriously, since his grandfather's generation had hardly any real contact with them, the legends surrounding the society persisted within the family's traditions, albeit treated as mere stories.

However, when Hank mentioned the Warriors Den, Howard's perception shifted drastically. He now realized that not only did the Warriors Den truly exist, but they were also right beside him.

What terrified him even more was the fact that he had unwittingly become entangled with the Warriors Den by acquiring an antique...

...

While Hank and his comrades hastily evacuated, several fire departments in New York received an alarm and dispatched teams to extinguish the blaze at the aviation company.

The fire, fueled by aviation gasoline, quickly spiraled out of control. The intense heat within the hangar ignited the aviation kerosene in the helicopter's fuel tank, resulting in a massive explosion that sent flames soaring into the night sky, flipping the hangar's roof in the process.

Observing the flames from the sky as he boarded a helicopter bound for the U.S.-Canada border, Charlie knew that Eddie must have perished in the

inferno. The hangar had become the crematorium he had prepared for Eddie George and Landon Prescott.

Taking out his phone, Charlie sent a message to Jack: "Fire. Await Ronald's call."

This was the secret code he had agreed upon with his grandfather.

Informing him of the fire signaled Eddie's demise.

Waiting for Ronald's call meant that someone from the Rothschild family might soon contact his grandfather.

Prior to this, Charlie had informed his grandfather of his plan, and Jack was aware of the situation.

At that moment, Jack, accompanied by Charlie's two uncles, was attending a signing banquet hosted by a domestic aircraft manufacturer, keeping the old man company.

Upon receiving Charlie's message, Jack approached the old man and whispered in his ear, "Uncle Evans, there's a fire. Ronald might call you." Samuel paused for a moment, then nodded softly and replied, "I understand."

Charlie's speculations had proven correct.

Filled with fear, Howard immediately dialed Samuel's number in China after gathering all his men.

Although Howard and Samuel had minimal contact, as the leaders of the two largest families in the United States, they possessed each other's contact information.

Upon seeing Howard's call, Samuel knew that his grandson had once again unraveled everything. This time, his grandson deliberately aimed to implicate the Rothschild family, diverting the Warriors Den's attention. And it seemed that he had achieved his goal.

Finding a quiet spot in the lounge provided by the organizer, Samuel answered Howard's call.

Unable to conceal his nervousness, Howard anxiously asked, "Brother Samuel, have you been in China recently?"

"Yes," Samuel replied, "I've been in Eastcliff. Brother, is there something you need?"

Howard cautiously inquired, "Samuel, are you familiar with the Warriors Den?"

Samuel openly admitted, "Of course I am. They took the lives of my eldest daughter and son-in-law in the past. We were nearly wiped out by them when our family was in New York some time ago. The reason I came to China is precisely to escape them. The Evans family won't be returning to the United States for quite some time."

After saying that, Samuel pretended to be curious and asked him: "Brother, why did you suddenly ask about the Warriors Den?"

Howard sighed and said, "I don't know how, but I suddenly got involved with them."

As he said that, he suddenly remembered something and said quickly, "Samuel, are you aware that your son-in-law, Eddie, is a member of the Warriors Den?"

Samuel confirmed, "I am. Even my youngest daughter-in-law is a member. Moreover, these two individuals weren't coerced into joining halfway through their lives; they were trained by the Warriors Den from a young age. Over a dozen or so years ago, the Warriors Den specifically targeted my youngest son and daughter, providing them with specialized training. It's incredibly difficult to guard against them."

Howard grew even more terrified. He blurted out, "Samuel, don't you thoroughly investigate the backgrounds of your children's partners before they marry?"

Samuel casually responded, "We did, but the key point is that we investigated their ancestors for eight generations and still found nothing amiss. Since they decided to infiltrate us, naturally they were able to

withstand any investigation. The Warriors Den's strength exceeds our imagination, making it nearly impossible to escape their clutches."

"Oh my god..." Howard exclaimed, "Are these people demons? Spending so many years and so much effort to send two agents undercover into your family, and they're even the partners of your son and daughter. Their capabilities are beyond terrifying..."

"Indeed," Samuel sighed, then asked, "Brother, how did you discover all of this?"

Dejectedly, Howard replied, "It's a long story. Some time ago, we lost an antique at home, and I made a huge fuss about finding it. Today, my men were investigating the antique dealer who swapped the artifact, and they discovered that your son-in-law, Eddie, took it away..."

Samuel sighed, "Brother, you're mistaken! You are part of the mighty Rothschild family, yet you caused such a commotion over a lost antique. It was obvious to anyone that the item must have had extraordinary origins, and the Warriors Den, with its centuries of history, likely had deep connections to what you lost. It's only natural that they would target you." Howard felt even more distraught upon hearing this, his emotions becoming agitated. He blurted out, "But the issue is that your son-in-law doesn't play fair either. I didn't have any ulterior motives when I sent men to pursue him; I simply wanted to find that Peter Cole. Yet, he needlessly set himself on fire. Was that really necessary?"

Chapter 5626

Samuel Evans could tell that Howard was ready to collapse after saying that.

He feigned surprise and asked, "Brother, did your people really drive Eddie to his death?"

Howard let out a heavy sigh and replied, "Samuel, can you honestly say it was necessary? Such a trivial matter?"

"Why wouldn't it be necessary?" Samuel sneered at the thought. "Eddie is a member of the Warriors Den, and he holds many of their secrets. If we cornered him, he would choose death to prove his loyalty. If he didn't die, his entire family would be executed."

"Damn!" Howard cursed under his breath, his frustration evident. "So what should I do? Won't the Warriors Den think I forced his death? But I haven't done anything! I just wanted to keep an eye on that antique dealer and reclaim what rightfully belongs to the Rothschild family..."

In that moment, Howard's heart was filled with frustration, teetering on the edge of collapse.

It was understandable, for Howard had never faced such a predicament. Anyone in his shoes would feel uneasy.

The Warriors Den had thrived for over three centuries, expanding its influence across the globe for the past two to three hundred years, especially during times of great change.

The more upheaval there was, the more opportunities they had to amass immense wealth.

The Rothschild family, too, had risen to become the world's preeminent family, capitalizing on major historical shifts.

The Warriors Den's development had outlasted even that of the Rothschilds, proceeding with remarkable smoothness.

No one truly knew the extent of the wealth possessed by the Warriors Den. It might even surpass that of the Rothschild family.

Howard also understood that the Rothschilds had never encountered the Warriors Den before. But now, the situation seemed as if his subordinates had forced the death of a Warriors Den member. If they found out, they would not let it slide.

After all, the Rothschilds held little advantage against the Warriors Den. It was precisely because of this vast power disparity that Howard felt an overwhelming dread, fearing the Warriors Den's retaliatory strikes against the Rothschild family in the future.

In that moment, Samuel sighed intentionally and said, "Brother, you don't truly understand the Warriors Den. Its members are nothing short of fanatics. They're like the Japanese Kamikaze Special Attack Units during the final stages of World War II. Their loyalty lies solely with their cause. For them, dying in service is the ultimate honor. Their mindset is far from that of ordinary people. I couldn't afford to provoke them, which is why I came to China. Otherwise, why would I abandon the American market I've cultivated for decades?"

He continued, with a tinge of self-deprecation, "I'm getting older, and my courage is waning. I can make money even if I lose it all, but if I lose my life, it's truly gone."

"Damn..." Howard's heart sank as he listened to Samuel's words.

Although the Evans family was less powerful than the Rothschilds, it hadn't scared Samuel away from the United States.

It was evident that Samuel regarded the Warriors Den's power as far surpassing that of the Rothschild family.

Amidst his panic, Howard also felt a profound sense of helplessness.

He couldn't even confide in his sons about this matter.

For he knew all too well that his sons, sheltered from life's storms, would be of little help and might even exacerbate the situation.

Knowing his sons, if he were to tell them, one foolish lad would undoubtedly vie for his favor by pledging to eradicate the Warriors Den.

Thus, he could only seek counsel from Samuel, someone who had also dealt with the Warriors Den and was considered his elder. Moreover, both were regarded as titans in the global business world, sharing similar perspectives and ways of thinking.

Therefore, he asked sincerely, "Old friend, please analyze the situation and advise me on what I should do now."

Samuel pretended to ponder for a moment before offering his counsel, "Brother, there's no need to be overly anxious. Your immediate priority is to contain the news as much as possible. If no one learns that Eddie's death is connected to you, the Warriors Den may not focus their attention on you."

Howard anxiously replied, "The situation has already escalated significantly. Countless firefighters in New York are battling the blaze. Once the fire is extinguished, the bodies in the helicopter will be discovered. I fear the Warriors Den will launch a thorough investigation. The truth will eventually come to light."

Samuel suggested, "Brother, I have an idea. Listen and see if it's worth considering."

Howard eagerly responded, "Please, I'm all ears!"

Samuel continued, "Your influence in New York is considerable. In the eyes of the public, this is merely a fire. The firefighters won't know about the casualties until they fully extinguish the flames."

"So, I propose that you use your connections swiftly to ensure the firefighters don't approach the heart of the fire. Send someone in to dispose of Eddie's and the antique dealer's bodies."

"After subjecting them to intense heat, their flesh and skin will be carbonized, and the copious amounts of water will wash away any traces. However, the bones may leave behind some residual evidence, which could prove troublesome. If you can eliminate the bone fragments, it will be challenging for the Warriors Den to find any evidence linking you to the deaths."

Howard instinctively asked, "Do you think this plan will work?"

Samuel replied, "You can only rely on luck at this point. If you don't take action, once someone discovers the deaths in the hangar, the nature of the fire will immediately change. Whether it's the police, the FBI, or the Warriors Den, once they learn about the deaths at my Aviation Company's hangar, they'll spare no effort in investigating the evidence. Moreover, Eddie was in charge of the company's operations, and if he goes missing, the Warriors Den will undoubtedly conduct a thorough investigation. Sooner or later, the implications will lead back to you."

Samuel sighed and added, "Ah! Looking back now, leaving the United States was the right decision! If I were still there, I wouldn't be able to escape this predicament. Merely investigating my aviation company would be enough to cause me trouble. But now, my entire family has been out of the United States

for so long that even if this matter is discovered, it won't be traced back to me. If necessary, I can even abandon this aviation company!"

Listening to Samuel's grateful words, Howard couldn't help but feel a mix of envy and frustration.

He knew that Samuel had already left the United States and had no intention of returning. Even if his aviation company burned down, claiming multiple lives, it wouldn't bring him any trouble. After all, Samuel hadn't caused their deaths and was even willing to relinquish his hold on industries that couldn't be taken away. But Howard couldn't do the same.

Samuel could find refuge in China, but where could he hide?

Moreover, he couldn't simply abandon the illustrious stronghold of the Rothschild family in his quest for Peter Cole and the Four Treasures of the Study!

After careful consideration, he concluded that Samuel's advice was worth a shot.

In that moment, Samuel comforted him once more, saying, "Brother, don't worry too much. If you can dispose of the bodies without a trace, you should be relatively safe. Even if the truth is revealed, the Warriors Den will see this matter as having more to do with me than with you."

Howard found relief in Samuel's words!

He thought to himself, "Samuel is right! No matter how you look at it, this matter is more closely tied to him. As long as I can eliminate the evidence in this fire and conceal everyone involved, who would know that I orchestrated it?"

With these thoughts in mind, he spoke with a sense of embarrassment, saying, "Samuel, this matter isn't your concern, but I must ask you to shoulder the risk for me. How can I feel at ease about this?"

He felt compelled to be polite because Howard knew that, even though this matter might remain concealed from the Warriors Den, Samuel was privy to all the insider details. If Samuel ever decided to disclose the truth, the Warriors Den might still hold him accountable. Thus, he needed to gauge Samuel's willingness to assist him.

Unaware of Howard's internal deliberations, Samuel responded casually, "I've been locked in a deadly struggle with the Warriors Den for quite some time now, so I'm willing to bear this risk for you. To put it bluntly, it's like having too many lice trying to bite you. The Warriors Den intended to wipe out my entire family, so even if they suspect me of Eddie's murder, what more could they do to me? They can't wipe out my family twice, can they?"

Howard, a shrewd individual throughout his life, always prioritized his own interests. If someone were to die randomly in the world, and he could profit \$10,000 from it, he would at least wish for the world's population to decrease by 99.99%.

Moreover, he never felt indebted to anyone.

With that in mind, he couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude as he said, "Old friend, thank you so much!"

Samuel smiled faintly and replied, "Howard, don't thank me just yet. If the Warriors Den does discover your involvement, you must be prepared for the consequences."

Howard's heart tightened as he realized Samuel's words held truth. There was indeed a possibility of exposure, but he had no other choice now. He had to swiftly destroy the evidence and at least have a chance to gamble.

Thus, he expressed his gratitude and said, "Samuel, I apologize for asking you to take risks on my behalf. I can't find peace of mind with this burden."

After exchanging a few more polite words, they ended the call. Howard immediately set about using his connections to find a way to eliminate the evidence.

Meanwhile, Samuel sent a message to Charlie, informing him that Howard had taken the bait.

Charlie had used his grandfather as a scare tactic primarily to ensure the success of his own plan, which would accomplish multiple objectives at once.

He called it killing four birds with one stone because, first and foremost, it would torment Howard and leave him sleepless; secondly, it would make Howard believe that Peter was dead, causing him to abandon his search for Peter Cole's whereabouts; thirdly, it would entice Howard into helping dispose of the bodies, making it even harder for the Warriors Den to find any leads. As for the final objective, it was to bring down the Rothschild family.

When Hank arrived at the aviation company, the Rothschild family had already fallen into Charlie's trap. Once they willingly participated in eliminating the evidence, they would have no way out. This alone would give Charlie the ability to have a tight grip on Howard.

With just this, Charlie could firmly control both Howard and his son, Steve!

Whichever one decided to betray him, he had plenty of ways to deal with them!

Chapter 5627

The fire raged on relentlessly at the aviation company, consuming everything in its path.

Multiple fire departments and numerous fire trucks tirelessly sprayed water and fire suppressants around the hangar, desperately attempting to quell the flames.

Thankfully, the fire did not spread to the underground storage tanks outside the hangar. After an hour of tireless efforts, the inferno was gradually brought under control.

Meanwhile, a fully equipped search and rescue team stood ready outside, prepared for any eventuality.

These rescue personnel were clad from head to toe in protective suits, impervious to water, fire, and heat. Their suits also boasted independent oxygen supply systems, allowing them to navigate freely through the flames.

While the firefighters possessed similar equipment, there was an undeniable disparity in quality. The search and rescue team's gear was far superior to that of the firefighters.

Unbeknownst to the firefighters, this search and rescue team had been dispatched by Howard Rothschild to eradicate any evidence.

While the fire continued to rage but remained unextinguished, the team, in perfect formation, charged into the midst of the inferno. Upon reaching the destroyed helicopter, reduced to a mere metal frame, they carefully collected the remaining human bones.

Due to the firefighters' relentless dousing of water into the hangar, there were few ashes left inside the helicopter. Most of the ashes had been washed into the sewer along with the water.

Nevertheless, the search and rescue team did not take any chances. They located the original fire hydrant in the hangar and connected their hoses, thoroughly cleaning the cabin and the ground with meticulous precision. Once the fire was completely extinguished, they painstakingly washed away every trace of ash and carefully packed the bones into a highly secure and sealed black bag.

To ensure maximum safety, they secretly sprayed a copious amount of acidic liquid capable of obliterating DNA at the scene. Even if there were any remnants of DNA left, they would be completely destroyed by the corrosive effects of the liquid.

Afterwards, the search and rescue team withdrew from the scene with the bag containing the bones. Only then did the firefighters enter to confirm. At that point, there was no evidence of any victims. The fire department released a report stating that the fire had not resulted in any casualties. Once the search and rescue team had taken the bones away, they were manually crushed into fine powder. As the sun rose, the powder was ceremoniously scattered into the iconic Hudson River in New York. Eddie and Landon, the fourth marshal of the Warriors Den, vanished completely from the world.

With his subordinates having completed their task, Howard finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He was uncertain if his actions had been flawless, but he knew he had given it his all. The rest was now left to fate.

At 5 a.m., as the first rays of dawn illuminated the North American morning, Charlie and Peter, accompanied by Steve Rothschild, arrived in Ottawa, the capital of Canada, on Steve's helicopter.

This time, the Nordic royal family had booked a medium-sized hotel on the outskirts of Ottawa for their stay. The hotel staff had been replaced by their own attendants, ensuring both safety and privacy.

As a result, Steve's helicopter landed directly on the helipad on the hotel's third floor.

Awaiting their arrival on the hotel's rooftop was Helena, dressed in a sleek black windbreaker.

Even before the helicopter touched down, Charlie had already spotted Helena eagerly waiting below.

She was as beautiful and captivating as ever. Her long hair danced in the helicopter's airflow, but she paid it no mind. Her gaze was fixed on the descending helicopter, brimming with anticipation and excitement.

The way she held her head high, her hair brushing against her face, exuded a casual and untamed beauty that made her even more captivating than usual.

When Helena caught sight of Charlie, her face lit up with joy. She looked up at his handsome features and shyly exclaimed, "We meet again, Mr. Wade!"

Charlie smiled gently and sincerely replied, "Helena, I apologize for the trouble of bringing you all the way from Northern Europe to Canada for my sake."

Helena quickly dismissed his apology, saying, "Mr. Wade, you are far too kind. The entire Nordic royal family is at your command. This is a trivial matter."

With that, Helena turned her attention to Peter, who stood beside Charlie, and asked, "Is this Mr. Cole, the person you mentioned to me earlier?"

Charlie nodded and introduced them, saying, "Indeed, allow me to introduce Mr. Peter Cole."

He then turned to Peter and said, "Mr. Cole, this is Queen Helena."

Peter politely greeted her, saying, "Your Majesty, I witnessed your coronation ceremony on television, and I was deeply moved by it!"

Helena modestly replied, "Mr. Cole, you are Mr. Wade's uncle. Please don't be so formal with me, and there's no need to address me as 'Your Majesty.' Just call me Helena."

With a hint of hesitation, she added, "Mr. Cole, I was wondering if it would be too forward of me to address you as 'Uncle Cole,' like Mr. Wade does. It would make us feel less distant."

Peter was pleasantly surprised and said, "Your Majesty is too kind. You can call me whatever you like."

Helena smiled warmly and said, "Uncle Cole, in private settings, just call me by my name, Helena."

Peter nodded gently, accepting her request.

At that moment, Charlie interjected, "Helena, there's something I need your assistance with. I would like Uncle Cole to secretly return to Northern Europe using your royal family's special plane. And if possible, could you help me arrange a Nordic passport for him, allowing him to return to China under a new identity?"

Helena readily agreed, saying, "No problem! I will take care of it. I will be returning to Northern Europe in a few days, and during this time, Uncle Cole can accompany me to get acquainted."

Peter bowed respectfully to Helena and sincerely expressed his gratitude, saying, "Thank you so much, Helena."

Helena responded with a sweet smile, saying, "You're too kind."

On the sidelines, Steve Rothschild couldn't help but feel a twinge of frustration as he watched Helena engrossed in conversation with Charlie and Peter.

Being well-versed in the realm of love affairs, he could discern that Helena's feelings for Charlie were extraordinary. Just by observing the way she focused her gaze on him, he knew his son didn't stand a chance.

What further frustrated Steve was that throughout their entire interaction, Helena never spared him a glance, except when speaking to Peter. Despite

their helicopters arriving almost simultaneously, Helena never even acknowledged his presence.

It was evident that Helena was deeply infatuated with Charlie.

At that moment, Charlie remembered Steve and introduced him to Helena, saying, "By the way, Helena, allow me to introduce you to Steve Rothschild from the renowned Rothschild family. From now on, Steve will be my strategic partner. If the Nordic royal family requires any assistance from the Rothschild family, do not hesitate to ask him. He will not refuse." Steve, hearing Charlie make such a promise on his behalf, couldn't help but feel a tinge of displeasure. Nevertheless, he smiled and said, "Mr. Wade is absolutely right. Helena, if there's anything you need from me or the Rothschild family in the future, please don't hesitate to ask."

Helena politely nodded and then turned back to Charlie, suggesting eagerly, "Mr. Wade, it's almost dawn, and it's not the most convenient place to talk here. Shall we adjourn to my room? I have already arranged breakfast for you in advance. We can discuss matters over a meal!" She then glanced at Peter and Steve, adding, "I have prepared an empty room for you both. You can rest there for now, and I will have breakfast brought to you as soon as possible. How does that sound?"

Chapter 5628

Steve understood Helena's plan and realized that the Queen wanted to have some alone time with Charlie. If he played it smart, he would go along with the plan and avoid causing any trouble.

Steve also understood that the current situation made it impossible for his son to win Helena's heart, and the hopes of the Rothschild family marrying into the Nordic royal family were completely shattered.

Steve's advantage was that he was practical and wouldn't waste any energy or create unnecessary problems for himself.

With a polite tone, he said to Helena, "I will follow the Queen's arrangement."

Helena summoned her personal butler, whom she had thoroughly trained, and instructed her, "Take the two gentlemen to their rooms."

The young female butler promptly replied, "Yes, Your Majesty."

She then turned to Peter and Steve and said, "Please follow me."

The two men followed Helena's butler and left, while Helena turned to Charlie and said, "Mr. Wade, please come with me."

Charlie nodded lightly and followed Helena to her room.

Helena was staying in the grandest suite in the hotel. Although it wasn't as expansive as a typical presidential suite, it still provided ample space and comfort for one person.

In the suite's dining room, Helena had prepared a lavish Western-style breakfast. Every detail, from the tableware to the tablecloth, even the meticulously selected flowers in the center of the table, was thoughtfully arranged.

As they sat across from each other, Helena's eyes remained fixed on Charlie's face.

Though she had hesitated during their previous encounter, deep down, Helena was a passionate and daring woman. Even as a queen, she couldn't hide her admiration for Charlie.

On the other hand, Charlie felt a slight unease under her intense gaze and decided to break the silence, saying, "Helena, I want to express my gratitude for all that you've done for me. Changing the trip's schedule must have caused you some inconvenience."

Helena smiled softly and replied, "Mr. Wade, why be so formal? You've given my mother and me a second chance at life, and even my grandmother woke up because of you. You are the savior of the entire royal family. What we do for you is merely a small gesture."

She continued, "If you have any other requests, I will fulfill them without hesitation."

Charlie nodded and smiled, "In that case, I won't hold back. In the coming days, I may need you to personally go to New York and meet with the leader of the Rothschild family."

Without any hesitation, Helena responded, "No problem, whatever you ask of me, I will do."

Charlie took out a Life Saving Pill and handed it to Helena, explaining, "This pill was specifically prepared for Howard, the patriarch of the Rothschild family. New York has been rather unsettled lately. There's a possibility that a lot of events might unfold today. It's likely that Howard's health will deteriorate soon. You might need to deliver this medicine to him. It's crucial that you arrange a meeting with him promptly. It would be best to see him tomorrow, to avoid the chance of him turning away visitors due to any health complications."

Helena was taken aback and asked, "Mr. Wade, why don't you give it to him yourself?"

Charlie smiled and replied, "My influence won't work on him, and I prefer to remain anonymous."

He continued, "Besides, this pill isn't a gift. He will have to pay for it."

Helena pursed her lips and sweetly smiled, "I understand, you want me to sell this pill to him."

"Yes," Charlie nodded and instructed, "I want you to help me sell it. When you meet him, show him the pill, give him a sample of 1/10th of the pill, and once he realizes its value, you can sell the rest to him. Set the price at a minimum of 10-20 billion US dollars. If you can get more, even better."

Helena quickly grasped Charlie's intention and echoed with a smile, "Alright, Mr. Wade, I understand. Just provide me with an account number. After negotiating the price with him, I'll have him transfer the payment to you. The minimum should not be less than 20 billion."

"No need," Charlie waved his hand and casually said, "You handle the negotiation, and whatever profits you make from the sale, you can keep for yourself."

Helena was surprised and quickly waved her hand, "No, Mr. Wade, this pill belongs to you, and the money from selling it belongs to you. How can I accept your money..."

Charlie smiled and said, "Helena, let me be frank. The Nordic royal family is the poorest and weakest among all the European royal families. Your current popularity may be high, but as the royal family, it's challenging to capitalize on that popularity like ordinary people. You can't do live broadcasts like Chinese internet celebrities; it would be inappropriate and tarnish your reputation."

He continued, "Therefore, you still need sufficient funds to maintain and enhance the influence and power of the Nordic royal family. Otherwise, once your popularity fades, the Nordic royal family will lose its voice and struggle to regain influence."

Helena understood that Charlie was speaking the truth, but she still insisted, "Mr. Wade, you have already done so much for us, and you have also helped attract a lot of investment to the Nordic region. The royal family doesn't know how to repay your kindness. How can I let you spend more..."

Charlie smiled and said, "Let's put it this way. You can consider yourself as helping me sell the product. According to the current standards in China, for a product that costs 100 dollars, the cost is around 10 dollars, 50 dollars ,for marketing, 10 dollars ,for the influencer fee, and 20 dollars ,for logistics, labor, and returns. The profit is 10 dollars. Let's sell one Life Saving Pill. The cost is 10%, and logistics and labor are on you. There's no need to worry

about returns. The marketing expenses will also be deducted from your share. So, let's split the profits 70-30. Does that sound fair?"

Helena helplessly said, "Mr. Wade... The Life Saving Pill is such a remarkable item; it doesn't require any marketing expenses. And I'm just helping you deliver it to Howard. How can I accept your money..."

After saying that, Helena said earnestly, "If you truly believe that you owe me for my efforts, then let's come to a reasonable agreement. I will dedicate a day to assist you with this matter. Once it's resolved, you spend another day with me."

Charlie smiled and replied, "As long as the issue regarding the money is resolved, everything else is trivial."

Helena anxiously retorted, "But didn't we agree on a fair exchange? One day of my time for one day of yours."

Charlie explained, "That can only serve as an additional clause, and its terms must align with the agreement on the main clauses."

After a moment of contemplation, Helena pursed her lips and said, "Alright, I'll concede. I'll give you nine."

Charlie shook his head, saying, "I propose four for me and six for you."

Helena responded, "Then we can spend time together."

Charlie questioned, "Isn't that different from your previous suggestion?"

Helena playfully stuck out her tongue, "At least the order has changed, so there's some variation."

With that said, Helena added, "Mr. Wade, the task you're asking me to undertake is a piece of cake for me. If you need me to collect your money, I'll gladly do it."

Charlie had to be firm, saying, "Listen, this is the final fixed price. You'll go see Howard now. When you return, we'll split the payment 50-50. If you're content with that, we'll reach a decision. If not, I'll find someone else to handle it."

Helena looked at Charlie, appreciating his determination. Her happiness stemmed not from money but from the fact that Charlie held her in high regard and cared for her. Her concern wasn't about repaying a debt but rather about realizing that her ideal man was even better than she had imagined.

As she contemplated this, a sense of regret washed over her, and she couldn't help but think, "I should have been more decisive last time..."

Recalling the intimate moment they had shared on the bed, Helena's face flushed, and she drifted into her thoughts.

Unaware of her reverie, Charlie tapped his finger on the marble tabletop and asked, "What's your decision, Your Majesty the Queen?"

Helena's mind snapped back to reality, startled as if she had just woken from a dream. She had almost imagined herself in Charlie's bed.

Frightened, she unintentionally let out a small shriek and quickly covered her mouth.

Surprised, Charlie asked, "What's wrong with you? What were you thinking?"

Helena shook her head frantically, replying, "No, I...I wasn't thinking about anything..."

Charlie pressed on, "What about my proposal?"

Helena struggled to recall Charlie's proposal but pretended to agree, "Oh, that? Yes, whatever Mr. Wade thinks is best."

Charlie nodded with a smile, saying, "Then it's settled, a 50-50 split. Too much money can also be a burden. You can negotiate the total price with Howard first and arrange for payments over ten years."

"In addition, the payment methods can be diverse, including cash, gold, high-quality corporate stocks, premium real estate, and more."

"You can even have them contribute funds to support the Nordic royal family's charitable activities."

"In summary, this money will support the Nordic royal family in various aspects over the next ten years, enhancing your overall strength and influence. Take your time to consider it."

Helena nodded appreciatively and said, "Thank you, Mr. Wade. I will carefully consider your proposal."

Charlie stretched and smiled, concluding, "Now we just have to wait for Howard's response. Let's hope his mental endurance is strong enough."

Chapter 5629

At this moment, Howard Rothschild's mind was teetering on the edge of collapse, his sanity hanging by a thread.

Despite his people's meticulous efforts to clean up the scene and hide Hank and the others, awaiting their chance to flee overseas and escape the impending storm, Howard couldn't shake off the overwhelming sense of despair.

He had poured his heart and soul into the search for the Four Treasures of the Study, enduring immense public pressure in the process. Yet, he had come up empty-handed.

Not finding the treasure would have been bearable on its own.

But he had also unwittingly entangled himself in a life-or-death struggle with the Warriors Den.

If the Warriors Den managed to deceive the world and reclaim the Four Treasures of the Study, then perhaps these sins would not have been in vain. But if they failed to locate the treasure and sought revenge on him, Howard would truly wish for death.

The torment of the past few days had sent his blood pressure skyrocketing. His personal doctor, after examining him, had strongly recommended blood pressure medication and sufficient rest to alleviate the strain on his body and reduce the risk of sudden death.

But Howard feared missing any news about the Warriors Den and the Four Treasures of the Study. Sleep eluded him, leaving him with no choice but to rely on the medication and push through.

As the crimson sun slowly ascended over New York in the early morning, Hogan's flight finally touched down at Aurous Hill Airport, on the other side of the world.

Meanwhile, Keagan Myers, Maria's adopted son, sat aboard a private plane, eagerly awaiting Hogan's arrival.

In order to swiftly complete the handover of the Four Treasures of the Study, Keagan Myers had learned of Hogan's flight, which was scheduled to land at a secluded gate, and had arranged for his men to wait nearby. Once Hogan's plane came to a halt at the gate, they swiftly escorted him onto the plane where Keagan Myers awaited. It was there that Hogan finally laid eyes on Keagan Myers, who had been patiently waiting for him. To dispel any doubts Hogan might have, Keagan Myers briefly introduced himself before suggesting, "Hogan, if it's convenient for you, let's video call Mr. Wade to synchronize the situation."

"Sure." Hogan nodded, initiating a video call with Charlie.

Meanwhile, in Helena's suite, Charlie received Hogan's video call. He promptly answered, eager for updates.

Once the call connected, Charlie inquired, "Uncle Hogan, have you arrived safely in Aurous Hill?"

Hogan respectfully replied, "Yes, Young Master, I have."

Switching the video feed to the rear camera, he revealed Keagan Myers's presence and continued, "Mr. Myers wants to brief you on the current situation."

On the other end of the line, Charlie politely acknowledged, "Mr. Myers, thank you for your efforts."

Keagan Myers hurriedly replied, "Young Master Wade, there's no need for thanks. Sharing your burdens with you and Miss Clark is a small task."

Cutting to the chase, he continued, "Allow me to bring you up to speed, Young Master Wade. Through a secure channel, I informed the authorities in Eastcliff in advance. They attach great importance to the return of the Four Treasures of the Study to China and have authorized the military airport in Eastcliff for our landing. Additionally, they have deployed troops to safeguard the treasure's arrival. As a national treasure, Eastcliff will ensure the utmost security in receiving it. You can rest easy, Young Master Wade."

Charlie nodded, a smile playing on his lips. "Once the treasure is safely back in China, I can finally breathe a sigh of relief. I entrust this final step to you, Mr. Myers. I have only one request - please, keep my identity concealed."

"You can count on it!" Keagan Myers replied confidently. "I have made it clear to them. While they may not know your true identity, they understand the significance of retrieving the Four Treasures of the Study from the United States at this critical juncture. They will respect your wishes."

"Good." Charlie's mind eased, and he smiled. "I'll eagerly await the news of the treasure's return, as reported by the media."

"No problem at all." Keagan Myers beamed. "Rest assured, everything has been arranged. We will touch down in Eastcliff in two hours. Military journalists will capture footage, which will be aired during the 10 o'clock evening news. Keep an eye out for it."

"Very well!" Charlie chuckled. "I'll be sure to tune in and await the news."

...

As Keagan Myers's plane took off from Aurous Hill, Morgana's Boeing 777 finally landed at New York's Kennedy Airport.

Onboard, Morgana couldn't shake off the unease and restlessness that gripped her.

Even though she knew coming to the United States was necessary to retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study, the thought of breaking decades of seclusion and venturing out frequently filled her with unease.

Ever since the Cold War between the United States and the Soviet Union erupted in the last century, Morgana had rarely left her secure base.

Her reluctance to venture beyond the base stemmed from her firsthand witnessing of technology's rapid advancement during the Cold War.

The more technology progressed, the more she feared, especially the officials of these superpowers.

To them, the Warriors Den was insignificant, merely an ant. If any of these superpowers set their sights on them, disaster would loom over Morgana. For instance, the headquarters she had painstakingly built would crumble under the relentless assault of a destroyer. That's why Morgana had reminded herself to maintain a low profile as much as possible during her time in the United States.

After passing through immigration, Morgana and Aemon presented seamless Swedish identities. After successfully clearing customs, Morgana, concerned about the Four Treasures of the Study, instructed Aemon, "Contact Landon and inquire about the situation."

"Of course, master. I will contact Landon immediately!" Aemon promptly dialed Landon's number.

To his surprise, Landon's phone was switched off!

He couldn't help but whisper, "Master, Landon's phone is switched off."

"Switched off?!" Morgana's brows furrowed deeply. "Knowing Landon's habits, he wouldn't turn off his phone, even in the face of an important matter. What could be going on this time?"

Aemon shook his head. "I'm not sure. Should I call Eddie?"

Morgana, with an expressionless nod, commanded, "Call him!"

Aemon promptly dialed Eddie's number, only to be met again with the notification that the phone was turned off.

This struck Aemon as odd, and he couldn't help but remark, "I don't understand what's going on with these two, but they've both switched off their mobile phones."

Morgana's anxiety intensified, and she instinctively pulled out her phone, opening an app.

This app was the Warriors Den's tracking app.

Whenever the core members of the Warriors Den ventured out, they carried specialized phones equipped with GPS tracking functionality. The phones continuously transmitted their coordinates to the server, enabling Morgana to monitor their movements.

When Morgana checked the real-time location of Landon and Eddie on the app, she was astounded to discover that their coordinates had vanished!

Chapter 5630

The missing coordinates doesn't necessarily imply that the members of the Warriors Den have perished, but it does mean that they have lost contact, at the very least.

The Warriors Den imposes strict disciplinary measures on members like Eddie, who are engaged in long-term missions abroad. The repercussions for losing contact are severe.

If it's a deliberate act of disappearance and they are apprehended, they may face execution. Even if they manage to hide, it would be futile since the poison coursing through their bodies has a time limit. Without

receiving the antidote within that timeframe, the missing individual will perish.

If it's due to their own negligence, such as forgetting to charge their dedicated phone or accidentally damaging their equipment, the Warriors Den won't let it slide easily. Depending on the specific circumstances, a special envoy will be dispatched to administer punishment. The mildest form of punishment would be consuming the specially-crafted poison by Morgana in front of the envoy. Although the poison won't be lethal, it will inflict tremendous suffering.

Therefore, for the scholars of the Warriors Den who are infiltrating foreign territories, the possibility of losing their lives due to a small mistake is much greater than simply losing contact.

Particularly for Eddie, an exceptionally crucial member of the Warriors Den, even Morgana herself holds him in high regard. Eddie is also incredibly self-disciplined. Since the implementation of the positioning system, he has never had a record of losing contact.

As for Landon, it goes without saying. He is the most loyal among the four marshals and remains steadfast in his allegiance to Morgana. Unless something unforeseen occurred, he would never commit the low-level error of losing contact.

It is precisely because two individuals who are highly unlikely to lose contact have indeed vanished that Morgana is consumed by worry. She immediately checked the last known location of the two individuals on the software and discovered that they disappeared at Manhattan Hospital. Turning to Aemon beside her, she inquired, "Did Eddie inform you of his plan?"

Aemon quickly responded with respect, "Yes, Eddie did inform me of his plan. Since the antique dealer is receiving treatment at Manhattan Hospital, he intended to infiltrate the hospital with Landon, seizing the

opportunity to extract the antique dealer and force him to disclose the whereabouts of the artifact."

Morgana's heart sank, and she uttered, "Oh no, they might have encountered some trouble..."

Aemon exclaimed in surprise, "My Lord, could it be that there are other experts also targeting that artifact?!"

Shaking her head, Morgana replied, "I cannot be certain, but it is a possibility."

She continued, her concern evident, "Furthermore, there is another worst-case scenario."

Anxiously, Aemon inquired, "My Lord, are you worried that the disappearance of these two individuals, like Gideon, Jarvis and Zeba, is the work of that mysterious ,master?"

Morgana sighed, "Yes, I am indeed worried. If that's the case, it means that this individual already possesses the capability to assassinate members of the Warriors Den on a global scale. First, they saved the Evans Family in New York, then eliminated Jarvis in Cyprus, followed by Gideon and Zeba in Aurous Hill, and now they have returned to New York... If this pattern continues, it won't be long before they reach Argentina and successfully locate the headquarters of the Warriors Den!"

Aemon hastily suggested, "My Lord, should we go to Manhattan Hospital to investigate what transpired?"

"We must go! It's imperative!" Morgana declared decisively. "This time, I want to see whether they are alive or dead!"

With that, Morgana instructed Aemon, "Hail a taxi to Manhattan Hospital. Let's ensure that the Left Army Governor's Mansion remains unaware of our presence in New York."

"Alright!"

...

New York, Manhattan Hospital.

The Manhattan Hospital buzzed with its usual activity.

Medical staff tirelessly attended to their duties of healing and saving lives, while the security department was in a state of unease.

Their anxiety stemmed from two troubling incidents that occurred earlier in the day.

The first incident involved the death of a patient in room 1707. The preliminary cause of death was acute morphine poisoning. It was suspected that someone had administered a large dose of morphine to the patient before their demise. The hospital reviewed the patient's medical records and discovered that they had been admitted due to a car accident. To alleviate their pain, a morphine injection had indeed been administered the previous night. However, the recorded dosage was within safe limits and unlikely to cause morphine poisoning, leaving open the possibility of foul play.

The second incident revolved around a death within the hospital, where the security staff discovered that all surveillance footage mysteriously vanished after the system prompted some minor flaws that needed rectifying. Oblivious to the fact that the surveillance records had disappeared, the staff member proceeded to fix the system.

A death had just occurred there, and now the surveillance footage here was missing. It wasn't just the police; even the hospital staff sensed something unusual about the situation.

Investigating this issue, however, posed a dilemma. There was no way to ascertain whether the surveillance videos had vanished before or during the system's repair.

If it was before the repair, it likely pointed to a murderer;

If it happened during the repair, it might just be a coincidence.

Yet, there was another peculiar aspect: two relatives of patient 1707 had vanished, one of whom was the well-known Eddie George.

With a recent death and missing surveillance footage, even the police were grappling with the situation. Eddie George was a well-known figure, being the son-in-law of the Evans Family, a prominent and privileged class in New York. Any harm that befell him would undoubtedly attract nationwide attention.

Consequently, the police deployed a considerable number of personnel to investigate and gather evidence.

Just as Morgana and Aemon stepped out of the taxi and prepared to enter Manhattan Hospital, a deep furrow formed between Morgana's brows. Radiating a substantial amount of reiki, she swiftly scanned the entire building. Then, with a frown, she said, "They aren't here."

Aemon exclaimed in surprise, "My lord, they lost contact here, but they're not here. Could something truly have happened?"

Retracting her reiki, Morgana wore a grave expression as she replied, "I used my reiki to investigate, and I discovered an unusually high number of people on the 17th floor. I eavesdropped on their conversation, and it appears that the police are searching for clues related to them. Wait here, I'll go in and take a look."

Aemon nodded respectfully and gently said, "Please exercise caution, my lord."

Without paying him any further attention, Morgana strode into the entrance of Manhattan Hospital.

Upon entering, she spotted two on-duty police officers standing guard. Approaching them directly, she locked eyes with one of them, her expression devoid of emotion, as she inquired, "What task are you carrying out here?"

The police officer seemed to lose his composure in an instant and responded numbly, "We've been instructed to remain here and await further instructions from the scene commander."

Continuing her questioning, Morgana asked, "What transpired on the 17th floor? What are your colleagues searching for?"

The police officer truthfully answered, "There was a murder case on the 17th floor. A patient who was admitted only yesterday was found dead this morning due to acute morphine poisoning. The possibility of someone injecting a large amount of morphine into his body before his demise hasn't been ruled out."

Morgana pressed on, "Who is the deceased?"

The police officer replied, "He was the personal assistant of Eddie George, who hails from the Evans Family."