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Morgana exhaled, unleashing a surge of reiki that enveloped the entire airport. To her astonishment, she detected no trace of reiki other than her own. Her brow furrowed as she pondered, "Why is there no sign of reiki besides my own?"

The Four Treasures of the Study, a mystical artifact crafted by skilled cultivators during the Tang Dynasty, would have been designed with a large number of formations and should have been able to be immediately detected with reiki. Yet, as Morgana's energy extended, it encountered an eerie silence, akin to a flame sweeping across a barren land, unable to ignite anything.

A sinking feeling gripped Morgana's heart as she meticulously scanned every individual in the airport, hoping to find Eddie and Landon.

Yet, despite her efforts, she found no trace of the two.

Her mood instantly soured.

With a grim expression, she muttered, "I went through all this trouble to come here, only to discover that it was a trap!"

Aemon, standing beside her, felt a pang in his chest and urgently asked, "Master, why do you say that?!"

Morgana clenched her fists and through gritted teeth, replied, "The things I seek are not here, and neither are Eddie and Landon."

She continued, her anger rising, "If Eddie isn't on this plane, then he must be dead. Chartering this plane was not his intention; he was most likely coerced or controlled by someone. And their motive was to disrupt my plans and make me miss my target!"

Aemon's eyes widened in shock as he blurted out, "Master, could this be a ploy to draw out the enemy?!"

Morgana's expression darkened further as she ground her teeth, "Whether it's a ploy or not depends on whether they know I've come to the United States!"

Contemplating the situation, Morgana turned to Aemon and queried, "If you were the mysterious person, and you had killed all four marshals, who in the Warriors Den would make you wary?"

Aemon responded, "If I were that person and I had eliminated all four counts, the only person in the Warriors Den who would give me pause should be you."

He continued, "As for the Three Elders, they have secluded themselves for a century.

Although they briefly emerged from seclusion before, they swiftly returned to their base.

Their activities are rarely known within the Warriors Den. It's possible the mysterious person isn't even aware of their existence. Moreover, with his strength, he likely has already opened the Soul Palace. The Three Elders are still one step away from achieving that, so even if he knows of them, he wouldn't fear them."

Morgana's expression grew even grimmer as she clenched her teeth, "If the only person he's wary of is me, then perhaps he already knew I was coming. That's why he orchestrated this situation."

Aemon respectfully added, "I don't believe he necessarily knew of your arrival. Having Eddie charter this plane was likely a ploy to confuse us, not specifically targeting your actions."

Morgana's voice turned cold as ice, "You must thoroughly investigate and discover how news of my arrival in the United States was leaked. If anyone within our organization is responsible, regardless of who it is, they will be ruthlessly eliminated!"

Aemon hurriedly replied, "My Lord, the only ones who should know of your arrival in the United States are myself and the crew members. However, I highly doubt the crew members would leak such information..."

Morgana ground her teeth and declared, "It matters not. Kill all the crew members and replace them with a new group."

Without hesitation, Aemon affirmed, "Understood!"

He then inquired, "What shall we do next?"

Morgana's voice turned chilling, "Let's return to New York! The Rothschild family has sealed off the city so tightly that even I couldn't evade their scrutiny. If that person has indeed obtained the treasure I seek and left New York, it will be even more difficult to track him.

Perhaps he is still hiding within the city, biding his time! This time, I must find that treasure in New York!"

Just as Morgana finished speaking, Aemon's phone buzzed incessantly, receiving multiple notifications.

He retrieved his phone and discovered the notifications were from various Chinese news, social, and video apps.

The headlines all bore a striking similarity.

He muttered to himself, "Tang Dynasty national artifact, the Four Treasures of the Study returns to China... Is this artifact of great significance? Why are multiple media outlets reporting it simultaneously..."

Upon hearing this, Morgana's eyes widened, and she exclaimed, "What did you say? The Four Treasures of the Study has returned to China?!"

"Yes," Aemon replied, handing the phone to Morgana. He added, "Master, look, I've received numerous notifications confirming this."

In that moment, a realization dawned upon him, and he asked urgently, "Master, could this possibly be the treasure you've been searching for?"

Morgana's was shocked. She snatched the phone and opened one of the notifications, leading her to a news app where an emergency broadcast played.

The host's commanding voice filled the air, "We interrupt this program to bring you an exclusive news report. After being lost overseas for nearly two centuries, the Tang Dynasty national treasure, the Four Treasures of the Study has finally returned to its homeland tonight. Experts assert that the Four Treasures of the Study is an immensely important national relic from the Tang Dynasty, which was secretly held by the Qing Dynasty for over two hundred years before being lost during the First and Second Opium Wars..."

As the host spoke, the video displayed a close-up of the Four Treasures of the Study.

Morgana beheld the majestic and awe-inspiring artifact, and her world spun. In that moment, her already fragile mindset shattered completely!

With a surge of reiki in her hand, she clenched her hand, crushing Aemon's phone into powder. Aemon started in surprise, about to offer words of consolation, but when he saw

Morgana's resolute expression and heard her furious outcry, he froze, "He did this deliberately! He did this on purpose! It's outrageous!"

Aemon asked, bewildered, "My lord, when you say he did this on purpose, do you mean the Four Treasures of the Study was sent back to China by that mysterious person?!"

Morgana teetered on the brink of breakdown, her voice tinged with hysteria, "I flew nearly ten thousand kilometers to find the Four Treasures of the Study, only to be humiliated by the Rothschild family! Little did I know, that bastard had already sent the Four Treasures of the Study back to China! It's outrageous!"

"That bastard knew I would stop at nothing to obtain the Four Treasures of the Study, so he secretly sent it back to China, intending to humiliate and destroy me! I never anticipated that my reputation would be repeatedly tarnished and manipulated by him. It's utterly despicable! I, Morgana Mirren, swear upon the heavens that if I don't tear him to pieces, I am not fit to be called human!!!"

With those words, an unbearable pressure built up within Morgana's chest, and a wave of fury ignited in her heart.

Suddenly, a surge of nausea rose in her throat, and before she knew it, a mist of blood sprayed from her mouth!

Morgana coughed twice, hastily wiping the blood from her lips, and retrieved a pill, swallowing it. She desperately sought to stabilize her disrupted energy and meridians.

Aemon witnessed Morgana's anger for the first time. In that moment, she appeared on the verge of madness or even insanity. He quickly tried to reason with her, "My lord, please, don't give in to anger. The Four Treasures of the Study returning to China might not be a bad thing. We can go to China and forcefully reclaim it!"

Morgana's eyes were bloodshot, her gaze seemingly ready to burst from their sockets. She could no longer contain her anger and bellowed, "That bastard was able to send the Four Treasures of the Study back to China, which means he must have revealed its secret to the authorities! Such a significant national treasure, one that can influence the country's fate, will undoubtedly be regarded as a treasure and protected by China! I can't even handle the New York State National Guard, so how can I go to China and snatch back the Four Treasures of the Study? Should I risk my life to steal it?"

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The moment Morgana discovered that the Four Treasures of the Study was returning to China, she knew her chances were gone.

For over three centuries, she had lived by one principle: she could make enemies with anyone, but she must never provoke a nation.

Except for a few small countries, most sovereign nations in the world possessed distinct advantages over the Warriors Den.

Even the smallest sovereign nation had its own territory and airspace, and with enough funds, it could easily purchase fighter jets from either the East or the West. If it had territorial waters, it could even acquire its own warships.

These were advantages that the Warriors Den could never attain.

Currently, the society might have considerable financial strength and formidable individual capabilities, but it lacked heavy weaponry, especially when it came to large-scale destructive weapons.

Moreover, the Four Treasures of the Study was a national treasure, and China would certainly take no risks in protecting it. It would be heavily guarded in a secret location, and even if the Warriors Den went all out, they would never have a chance to seize it.

In this moment, Morgana felt a surge of resentment in her heart.

This trip to New York had been a complete failure!

The last marshal was dead, and Eddie George was gone as well!

She had placed numerous spies and scholars all over the world, but none were as crucial as Eddie. It had taken dozens of people and over a decade to build such a network, and now it was all lost. She had lost her last pawn in the game.

Seeing that her emotions were about to spiral out of control, Aemon quickly interjected, "My Lord, for safety reasons, I suggest we leave the United States and return to our base. What do you think?"

Morgana responded coldly, "Both Landon and Eddie died in New York. Starting from Jarvis, the enemy has continuously struck us. I must thoroughly investigate this matter!"

Then, with a sinister expression, she added, "And the Rothschild family, who dared to investigate my helicopter, I have never suffered such humiliation no matter where I've gone. This time, they will pay the price!"

After speaking, Morgana shouted coldly, "Return to New York!"

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As Morgana flew back to New York in a helicopter, Howard Rothschild, the head of the Rothschild family, lay weakly on his bed. His eyes were heavy with dark bags, a clear sign of sleepless nights.

Lately, Howard's state of mind had been shattered repeatedly, reaching its climax in the early hours of this morning. He never expected that his subordinate, Hank, who was chasing after Peter Cole, would end up causing Eddie to commit suicide by setting fire to himself.

Discovering that Eddie was a member of the Warriors Den crushed Howard's spirit even further.

Although he had followed Samuel's advice and destroyed the evidence at the scene, he still felt uneasy. He had not only offended an ordinary person, but also the ancient and incredibly mysterious Warriors Den.

In the United States, ancient and dark, ruthless and mysterious organizations were not uncommon, but none could compare to the Warriors Den.

Now, he was uncertain if they would investigate him. If they did, this matter would not be easily resolved.

To ensure his safety, he had contacted the Department of Homeland Security and the head of the CIA after the incident this morning, requesting that they send their top agents with the most professional equipment to the Rothschild family estate to guarantee his and his family's safety.

But even with the strength of the Warriors Den, he still felt anxious and even considered leaving the United States to find a secure place to lay low.

While he was in a state of unease, his youngest son, David Rothschild, anxiously knocked on the door and spoke from outside, "Father, there's urgent news!"

Upon hearing that it was urgent news, Howard quickly responded, "Come in and tell me."

David entered the room, passing through the living room, and looked at Howard, who was half-reclining on the bed. He sighed and said, "Father! Something major has happened!"

Howard asked nervously, "What big thing happened?!"

David sighed and replied, "The Four Treasures of the Study has returned to China..."

"What?!" Howard's head swirled, and it felt as if he had plummeted from the skies. It took him over ten seconds to regain his composure. Abruptly, he sat up on the bed and demanded sternly, "What you just said, repeat it!"

David noticed his father's weakness and apparent anxiety, so he quickly moved forward to support his back and cautiously conveyed, "Father, based on official reports from China, the treasure has been discreetly donated back to China through confidential channels. Chinese authorities have also officially announced the return of this national treasure, which had been lost overseas for two centuries..."

Howard's mental state snapped. He grabbed the quilt and pillows on the bed and threw them away wildly. He shouted hysterically, "What's going on?! I've tightened the grip around New York like a vice, conducting checks on everyone leaving the city. The airport is especially crucial. How could the Four Treasures of the Study still make its way back to China right under my nose?! What the hell happened?!"

Then, with trembling hands, he pointed at David and angrily berated him, "Useless! All of you are utterly useless!"

David spoke with a nervous tone, "Father, I've just received some news. It's an official report from China. The report was translated and published by American online media before we noticed it. Furthermore, there's no mention of the details in the report. There's no description or explanation of how the treasure returned to China. I don't know the specifics of how the treasure came back, but the fact is, it has returned to China..."

Howard erupted angrily, "Go! Lodge a protest at the Chinese Embassy in the United States! Tell them that the treasure is a personal property of the Rothschild family, and demand its immediate return!"

He added with urgency, "Don't wait for their response. Call your eldest brother back immediately and have him lead a team to go to China. Get the best lawyers in the United

States and negotiate when you arrive. If that doesn't work, sue them! I don't care what method you use, but the Four Treasures of the Study must be returned to me!"

David, with a deeply embarrassed expression, replied, "Father... China has disclosed the history of the Four Treasures of the Study, mentioning the First Opium War, the Second Opium War, and the Eight-Power Allied Forces. The entire world now knows that the Four Treasures of the Study was taken back by the Western world along with millions of Chinese cultural relics. If we try to negotiate with China now and demand the return of the Four Treasures of the Study, not only would it lack legal grounds, but it would also be unpopular..."

"Public opinion?" Howard retorted angrily, "What era are we in? I don't care about public opinion! Two hundred years ago, the British empire launched wars for its own gain, and we merely followed their lead. They haven't been held accountable. Why should I worry about public opinion now? What if someone robbed the British Museum and returned the contents to their rightful owners? Would Britain agree?"

He continued, his anger palpable, "The diamond on the British King's scepter was cut from the Star of Africa, a diamond from South Africa! Edward VII demanded it and had it cut into hundreds of different-sized diamonds, set into various pieces of jewelry. What right did he have? Our ancestors put in great effort to retrieve the Four Treasures of the Study from China, and it's been in our possession for two hundred years. Why should we consider returning it without my consent?!"

David held his ground, saying, "Father, South Africa was a British colony at the time. According to international legal principles of the time, colonial possessions belonged to the mother country, even its people. Edward VII taking the Star of Africa, or even all the diamonds in South Africa, wasn't illegal by the standards of the day. At most, it's a shameful part of history."

He added, "But our situation is different! China may have been invaded by the West, but it was never a colony. What belongs to them, belongs to them. To be frank, our ancestors took it. If we try to negotiate now, we'll lack both legal and public support. Our possessions won't be returned, and we'll face global criticism online. It's not worth the risk."

Howard, growing increasingly agitated, slapped David's face and angrily cursed him, "Idiot! Are you suggesting we just let the Four Treasures of the Study go back to China?"

David, slapped and humiliated, replied, "Then... I will inform my brother to return..."

David turned away, his frustration apparent.

His role was merely to report the news and provide objective advice to prevent his father from making rash decisions. Little did he expect that his father would not only disregard his counsel but also physically assault him. He decided to comply with his father's wishes. If his father wanted his elder brother to negotiate, then so be it.

As David turned to leave, Howard, feeling uneasy, quickly stopped him, saying, "David, wait!"

David turned back and respectfully asked, "Is there something else, Father?"

Howard instructed, "Contact the public relations officer and the legal team. Ask them to analyze the most reasonable approach based on public opinion and legal principles."

David nodded and promptly took out his phone, initiating a video conference call with the heads of the Rothschild family's public relations and legal teams.

These two individuals, a top journalist and a prominent lawyer, were influential figures in New York's elite circles. They had been brought into the Rothschild family's fold and were part of the family's think tank, closely monitoring the family's actions. They were well aware of the family's search for the Four Treasures of the Study and the challenges posed by public opinion.

As David initiated the video conference, both individuals joined immediately.

David asked in front of his father, "You both must be aware of the news regarding the Four Treasures of the Study returning to China. What do you think is the most appropriate course of action to protect our interests?"

The head of public relations responded, "Mr. Rothschild, please understand that the current online public opinion is not in our favor. The previous incident involving Peter Cole, where we were accused of lynching him to recover the Four Treasures of the Study, had serious consequences. Now that the Four Treasures of the Study has returned to China, if we remain silent and act as if it's unrelated to us, public opinion may eventually shift away from the

issue. However, if we actively engage in negotiations and protests, we risk once again becoming the focal point of public opinion."

In another video window, the head of the legal team added, "Mr. Rothschild, I concur with Jim. The current online public opinion is not in our favor, and we have not publicly acknowledged the existence of the Four Treasures of the Study until now. If we maintain our silence, it might be the best approach."

He continued, "From a legal perspective, we face challenges. The Four Treasures of the Study is just one of many treasures taken from China by the West, and it has been kept hidden by the Rothschild family for many years, not appearing in any official asset records. In other words, we lack evidence to prove that this Chinese antique belongs to the Rothschild family." The lawyer emphasized, "Furthermore, we've publicly stated that Peter Cole did not steal anything from the Rothschild family, framing the entire incident as a misunderstanding. If we now claim that the Four Treasures of the Study, which has just returned to China, is the personal property of the Rothschild family, it would create inconsistencies and contradictions in our narrative. Our legal claims would not be supported by any court, regardless of where we sue."

Upon hearing this, Howard was crestfallen. He had never imagined that his reconciliation with Peter Cole would backfire like this.

As the lawyer pointed out, Howard had already admitted to a misunderstanding, making it impossible for him to claim that the Four Treasures of the Study, now returned to China, was the Rothschild family's personal property.

If he proceeded with such a claim, he would bring disgrace upon the entire family.

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Realizing that reclaiming the Four Treasures of the Study from China was nearly impossible, Howard's emotions spiraled into an unconscious abyss. The memories of his relentless efforts and the losses he had suffered in pursuit of the banner sent his thoughts into a chaotic frenzy. His body trembled uncontrollably, his mind teetering on the edge of madness as he screamed in despair, "That damn Peter Cole, how did he manage to bring the Four Treasures of the Study back to China?"

"I, Howard Rothschild, have no quarrel with him. Why did he treat me this way?"

"Not only did that bastard steal my possessions, but he also entangled me in a public relations crisis, causing the Rothschild family to endure the worst reputation crisis in decades!"

"Now, not only is my name tarnished, but the Four Treasures of the Study is also forever out of my reach. All the investments I made in its retrieval have gone down the drain!"

"To make matters worse, that despicable man planted a bomb called the Warriors Den, which could explode at any moment! I despise him! I wish he could come back to life so I could kill him with my own hands!"

At that moment, Howard felt his blood vessels pulsating on his forehead, his blood pressure skyrocketing, causing his head to spin.

Unaware of his father's distress, David asked in surprise, "Father... What is this Warriors Den you mentioned earlier?"

As David posed his question, he noticed his father convulsing. His eyes widened, his pupils rolling back.

Witnessing his father's increasingly severe convulsions and his body falling uncontrollably, David rushed forward and caught him, anxiously asking, "Father, father, what's happening to you?!"

Howard's convulsions worsened, foam forming at his mouth, rendering him unable to speak. His body trembled violently as if electrocuted, and a foul stench emanated from him. David's horror grew as he realized his father had lost control of his bodily functions.

Recognizing the gravity of the situation, David was about to call for help when the butler and family doctor rushed to their aid.

Specialized monitoring devices on Howard's wrist and chest alerted the butler and doctor to his condition in real time as soon as he felt dizzy.

The doctor hurriedly examined Howard and nervously declared, "Sir, it's highly likely that he's suffered a stroke. We must begin emergency treatment immediately. Butler, contact the medical department and have the emergency personnel dispatched right away. Inform the emergency doctor to be prepared!"

With that, the doctor gently laid Howard on the ground, tilting his body slightly. He retrieved a syringe and injected it into Howard's body.

The Rothschild family estate resembled a small city, equipped with a comprehensive medical facility. This facility collaborated with the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hospital, the foremost institutions in the Western world. Together, they provided the highest level of medical care to the core members of the Rothschild family.

With the assistance of these two prestigious hospitals and the unparalleled financial resources of the Rothschild family, this "family clinic" catered exclusively to the family's core members, offering the most advanced emergency, rescue, surgical, and even radiation and chemotherapy services in the Western world.

Within moments, several emergency doctors arrived with utmost haste. They swiftly transported Howard, who had suffered a stroke, to the emergency room for urgent treatment. David watched as his father disappeared into the emergency room, his mind racing to inform all the direct descendants of the family about this sudden turn of events.

In Canada, Steve Rothschild, the eldest son, stared intently at his phone, awaiting news from the family regarding his father's sudden illness.

Only a few minutes ago, he had received word that the Four Treasures of the Study had returned to China. He had been fixated on his phone, anticipating updates on his father's health.

Steve was acutely aware of the old man's advanced age and recent string of setbacks. If news of the Four Treasures of the Study's return to China were to reach his ears, it could deal a devastating blow to him. For someone of his age and fragile health, such news could potentially trigger a severe illness or even prove fatal due to the overwhelming excitement it might cause.

At that moment, a push notification suddenly appeared on Steve's phone. It was from the internal communication software used within the Rothschild family.

Steve's heart leaped with anticipation, and he swiftly opened the push notification. He read the message sent by his brother David in the family group, "Our father has had a stroke. Please return to the family headquarters urgently. Those who are currently not in New York must make their way back as quickly as possible!"

Steve's excitement grew upon seeing the word "stroke."

Within the Rothschild family, Howard's health was a matter of utmost concern.

Not only was Howard the patriarch, but his health also determined the transition of power within the family. As the designated heir by law, Steve would have to return to the family and temporarily assume leadership if his father's health deteriorated. The duration of his temporary leadership depended on Howard's condition.

If Howard recovered well, Steve would have to relinquish the reins of power. But if his father's recovery proved impossible, Steve would continue as the leader until Howard's passing or voluntary resignation.

A stroke was undoubtedly a grave and sudden illness. If left untreated, it could be life-threatening. Even with prompt treatment, it often resulted in numerous complications. Hemiplegia, facial paralysis, loss of bladder and bowel control, and loss of speech were common repercussions of a stroke. For someone in their eighties, the prognosis was even bleaker. While it might not be as severe as Stephen Hawking's condition, it could still render Howard at least sixty to seventy percent incapacitated.

The prospect of his father being unable to speak, confined to a wheelchair, struggling to control his movements, stirred a mix of excitement and guilt within Steve.

If his father's condition deteriorated to the point where he could no longer lead the family, he would have to step back or even withdraw completely from managing family affairs. With no other contenders in the Rothschild family vying for the Four Treasures of the Study, Steve, as the designated heir, would ascend to the top position effortlessly.

Overwhelmed with anticipation, Steve instructed the pilot to prepare for takeoff and rushed to inform Charlie, who had returned to Helena's room, about the news.

At that moment, Helena was attending a scheduled meeting at the Congress Building, leaving Charlie alone in the room, anxiously awaiting news of Howard's sudden illness.

Observing the corners of Steve's mouth, which he struggled to suppress, Charlie knew something had transpired regarding his father. Proactively, Charlie asked, "Steve, are you so elated because something happened to your father?"

Steve instinctively responded, "Mr. Wade, do I truly appear jubilant?"

Charlie nodded, pointing to the corners of Steve's mouth playfully, remarking, "Your mouth tells a different story. The 'recoil' is evident, impossible to conceal."

Steve hastily tugged at the corners of his mouth, recognizing that suppressing his smile was futile. He thought to himself, "It's not that I don't want to suppress it, it's just that I can't suppress it..."

He forced back his smile and feigned sorrow, saying with a faux mournful expression, "Mr. Wade, I just received word from the family. My father... he suffered a stroke..."

Charlie nodded, unsurprised by the news. After all, Howard was in his eighties, and his health couldn't be pristine. Howard's unwavering willpower likely played a role in combating this immense setback, aided by the Rothschild family's advanced medical technology. Perhaps the regular stem cell injections had contributed to this critical moment.

Charlie half-jokingly and half-seriously remarked, "Steve, don't celebrate prematurely. A stroke is a treatable condition. By 'treatable,' I mean there's a chance for recovery, not just escaping imminent danger."

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!" Steve shook his head in disbelief, explaining to Charlie, "Mr. Wade, a stroke is like shattered porcelain. The best outcome is piecing it back together, but it can never regain its original state."

Charlie smiled and said, "In that case, allow me to congratulate you in advance on becoming the leader of the family!"

Steve suddenly felt a tinge of embarrassment, chuckling, "Mr. Wade, please refrain from such remarks. My father's health has taken a turn for the worse, and while I'm deeply saddened, I believe he will overcome this illness. If he recovers well, he may continue leading the Rothschild family to new heights!"

Charlie smiled warmly and replied, "There are no outsiders here, so there's no need for you and me to put on a facade. If your father indeed recovers well, you may have to wait several years, or perhaps even more than a decade, to inherit the position of patriarch. Who knows

what other unforeseen developments might occur during this time? In situations like these, the more you desire stability in the selection of heirs during your father's final years, the more likely it is that Murphy's Law will come into play, leading to unexpected incidents."

Steve's initial excitement had largely dissipated upon hearing this perspective.

With only Charlie present, he saw no reason to keep up a pretense. He let out a sigh and confided, "To be honest, Mr. Wade, I'm not entirely sure about my father's condition. I've heard that he's still undergoing emergency treatment. In the Rothschild family, any sudden illness ensures timely and world-class medical attention. So, my father will undoubtedly receive the best stroke care available as quickly as possible. If he does recover, then I can only continue waiting patiently..."

After a brief pause, he added with a sense of resignation, "If anything unexpected happens in the future, I fear there won't be much I can do to change the situation. I'll have to rely on the whims of fate..."

Charlie offered a faint smile and spoke with sincerity, "That's the spirit! Maintain this sense of resignation for now. When you return to the Rothschild family and stand by your father's bedside, you won't have to pretend that you were unaware of his sudden stroke. Each of your brothers will undoubtedly be deeply affected. If you feign indifference, your father may see through your act. With your expressive nature, he might temporarily depose you."

Steve gazed at Charlie with widened eyes and said, touched, "Mr. Wade, it seems you truly have my best interests at heart. I appreciate your understanding!"

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For Steve, the current situation was crystal clear and full of promise.

The old man had been deeply affected by a stroke, and although his recovery seemed hopeful, there were bound to be lasting effects. More importantly, his spirit had taken a heavy blow, diminishing his chances of continuing to lead the Rothschild family.

Thus, Steve found himself at a crossroads, faced with the choice of directly inheriting the family or taking a step back and becoming the one who simply handles the affairs of the family, a position that still held significant power.

In light of this, he dismissed Charlie's words as mere warnings and precautions. He believed that Charlie was intentionally trying to dampen his optimism, hoping that he would regain control of his emotions upon returning to New York.

However, for the first time, Steve felt a genuine appreciation for Charlie.

Despite their forced partnership, he hadn't expected Charlie to genuinely care about his well-being.

This made him question, "If I were to hold all the power, should I immediately cast him aside and turn against him? Wouldn't that make me, Steve, appear ungrateful?"

Little did he know that Charlie's concern for him was not entirely genuine.

Charlie understood that he couldn't afford to let the cunning old fox, Howard Rothschild, rest. He had already given the Life Saving Pill to Helena, hoping to gain various benefits from it and, at the same time, ensure that Steve remained the rightful heir.

With a smile, Charlie stood up and patted Steve's shoulder. "Steve, take your son and go back to see your father as soon as possible. Helena originally wanted to discuss cooperation with you, but it seems that won't be possible for now. However, don't worry. You go back first and be a dutiful son. Later, Helena will personally go to New York, representing the royal family, to visit the old man. This visit will not only establish a relationship with the royal family and capitalize on their royal background and Helena's popularity, but it will also give you more prestige in front of the old man, as it will be known that she went to New York because of her positive interaction with you."

Steve, being a cunning individual himself, immediately understood the hidden meaning behind Charlie's words. Charlie wanted Helena to go to the family and help him put on a show. After all, the old master desired a connection with the royal family, utilizing their royal background and Helena's popularity.

When Steve heard that Charlie could arrange for Helena to go to New York, he was genuinely touched.

He couldn't help but grasp Charlie's hand and express his gratitude. "Mr. Wade, rest assured, I will always remember your words. If I become the heir of the Rothschild family, the Wade family will undoubtedly become our strategic partner!"

Charlie smiled approvingly and nodded. "If you have such intentions, I won't regret helping you."

Steve nodded enthusiastically. However, in the next moment, he couldn't help but ponder, "Who is assisting whom in this situation?" Nonetheless, he quickly dismissed the thought, realizing that everyone had contributed effectively to successfully manage the situation. The treasure was shipped out, and I smoothly took over the reins. Together, we all collaborated for a mutually beneficial outcome, making it a successful business cooperation case.

So, he put gratitude in his voice and said, "Mr. Wade, thank you for your assistance!"

Charlie smiled faintly. "Keep up the good work. I have high hopes for you."

Charlie knew that Steve's sincerity at this moment was genuine, but he also understood that there was an element of impulsiveness in it.

It was akin to when a person was intoxicated and became more generous and agreeable. They might make promises under the influence, but regret them once sober.

Charlie was aware that he couldn't fully trust these verbal promises, as it would put him at a disadvantage in the future.

After all, the only way he could completely control Steve was if he betrayed the interests of the Rothschild family and helped transport the Four Treasures of the Study out of New York and back to China.

But to rely on that to control him, it was essential for the cunning old fox, Howard, to still be in power.

Once Steve, the crown prince, ascended the throne, even if Charlie were to inform Howard, the former emperor, of his grandson's betrayal in colluding with foreign enemies, Howard would be forced to bite his tongue. He wouldn't sacrifice his own son.

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Soon, Steve returned to New York with his son, flying in on a helicopter.

On their way back, in the emergency room of the Rothschild family, Howard's vital signs stabilized.

However, his nervous system had been severely impacted.

The most significant consequence was that he had lost almost all sensation on the right side of his body. Not only were his right hand, right foot, right leg, and right arm affected, but the muscles on the right side of his face and tongue were also compromised, resulting in visible facial distortion.

He was a classic case of hemiplegia.

Fortunately, Howard's brain had not suffered significant damage, and his cognitive abilities remained intact.

Upon regaining consciousness, the stroke specialist reassured him, "Mr. Rothschild, your condition is no longer life-threatening. However, you are currently experiencing symptoms of hemiplegia. But there's no need to worry excessively. We have the finest rehabilitation medical system in the world. With active participation in rehabilitation training, we believe you will soon regain your ability to move independently."

Howard's emotions were still somewhat heightened. Trembling, he cursed, "Bring... bring me my best... best team of lawyers... I... I want to sue China... I want... I want to reclaim our Four... Four Treasures of the Study!"

The doctor noticed his blood pressure skyrocketing and quickly reassured him, "Mr. Rothschild, the last thing you need right now is to be emotionally overwhelmed. If there are issues with your cardiovascular system, your condition will only worsen, potentially endangering your life. I suggest you let go of everything you couldn't release before. Regardless of the losses you've suffered, constantly remind yourself that preserving your life is of utmost importance. Do not allow the losses to continue expanding, especially onto your own body. Based on your symptoms just now, if an ordinary person were in your shoes, even a slight delay in treatment could prove fatal."

The doctor continued, "Mr. Rothschild, you already possess boundless wealth, but you do not possess boundless life! In the face of life, everything else is fleeting! As a Western comedian once said, the greatest tragedy in life is when a person dies with money left unspent. Think about it, isn't that the truth?"

Howard didn't expect the doctor to be so direct and harsh. His initial instinct was to become angry and lose his temper. However, he subconsciously contemplated the doctor's words. Getting angry was easy, but with his current physical condition, getting angry and ending up dead might be even easier...

He had reveled in a life of opulence and prosperity, so he knew that life was the most precious thing in this world.

The Four Treasures of the Study was tied to the future fate and fortune of the entire Rothschild family, but if he were to die, what would it matter even if the Rothschild family ruled the world and dominated the universe?

However, let's say he could survive and live a little longer. Even if the Rothschild family declined under his leadership, reducing their assets from trillions or even tens of trillions of dollars to mere billions, so what? Didn't he still have money he couldn't spend? Didn't he still have endless luxury in his grasp?

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The doctor's words prompted Howard to reassess the situation surrounding the Four Treasures of the Study.

It was true that he had endured substantial losses in his pursuit of the banner, even jeopardizing his own well-being. However, clinging to it now would only lead to further losses with no chance of recovery.

Therefore, the most logical course of action was to cut his losses in a timely manner. He had to accept that all his previous investments were losses, but as long as he could prevent any further damage, it would be the best solution given the circumstances.

As a prominent figure in a distinguished family and a savvy investment expert, Howard understood that the situation was untenable. His mind swiftly embraced the concept of cutting losses in a timely fashion.

He summoned his fourth son, David, and instructed him, "Tell all departments to lift the embargo on New York. From this moment on, no one is to utter a word about the Four Treasures of the Study."

"Yes, father," David nodded and promptly relayed the message.

After David made the call, the comprehensive land, sea, and air blockade imposed by various departments in the United States on New York was lifted.

This signified that the Rothschild family had completely relinquished their pursuit of the Four Treasures of the Study.

Two hours later, a fatigued Steve hastily returned to the Rothschild Manor with his son Royce. They hurriedly made their way to the special care ward of the medical center to visit their elderly father.

By this time, most of the key members of the Rothschild family in New York had already returned, while the others were en route from different parts of the world.

They anxiously waited in the living room outside the ward, some sitting on the sofa, others standing by the window, and a few pacing back and forth. The atmosphere was heavy with silence.

They have different rights and responsibilities in the Rothschild family, but at the moment, they all feel the same frustration.

As Steve's sons and grandsons, they all dreaded any harm befalling their father's health.

Not out of sheer filial piety, but because they understood that if their father's health deteriorated, power would inevitably fall into the hands of their eldest brother, the heir. While their father held the reins, they felt secure, but with their eldest brother in control, their peace of mind vanished.

Just then, Steve and Royce hastily entered the room.

As soon as the others caught sight of the father and son, they converged and respectfully regarded them, as if awaiting their eldest brother's guidance.

David even approached Steve and clasped his hand, his voice choked with emotion. "Eldest brother, you're finally here! We were all waiting for you to make a decision. Without you, we have no backbone..."

Others silently cursed David in their hearts.

Who gave him the audacity to be the first to fawn over their eldest brother?

Everyone wanted to be a sycophantic lapdog, so why did he get ahead of them?

Thus, they quickly chimed in, "Yes, eldest brother, we were all waiting for you!"

In reality, they misunderstood David.

In reality, David did not take the initiative to flatter his elder brother, Steve. He had studied "Sun Tzu's Art of War" some time ago and also delved into some ancient Chinese political works. Deliberately, he aimed to seize this opportunity to commend Steve. His initial approach was to extol Steve's virtues and let him bask in the glory, knowing that the higher he rose in everyone's esteem, the more likely he was to make mistakes.

Despite everything, their father was still alive and held significant power. If Steve were to err due to excessive praise from everyone at this moment, he might find himself sidelined by their father.

In truth, David had no desire to vie for the heir's position. He believed that the best outcome for his non-heir sons was their father's continued leadership. This was preferable to any of the brothers succeeding to the throne.

When Steve noticed his brothers gathering around him like stars, he couldn't help but feel a profound sense of joy.

Throughout the past few decades, they had all been equals, with no class distinctions among them. However, now Steve was poised to take a momentous step. From this point forward, these individuals would no longer be his brothers; they would become his ministers.

Nevertheless, when Steve arrived, Charlie had just given him a stern warning. This had a calming effect on his impulsive and excited heart. So, even though he benefited from the compliments he received, his brows remained furrowed, and his face bore an expression of anxiety and sorrow. He then shook his head with a pained look and uttered, "You must all remember that at all times, my father is the sole leader of the Rothschild family, the backbone of us all, and the family's hope."

Those who had lavished Steve with false praise were left dumbfounded.

The first thought that crossed everyone's minds was, "Oh?"

Steve was no longer the familiar Steve they had known. The current Steve, with his deep cunning, seemed somewhat frightening. Could someone capable of immediately uttering such words still be considered human? In his anxious state, Steve urgently inquired, "Can any of you tell me about my father's condition now? What did the medical team say? Can I visit him?"

Steve posed several rapid-fire questions in succession, with great urgency and emotion. To his brothers, it was akin to British soldiers in World War I hearing the relentless firing of German Maxim heavy machine guns, nearly a thousand rounds per minute.

David was the most flustered of all. He had not anticipated that everyone's praise for Steve would be utterly rejected.

Not only did Steve not accept their compliments, but he also launched a counterattack.

As soon as their father heard the rapid-fire barrage of questions, he would likely interpret it as Steve's brothers ignoring him on his sickbed in favor of immediately flattering their eldest brother, Steve.

Wouldn't this be akin to stealing the chicken and losing the rice?

At a loss for how to respond, David was left in a state of frustration. Had he known this would be the outcome, he wouldn't have praised his elder brother even if he had been compelled to.

Suddenly, the door to the special care unit swung open, and a doctor emerged, announcing, "Mr. Steve Rothschild, your father wishes to see you."

Upon hearing this, Steve's excitement intensified. He thought to himself, "Excellent, it seems the old man overheard what I just said."

Meanwhile, David looked crestfallen. If he had foreseen this, he would never have praised his elder brother.

Soon, Steve entered the ward and beheld his father lying in the hospital bed, bearing some resemblance to Stephen Hawking.

Howard, who had been in the hospital bed earlier, had been quite pleased with Steve's performance.

In this world, nearly all leaders of prominent families grappled with conflicting emotions when it came to their chosen heirs.

On one hand, they genuinely desired to pass on the family leadership to them in the future. On the other hand, they didn't want their heirs to ascend too quickly and sought to delay it as long as possible.

Moreover, they didn't want their heirs to display any eagerness or arrogance about inheriting the family leadership. Steve's earlier performance had exceeded Howard's expectations and was, in his view, flawless.

With expert guidance at his disposal, Steve entered the ward and was overcome with sadness upon seeing Howard in the bed. Tears welled up in his eyes as he rushed to the bed, knelt down on one knee, and gazed at his father. He inquired with anguish, "Father, how are you feeling? I was anxious the entire way here..."

Howard was deeply moved and stammered, "I...I'm not too bad, my son. You needn't worry..."

Afterward, Howard let out a sigh and continued, "The doctor mentioned... that I have suffered a stroke... and that a full recovery... may be difficult..."

Upon hearing this, Steve's joy was uncontainable, and he wore a sorrowful expression on his face. He turned to the doctor and asked loudly, "Is there any way to help my father fully recover?"

The doctor swiftly clarified, "Young master, there's no one in the world who can fully recover from a stroke like this. Furthermore, considering your father's age, which is over eighty, it's a challenge. Even a twenty-year-old football player might recover after an injury, but regaining full health as before is exceedingly unlikely."

Steve asserted loudly, "I don't care what methods you employ; you must exert every effort to aid my father's recovery. The guidance of our Rothschild family is indispensable!"

When Howard heard Steve's words, he felt an overwhelming sense of comfort, akin to someone placing a scalding hot water bottle in his arms while he navigated a wintry snowstorm.

He then told Steve, "Steve, don't... don't pressure the doctor... don't pressure the doctor. I...I... perhaps... perhaps, I really should..."

Without waiting for his father to finish speaking, Steve urgently grasped Howard's hand and declared with teary eyes, "Father, don't worry, you'll live a long and healthy life! I will invite stroke specialists from all over the world to New York for consultations, and one day you will return to your former self!"

Howard, trembling with a smile, nodded in agreement. He sighed and added, "I...I intend to... retire... Steve, in the future... in the future... the future of the Rothschild family... I entrust it to you..."

Steve was elated inside, but he remembered Charlie's earnest advice. He quickly lowered his head to prevent his father from seeing his emotions

and responded with sorrow and determination, "Father... we're not prepared yet, and the Rothschild family cannot lose your leadership so suddenly. Focus on your recovery first, and we'll wait until you've regained your strength!"

Howard shook his head, saying, "I... I don't want... outsiders to see me in this state... so... you... you take over my responsibilities and lead the Rothschild family forward..."

Having expressed his intentions, Howard reiterated, "I...I have firmly decided... and there's no need for... no need for further persuasion..."

With this statement, Steve had not yet fully played his part. He persisted, "Father, let's wait until you've fully recovered! During this time, I won't do anything else. I'll stay in New York by your side, assisting with your rehabilitation."

Howard responded with delight, "You... having this intention... makes me very happy. Let's proceed this way. Return home... get prepared... others may still be on their way back... wait until tomorrow, and I will convene a family meeting... I'll announce my decision to everyone..."

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Upon hearing his elderly father's difficult words, Steve's heart raced with excitement.

Manipulated and forced by Charlie for the past two days to betray his father and family, Steve couldn't help but feel a surge of admiration for Charlie. "Charlie is extraordinary!" he thought. "The unfolding of this whole situation is exactly as Charlie had foreseen!"

"By bringing back the Four Treasures of the Study to China, I caused my father's illness and his loss of will to lead the family. My brothers and the younger generation lost their chances to succeed as well. As the eldest son and the designated heir, it was only natural for me to take over the family's leadership!"

"What perfection! If only my son could be half as capable as Charlie, I would be content!"

While Steve sighed inwardly, he maintained a respectful demeanor and said to Howard, "Father, please take good care of yourself. I will consult with the doctors and discuss the best rehabilitation plan for your recovery training as soon as possible!"

Howard was pleased with Steve's performance.

The aristocratic world can be harsh. When illness strikes, the son gains immense wealth and prosperity. In such situations, the father may feel a sense of disparity and even harbor resentment towards his son.

But ever since Steve entered the family, he had been impeccable in his behavior.

He was conscientious, filial, possessed a sense of the bigger picture, and understood the overall situation. He showed no trace of excitement or arrogance.

As a son who displayed such qualities, Howard couldn't help but feel gratified, especially during this sensitive time.

With approval in his eyes, Howard said, "You... You may go. Inform everyone... Tomorrow... Tomorrow morning at ten... Ten o'clock, in Meeting Room No. 1, I will announce to the world... You... Steve... Rothschild... will become... become... the new... new head of the Rothschild family..."

Steve respectfully replied, "I will follow all of Father's arrangements. I have only one wish, and that is for Father to recover as soon as possible.

Everything else is unimportant!"

After speaking, Steve understood the importance of a flawless performance. He couldn't overdo it.

Therefore, he quickly said to Howard, "Father, I won't disturb your rest any longer. Doctor, gather the relevant experts and arrange an online meeting for those who are not present. We will have a meeting in ten minutes."

The doctor, aware that Steve would soon take over the family officially, nodded without hesitation and said, "Yes, Young Master, I will make the necessary arrangements!"

As Steve was about to leave, Howard stopped him and inquired, "By the way... how did your conversation with Queen Helena of the Nordic countries go?"

Steve replied promptly, "Father, I have already spoken with Helena. She has been very friendly towards us. Unlike other European royalty, she doesn't just want our money without getting too involved with us."

He added, "By the way, Helena heard about your illness and said that after dealing with matters in Canada, she will personally come to visit you.

Should I arrange for her visit, or should I find a polite reason to decline?"

Howard sighed and said, "Given my current state... I won't be able to hide it for long. I might as well let her come... I want to try... to see if I can... facilitate a marriage alliance between her and Royce... if it's possible... that would be even better..."

The entire Rothschild family had always harbored dreams of royalty. However, until the end of World War II, anti-Semitism was prevalent worldwide. While they could protect their wealth, deepening their ties with European royalty proved challenging. The attitude of all royalty towards them could be summed up as:

"Do you want to give us money to spend? Sure, why not!"

"Do you want to marry into our family? Get lost!"

After World War II, things became less direct, but the core idea remained the same. Everyone became more civilized; they wouldn't ask for money so directly, and rejection wouldn't be so heartless.

Now, Helena's proactive attitude and her desire to visit indicated that at least the Nordic royalty wanted to strengthen their relationship with the Rothschild family.

Steve, aware that he would soon officially take over the family, knew that Helena's visit at this time would enhance his reputation. He quickly said, "Father, let me contact Queen Helena and inquire about her availability." Howard nodded, "Very well! Leave it to you..."

...

After leaving the hospital room, Steve immediately arranged for the doctors to prepare the meeting room. He then found an empty room, closed the door, and made a phone call to Charlie.

The call connected, and Charlie's voice came through, "Steve, did you see your father?"

"I saw him, I saw him!" Steve said eagerly. "Mr. Wade, you are truly amazing. My father said that tomorrow he will gather all the direct members of the family and announce my succession as the head of the family! Mr. Wade, I owe it all to you!"

Charlie smiled faintly, "You're being too kind. You achieved everything through your own efforts. But don't forget our previous agreement, Steve. Remember where you come from when you attain wealth and power!"

Steve quickly replied, "Mr. Wade, you can rest assured. From now on, if you have any orders for me, I will obey without hesitation!"

Although Steve said this on the surface, he also had his own considerations.

Once firmly established as the head of the family, he would no longer fear Charlie's leverage. If Charlie dared to make demands he disagreed with, Steve would turn against him directly.

However, at this critical period of taking over the family, he couldn't afford any mistakes. So naturally, he had to agree wholeheartedly.

After speaking, he asked Charlie, "By the way, Mr. Wade, could you do me a favor and inquire about Queen Helena's availability? My father also hopes to meet her and see if she has any time. I want to be prepared in advance." Charlie smiled and remarked, "Certainly, sooner is better for such matters. If Helena arrives there earlier, your father will undoubtedly be more pleased with you."

Steve grinned and responded, "You're absolutely right! My father places significant importance on this matter, and Mr. Wade, you've been quite a help!"

Charlie inquired with a smile, "By the way, when does your father plan to officially announce your succession as the family patriarch?"

Steve replied without hesitation, "Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sharp! After the official internal announcement at ten, my father will make the decision public to the outside world. At that point, my position will be solidified."

Charlie chuckled and suggested, "Very well, have Helena go there tomorrow morning, let her meet your father first, and then witness your ascension as the patriarch. It will be a remarkable moment for you."

Steve expressed his delight, saying, "That sounds fantastic, Mr. Wade! I appreciate your assistance!"

Charlie casually mentioned, "Don't worry about being formal with me. Just inform your father that Helena will arrive at the Rothschild family at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Given Helena's special status, it's advisable not to travel openly. You can arrange for a helicopter to pick her up from Canada early tomorrow morning."

Steve readily agreed and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "No problem! I'll personally fly a helicopter to pick up Her Majesty the Queen tomorrow morning!"

He then politely offered, "Mr. Wade, would you like to accompany us?" Charlie declined with a smile, saying, "I'll pass on this one. Once you successfully assume the throne, I'll have a congratulatory gift sent to you." Steve chuckled and replied, "You're too kind. If I do indeed become the patriarch, I should have something to offer you instead of accepting your gift."

Charlie casually stated, "Let's not stand on ceremony. When you ascend to the throne, we'll have plenty of time to exchange courtesies."

"Agreed!" Steve said with a smile. "I must express my gratitude to you, Mr. Wade. Everything is thanks to your assistance!"

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When Steve Rothschild expressed his heartfelt gratitude to Charlie, Charlie hung up the phone and immediately began discussing with Helena how to bring him down a notch the next morning.

With Helena's visit to Canada scheduled to end in two days, they had some flexibility with their time. Helena had previously announced news of her illness, so their schedule in Canada wasn't packed.

The next morning, Helena had complete free time, with only a routine meeting and visit in the afternoon.

She could leave for New York at seven in the morning to meet Howard, and then return around noon.

The tasks that Charlie needed her to do weren't difficult. After meeting Howard, as long as she had half an hour, she could handle them.

Since experiencing the charm of the AI model last time, Charlie had been captivated by this new technology.

He couldn't immediately see the practicality of AI, but he believed that it would be invaluable to the Dragon Temple and Isu Shipping in the future. Even in the future battle of wits with the Warriors Den, he believed it would be highly effective.

So, he informed Helena of his new requirements and instructed her, "Helena, when you meet Howard this time, in addition to collecting money from him, you should also ask him to build an AI model in Northern Europe that is identical to the one in Silicon Valley. Make sure he signs an agreement promising that this AI model will be updated and upgraded in real-time, synchronized with the one in Silicon Valley. Otherwise, the shares of that AI company will be compensated to the Nordic royal family."

Without hesitation, Helena said, "Sure thing, Mr. Wade, I'll make it clear to him."

Then, Helena asked, "Mr. Wade, how should I hand over the AI model to you?"

Charlie said, "Let the Dragon Temple handle it when the time comes. After the AI model's servers are built in Northern Europe, I'll have them send someone to take over. If the Nordic royal family has any related needs, they can freely use it."

Helena smiled and said, "I don't know what these AI models can be used for. Besides me, the Nordic royal family consists of only a few elderly and disabled people. It seems they won't have much use for such advanced technology."

Then, she asked again, "But Mr. Wade, rest assured, when the server is in Northern Europe, it'll definitely be more secure than in most other places."

Charlie nodded and remarked, "By the way, when you meet Howard tomorrow, make sure no third parties are present, particularly Steve."

"Of course," Helena replied, "I'll explicitly request a private meeting with Howard."

Helena then inquired further, "Mr. Wade, is there anything else you'd like to convey?"

Charlie smiled and added, "Once you reach an agreement with Howard, you should also ask him to agree to an additional condition."

Helena asked, "What is it, Mr. Wade?"

Charlie said, "Let him agree that the matter of the elixir must not be disclosed to anyone, not even his son. If anyone asks why he suddenly recovered, he should always insist that it was a miracle, a manifestation of divine power. Whoever asks, that should be his answer."

Then, Charlie added, "Tell him that you still have a better elixir, and if he needs it in the future, you can discuss the price. But the prerequisite is that he agrees to that additional condition."

Helena nodded and said, "Okay, Mr. Wade, I'll remember."

Charlie continued, "After everything is settled, you need to tell him that the reason you brought such a precious medicine to see him is also because you were moved by the filial piety of his son, Steve, and wanted to leave a better impression of Steve in his mind."

Helena was puzzled and asked, "Since Mr. Wade wants to restrain Steve, why do you also want to create a good impression of him in Howard's mind?"

Charlie smiled and said, "Because I have something on Steve that can effectively control him, and the most effective conditions are that his father must continue to hold power and that he must remain the first choice as the heir of the Rothschild family in his father's mind. Only then can I have a firm grip on him. If one day Howard sees him as a discarded son and he gives up on himself, those things I have on him will naturally be worthless."

Charlie added, "These things, collectively known as blackmail material, are like knowing a certain criminal or sex worker who has been involved in

campus violence or provided sexual services. But when this person is still insignificant, this blackmail material is irrelevant. However, if one day this person has a stroke of luck and suddenly becomes a big star, the blackmail material in your hands will be enough to be fatal to him."

Helena nodded lightly and said, "Mr. Wade, since you plan to provide elixirs to Howard in the future, does that mean you want Steve to remain the first heir?"

"Yes," Charlie smiled. "At least for now, we need to keep him securely in the position of the heir for a few more years. During these years, we'll have leverage to restrain him with blackmail material and his father with the elixir. Naturally, we'll have a powerful tool to control the entire Rothschild family."

After that, Charlie stood up and said, "You probably have activities in the afternoon, right?"

"Yes," Helena nodded, saying, "The Canadian side has arranged some sightseeing activities, and I'll also attend an official banquet in the evening."

"Okay," Charlie nodded and said, "Take care of yourself. I'll return to the United States in the afternoon."

Helena asked in surprise, "Mr. Wade, are you going back to the United States again?"

"Yes, I've already finished everything in New York. You'll still be in Northern Europe for two more days, and I need to communicate with my grandfather in person. There's no need for me to stay here any longer," Charlie explained.

With that assurance, Charlie reiterated, "Uncle Cole's safety should be in your hands. I'll have Dragon Temple provide covert assistance to enhance his protection."

Without hesitation, Helena responded, "Rest assured, Mr. Wade, I will ensure Mr. Cole's safe arrival in China."

Charlie nodded and concluded, "Regarding tomorrow, I wish you a successful mission in advance!"

After bidding farewell to Helena, Charlie went to Peter's room to see him. Charlie informed Peter of his upcoming arrangements and apologized, "Uncle Cole, I won't accompany you to Northern Europe this time. Helena will take care of everything."

Peter respectfully said, "Thank you, Young Master Wade! When I arrive in Aurous Hill, I'll report to the Young Master immediately!"

Charlie nodded slightly and said, "This time when you return to China, everything will start anew. Helena will arrange a transitional identity for you in Northern Europe, and when you arrive in Aurous Hill, I'll arrange a new identity for you, a flawless background and a perfect new identity that has never left China."

Having expressed these instructions, Charlie continued, "Uncle Cole, even though the Rothschild family has dropped the charges against you, they may not abandon the desire for revenge if they discover you're still alive. The situation is quite intricate this time. The Warriors Den is also fixated on the Four Treasures of the Study and has orchestrated your fake demise, obliterating all traces of your body in the fire. Whether it's the Rothschild family or the Warriors Den, they have no leads. It's a dead-end situation. So, you may have to adjust to this state of suspended animation for some time. Avoid any contact with people from your past, including your family in London."

Peter nodded solemnly and replied, "Rest assured, Mr. Wade, I am fully prepared to never see my family again when I decided to do this."

Charlie reassured him, "In reality, it won't be a lifelong separation. Once I resolve matters with the Warriors Den, you can openly return to the United States as Peter Cole or reunite with your family. By then, the Rothschild family won't dare to cause any trouble. I will personally have their family patriarch come to your doorstep to seek forgiveness."

With conviction, Peter said, "I have faith that Master Wade will completely dismantle the Warriors Den."

He then recalled something and added with a smile, "Master, it would be wise for you to help me establish the identity of Felix, just as I portrayed it to Miss Moore."

"That identity was fabricated by me and won't withstand in-depth scrutiny. If you could incorporate those details into an official background for the new identity, making it procedurally sound, it would bolster its credibility. When I return to Aurous Hill, I can openly use this identity to navigate the market. During my travels, I encountered many individuals in Aurous Hill's antique circle, including your father-in-law, Mr. Wilson."

Charlie chuckled and commented, "Uncle Cole, that's a brilliant idea. Returning to Aurous Hill as Felix will definitely enhance your credibility. You can seamlessly blend into Aurous Hill's antique circle and live discreetly in the city."

Playfully, Charlie added, "If my father-in-law knew you had returned to Aurous Hill, he'd probably still be wary of the past."

Peter laughed and replied, "Luckily, it was Ms Moore's security guard who slapped your father-in-law, not me. Otherwise, he might have confronted me on sight."

Charlie assured him, "It doesn't matter; my father-in-law is known for his big talk, and he wouldn't resort to anything extreme."

With that, Charlie looked at Peter and inquired, "Uncle Cole, what are your plans upon arriving in Aurous Hill? Do you intend to continue working in the antique industry?"

Peter confessed, "I lack other skills; I've spent decades in the antique trade. So, I'm considering opening a small antique shop in Aurous Hill as Felix. Whether it thrives or not doesn't matter. On one hand, as you've suggested, it ensures safety by keeping me hidden in the city. Additionally, it allows me to live openly instead of staying in the shadows, avoiding

contact with people. On the other hand, if you ever require my assistance, I'll be readily available."

Charlie found Peter's plan sensible. Peter Cole's current status was that of a missing person, but in the eyes of the Rothschild family, he had perished alongside Eddie. To the Warriors Den, he vanished with Eddie and Landon, with no leads on any of them. Furthermore, the Aurous Hill antique circle predominantly consisted of scammers and amateurs like Zachary, with Charlie's father-in-law Jacob being the exception. None of them would recognize Peter Cole from the Cole family in North America.

When Peter Cole eventually opened a small shop on Antique Street in Aurous Hill, he would remain inconspicuous.

Charlie mused, "Uncle Cole, after I return, I'll confirm the identity of Felix Cole for you. However, since you're leaving New York and returning to Aurous Hill, how do you plan to account for the time in between?"

Peter explained, "I'll prepare a batch of inconspicuous antiques beforehand. Upon reaching Aurous Hill, I'll connect with some old acquaintances in the antique circle and visit Pan's shop on Antique Street.

I'll inform them that I ventured to collect antiques in the northwest and southwest countryside during this period, amassing some treasures.

However, I decided to return to Aurous Hill to open a shop. This explanation should suffice. On one hand, as you mentioned, it contributes to safety by keeping me concealed in the city. On the other hand, it allows me to lead a more open life and interact with people. Additionally, if you ever require my assistance, I'll be within reach."

Charlie agreed, "That explanation is convincing. I'll arrange some records for your train journey to the southwest and northwest, along with hotel accommodation records. I'll also create a bank statement. Anyone attempting to investigate you will find everything traceable and coherent."

Peter expressed his gratitude, "Thank you very much, Master Wade. Over the next few days, I'll compile a more logical sequence of events during the

intervening period and send it to you. You can instruct someone to maintain the records according to the action trajectory I've outlined."

"Very well," Charlie agreed. "Uncle Cole, is there anything else you'd like to discuss?"

Peter hesitated briefly before asking, "May I inquire if Master Wade has read the Preface to the Apocalyptic Book?"

Charlie admitted, "Not yet. I did have a photocopy of the 'Preface to the Apocalyptic Book' along with Four Treasures of the Study, but I haven't had the chance to study it carefully. I intend to do so after my return."

Peter nodded and offered, "The content of the 'Preface to the Apocalyptic Book' is profound and challenging to grasp. I couldn't decipher it myself back then, so I abandoned it. If you're interested, your father dedicated a considerable amount of time to its study and gradually made progress. If you encounter initial difficulties, don't be discouraged, take your time, and you'll eventually make headway!"

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In the afternoon, Charlie said goodbye to Helena and Peter, and embarked on his solitary journey back to the United States.

The route from Ottawa to Burlington was not long, but it did involve some complexities at the border. However, the border control between the US and Canada was relatively relaxed, especially since the watchful eyes of the Rothschild family were absent. For Charlie, it was a task easily accomplished.

Having successfully entered the United States, Charlie took a car to Burlington, where his plane was waiting, already prepared for takeoff.

Meanwhile, at a small airport tens of kilometers away from Burlington International Airport, the Department of Homeland Security was conducting an exhaustive search of the Gulfstream G650. Yet, they had yet to uncover any valuable findings.

The Department of Homeland Security was beginning to suspect if this entire affair was a complete fabrication or if the intelligence officer had made a grave error. Nevertheless, once the arrow was released, there was no turning back, so they had to thoroughly search the plane before closing the case.

However, this had no impact on the regular operations of Burlington International Airport. Charlie arrived at Burlington International Airport and smoothly passed through customs, boarding the private plane bound for his home country.

At the same time, Morgana, accompanied by Aemon, arrived at the temporarily closed aviation company owned by the Evans Family.

Following the fire incident, the police had determined that there were no casualties, treating it as a mere accident. Consequently, the police had long since departed from the scene.

Due to the major incident at the aviation company and with Eddie missing, no one had approved funds for reconstruction. As a result, the place had fallen into a state of stagnation. Only one security guard remained to watch over the entrance, while the others had been given time off.

When Morgana and Aemon arrived at the entrance of the aviation company, the security guard spoke up, "I'm sorry, but this place is no longer operational."

Morgana glanced at him and coldly replied, "Open the door."

The guard was taken aback and quickly complied, respectfully saying, "Please, go ahead."

Without even sparing him another glance, Morgana walked straight in, with Aemon closely trailing behind.

Morgana believed that if they were to find any clues related to Eddie, this place held the key. Inside the aviation company, the helicopter hangar stood as a shocking sight, reduced to ruins. The helicopters that were supposed to be parked in the hangar now lay covered and stationed outside on the vacant land.

Morgana surveyed the area and asked the security guard who followed behind, "Is there no one managing this place anymore?"

The security guard quickly replied, "Our aviation company primarily served the Evans Family. It was quite busy when the Evans Family was in the United States. However, after they left, the workload here significantly diminished. Mr. George cannot be reached, and there is no one to approve the funds for reconstruction, so we had to halt operations."

Morgana nodded and said, "Alright, you have no business here. You may leave."

The guard followed the order and without a word, turned around and walked towards the exit.

Morgana took a glance at the helicopter hangar, now reduced to ashes, and walked inside.

Standing in the center of the hangar, Morgana closed her eyes, and a surge of reiki emanated from her body, enveloping the entire hangar.

She meticulously sensed every detail in the hangar but found no valuable information. Her brows furrowed even deeper.

Observing her frown, Aemon knew that there might not have been any progress. After she opened her eyes, he cautiously asked, "Master, did you find anything?"

"No," Morgana shook her head and murmured, "Strange, could it be that there were truly no casualties in that fire? Otherwise, I wouldn't be completely unable to sense anything."

Aemon asked anxiously, "Master, does that mean there's a possibility that Eddie and Landon are still alive?"

Morgana nodded, "There is a possibility that they are not dead. Even if their bodies were not in that fire, they must be somewhere else. But what I cannot comprehend is why the other party would take them in?"

Aemon said, "The other party took them in because they must believe it would deal a significant blow to the Warriors Den. They could also obtain valuable information related to the Warriors Den from them."

Morgana waved her hand, "If they wanted to deal a blow, they could have simply killed them. That would have been a more substantial blow to me. Moreover, the other party has saved the Evans Family several times, indicating a deep connection. If they have such a connection with the Evans Family, why would they spare Eddie, who has been undercover in the Evans Family for over a decade?"

Aemon asked in shock, "Master, does that mean you lean towards the possibility that they are already dead?"

"Yes," Morgana nodded and said firmly, "Even if their bodies were not in that fire, they must be somewhere else. But what I cannot comprehend is, since everything occurred in New York City, a bustling metropolis, the other party could not have possessed a powerful weapon like an anti-aircraft gun. So, how did they manage to kill Landon without giving him a chance to defend himself?"

For many years, Morgana had been emphasizing the importance of opening the Soul Palace to the four marshals. The four of them firmly believed that opening the Soul Palace could safeguard the immortality of their souls. Whenever they found themselves in danger with no way to escape, their first instinct was to open the Soul Palace.

Once the Soul Palace was opened, the protective formations within would be unleashed. If this happened in a bustling city like New York, buildings within several hundred meters would undoubtedly be affected.

Just as Morgana grappled with the seeming illogic of the situation, she scanned her surroundings and suddenly noticed something. She briskly made her way toward the center of the hangar.

Amidst the debris at the center of the hangar stood a charred helicopter, reduced to a skeletal frame.

The helicopter featured four rotors arranged in a criss-cross pattern, with some less apparent damage to one of the rotor blades.

Morgana approached cautiously, closely examining the minor damage on the rotor. In an instant, her heart raced, and she exclaimed, "I believe I've figured out how Landon met his demise."

Aemon, intrigued, asked, "Master, how did Landon meet his end?"

With a grim expression, Morgana explained, "If my deduction is accurate, he likely had his head severed by this rotor."

Aemon was visibly shocked, asking, "Such a bizarre occurrence?"

Morgana stated coldly, "The damage on the rotor aligns perfectly with the width of a human cervical vertebra. Normally, such a component wouldn't sustain inconspicuous damage like this. Furthermore, on the night of the incident, Eddie piloted the helicopter to the top floor of the Manhattan Hospital, coinciding with Landon's presence, observing an antique dealer.

Several crucial elements converged at Manhattan Hospital that night, making it highly plausible for the perpetrator to use them to decapitate Landon."

Perplexed, Aemon inquired, "It's inconceivable for Landon to commit such a blunder. You mentioned he didn't even have a chance to react before his demise. So, someone took advantage of his unguarded moment and inserted his head directly into this rotor?"

"That appears to be the case," Morgana sighed and added gravely, "The individual who killed him is likely the same person responsible for the deaths of Jarvis and Gideon."

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Upon hearing Morgana's words, Aemon was taken aback and exclaimed, "Master, why do you think that?"

Morgana replied, "Because he killed Gideon and witnessed his self-detonation. He knows that he cannot give Landon the chance to sacrifice himself. He must eliminate Landon in one swift strike. That's why he employed such unconventional methods to kill."

Morgana continued, "I didn't expect him to be like a phantom, appearing everywhere. What surprised me even more was that Gideon's self-detonation didn't cause him much harm. Shortly after, he killed another marshal under my name!"

Aemon asked, "Master, the fire just happened here not long ago. Doesn't that mean he is also in New York at the moment?!"

Morgana clenched her teeth and said, "If my speculation is correct, then the current situation is that he is operating in the shadows while I am in the light. He must know that I have come to New York, so he is definitely not here right now. Moreover, he killed Eddie and Landon before I arrived,

secretly sent the Four Treasures of the Study back to China, and deliberately rented a plane in Eddie's name to fly to China to throw me off. The timing and precision of his actions prove that he not only knows that I have come to New York, but he is fully aware of every move I've made since I set off."

Aemon hurriedly said, "Master, all the crew members have been taken care of. This time, I plan to directly assign a few direct descendants from the Mirren family to serve as your private jet crew."

Morgana said, "Since the other party already knows my whereabouts, my plane is no longer safe. You should prepare another plane, and once it's ready, don't come to New York. Have the plane wait in Philadelphia."

Aemon asked, "Master, are you planning to leave the United States?"

"Yes," Morgana said, "That person won't return to New York anymore. He may have already left the United States. Staying here is pointless, and it's safer for me to leave as soon as possible since I am in the spotlight."

Aemon asked, "What about the Rothschild family? These bastards have been causing trouble for you in New York. Shouldn't we teach them a lesson?"

Morgana calmly said, "Yes, of course we should. I wish I had some time before leaving to completely wipe out their entire family."

Morgana continued, "However, you have witnessed their influence in the United States. It's easy to kill them for temporary satisfaction, but doing so would most likely make the government of this powerful country our enemy. We cannot provoke the government of such a strong nation, so we must carefully plan our actions."

She added, "Investigate the information of all suitable young Rothschild family members for marriage. Let's try to send a few 'scholars' in."

Aemon respectfully said, "Master, most of the potential marriage partners for the Rothschild family are of Jewish descent, and they hold relatively traditional values. It may be difficult for the 'scholars' to blend in..."

Morgana waved her hand and said, "Let General Mirren figure it out. I only care about the result."

Aemon immediately said, "Understood!"

...

Meanwhile, as soon as Charlie heard the news, his private jet had already taken off from Burlington International Airport, carrying him back to China. He didn't know whether Morgana would be able to find any clues about Eddie and Landon in New York, but he wasn't worried. Even if Morgana found evidence that the two were killed, she would not find their bodies or any clues related to him.

If they found evidence that the Rothschild family had sent someone to destroy the evidence at the scene, then the Rothschild family would be in big trouble.

However, Charlie didn't feel any guilt about this because he knew that the Rothschild family was not innocent. If they hadn't desperately tried to find Peter, how could they have become involved with the Warriors Den?

For Charlie, this trip to the United States was quite fruitful.

He rescued Peter, returned the Four Treasures of the Study, and killed Eddie and Landon.

Eddie was a major threat to the Evans family, and Landon was the last marshal under Morgana. Now that both of them were taken care of, it was a significant blow to the Warriors Den.

At present, the only threats that Charlie felt from the Warriors Den were Morgana herself and the Three Elders who were about to open the Soul Palace.

Charlie wasn't in a hurry to continue playing cat and mouse with the Warriors Den. He thought it was a good opportunity for both sides to temporarily halt hostilities. Morgana wouldn't dare to meddle with China, and once he returned, he could focus on comprehending the "Preface to

the Apocalyptic Book" and carefully study the album left by his father to see if there were any other clues.

Moreover, China was currently safe, and Charlie felt that it was time for his wife, Claire, to return home. He had asked Michaela to invite her to the United States for so many days, and he missed her deeply.

So, he used the satellite network on the private jet to make a WeChat call to Michaela.

The call connected, and Michaela's voice came through, "Mr. Wade, what can I do for you?"

Charlie asked her, "Ms. Joules, how is the progress of your project? When can Claire reasonably and smoothly withdraw from it?"

Michaela thought for a moment and respectfully replied, "Mr. Wade, Claire plays an important role in the project as one of the three core designers. And this project is significant, so if we want to complete the preliminary design work and all the handover before construction, it will take at least six months."

Charlie asked, "Is there any way to let her withdraw smoothly?"

Michaela sighed, "If I have a falling out with Claire and fire her, she can withdraw smoothly. But that would be too harsh. There is no suitable reason to fire her directly, and it would ruin our friendship."

Charlie said, "No need to be so extreme; otherwise, she will definitely feel uncomfortable."

Then, he asked her, "How much is the investment for this project?"

Michaela replied, "Approximately one billion. We have invested three hundred million so far."

Charlie said, "I will provide the one billion. You can find a reasonable excuse to temporarily suspend the project. Say that there are legal disputes regarding the land acquisition procedures, and we need to resolve the disputes with the legal team before we can proceed with construction.

Then, you can temporarily halt the project and let Claire return to Aurous

Hill. When the time is right, you can restart it, and by then, I will make sure Claire politely declines."

In Charlie's view, life is like a wave, with crests and troughs. Helping a friend with a project is about completing it in one go. But once there are obstacles along the way and one has to return, that momentum will weaken. Moreover, he can ask Michaela to suspend the project for a longer time, and when his wife, Claire, has more commitments, he can suddenly restart it, making it difficult for her to free up her time.

Furthermore, Michaela initially asked Claire to help as an "emergency," so once the project is temporarily suspended, she will have enough reason to take her time. When the time comes, whether Claire helps or not will be less significant.

Upon hearing Charlie's plan, Michaela immediately said, "Mr. Wade, you are too kind. This amount of money is nothing for the Joules family. I will find a reasonable excuse to indefinitely suspend the project. When you need Claire to come to the United States again, I will restart it."

Charlie hesitated for a moment, initially intending to decline. However, upon careful consideration, he realized that it was difficult to predict such situations in the future. Having Michaela as an option to settle his wife was a good choice, so he didn't want to completely block this path.

Thus, he said, "Thank you, Ms. Joules. Please handle it."

Michaela smiled and said, "Mr. Wade, you can rest assured that I will take care of it!"

...

At this moment, in Lama Temple, Aurous Hill.

In the northern valley of Tiger Mountain and the northern side of Lama Temple, there was a secluded mountain villa.

This villa belonged to Lama Temple but had never been open to the public. Even the monks of Lama Temple were instructed not to approach without reason.

In the villa, a middle-aged noblewoman who exuded an air of elegance sat cross-legged on a cushion, gently fingering the beads of a rosary.

This noblewoman was Charlie's mother, Lily Evans.

At this moment, a middle-aged woman with extremely short hair emerged from the brick and tile house. This person was Lily's subordinate, Sister Turk.

Sister Turk stood in front of Lily and respectfully said, "Madam, we just received news that Young Master has returned to the country."

"Oh?" Lily opened her eyes, pleasantly surprised, and said, "The Four Treasures of the Study has just returned to Eastcliff, and now Charlie is returning. It's highly likely that Peter Cole has been rescued as well."

Sister Turk spoke, "The airport reported that only Young Master boarded the plane. There was no sign of that Peter."

Lily smiled, "Charlie must have made arrangements. It's highly likely that Peter left with Queen Helena of Scandinavia, who is currently visiting Canada."

Lily continued, "What about Eddie. George? Any news?"

"No," Sister Turk shook her head, "He is still missing."

Lily nodded and smiled, "Then he is probably dead. The big fire was probably Charlie's way of destroying the body."

Sister Turk said, "Madam, where is Charlie flying to this time? Aurous Hill or Eastcliff?"

Lily said with satisfaction, "Charlie is flying directly to Eastcliff."

Sister Turk said respectfully, "Madam, I think Charlie will go to Eastcliff to explain the situation to his grandfather. This child is very clear about right and wrong."

Lily sighed, "After Charlie goes to Eastcliff, he will probably return to Aurous Hill. When he comes back, I have to be extra careful. I still haven't found an opportunity to meet Nanako Ito. It will probably be even harder when Charlie returns."

Sister Turk felt guilty and said, "Madam, these days, Miss Ito has been practicing martial arts at Elys-Champ and only occasionally visits the Thompson First Residence. I couldn't find a suitable opportunity..." Lily fell silent for a moment and then said, "I have a plan, but I'm not sure if it will work. Let's give it a try!"

Chapter 5650

Because Charlie is not in Aurous Hill, Nanako Ito has been wholeheartedly studying martial arts these days. She usually stays in Elys-Champ's dormitory and occasionally comes back to accompany her father. Yesterday, Yuhiko Ito, missing his daughter dearly, prepared a lavish Japanese banquet and called Nanako Ito back home. The father and daughter shared a meal together.

The banquet was always a grand affair, with intricate dishes that took hours to finish. So, Nanako Ito decided not to rush back to Elys-Champ that night and stayed at home.

In order to not disrupt her morning practice, she woke up at the crack of dawn, quickly freshened up, and prepared to drive to Elys-Champ.

Taking the elevator to the underground garage and passing the ninth floor, the elevator suddenly came to a halt. The doors opened, and a young woman around the same age as Nanako Ito stepped inside while talking on the phone.

Nanako Ito didn't pay much attention, as the woman entered the elevator engrossed in her phone conversation. She spoke in a hushed tone, "Ugh, I hate waking up so early, but I heard from a fellow disciple at Lama Temple

that the renowned Tranquil Master will be giving a lecture there. He's expected to arrive in an hour or two. Word has it that he will bless the believers with amulets. The amulets blessed by the Master are said to have incredible effects. I plan to get one for my husband, who travels extensively. I want to ensure his safety and protection with the amulet."

The person on the other end of the line asked curiously, "Can't you get amulets from any other temple? What's so special about the ones blessed by this Master?"

The woman responded, "Tranquil Master is incredibly famous. He's often invited to preach Buddhism all over the world. Every time he gives a lecture, he blesses some of the believers with free amulets. Recently, when he spoke at Putuo Mountain, the entrance tickets for the mountain were sold out for a week. The amulets blessed by him are sold for a fortune among believers."

She continued, "Last year, Sherrie got an amulet blessed by Tranquil Master at Wayland Mountain. Later that year, they were in a horrific car accident on the highway. An overloaded truck rammed into their car, but out of the eight people involved, only her husband survived without any injuries. The amulet protected him, although it shattered in the process. Isn't that incredible?"

The other woman exclaimed, "I only knew about her husband's accident last year, I had no idea about the amulet."

By this time, the elevator had reached the underground garage. As the doors opened, the woman stepped out, saying, "The news of the Master's visit to Aurous Hill hasn't been officially announced yet. It'll probably be revealed tonight. Once it's out, devout believers within a few hundred kilometers will be clamoring to meet him. It'll be nearly impossible to get a chance by then. So, I plan on going early and waiting. If you're interested, we can go together."

Nanako Ito followed behind the woman and exited the elevator. Her recent martial arts training had heightened her senses, allowing her to catch the woman's excited words on the phone, "I need to get ready now. Where should we meet?"

The woman replied, "Head to the entrance of the community, I'll pick you up from there."

Upon hearing this, Nanako Ito couldn't help but feel deeply moved. Influenced by her mother during her lifetime, she had always been a devout Buddhist believer, placing her faith in Buddhism.

While residing in Kyoto, she frequented Kinkakuji Temple to worship Buddha and make offerings. On one occasion, she visited Kinkakuji Temple to pray for a royal guard's protection for Charlie.

Now, upon learning that a renowned monk from China was visiting Lama Temple to deliver lectures and consecrate amulets, her immediate thought was to seek one for Charlie.

Despite Charlie's formidable strength, Nanako believed that the spiritual or metaphysical blessings offered by religion represented a different form of power, one that complemented physical strength. In her view, it held significance.

It was akin to soldiers, armed with potent weaponry and equipment, still seeking God's blessings deep within before heading into battle.

Therefore, Nanako Ito took a couple of quick steps, caught up to the lady ahead, and with an apologetic tone, she said, "I apologize for intruding, but I overheard your phone conversation about amulets. I was wondering if you could guide me on how to request the Tranquil Master to consecrate and bless an amulet?"

The woman appeared slightly surprised, but then smiled and said, "It's simple. Just go to the reception desk at Lama Temple and mention that you've been invited to meet Tranquil Master. They'll guide you to the

incense hall to wait. Not many people know about this yet, so if you go early, you should have a good chance!"

Grateful, Nanako Ito quickly thanked her, "Thank you so much!"

"You're welcome," the woman smiled and said, "By the way, we're neighbors since we both live here, right?"

"Yes," Nanako Ito nodded, "I live on the 21st floor."

The woman smiled, "I live on the ninth floor. I just moved here a few days ago. My husband is always busy with work in other places, so I mostly live here alone. If you have some free time, feel free to drop by and visit."

Without waiting for Nanako Ito's response, the woman added, "Let's not chat now, I have to go pick up my friend. Her house is in the opposite direction of the Mountain, so it'll take some time. You should head there quickly, the earlier the better."

Nanako Ito quickly thanked her and watched as the woman drove away. She then got into her car and headed towards Lama Temple.

The two cars left the underground garage of Thompson First, one turning left and the other turning right, swiftly putting distance between them. After a few minutes of driving, the woman in the front car made a phone call. When the call connected, she said, "Sister Turk, Nanako Ito should be on her way to Lama Temple now."

On the other end, Sister Turk, who received the call, asked, "Okay, got it. Did she suspect anything?"

The woman replied, "I don't think so, and even if she does, it won't hold up under scrutiny. I've been living here for a few days now, so I'm not worried about her investigating."

Sister Turk smiled and said, "Alright, go run my pick up first, and then come over as planned. By the time you arrive, Nanako Ito should have already left. But let's stick to the plan and play our roles accordingly. You go first."

"Okay, Sister Turk."

After ending the call, Sister Turk immediately approached Lily and respectfully said, "Madam, Nanako Ito should be on her way to Lama Temple now. You made a wise decision to buy a house downstairs from the Ito family as soon as you arrived in Aurous Hill."

Lily smiled and shook her head, saying, "It's not so much about wisdom, but rather my genuine fondness for that girl. That's why I went the extra mile."

Sister Turk cautiously asked, "Madam, between Miss Ito and Miss Sun, which one do you prefer?"

Lily smiled and replied, "Sister Turk, you're putting me in a tough spot. Daisy is the chosen fiancée for Charlie. In my eyes, she has been like a daughter since she was young. The way I see her is beyond comparison. And despite everyone thinking Charlie had died all these years, Daisy and the entire Sun family still held onto the engagement. It's a testament to their unwavering love in the face of adversity. Moreover, she has become even more remarkable in recent years, so naturally, I have a great fondness for her."

She sighed and couldn't help but continue, "But on the other hand, as a bystander all these years, I witnessed Charlie's suffering, his endurance, and his journey to the pinnacle step by step. So, if you ask me objectively who is more suitable for Charlie, I would without hesitation say it's not Claire or Daisy, but Nanako Ito!"