

Asuka was visibly stunned when he saw the corpses. Clearly, he didn't know they were already dead. Meanwhile, Ryosuke carefully and coldly observed the change in his little brother's countenance.

"Have you discovered their identities yet, Ryosuke? I can't believe someone has the nerve to attack Yuri. This is simply outrageous!" Asuka continued putting on act, pretending as if he was truly outraged by the incident.

"Their identities have been wiped clean. I can't find anything about them. Although, regardless of who's behind this, I'll snuff them out," Ryosuke spat, his tone ice-cold.

In response, Asuka avoided looking at his older brother and bobbed his head earnestly. "Yes, we must. I'm glad that Yuri's fine. In any case, I'll take my leave now."

Upon ending his sentence, he spun on his heels and strode away with his son in tow. Just as he exited Ryosuke's home, Asuka snapped his sight to his son and shouted, "You b\*stard! Who the heck did you hire to do the job? What a bunch of useless trash!"

Haruto could do nothing but lower his head in silence. I don't get it. I sent so many people to kidnap Yuri, so why were they killed instead of succeeding? Yuri's definitely not powerful enough to defeat them!

When his train of thought ended, he offered an explanation to his father, deducing, "Maybe an expert is protecting her, Dad. That's why the operation failed."

"Are you saying Ryosuke has grown wary of us and hired a powerful bodyguard to defend her?"

Asuka's eyes narrowed. "Yes. He must've noticed something. We must quicken our pace." The younger man nodded. After briefly contemplating his next move, Asuka ordered, "Tell Kazuo to meet me. I want to discuss the matter with him."

Haruto then left to fulfill his father's request. Meanwhile, Asuka spun toward and gazed at Ryosuke's mansion with a sharp look. "Just wait. One day, I'll live inside that mansion..."

Concurrently, in a slightly old tavern, Jared and Flaxseed sat at a table. Before them was a drunken old man guzzling a pot of alcohol. Staring at the old man, Jared asked resignedly, "Is this your old friend, Mr. Flaxseed?"

Flaxseed nodded. "That's him."

"Are you seriously telling me that this drunkard is as strong as, if not more powerful, than you? He's drinking that alcohol as though his life depends on it!" After a brief pause in his speech, Jared flashed his companion a bitter smile. "Although, it makes sense that you two are good friends. After all, one's a pervert, and the other's an alcoholic."

A hint of awkwardness flitted across Flaxseed's visage as he leaned forward and snatched the pot away from the old man. "You've been staying in Jetroina for years, Fandor. Have you been drinking like this for all this time?"

Fandor Loufury raised his eyes and smiled faintly. "Life's short, and drinking makes me happy, so why not?" Upon completing his sentence, he breathed in gently, sucking the alcohol in the pot within Flaxseed's grasp directly into his mouth..

When Jared saw that, he immediately realized Flaxseed was telling the truth. I couldn't sense any spiritual energy coming from Fandor when he sucked the wine into his mouth. He really is powerful! After emptying the pot, Fandor rubbed his mouth with immense satisfaction and turned to Flaxseed. Then, he shamelessly requested, "Pay my tab, will you?"

Flaxseed grew incredibly furious upon hearing that. "I came all the way here to visit you, yet you're asking me to pay for your alcohol instead of welcoming me? Unbelievable!"

Promptly, Jared stood and offered, "I'll do it." In response, Fandor sniggered. "Thanks. Well, since you're paying, I suppose I'll drink one more pot of alcohol..."