

Chapter 2386

The sky was about to fall!

That was the Singer family, one of the ten great disciple families in the north. They were one of the three masters of Terrain Villa.

There was also a king of disciples in the Singer family!

The Singer family was one of the top three existences in the northern disciple community. An absolute behemoth!

This time, Ronan Singer and Mr. Burdock were killed in Cherry Villa.

This must be a magnitude 10 earthquake.

The entire northern community would be shaken!

Not to mention the Singer family!

“M-Mr. Moon, Young Master Ronan Singer has been killed!”

Cory Trent stammered with cold sweat on his forehead.

It was because he could clearly feel the anger and chill from the other end of the phone.

“Who did it? What’s wrong with Cherry Villa? Are they trying to turn on the north?”

Mr. Moon was in a rage, his heart full of anger and fear. His anger was toward Cherry Villa. His fear was of the Singer family.

“Mr. Moon, this matter has nothing to do with Cherry Villa. It was an unknown kid who had a conflict with Young Master Ronan. That kid attacked Young Master Ronan without holding back.”

As Cory explained, he was also very flustered.

“Where’s Leon Jefferson? Where was he when such a big thing happened?” Mr. Moon asked with a roar.

“M-Master Jefferson seems interested in protecting that kid because the strength displayed by that kid may be of the fifth zone,” Cory continued to explain.

‘Fifth zone?’ On the other end of the phone, Mr. Moon frowned.

No wonder Leon wanted to bail him out.

It had been a long time since someone with the strength of a fifth zone disciple had appeared in the southern disciple community.

“Okay, I got it. Pay close attention to the movements in Cherry Villa. I’ll inform Terrain Villa and the Singer family at once!”

Mr. Moon said before he quickly ended the call.

At this moment, far north of Beechwood City, in the study of a luxurious villa.

A slightly fat middle-aged man with glasses was full of anger and panic.

He quickly picked up the suit on the hanger next to him and put it on.

He left the villa in a hurry and personally drove his Ferrari to Terrain Villa in the northern

district of Caltrop Mountain.

At the foot of Caltrop Mountain, Quentin Moon passed through several checkpoints before he arrived at the gates of Terrain Villa.

He quickly got out of the Ferrari and jogged to the main hall of Terrain Villa.

It was a distance of a thousand meters.

Quentin was out of breath from running.

“Q-Quickly inform the three villa masters that something big has happened!”

Quentin ran to the entrance of the villa ‘s main hall and shouted to the several guards with guns.

Soon, Quentin followed the guards to the main hall.

The three masters of Terrain Villa were sitting on the high platform with their chests upright in front of him.

The man in the highest position was sitting on a golden chair.

On both sides of that man's chair were two bronze chairs.

"Quentin Moon, why are you looking for us at this late hour?" A middle-aged man on the left asked, looking a little unhappy.

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After being called to gather in the middle of the night, feelings of resentment were inevitable.

Quentin Moon wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, stood humbly in the hall, and lowered his head. He panted and stammered, "Villa Masters Hopper, Singer, and Turner, something has happened.

"Just spit it out already!" Villa Master Hopper, the middle-aged man with an unhappy expression, was wearing a black suit and fidgeting with two stress balls in his hand.

He had an imposing demeanor, a ruddy complexion, and exuded a harsh intensity.

Quentin glanced at Villa Master Hopper before his gaze landed on the person on his right.

This was the current patriarch of the Singer family, one of the top ten disciple families in the north, Jenkins Singer.

He was also one of the founding families of Terrain Villa and one of the three villa masters.

His face was dignified as he sat upright.

He wore a gray suit, and his hair was gray. He had a pair of deep-set eyes that looked very chaotic, which intimidated others and stopped them from looking directly at him.

Jenkins Singer was one of the honorary teachers of the Nonagon and also a member and director of the Nonagon Teaching Association.

He had a great reputation in Nonagon and had taught many disciples.

It could be said that among the current disciples of Nonagon, two out of ten were taught by Jenkins or by the Singer family.

Thus, the Singer family had a lot of power and prestige in Nonagon.

Not to mention that Jenkins had taught three kings of disciples before!

Such teaching achievements were engraved on a stone monument in Nonagon.

It could be said that the Singer family had the power to mobilize half of the disciples in the northern supernatural disciple community with a single word.

At this moment, Quentin gulped and fell to his knees. He bowed and shouted, "Villa Master Singer, Third Young Master Ronan has been killed in Cherry Villa!"

Crack!

Abruptly, an explosion was heard!

Jenkins, who was sitting upright, stood up in anger at this moment. With A biting chill in his eyes, he asked, "What did you say?"

Quentin trembled all over because he felt the surging killing intent and biting coldness in the air around him.

"Third Young Master Ronan and Mr. Burdock were killed by an unknown young man during the disciples' gathering at Cherry Villa, which they attended tonight.

The other party also said that if the Singer family wants to seek revenge, they Can go look for him."

Quentin bit the bullet and lowered his head as he forced the words out.

Boom!

Following his words, he felt an overwhelming

energy pressure that suddenly erupted.

The energy pressure was so intense that Quentin dared not raise his head at all.

His whole body was trembling.

Jenkins' eyes were full of anger as he stood on the high platform. The terrifying energy that raged all over him was enough to easily tear down any disciple of the fifth zone.

"Cherry Villa, damn you!" A furious cry from hell resounded throughout the entire Terrain Villa.

"Who's the other party? Doesn't he know that Ronan is my son?" Jenkins restrained his energy pressure and asked coldly.

Quentin knelt on the floor and said tremblingly, "T-The other party is an unknown junior. I heard that the other party killed Third Young Master Ronan because of a conflict. At that time, Ronan had already mentioned the Singer family and begged him for mercy, but the other party seemed to have no intention of letting Ronan go. He directly killed him."

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After that, the atmosphere in the main hall plummeted to freezing point.

It seemed that any movement would cause a

catastrophic ending.

Jenkins stood on the high platform, his eyes were full of anger.

He clenched his fists and asked, "Did the people of Cherry Villa just watch my son get killed by an unknown junior?"

Quentin quickly bowed and replied, "Villa Master Singer, Villa Master Leon Jefferson of Cherry Villa stepped in later. If I understand Cory Trent correctly, Leon wishes to protect the young man named Philip Clarke."

“Leon Jefferson? How dare he?!”

Jenkins roared and shouted, “Immediately gather all the experts of the Singer family and go with me to Cherry Villa. I want to see who Leon Jefferson dares to protect in front of me! After killing my beloved son, no matter who the other party is, I’ll kill him with my bare hands!”

As he said that, Jenkins clenched his fists tightly.

Below the hall, a guard from the Singer family bowed in response and immediately walked out of the main hall.

Seeing Jenkins’ anger at the moment, Villa Master Hopper said, “Villa Master Singer, please accept my condolences. This move from Cherry Villa is aimed at Terrain Villa. It seems that Leon Jefferson wants to personally protect the kid named Philip Clarke. Should I send people to go along with you?”

“No need!”

Jenkins rejected Villa Master Hopper’s kind intentions and said, “This is a matter between the Singer family and Cherry Villa. There’s no need for outsiders to intervene!”

A chill flashed in the corner of Villa Master Hopper’s eyes.

He squeezed out a smile and said, “In that case, I hope you can apprehend your son’s murderer and promote the prestige of Terrain Villa. Take this opportunity to teach a good

lesson to Cherry Villa and the entire southern supernatural disciple community.

“Hmph!” Jenkins snorted coldly and left the main hall.

After Jenkins left, Villa Master Hopper wiped away the flattering smile on his face and said gloatingly, "Jenkins Singer Really doesn't take us seriously now!"

The middle-aged man who was sitting on the main golden chair had a gloomy expression.

He raised his thick eyebrows slightly and said, "Villa Master Hopper, do say less. Now that something like this has happened to the Singer family, we should help as much as we can. Sooner or later, there'll be a battle between the disciples in the north and the south. When the time comes, the Singer family will still be the main force of the northern supernatural disciple

community."

Villa Master Hopper chuckled and said, "Villa Master Turner, aren't you worried that Jenkins Singer will replace you one day? I've heard that the Singer family has been developing their forces over the years. Many times, he doesn't even show you any respect."

This sentence was a little too straightforward.

Hearing that, Villa Master Turner's face darkened as he looked in the direction of the entrance of the main hall.

After a while, he said, "The Singer family is indeed getting out of line. "

Villa Master Turner had long felt the persecution and threat from the Singer family.

He was not as powerful as Jenkins Singer and only became a master of Terrain Villa thanks to his lineage.

Therefore, many times, in front of the Singer family and Jenkins, Villa Master Turner had little right to speak. The strongest ruled.

Villa Master Hopper quickly said, "Villa Master Turner, I think we should make preparations in advance, just in case. Jenkins and the Singer family really have intentions to rebel, we will be able to deal with it holistically at that time.

Villa Master Turner glanced sideways at Villa Master Hopper. He thought for a long time before he asked, "What do you have in mind, Villa Master Hopper?"

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Back to Philip's side.

He followed Leon Jefferson through the lobby and passed through several doors before entering the core area of Cherry Villa. He saw a clear lake with a white arch bridge over it. On both sides of the lake, fully armed guards strictly kept watching.

They were equipped with weapons specially targeted at disciples.

These guards would be able to tackle any disciples of the fourth zone and below.

A magnificent white castle stood across the lake and arch bridge. A sense of solemnity could be felt from the castle even from across the lake.

In front, Leon invited Philip, "Philip, please come with me.'

Philip glanced at the surrounding environment. The security measures in this place were quite impeccable

“Thank you.” Philip said politely and followed Leon to the arch bridge.

They made their way to the white castle.

When Philip got closer to the white castle, he realized that there was a special energy pressure around it that constantly suppressed the power of rules in his body.

It was as if his strength was weakened just by being in this area.

This was the power utilization of the anti-matter rule, which was especially targeted at disciples!

Philip’s face darkened as he stared at Leon intently.

Leon was incredulous at Philip’s keen intuition. He smiled and said, “Philip, you’re not mistaken. Anyone who enters this area will have their control over the rules of matter suppressed by the power of the rules of anti-matter. Their strength will also be suppressed to the third zone. Whether you’re in the fifth zone, a king of disciples, or a hidden monster from the sixth or seventh zone, all will be suppressed to the third zone here. The purpose of doing this is to prevent those with ulterior motives from doing anything. I hope you understand.’

After Leon finished speaking, Philip nodded lightly and said, “Understood.”

Then, Leon led Philip into the lobby of the white castle.

At this moment, the hall was already full of many men and women, old and young.

All of them had slightly cold faces and serious attitudes. Seeing Leon entering with someone, all of them got up, bowed to Leon, and said, “Villa Master Jefferson.”

Leon walked in with a smile and motioned everyone to sit down. He said, "Everyone, no need to be formal. Please sit down. I also brought a youngster here today."

After saying that, everyone's eyes turned to Philip, who had followed Leon in. No one recognized Philip.

Someone asked, "Villa Jefferson, I wonder which disciple family he belongs to for you to personally bring him here."

"Yes, Villa Master Jefferson. Why don't we ask this young man to introduce himself?"

Everyone spoke with an amiable attitude on the surface, but many had different ideas in their minds.

Leon smiled, turned sideways, made an inviting gesture, and said, "Young man, why don't you just say a few words?"

Philip's expression darkened.

He glanced at everyone present but did not find Shane Lovelace or Wynn, so he was a little disappointed. Could it be that Wynn and Shane were not here? Had they left?

Thus, Philip just said mildly, "Philip Clarke."

Then, he stopped talking.

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Everyone eagerly waited for Philip's next words but after a long while, Philip said nothing.

This made some people unhappy, and they said coldly, "Villa Master Jefferson, this young Philip seems very arrogant and only said his name. Does he look down on us?"

"Hehe, Villa Master Jefferson, we have no objections if you bring newcomers in, but such a newcomer is too ignorant of the rules!"

"Are you done talking?" Suddenly, Philip spoke and interrupted everyone's reprimand that stemmed from their dissatisfaction with him.

Hiss!

Everyone's faces tensed with anger.

Smack!

A middle-aged man slammed the table, stood up suddenly, pointed at Philip, and said angrily, "Presumptuous! This is Cherry Villa and the conference for the southern disciple families. How dare an unruly kid like you be so rude to the elders? Didn't the adults in your family teach you any manners and etiquette?"

"Exactly! Even if you were personally brought here by Villa Master Jefferson, you should mind the occasion!"

"Villa Master Jefferson, I don't think it's necessary for a newcomer like him to attend our conference!"

Amid everyone's reprimand, Leon did not say anything to discourage them but stood aside with a smile on his face as he looked at Philip.

Philip frowned and glanced sideways at Leon, who had a smile on his face. 'Heh, he is just an old fox. Was he deliberately staying out of this to see how Philip was going to resolve this matter?

Philip did not have time to waste on these people, so he simply said, "I was never interested in your so-called disciple family conference to begin with. Since i'm not welcome, goodbye, then."

After saying that, Philip turned around and was about to leave. However, all the people sitting there were haughty and full of themselves.

Some people with scheming minds watched the development and silently observed Philip.

"Stop! Do you think the disciple conference of Cherry Villa is somewhere you can come and go as you wish?" The middle-aged man who previously slapped the table and angrily shouted at Philip continued to berate him without giving in at all.

"That's right! Young man, you can leave if you want, but you must apologize to us for your reckless and rude behavior just now!"

A group of people chattered incessantly.

Among them were children of disciple families who looked like they were just watching the fun.

They had gloating looks on their faces.

Philip stopped, turned his head, and looked at those people who berated him. Then, he said lightly, "Why should I apologize to you?"

“Just because we’re sitting here and you’re standing there!” the middle-aged man sneered.

“Oh?” Philip chuckled and asked, “How did you get to sit there?”

“By strength, of course! Everyone sitting here has their own strength to boast of!” the middle-aged man continued.

In his opinion, a young junior like Philip had nothing more than some background and status.

Such a person should be taught a good lesson so that he could be properly ordered around in the future. This was the usual practice of the

disciple family conference for newcomers. After all, the disciple family conference did not allow too many spokespersons.

“By strength? Okay, then.”

Philip smiled, walked up to the middle-aged man, and said, “In that case, this seat will belong to me from now on. You may get lost!”

When that middle-aged man saw Philip walking toward him, the corners of his eyes chilled as he abruptly got up and Shouted angrily,

“Presumptuous! You’re courting death!”