##Chapter 1 Lord of the Underworld

The Imperium of Man, Westerall, Queen Avenue.

At the Crowns Internet Café, an upscale internet cafe in The Imperium of Man.

A young man was seated in front of a computer. He wore a camo uniform which seemed faded with age. In that outfit, he appeared out of place in the extravagantly decorated interior of the cafe.

"Finally!"

Lucian Knight heaved a sigh of relief and grinned.

He had just downloaded the once-top charting military strategy game 'Battlefield of the Damned.' However, the game was too advanced and was only well-received by boss-level players, making it less popular with the masses.

Lucian tried to log into the game account, which he had not assessed for the past seven years.

He logged in successfully!

"Beep, beep, beep..."

The notifications kept coming.

Lucian opened the messages, and his beaming face instantly froze.

"Dad, where have you been?"

"Come and save Mom quickly. Mom was hurt by a bad guy and sent to the hospital."

"Dad, I'm so hungry. Anya and I sneaked into the coop and stole some chicken feed to eat when the bad lady was not paying attention. We were almost caught. Luckily, Anya and I could run pretty fast!"

"Today, the bad lady kicked Anya's feet so hard that she couldn't walk. The bad lady accused us of stealing food. But it was her son who was the culprit! Anya wept, and I felt sorry for her."

"Dad, I'm scared, cold, and hungry. Chicken feed tastes so horrible. I miss Mom's cooking. When will you come to rescue us?"

As Lucian read through these emails, he was astounded! His eyes reddened at once, and a wave of anger surged from within him.

It had been seven years since he left Westerall. He had wandered across the Ten Protectorates of Chaos of The Imperium of Man, trod the thin line between life and death, and finally rose to become a Imperator. Yet, he had no idea that he had two daughters!

They survived on chicken feed, lived in filthy coops, were beaten up, and now, even Elise had been hospitalized. At this moment, Lucian could only feel self-blame, anger and guilt. Lucian did not dare to imagine the sufferings his daughters went through!

He smashed the computer in front of him in a fit of anger!

The people around stared warily at Lucian.

"Are you mad? How dare you cause trouble here? Don't you know Mr. Winters owns this place?"

"Mr. Winters, come over now and teach this rascal a lesson. Damn it. I was about to win the game!"

"Do you have a death wish?"

Soon, two men rushed over. When they saw the smashed computer on the ground, they were appalled and outraged.

"Who are you? How dare you wreak havoc at the Crowns Internet Café?"

Everyone present came over to look, in anticipation of a good show.

Most of the cafe's patrons were prominent figures in Westerall. They were always on the lookout for such excitement.

"Lad, hurry up and apologize. They'll let you off after a beating and some compensation."

Someone in the crowd teased him.

Meanwhile, Lucian turned a deaf ear to them. He was more concerned with his daughters' safety and was desperate to rush over.

"Bastard, how dare you be so arrogant! You're courting death!"

When a blonde, stout man noticed Lucian's condescending attitude, he was angered. He raised his hand to slap Lucian.

The crowd sniggered as they waited to see the young man getting beaten up.

However, this did not happen.

Lucian didn't look up and casually threw a punch at the palm of the blonde guy.

With a crack, the man's face stiffened instantly.

It seemed the bones in his entire arm had been fractured!

Then, the man fainted due to the intense pain.

A deathly silence shrouded the cafe once more!

The crowd was wide-eyed with shock.

Goodness! Who in heavens was this man? His random punch knocked out the blonde guy!

"Tully!"

Another stumpy but muscular man exclaimed.

This was none other than the internet café's owner, Reuben Winters.

At the start, Reuben did not take Lucian seriously. Right now, he glared ferociously at him.

"For so many years, no one dared to cause problems in my territory!"

His tone was harsh.

Whoosh!

Reuben suddenly swung a chair at Lucian's head. Using every inch of his sturdy body, he unleashed an explosive blow.

Everyone winced because they noticed that the young man did not dodge!

"Yama, check the IP address of this account and track its location..."

Lucian's back was toward everyone at the moment.

Whoosh!

As if he had eyes on his back, Lucian flung his right leg out so quickly that his movement was a blur!

The next moment, the chair was smashed, and Reuben was sent flying with a powerful kick. He slammed into the wall a distance away!

It was a shocking scene! One could only imagine how much force was required to kick a 200 pounds man away. The young man was strong indeed!

He looked at Reuben, who was covered in blood and struggling to get up from the ground.

All of a sudden, the onlookers stared at Lucian with reverence and fear!

This person was ruthless!

Just moments ago, they were still imagining Lucian going down on his knees to beg for mercy. Now, the joke was on them!

That man could not be bothered with Reuben at all.

However, Lucian's following words left everyone dazed.

"I'm at the Crowns Internet Café in Westerall. Send a chopper here!"

"Arrive within three minutes, or never appear again!"

Lucian sounded harsh, and his voice was icy cold.

On the other side of the phone, Yama Ellington responded decisively.

"Yes, Boss!"

Then, he asked, "Boss, are you in any trouble?"

Lucian seemed to be in the middle of a great melee and Yama heard it as well.

"It's nothing, just a few flies."

Lucian hung up before walking out of the cafe. His hostile aura made the people around him feel suppressed.

When he walked past Reuben, he halted and casually tossed a stack of cash.

"Wow, so many Dune! That's at least several hundred thousand Dune!"

"How smooth! This person must be some big shot!"

"It's possible. It is said that many descendants of aristocratic families keep a low profile. This shabbily dressed guy might be the son of a Imperator General!"

"Did you hear him earlier? He seems to have summoned a helicopter."

"Yes, you're right. That's crazy! This is Westerall. Even if the legion wanted to enter the air zone, they have to submit a request at least three days in advance. Yet, he wanted one to arrive instantly! He has to bypass the formidable Sons of Fenris of Lord Paimon of Westmarch first!"

Everyone felt incredulous and were curious about this young man.

A few people even secretly followed behind in an attempt to find out more.

Reuben, who was at a corner, finally recovered a little. He glared at Lucian's back in resentment before he whipped out his cell phone.

"Come quick! I've been injured!"

Meanwhile, Lucian's heart was filled with apprehension as he stood outside the internet cafe and stared dully at the sky. With every passing minute, he felt increasingly anxious.

His daughters and lover were in deep trouble, but he was not by their side!

"Lucian, you can't even protect your family. You do not deserve to be a Imperator!" he blamed himself.

"Elise..."

Lucian's eyes reddened, and scenes from his past surfaced in his mind.

Lucian's enemies plotted against him when he was young and maimed his legs. He had to live the rest of his life in a wheelchair!

However, he did not yield. Under the family's ridicule, Lucian became a successful entrepreneur in the gaming industry.

Seven years ago, he was recognized as a business genius in Westerall!

Lucian partnered with Elise, the talented daughter of the Balargardes and Helen of Westmarch. Together, they established the Galaxy Games Corporation and created a series of popular games!

The most anticipated was "Battlefield of the Damned," a military strategy game based on the actual scenarios of The Imperium of Man battlefields!

He and Elise each held the top accounts in the game as a symbol of their friendship.

However, with the success of Galaxy Games Corporation, Lucian's relatives became jealous.

Matthew Stormrage secretly conspired with Keith of the Felblades to drug Lucian, causing Elise to lose her innocence to him.

Elise vanished after the incident.

Lucian was humiliated further when he was taken out from the ancestral annals by his father!

In the process of uncovering the truth, he was assassinated and pushed off a cliff!

He was disabled and utterly helpless in the face of the attack!

Overnight, Lucian's reputation was ruined, and he was deemed a sinner who committed suicide out of fear of punishment.

However, not only did Lucian survive the fall, but a prominent figure from the military rescued him. His legs were healed and he became a new man!

He started as an average soldier on the battlefield. After seven years of hardship, he gradually rose to become the only Imperator Warmaster of Ausno.

He had even established the Pandemonium Sanctuary, The Imperium of Man's strongest military force.

With The Ten Reapers and 24 Brave Generals as his subordinates, he dominated the Ten Protectorates of Chaos of The Imperium of Man!

On top of that, his Minions of Evil within the division was undefeated!

As for Lucian, he was known to his division as the Lord of the Underworld!

With the Lord of Pandemonium in the lead for seven straight years, The Imperium of Man reclaimed peace!

Now that he had returned, he never expected that he had two daughters!

"The Felblades and the Stormrages better not have anything to do with Elise and my daughters!"

Lucian clenched his teeth and fists tightly when he thought of that!

He was no longer the worthless punk seven years ago!

People continued to walk out of the cafe and stared at him. No one dared to approach him!

Lucian's icy aura made him appear hostile.

These people also followed him outside purely out of curiosity.

They wanted to learn more about this mysterious man who had just summoned a helicopter over.

It was not the helicopter that piqued their interests, for many prominent families owned one as well. It was the fact that he was waiting for one within the air zone of Westerall. Who would dare to operate one so openly?

Lord Paimon of Westmarch was also a Warmaster, and would he permit such movements within the city?

This young man must either hail from a distinguished background or had a mental disorder!

Right at this moment, rapid footsteps came from a distance.

"Mr. Winters, we are here. Who is making trouble for you?"

A group of gangsters wielding daggers and steel pipes rushed over. A bald man with a dragon tattoo on his right arm led the group. He had bulging muscles and a ferocious expression.

"Kayler, it's that brat!"

Reuben staggered out as he supported himself against the wall. He yelled to the bald man before spewing forth more blood. Finally, he could no longer endure the pain and fell to the ground.

"Mr. Winters!"

Kayler promptly helped him up and glared at Lucian, shouting, "Surround him!"

The group of ruffians surrounded Lucian at once.

Lucian just finished a cigarette and flicked the cigarette butt away.

The cigarette butt hit one of the gangsters on the forehead, and he slumped down in shock.

"Scram!"

Lucian scowled, for there was no end to these troublemakers!

However, everyone was stunned. They felt as if a high-ranking official had just rebuked them!

"What are you waiting for! Kill him!"

Kayler roared angrily.

"Kayler, this person is not that simple. You better reconsider."

A busybody next to him reminded and shared what Lucian had mentioned earlier.

Hearing this, Kayler paused then burst into a wave of laughter.

"A helicopter. Does he think he is Lord Paimon of Westmarch?"

"I don't believe him. If that man can summon a helicopter, I will address him as my grandfather!"

Kayler did not take any action, for he was wary of Lucian's abilities. However, he continued to mock his opponent.

However, at this moment...

A series of noises came from the sky above.

Upon looking up, everyone saw that seven black military helicopters had arrived!

Then, a rope ladder dropped down, and a dozen men in tactical vests and armed with rifles descended.

The soldiers jumped down deftly when they were about tens of meters away from the ground.

They were so skillful in landing!

At the same time, over thirty jeeps sped in from the eastern city gates and stopped beside the Crowns Internet Café.

"Fall in!"

Hundreds of warriors rushed out of the vehicle in unison. Their footsteps reverberated across the entire street!

It was like a scene taken out of a movie, and the streets were abuzz!

The battles to keep the city's peace were always out of sight. No one had witnessed this scene before!

Everyone was baffled as to where these troops came from.

"Which legions are they? Why haven't I seen them fore?"

Kayler was also astonished!

"That's impossible. This young man summoned these troops?"

"No way, it must be the other legions that happened to pass by."

Kayler sneered but doubted himself. He could recognize the shoulder patch of all the 72 Lords of the Imperium within the country. However, these warriors before him did not have any!

How strange!

Kayler was both perplexed and nervous, but he had to remain composed.

In the next second, the warriors charged over to them.

Kayler and his gang shuddered!

"There must be a mistake. It can't be that man!" they thought.

The troops approached the internet cafe.

Kayer was already sweating profusely, but the young man stood still!

Finally, it was as if they were being sentenced!

"Lord of Pandemonium!"

Hundreds of soldiers lined up before they raised their heads and saluted Lucian.

Lucian nodded and acknowledged with a salute.

Thud, thud...

Behind Lucian, Kayler and his gang knelt on the ground, and some even fainted instantly!

Dear Lord! Which horrifying being did they just provoke?

Lord of Pandemonium!

The young man before them was the legendary Lord of Pandemonium!

That Imperator being that astounded the Seven Nations of Ausno!

Who would object even if the Lord of Pandemonium demanded to establish the Pandemonium Sanctuary here in Westerall? Let alone to summon a helicopter!

It was not hard to guess right now that these warriors must be from a unit within the Minions of Evil!

Legend had it that these warriors only wore their shoulder patch on the battlefield!

Why did this esteemed being suddenly appear in Westerall?

Everyone was bewildered.

"Have-have mercy, Lord of Pandemonium!"

Kayler was sweating profusely and banging his forehead on the ground repeatedly until he bled!

No one could afford to offend the Lord of Pandemonium!

Everyone around was also petrified. They only heard of the Lord of Pandemonium on the news, but no one had seen him before.

Were they actually facing the man now?

Immediately, awe, marvel, respect, and even obsession were reflected in their eyes!

This man was the invincible Warmaster who defended their country against foreign powers!

Lucian ignored them.

"You are too slow!"

He was dissatisfied with his troops.

A man with a buzz-cut, thin face and a scar across the corners of his eye stepped out. It was his top subordinate, Yama!

Yama's body was as hard as steel and he had a cold expression. He looked at Lucian with admiration.

"Found it?" Lucian asked.

"Boss, we've tracked the location. It's in a small mountainous region a distance from Westerall."

Yama asked solemnly, "Boss, are we heading there?"

"Yes, to rescue my daughters!"

Lucian gave this command before he tugged the rope ladder with one hand and climbed into the helicopter!

"Do not announce my arrival to anyone."

"Yes, Boss!"

Yama swept his gaze at the crowd and seemed to have realized something.

At this moment, Kalyer and his gang remained silent and obediently waited for Yama to deal with them.

"Look at how terrified you all are..."

Yama couldn't be bothered to mock them any further. He gestured to the troops, "Arrest these delinquents. Everyone else, leave your details behind. If anyone dares to divulge what happened today, I'll dispatch all of you to the battlefield!"

No one dared to object. Their gazes followed Lucian into the sky.

Someone attempted to take a photo, but Yama's subordinate immediately confiscated his phone.

"What are you doing? I'm the nephew of Lord Paimon of Westmarch!"

He revealed his background as a threat.

The people around moved away and scolded him on the sly for being a stupid brat.

Yama sneered, "Oh, my deepest apologies to the nephew of Lord Paimon of Westmarch... Men, send him to the battlefield!"

Everyone shuddered in fear.

On the helicopter, Lucian struggled to suppress his agitation. His hands which were resting on his knees shook!

"Faster, go faster!"

He kept urging, and at the same time, he prayed that his daughters were alright!

##Chapter 2 Who Dares to Decide the Fate of My Daughters?

"Cora, I'm so hungry."

Anya laid on a bed of straw. Her face was red and swollen. Her body was covered with bruises, and she was barefooted. It was now late autumn, and her little feet were reddened from the cold.

Anya wore just a single layer of clothing in this harsh weather and was curled up in a corner, trying to find some warmth from the biting cold.

Not far from her, a few old hens were brooding.

The coop was where Anya slept.

Cora turned a deaf ear as she was busy doing the laundry.

The icy water numbed her hands.

She was clothed in a ragged short-sleeved shirt, and there were bruises at the corners of her mouth and forehead. She had been beaten up by her adoptive brother, Percy.

If she retaliated, she would get more beatings from John and his wife.

John's wife injured Anya's right foot and Cora had to ensure she brought in enough laundry to do, so she could obtain medicine for her sister.

An aroma of food wafted over, and Anya struggled to get up and limped towards the window.

She peered inside the house and saw the table laden with delicious food and drooled.

"Chicken drumsticks, braised pork, meatballs. They are all so delicious..."

Anya could only fantasize as she watched the family of three gobbling the food. With that, she became even hungrier.

"Anya, come down quickly. Stop staring!"

Cora, who was washing clothes by the side, dashed over and led her younger sister down.

"But I haven't had a meal in an entire day."

"Why don't you let Uncle John beat me? Once it's over, I can at least have some food."

Anya gazed pitifully at her elder sister with a tear-stained face. She rubbed her belly in discomfort.

The pair were lovely and looked alike because they were twins.

The elder sister, Cora, ruffled her younger sister's messy hair, an obstinate expression on her face. She answered, "Silly girl! Mom told us to be strong. We cannot lose our dignity even if we starve to death!"

"They are bad people! They won't feed you even if you allow them to beat you to death!"

Cora almost choked with tears.

Anya nodded and replied, "I shall remember Mom's words and won't give in! I can eat chicken feed. They are edible, but the chickens are too defensive. They always peck at me! "

The young girl couldn't hold back her tears as she spoke.

Cora hugged her sister tightly and clenched her frozen and reddened hands into fists.

"Anya, don't be afraid. I sneaked into Percy's room yesterday and logged into 'Battlefield of the Damned' using Mom's game account. I reported everything to Dad."

"Dad will save us!"

"But Mom said Dad is dead."

Anya gazed tearfully at her only pillar of support.

"Mom was lying. Dad will definitely find us. Trust me!"

Cora comforted her younger sister, but her own heart was in despair.

Their father had fallen off a cliff and died seven years ago. "Battlefield of the Damned" was a military strategy online game developed by their parents.

Her mother, Elise Stormrage, told her that she could always log onto the game and confide in her father. He would be able to hear her from heaven.

Unfortunately, it had been more than a year, but the account was inactive.

"Cora, the chicken feed can be pretty yummy."

Anya was already squatting by the side of the coop. She was stuffing chicken feed into her mouth and smiling at Cora.

Cora almost wept when she saw how obedient and sensible her sister was.

Wearing only dirty clothes, the sisters had been surviving on chicken feed and sleeping in the coop for the past half month. They were beaten up and scolded regularly and were not offered medicine when they fell sick. This was a living hell to them!

"Bitch, are you done with the laundry? Hurry up and clean the dishes!"

A man's irritable voice came from the house and distracted Cora.

"I'm coming, Uncle John."

Cora hurriedly responded to avoid getting hit again.

The man was John Penns, the foster parent of these two sisters.

He was the owner of a casino and took them in half a month ago.

From then on, the twins' lives were under that man's control.

"Rest assured, I'll take care of them."

This was the first thing that John said when they first met. Back then. Cora could already detect his hidden malice.

Their mother, Elise, had been injured and was hospitalized. As such, the Balargardes took the opportunity to kick the two sisters out.

It was then that Cora knew that she and Anya had been sold!

Thus, they could only rely on themselves.

Cora warily entered the house and did not dare to meet the man's gaze. She was there to wash the dishes.

John was a tall and obese man.

He picked his teeth with a toothpick as he glared at Cora maliciously.

"What are you staring at!"

Mrs. Penns was also an overweight lady. When she saw John's weird gaze, she slapped him at once.

John immediately averted his gaze, lowered his head, and smiled sheepishly.

In the next second, Mrs. Penns kicked Cora to the ground. She was caught off guard and hit her head on a bench.

Blood flowed out from the young girl's wound instantly and stained her clothes.

Her mind went blank at that.

"Little bitch, you are just like your mother. How dare you seduce men at your age!"

Mrs. Penns stood with her arms akimbo, a bitter expression on her face. She chided Cora without reason as usual.

Cora lowered her head, and the dripping blood blurred her vision.

She made no response, but no one could detect her deep-seated obstinacy.

Seemingly unsatisfied, Mrs. Penns gave her a few more kicks.

"Cora, this is for you."

Percy went up to her. Then, he rolled a chicken drumstick on the ground, coating it in grey dust before handing it to Cora.

The boy grinned and gloated like a little demon.

Cora finally realized that the entire family was wicked!

At this rate, both Cora and Anya would be tortured to death!

Mustering up unprecedented courage, Cora snatched the drumstick, kicked Percy to the ground, and ran out!

She cast aside all her fears, and her only goal was to lead her sister out of this hell!

"Ouch!"

Percy slumped to the ground and wailed.

"Bitch, how dare you bully your owners!"

John cursed and gave chase.

"Are you all right? Don't cry, my dear Percy. John, catch those two wicked girls and beat them to death. We have to put them in their place!"

Mrs. Penns cussed hysterically!

Cora grabbed her sister's hand and darted out frantically, escaping in the direction they first came from.

"Bruce, Loris, come quickly and help catch those two. They are trying to escape!"

John was overweight and could not catch up with Cora and Anya. He could only call for help.

Soon, the dogs were alerted and barked ferociously. Then, several able-bodied young men ran out of the neighboring houses. Each of them looked fierce and ruthless.

"Trying to escape? Can you outrun us?"

Someone sneered, and the crowd did not panic when they saw the sisters running.

Very soon, Cora and Anya were blocked by eight tall and strong men.

"Run faster!"

"Why don't you continue running then?"

"Aren't you girls capable of escaping?"

John said as he panted. Then, he kicked Cora's delicate body forcefully!

"Don't kick my sister!"

Anya slumped over Cora's body to shield her from the attacks.

"John, it takes too much effort to raise two kids. I think you should kill the elder one who is more disobedient. Just keep the timid one for household chores."

Loris, who was bald and wielded an iron rod, suggested with a savage expression.

John sneered, "That's a good idea. Keeping her alive is a nuisance!"

Cora and Anya despaired at this.

"Don't harm my sister!"

Anya tried to stop John but was flung away and she instantly fainted.

"Anya..."

Cora struggled to reach for her sister with her tiny hands but in vain.

"Mom, I cannot endure this hardship any longer. I'll be joining Dad." Cora murmured.

At this time, she hoped for the iron rod to strike her as quickly as possible to set her free from this terrible world finally.

"You can only blame your misfortune for being Lucian's vile spawn!"

John appeared ferocious as he swung the rod downward.

It was at this critical moment that a sound came from above.

An iron sword plunged from the sky and knocked the iron rod out of John's grip. The blade then pierced the ground directly!

"Who dares decide the fate of my daughters?"

##Chapter 3 Anyone Who Hurts My Daughter...

The unexpected flying sword terrified John and the others.

"Who is that?!"

John looked around, but he couldn't see anyone.

However, he realized that there was another person beside Cora when he lowered his head!

"Is that a human or a ghost!"

John and others felt as though they had just seen a ghost. What brought this person here?

The hefty man in the grey military uniform looked at his daughter, Cora, with kindness and affection in his eyes.

The left side of Cora's face was smeared with dried blood. She was filthy all over and had trouble breathing

"Could this be my daughter?" Lucian thought.

He felt Cora's pulse. Fortunately, he came just in time!

Otherwise, he would have regretted it for the rest of his life!

Cora could vaguely sense a pair of warm hands hugging her body. She seemed to have caught a glimpse of her father.

It looked just like her father's image on her mother's phone!

"Daddy, is that... you?"

Cora muttered, "Is this heaven?"

This sentence was enough to make a grown man like Lucian cry uncontrollably!

"Cora, it's me. Don't talk. I'll take you away!"

Lucian stood up and clenched his teeth. He forced himself to restrain the overwhelming killing intent because he didn't want his daughter to witness a bloody scene.

"You, you are Lucian?"

John finally recognized the man in front of him. His eyes widened with surprise!

<Didn't this man die after falling off a cliff?

Wasn't it said that this man's legs were paralyzed?>

"Why is he here?" John pondered

"Lucian, you are actually still alive? Ha-ha, if you are alive, then you should have escaped to the countryside and kept your identity hidden. How did you muster up the courage to come back?"

"Even if your leg is healed, you will still be a cripple, a rapist, a fraud!"

Although John was shocked, he quickly accepted it.

Back then, there were rumors that Lucian's body had not been found and that he was still alive.

But after he went missing for seven years, the living could only treat him as a dead person.

John was not afraid when he saw Lucian now.

Who would be afraid of a wimp?

"I was wondering who it was and it turned out to be the 'popular' Lucian from seven years ago. Oh wow, where have you been over the past few years? So pretentious."

"What's wrong? Is it glorious for a rapist to return to his hometown?"

When Loris, Bruce, and the others saw Lucian, they couldn't help mocking him.

It was obvious that Lucian's reputation was so widespread back then, even they heard about it.

"Get lost!"

Lucian remained silent for the rest of the conversation. He kicked John over while covering Cora's eyes!

John flew thousands of meters away after getting kicked away by Lucian like a ball!

As John struggled to get up, blood from his internal organs spurted out with a "puff", and he slumped to the ground.

He collapsed instantly.

"John!"

Loris and Bruce quickly checked John's injuries. They found that he was dead when they tried to feel his breath.

"You, you killed him!"

Everyone's expressions became hideous. Lucian was actually that vicious!

"Fuck, I'll beat you to death!"

Everyone picked up metal rods and shovels and swarmed over, intending to attack Lucian.

At this moment, another figure rushed in like a bolt of lightning.

Bang!

They fought aggressively with clashing of fists and feet and the sound of breaking bones could be heard!

All their limbs were dislocated and the men screamed miserably on the ground.

"You're late again!" Lucian said coldly.

He slowly walked to Anya, who was still unconscious, and picked his daughter up gently.

Yama was a bit speechless. He swore that he came as fast as he could.

"Yes, Mr. Stormrage. I'll definitely be even faster next time!"

Despite the muttering in his heart, he was extremely respectful on the surface.

"Is this the little princess?"

Yama couldn't help but feel distressed when he looked at the two scarred little girls.

"How dare he treat these two little girls like beasts!"

"Contact the best hospital in Westerall and the best doctor, I want my daughters to be treated and recover within a day!"

Lucian lowered his voice as if he was scared of disturbing his two daughters who had been so traumatized.

"Alright!"

Yama nodded heavily.

"Also, for those who hurt my daughters..."

Lucian gave him a cold look.

"Understood!"

Yama understood very well what he meant, being Lucian's trusted aide.

Loris, Bruce, and the rest were still wailing in agony on the ground. They were so terrified when they heard this that their bodies practically disintegrated!

"We were wrong, Lucian. Spare me! Please!"

"It's all John's idea. We don't know anything!"

"Lucian, I have a family. Please don't kill me!"

The group of people who had been showing off just now were now begging for their lives.

They probably would've knelt down and kowtowed long ago if their hands and feet hadn't been broken.

"Bullying my daughters is the same as bullying me!"

This was Lucian's attitude.

Yama understood immediately, and his gaze turned cold and terrifying.

"No!" Loris, Bruce, and the others were helpless and devastated!

No one knew what happened to John and the others, including their families, but no one in Westerall had seen them since then.

Westerall City, the Greeenwood Hospital.

Every staircase on the fifth floor of the hospital was securely guarded by warriors in black uniforms with a flying wolf shoulder patch!

Anyone who came in and out would be questioned thoroughly.

No one dared to question their identities because the shoulder patch explained everything!

The Sons of Fenris!

These were the personal guards of Lord Paimon of Westmarch, but they showed up here. People couldn't help thinking about them.

In the VIP ward.

Lucian stood guard next to his two daughters as he held their small hands. This Lord of the Underworld who killed countless people appeared to have shed his former glories and was now no more than an ordinary father.

At this time, there was only infinite guilt in his heart.

His two daughters should've had a wonderful childhood, but they'd suffered such horrific abuse!

Looking at Cora's bandaged hands and injured leg, Lucian could not help shedding tears.

"Dad, are you really my Dad?"

"Dad, why are you crying?"

Cora, whose tiny head was wrapped in bandages, looked a little pale. She stroked Lucian's cheek with her tiny hand and wiped away his tears. Her tender face was full of surprise, doubt, and joy, but most of all, relief.

She was about to give up on herself, but fortunately, her father saved her at the critical moment.

She could finally stop pretending to be strong ... Because she had finally met the father she had been missing all this while!

"Well, Cora, I'm your father. You've asked the same question 800 times after you woke up."

Lucian caressed Cora's snow-white face lovingly. His heart ached when he saw his daughter's injury.

"Daddy, Daddy, I have a Daddy!"

Anya had already woken up. Her little feet were tightly wrapped in gauze.

The little girl was like a slug that stuck onto Lucian's back and did not want to get off. "Dad, you look exactly like Anya's dad in her dreams!"

Lucian turned his hand and held Anya in his arms. He brushed Anya's nose with a gentle smile.

"Anya, Cora, Dad is back. Our family will never be separated again!"

"No one will ever dare to bully both of you again. Dad will make it up to you!" Lucian said firmly

He said this to his daughters, as well as making a vow to himself!

A Lord of Pandemonium who couldn't protect his family wasn't worthy of the name!

"Okay, Dad, I believe you!"

"Dad, I'll see how you behave in the future. Right now, Anya wants to eat a lot of food!"

His two daughters stretched out their pinkies to make a pinky promise with Lucian.

"Dad will even bring you the stars as long as it's what Anya and Cora want!" Lucian said with a smile, holding his two sweethearts tightly.

He had never felt so at peace in his life.

"Lucian, they need to rest, why don't..."

There was another person in the ward, Cole Braxton, 50 years old, a top surgeon in the country.

After all, Cole's patients were usually at least at the rank of a Warmonger and above!

Yet now, this outsider's attitude towards Lucian was respectful and reverent!

At this time, he had doubts in his heart. The young man in front of him was the Lord of Pandemonium from The Imperium of Man?

Legend stated that he was cold-hearted, ruthless, and decisive. He truly rose up from nothing and eventually became a dragon! However, the person in front of him was no different from any ordinary father.

"Cora, Anya, Daddy still has something to do. You both can play here by yourselves. If you need anything, just go to the uncle outside the door."

From Lucian's tone, one could tell how much he adored his two girls.

If it weren't for the fact that he had something to do, he wanted to stay with his daughters all the time.

Outside the ward.

"Lucian, your daughters are fine. They just have some superficial wounds and dislocated bones. They will be fine after a few days' rest." Cole told him seriously.

"Okay, thank you, Dr. Braxton!"

Lucian nodded lightly.

Cole didn't feel that Lucian was being disrespectful; instead, he felt extremely honored to be able to speak with him.

At this time, he was extremely close to Lucian and was able to feel what all the fascination of the Lord of Pandemonium was about. strongly.

He noticed that Lucian's expression changed as soon as he left the ward.

Decisive and sharp-eyed. This was the kind of person who could accomplish remarkable work!

"Mr. Stormrage!"

Yama walked over hurriedly with a glance at Cole, nodding lightly as a form of greeting.

Cole grinned and walked away.

Was the warrior under the Lord of Pandemonium's command?

Was it Yama or Supay?

He had seen a lot of big shots in The Imperium of Man and knew a little about who they were.

The person who came earlier had a noble aura. No matter where he was, he was definitely a key person in the community!

He lived up to his reputation as a warrior of the Lord of Pandemonium!

This time, the Lord of Pandemonium had quietly arrived at Westerall.

<I wonder what sort of storm this would cause?>

He had heard stuff about Lucian before, perhaps...

Cole laughed bitterly. It's better not to make any guesses about this big shot's affairs.

"He's reliable."

When Yama saw Lucian staring at Cole unintentionally, he spoke with certainty.

"How's the investigation going?"

Lucian had his back towards Yama and looked at Westerall through the window.

It was a sunny day.

But he didn't like it!

There were too many filthy things waiting for him to clean up in Westerall!

"Mr. Stormrage, we've checked it out."

"When the Galaxy Games Corporation was in its heyday, you, Elise, Percy Bays, and the Bays had already been targeted by the Felblades."

"Keith Felblade, the second son of the Felblades, also invested in an e-sport, but he lost everything. In addition, he also coveted Elise. You were too close to her, so he harbored bad intentions toward you."

"He colluded with your cousin Matthew Stormrage, to frame Percy and create false evidence that he absconded with his money. In addition, the company's accountant was killed. All the evidence pointed to Percy, so he had to go to jail. The Bays bribed the authorities and he was only sentenced to eight years in prison!"

"Then about you and Elise. The rape case was also staged by them."

"After that, Elise got pregnant and disappeared. The Balargardes and the Stormrages then sent people to take over the company."

"It's been seven years since Elise disappeared. She and her two children were taken back by the Balargardes around a month ago."

"But Elise's father cared about his reputation and refused to acknowledge his two grandchildren. Then he sold them off and planned to marry Elise off to Keith."

"Elise resisted and fell accidentally from the third floor while trying to save her child. She was hospitalized in Saint Winslow Hospital which is located at Westerall. It has been half a month, and her injuries aren't life-threatening."

Lucian tapped his finger on the window sill. After remaining silent for a long time, he then calmly asked, "There is another question. Back then, my legs were paralyzed, logically speaking, I should have not been able to father any children. How did Elise get pregnant?"

Yama said with a tense expression, "Mr. Stormrage, I specifically consulted Asclepius about this matter. He said that your leg paralysis was caused by someone drugging you when you were young, and the medicine that Keith gave you happened to be the antidote to this poison."

"We have also conducted a paternity test. Cora and Anya are certainly your daughters."

After saying this, Lucian released a long breath of relief.

However, there was a terrifying vibe emanating from his body which made Yama lower his head immediately.

"There are so many things to deal with. It's really a headache."

Lucian slowly turned around and walked downstairs.

"Find out what actions the Felblades, the Balargardes, and the Stormrages have taken recently."

Lucian walked out of the hospital with a cigarette in his mouth and casually asked.

When Yama understood the hidden meaning behind Lucian's words, his expression perked up instantly.

"Mr. Stormrage, there is. The eldest son of the Felblades, Dennis Felblades had made great contributions on the battlefield. When he returned today, the Felblades specially invited famous celebrities from all around the Westerall to greet him."

Lucian's eyes became cold and he smirked, "Oh?"

"Then we have to celebrate."

##Chapter 4 Good-for-nothing

The guests arrived at the Skyglory Roguest Hotel one after another at seven o'clock at night.

All the people who came were celebrities, elites from all circles, or children of well-known families. They were prominent figures.

This was because the hosts today were the Felblades in Westerall!

The brilliant man of the Felblades, Dennis, won the title of general on the battlefield. He returned with glory since both his military exploits and his Rank had reached the level of Warchief!

Being promoted to the rank of general was not a big deal in The Imperium of Man, but it was different in Westerall, a place that was neither big nor small.

One had to know that Lord Paimon of Westmarch was the only Warmaster in Westerall. If there was no Warmonger present, any Warchief would make a name in Westerall!

The Felblades were really incredible as they had already produced three Warchiefs among the younger generation!

This promising family was set to become the most powerful force in Westerall, not to mention the enormous wealth of the Felblade Family Enterprises!

A young man in a black trench coat came to the door of the hotel at this time.

He was handsome, with short hair and a distinct jawline. However, there was only bitterness in his eyes.

Such a man dazzled, even in the dark!

"Sir, please show me your invitation."

The doorman looked at this extraordinary man and asked.

"Yama, you deal with it."