

Chapter 43

Although he was at the same level as the Blithe King James never took him seriously.

The same went for the four other commanders-in-chief

“Hold on.” The Blithe King stopped him from leaving.

“Huh?” James looked back.

“Anything else?”

“Trent was my subordinate.” The Blithe king was quite angry. The murderer of his former subordinate did not even give him an excuse as to why he was killed.

“So what?” James only had apathy.

“Mind explaining why?”

“I told you, he deserved it. Also, I’m not begging you for an invitation. You can choose not to give me one.”

James left.

A man walked out of the dark after James was out of sight.

“He really doesn’t give a damn about you.” The Blithe king laughed it off, and said, “That’s how he is. He wouldn’t act any different even if Jesus came to Earth. Let this go. Trent deserved his death. You, go deliver an invitation to the Callahans.”

The man felt reluctant and asked, “Sir, you’re letting him go just like this?”

The Blithe King replied, "What else can I do? Kill him? He handed in his resignation letter but it is yet to be approved. Plus, he's a Black Dragon, the general of the Black Dragon Army. Although his time in his post was the shortest, his army is by far the strongest among the other four armies. The higher-ups think greatly of him as well."

"I'll go deliver the invitation." The man did not say anything more. The Blithe King sighed.

"This restructuring has pushed the five regions to the center of the warzone once again."

Originally, the Blithe king was not the one designated by the higher-ups to handle this restructuring. It only happened because the Black Dragon sensed the upcoming storm and smartly applied for his resignation before everything began to unfold.

Outside the Callahan mansion.

A jeep stopped at the entrance, dropping off a few military uniform-clad men. They walked to the front door of the mansion and gave a few knocks. Seeing the soldiers by his door from the surveillance, Lex decided to greet them himself, "Generals, may I help you?"

He was still traumatized by what happened with Trent, so he approached the men with immense caution. One of them handed a delicately prepared envelope to him, announcing, "The invitation to the Blithe King's succession ceremony."

Lex was shaken to his core.

"An invitation?"

"Lex, your grandson-in-law is a good one." The man left after leaving him this compliment

Still stunned, Lex held the invitation in awe.

"What's wrong, grandpa?" Megan came out of the door. Lex finally snapped back to reality.

"The Western Border Patrol... they sent us an invitation."

“What? That’s quick. I told you so, all we need to do is rely on Colson. Look, we have an invitation now and it’s been less than a day! This is all thanks to the Oswalds pulling some strings with the Western Border Patrol.”

Colson came out too, asking, “Megan, what’s the good news?”

“Darling, thank you so much.” Megan gave him a peck on his cheek.

“Your family got us an invitation.”

Colson was astonished beyond words.

‘My family?’ He did tell his father about this, but his father was a cat on hot bricks about getting his owi family an invitation. He sent so many valuable gifts to all those big shots before he could get one for himself. ... but he got the Callahans an invitation?’

Bewildered, Colson still put on a forced smile.

“This isn’t a hard task for the Oswalds.”

“Thank you, Colson. Thank you so much. You’re the best grandson-in-law lever had.” Lex was grinning ear to ear.

He had a few grandsons-in-law, but he knew this had to be Colson’s work since the Oswalds were the most influential out of all of the other families.

“You are a godsend. Come in, I’ll prepare a huge gift for you and your father, as a token of appreciation for doing us an enormous favor.”

