

Chapter 5631

Upon hearing the police officer's response, Morgana's heart sank even deeper.

Both Eddie and Landon had disappeared within the confines of this hospital, and Eddie's assistant was found dead. It was evident that there was an enemy lurking behind these events.

Now, only one body remained out of the three individuals, while the other two seemed to have vanished without a trace. This filled Morgana with a sense of unease.

Realizing that Eddie's assistant had been discovered dead in the morning, while Eddie and Landon had disappeared before dawn, Morgana speculated that if they were indeed attacked, the enemy must have dealt with Eddie and Landon first before killing Eddie's assistant.

She couldn't help but question in her mind, "Why would the enemy not spare Eddie's assistant, who was lying defenseless in a hospital bed? What threat could a patient pose? Could the assistant have witnessed something?"

Contemplating this, she immediately inquired of the police officer, "Is there any evidence to confirm that the victim was murdered?"

The police officer shook his head and replied, "We suspect it was a homicide, but we haven't found any direct evidence yet. Starting today, we will investigate the administration of morphine in various departments of Manhattan Hospital to see if we can uncover any leads."

Morgana pressed further, "How long will this investigation take?"

The police officer pondered for a moment and replied, "Currently, a significant portion of the New York police force is assisting the Rothschild Family in their search for stolen antiques, so progress on this case might be slow. In my personal estimation, it could take two to three months."

"Two to three months?!" Morgana gritted her teeth in frustration and asked, "Do you have the surveillance footage from yesterday to this morning?"

The police officer truthfully responded, "All the surveillance footage was destroyed this morning."

Morgana questioned further, "Can the data be recovered?"

The police officer shook his head and said, "It's impossible. The methods employed by the other party were highly professional. All the storage devices were completely destroyed. After evaluation by experts, it was determined that not even a single byte can be recovered."

Morgana's anger flared.

She had already used her reiki to investigate the entire Manhattan Hospital, but found no trace of any reiki, indicating that the scene had been meticulously cleaned by the perpetrators.

Now, with the surveillance footage completely destroyed and irretrievable, the criminal investigation had hit a dead end.

Suppressing her inner anxiety, she asked the police officer, "Do you have any information regarding Eddie's whereabouts?"

"No," the police officer honestly admitted, "We have tried various methods to contact Eddie, but there has been no news. We suspect he is missing."

Morgana's expression grew even more somber.

She never expected that her long-awaited arrival in New York, in search of the Four Treasures of the Study, would turn out like this. Not only had she failed to find any information about the pavilion, but her two crucial subordinates had also vanished without a trace, leaving behind no clues.

In her frustration, she inquired further, "Eddie went missing early this morning within the confines of this hospital. How did he manage to leave? Surely, you must have some idea?"

"No," the police officer truthfully replied, "All the surveillance footage is gone. To determine his whereabouts, we can only rely on forensic experts

to meticulously search the scene. However, the scene has been tampered with, and not even a complete footprint or fingerprint can be extracted. So, we still don't know how they left."

As Howard Rothschild's trusted confidant, Hank may not possess knowledge of Eastern martial arts, but he is an exceptionally skilled top agent, proficient in handling various traces and clues. Yesterday, Charlie had instructed him to erase all traces, making it difficult for the police and Morgana to make any breakthroughs.

Morgana also felt an overwhelming sense of powerlessness. She thought of the Four Treasures of the Study and asked, "What about that antique dealer named Peter Cole? Wasn't he under your protection? Where is he now?"

The police officer replied, "Peter Cole was released last night without charges, and the police and FBI personnel assigned to protect him were withdrawn overnight. After that, he disappeared."

Morgana's frown deepened as she contemplated, "My two subordinates are missing, and now the antique dealer is also gone. Could it be that the mysterious enemy has set their sights on the treasure as well?!"

"Yes! It must be so! This mysterious individual must have a deep connection with my master. Perhaps they also possess knowledge of the origin and purpose of the Four Treasures of the Study. Could it be that they have struck first?!"

When Morgana pondered this situation, anxiety coursed through her like an ant on a scorching griddle.

Landon and Eddie held important roles in the Warriors Den, yet they paled in comparison to the treasure capable of influencing the world.

The Four Treasures of the Study possessed the power to influence the fate of the Tang Dynasty. If she could obtain it, the Warriors Den's prosperity would surge, potentially doubling her own strength.

More crucially, Morgana recognized that should the Warriors Den's fortunes skyrocket, her personal destiny would surpass all others. In her quest for the secret of immortality and the key to the next five centuries of existence, Morgana hadn't been particularly fortunate. Recently, mysterious adversaries had repeatedly attacked the Warriors Den, subjecting even Morgana to torture. Sleepless nights and lost appetites hinted at her dwindling fortune.

Though Morgana possessed formidable strength, her four centuries of life had transformed her fate into a towering, iron-like tree, fortified by the annual rings of time. It had grown unyieldingly, beyond her power to change.

Even enlisting the services of a Feng Shui master like Orion Exeor would prove futile against such a super-destiny, bolstered by four centuries of history.

Hence, Morgana believed that only a national treasure like the Four Treasures of the Study could resolve her destiny's quandary.

With this resolve firmly planted, her trip to New York had one purpose: to secure the Four Treasures of the Study at all costs. Failure was not an option.

Her determination to obtain the Four Treasures of the Study led her to enlist Eddie and Landon in monitoring the antique dealer. In her estimation, this dealer held the sole clue to locating the Four Treasures of the Study. Once she pried the information from him, its whereabouts would be revealed.

However, at this moment, the Four Treasures of the Study remained elusive. The only antique dealer with any knowledge had vanished hours ago, leaving the trail of the Four Treasures of the Study cold and severed. Incensed, Morgana turned her attention away from the police officer in front of her. It was clear he had nothing more to offer in terms of valuable

clues. Instead, she fixed her icy gaze on another officer and demanded, "Do you have any clues to add to the questions I just asked?"

The police officer shook his head and replied, "I have nothing further to add."

Disappointed, Morgana coldly instructed the two police officers, "Remember, do not disclose anything about our encounter to anyone. If you make any progress or discover any leads, come to the Starbucks across the street from the hospital and find me."

The two police officers, still sporting hollow eyes, nodded respectfully and said, "Understood!"

Without giving them any further attention, Morgana turned and left the hospital.

Aemon was waiting outside the hospital gate and hurriedly approached Morgana, asking in a hushed tone, "Master, why have you come out so soon? Did you find any clues?"

Morgana gloomily shook her head. She felt at a loss as to where to begin, but she couldn't afford to give up. She coldly instructed Aemon, "Inform Sylvester Mirren of the Left Army Governor's Mansion and have him mobilize all the intelligence networks in the United States, regardless of the cost, to search for Eddie, Landon, and the whereabouts of that antique dealer! Whoever finds them will be handsomely rewarded!"

Aemon quickly responded, "Yes, Master. I will inform him!"

Afterwards, Aemon inquired, "Master, should I arrange a hotel for us to stay temporarily?"

Morgana shook her head and pointed to the Starbucks across the street, saying, "Let's go there. I want to have a cup of coffee."

Aemon followed Morgana across the street and into the Starbucks, where they found a seat by the window.

Aemon attentively ordered an iced Americano for Morgana, respectfully placing it in front of her, and said, "Master, General Mirren has already begun taking action."

"Good," Morgana nodded and took the cup of coffee, but instead of drinking it, she gazed out the window of the Starbucks at the Manhattan Hospital building.

Soon, she noticed a police officer rushing out, the same one she had questioned earlier.

Observing the officer heading towards the Starbucks, Morgana's heart filled with hope, thinking, "Could they have found a clue?"

With this thought in mind, Morgana silently recited a mantra, releasing a bit of her reiki. Everyone in the Starbucks came under her control, becoming oblivious to her presence.

Shortly after, the police officer entered the Starbucks and hurriedly approached her. He respectfully said, "We have just confirmed something." Morgana coldly asked, "Tell me!"

The police officer truthfully replied, "A patient reported hearing the sound of a helicopter early this morning above the hospital!"

Morgana furrowed her brow, "Could they have escaped by helicopter?"

With this realization, she immediately instructed Aemon, "Notify Sylvester to thoroughly investigate all the helicopters registered under the Evans family's name and determine if any of them visited Manhattan Hospital early this morning!"

Chapter 5632

The Left Army Governor's Mansion's jurisdiction extended across the vast expanse of the Americas, with a particular focus on the economically thriving North America. The Evans Family, the second most influential family in North America, was no stranger to the Left Army Governor's Mansion. Moreover, with Eddie's long-term undercover mission within the Warriors Den, they possessed extensive knowledge about the Evans Family.

Upon Morgana's request, their attention immediately shifted to the Evans Family's aviation company.

Under the command of Sylvester Mirren, over a thousand scouts from the Left Army Governor's Mansion, who had maintained a silent presence within the United States for several days, were mobilized.

A small group of scouts began searching for clues regarding Eddie and Landon, while the majority infiltrated various locations in New York to investigate the stolen antique from the Rothschild Family.

Simultaneously, scouts closest to the aviation company swiftly arrived at the scene to carry out their investigation.

Scouts were highly skilled reconnaissance soldiers directly under the command of the Warriors Den, serving as a vital source of intelligence. Each scout underwent rigorous training and ingested poison to ensure their unwavering loyalty to the Warriors Den.

Within half an hour, the nearest scout arrived at the Evans Family's aviation company.

Upon arrival, the scout immediately discovered signs of a significant fire that had occurred at the aviation company the previous night, and it appeared that the fire had only recently been extinguished.

After conducting a thorough investigation, it was determined that one of the helicopter hangars had caught fire in the early morning hours, resulting in the destruction of a helicopter. Fortunately, no casualties were found at the scene.

Realizing the unusual nature of the situation, the scout swiftly reported the information to their superior.

Upon receiving the news, the Left Army Governor's Mansion informed Aemon and activated their highly placed undercover agent hidden within the New York State Legislature to gather detailed information about the fire.

After receiving the report, Aemon solemnly informed Morgana, "My Lord, the Left Army Governor's Mansion has been informed that the Evans Family's aviation company in New York caught fire early this morning, resulting in the destruction of a helicopter. Fortunately, no casualties have been reported."

Morgana furrowed her brows and spoke in a stern voice, "Another fire! Twenty years ago, Bruce Wade and Lily Evans also perished in a fire. Even now, I cannot be certain if the two individuals who died in that fire were truly them!"

She continued, her expression darkening, "Bruce Wade set that fire to prevent me from confirming their identities. Now, they are attempting to leave me with no leads! If no one died in this fire, why was it set?"

Aemon nodded and replied seriously, "The fire in the helicopter hangar is undoubtedly not a mere coincidence. It must have been deliberately orchestrated to cover up some crucial clues."

He continued, his expression grave, "In Cyprus, the entire copper mine was destroyed, and if they hadn't been pressed for time, they probably wouldn't have left any trace of Jarvis Delgado's remains. Last time, it was an explosion; this time, it's a fire. It appears that the situation is far from optimistic."

Morgana immediately inquired, "Are there any other leads?"

Aemon responded, "My Lord, General Mirren has already activated the most skilled undercover agents. They will uncover any leads as quickly as possible!"

Morgana nodded lightly and said coldly, "Order all the scouts from the Right Army Governor's Mansion stationed in Europe to swiftly arrive in New York. The scouts from the Central, Front, and Rear Army Governor's Mansions should also be on high alert and reach New York by noon tomorrow! We must conduct a thorough search of New York and uncover any clues related to the people involved and the stolen antique!" Aemon immediately replied, "Understood!"

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The scouts in New York swiftly uncovered some valuable leads. The first clue indicated that the surveillance system of the aviation company had been intentionally shut down the previous night, with the order coming directly from Eddie himself.

Furthermore, the scouts at the aviation company reported that due to the extensive damage caused by the fire, it was challenging to find any significant clues. However, they managed to collect samples from the scene and conducted a quick test using luminol reagent.

Luminol reagent was a common method employed in criminal investigations to detect the presence of blood. It could reveal even the tiniest traces of blood, even if it had been meticulously cleaned.

However, the entire scene had been professionally cleaned by the Rothschild Family, and not a single trace of blood or DNA remained.

Therefore, the scouts found no evidence of anyone's presence at the site of the fire.

Upon receiving this information, Morgana furrowed her brows and asked, "There were truly no casualties at the scene of the fire?"

Aemon replied, "Based on the current investigation, there is indeed no evidence of any personnel being present at the scene. Not even a single singed hair was found."

Morgana firmly stated, "That's impossible. If the fire was intentionally set, it must have been to destroy evidence. Otherwise, why go to such lengths? In a high-stakes game, every move has a purpose!"

She continued, her expression darkening, "Have them investigate further! Find out about the aviation company's employees, who was on duty last night, who they encountered, and if there were any abnormalities. Gather all the information!"

Aemon quickly responded, "Yes, my lord. I will relay the orders!"

Soon, the scouts, following Morgana's instructions, conducted their investigations and reported back with information.

Upon receiving the information, Aemon's expression drastically changed, and he hurriedly reported to Morgana, "My Lord, we have received news! Last night, Eddie personally arranged for a private jet. He requested the aviation company's pilot to fly the helicopter near Manhattan Hospital, where he boarded the helicopter and flew directly to the rooftop of Manhattan Hospital."

Morgana furrowed her brows and asked, "And then?"

Aemon recounted, "Eddie then personally escorted the pilot away, indicating his intention to operate the helicopter himself. The pilot complied without protest and departed, leaving the helicopter in his capable hands."

Curious, Morgana pressed further, "Is there any additional information the pilot might possess?"

Aemon shook his head, responding, "None. Following his departure from the hospital, the pilot hailed a taxi to return home and rest. The police summoned him today to aid in their investigation."

Continuing, Aemon mentioned, "The authorities also interrogated the on-duty hangar employees from early this morning. According to their accounts, before dawn, Eddie had flown the helicopter back to the general aviation company on his own. After parking the helicopter inside the

hangar, he bid farewell to one of the employees. Strangely, shortly after the employee left, the hangar erupted in flames. It was an intense fire that seemed suspiciously deliberate."

Morgana's expression turned grim. "According to this, Eddie and Landon should already be dead. I never expected that the four marshals of the Warriors Den, who have been invincible for decades, would fall one after another in such a short period of time."

She continued, clenching her fist and displaying a fierce expression, "What I find most unacceptable is that I have no information about the person behind their deaths. I don't know their name or the extent of their power. In over three hundred years, apart from being chased into the mountains by the rebel army, I have never found myself in such a powerless situation! It's infuriating!"

Aemon's expression was filled with regret and concern.

The deaths of the four marshals would undoubtedly have a profound impact on the entire Warriors Den. It would raise doubts and concerns among him, the Three Elders, and the Mirren family, who led the Five Military Governor's Offices, about the future.

Once doubt seeped into everyone's minds, the stability that the Warriors Den had maintained for three hundred years would be shattered from within.

At that moment, Aemon received a phone call, and his face immediately turned pale. He hurriedly said to Morgana, "My lord, the Left Army Governor's Mansion has just received a report. Eddie chartered a private jet and flew from New York to China in the early hours of this morning!"

"What?!" Morgana's heart skipped a beat, and she exclaimed, "Is this information reliable?!"

"It is absolutely reliable!" Aemon said with certainty. "The plane was indeed chartered by him, and the flight plan was from New York to Eastcliff. The plane has been in the air for over three hours now!"

Morgana's heart tightened, and she asked, "Do you think Eddie is on that plane?"

Aemon replied, "My lord, I cannot be entirely certain, but the timing of the plane's departure is too coincidental. And the antique dealer has also disappeared. It's not impossible that Eddie first gained control over the antique dealer, acquired the valuable item you sought, and then escaped to China..."

He then reconsidered his own speculation and shook his head. "No, Eddie has always been highly regarded by you, and his parents and siblings are in our custody. He would never dare to betray you. Moreover, he needs to regularly take the antidote. Without it, even if he were to betray you, how long could he survive? In any case, there is no reason for him to betray you!"

Morgana shook her head and said, "The situation has changed. The past three hundred years have been vastly different from today's circumstances. In those three hundred years, I never encountered opponents or anyone capable of neutralizing our poison. But now, we face a formidable adversary, and it's possible that they have discovered an antidote!"

She continued, "Think about it. In Cyprus, the entire copper mine was destroyed, but only Jarvis' remains were found. This indicates that the others were already moved to safety. Otherwise, they could have been eliminated alongside Jarvis in the mine. The assassins and elite guards willingly allowed themselves to be moved. They knew they couldn't survive without the antidote for more than a month. It's highly likely that our enemy has found a way to neutralize our poison!"

Aemon's expression turned serious, and he quickly asked, "My lord, should we attempt to intercept the plane?"

"Intercept it! We must intercept it!" Morgana said without hesitation. "Have our infiltrators within the U.S. intelligence system file an official report with the Department of Homeland Security, stating that someone carrying vital

classified information is on board that plane bound for China. Given the Americans' inclination to err on the side of caution, they will certainly order the plane to return for investigation!"

Aemon instinctively said, "My lord, such a report can be made anonymously. There's no need for our infiltrators to reveal their identities, as it may jeopardize their safety."

"It doesn't matter," Morgana said expressionlessly. "Tell them that this is an excellent opportunity for them to make a name for themselves. After filing the report, they can take their own lives. Once they're dead, not only will their identities remain concealed, but the Americans will be even more convinced that something fishy is going on. Even if they deploy their air force, they will undoubtedly bring that plane back!"

Chapter 5633

The United States Department of Homeland Security received a crucial tip early in the morning that sent shockwaves through their ranks.

An anonymous special agent from the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) had reported to the National Security Agency (NSA) that a private jet had taken off from New York carrying highly classified defense chips, bound for China.

The NSA received similar messages on a daily basis, but most of them turned out to be false alarms or pranks. However, the fact that this tip came from a trusted agent within a sister agency lent it a significant amount of credibility. Colleagues who understood the gravity of their work and the legal responsibilities involved would not joke about such matters.

Just as the NSA was preparing to formulate a plan of action, they received even more shocking news. The DIA agent who had provided the tip had died after falling from a building. Whether it was suicide or murder remained unclear, but given the agent's recent actions, the Department of Homeland Security couldn't shake off the feeling that a major conspiracy was at play.

Without wasting any time, they immediately implemented an emergency plan. First, they ordered the target aircraft to turn back. Second, they couldn't allow the aircraft to return to the bustling metropolis of New York, considering the tragic events of 9/11. Therefore, they identified a small airport in northern Vermont near the US-Canada border and demanded the aircraft to land there. Finally, they deployed agents, police, and military personnel to the airport, ensuring they were fully prepared. The Vermont National Guard dispatched two F35s to escort the target aircraft through Canadian airspace, minimizing the risk of accidents.

As the plane landed, the police and agents took control of the aircraft, apprehending and interrogating all passengers on board. A meticulous inspection of the aircraft was conducted using the most professional methods available.

At that very moment, Eddie's private jet was soaring over Hudson Bay in Canada. Despite flying for over three hours, they had only covered one-fifth of their fifteen-hour journey. The flight route took them over Canada, through the Bering Strait between the United States and Russia, and finally over Japan to reach Eastcliff.

The original route from New York to Eastcliff would have taken them just thirteen hours, but due to conflicts in Eastern Europe, they had to bypass Russian airspace, adding an additional two hours to the journey.

The cost of chartering this long-distance private jet alone exceeded two million dollars, yet the cabin was devoid of passengers other than the crew.

Having activated the autopilot, the crew allowed the plane to glide smoothly at an altitude of 11,000 kilometers. Suddenly, they received a radio communication from ground control, ordering an immediate turn in the Hudson Bay and a return to the United States. They were instructed to land at a small airport in northern Burlington, Vermont.

Burlington City was a mere 60 kilometers away from the US-Canada border, and the small airport in the north was less than 20 kilometers from that border. In recent years, the airport had fallen into disuse by the civil aviation system and was primarily utilized by private flying clubs.

The lack of explanation in the radio communication regarding the sudden change of plans, coupled with the fact that they were being directed to land at an almost abandoned airport, prompted the pilot to seek clarification.

Unfortunately, the air traffic control could only inform them that the order came from the US air traffic control and they were unaware of the details. Reluctantly, the crew complied, fearing arrest for defying air traffic control. The pilot dared not disobey the instructions, and so the plane left a circular contrail in the sky over Hudson Bay and began its journey back to the United States.

Two F35 fighter jets from the Vermont National Guard took off, flying towards Canadian airspace to provide guidance.

Aemon watched as Eddie's leased aircraft completed its turn and flew back to the United States on the flight software. He promptly reported to Morgana, "Master, the plane has returned."

Before he could even finish speaking, he received intelligence from a scout and quickly relayed the message, "Master, we've just received a report from our scout. Two F35 jets from the Vermont National Guard have taken off and are heading north towards Canada. It seems they are monitoring and guiding Eddie's aircraft."

Morgana nodded, her expression cold and determined. "If Eddie and the treasure are truly on that plane, the treasure will undoubtedly fall into the hands of the US military first. The Rothschild family holds deep influence in the United States, and since they suffered the loss, the US military will undoubtedly return the treasure to them."

She continued, "Notify General Mirren to mobilize all our undercover agents hidden within the US Department of Homeland Security. They must track the actions of the National Security Agency, confirm which airport the plane will land at, and determine whether Eddie and the treasure sought by the Rothschild family are on board. Simultaneously, dispatch all available personnel to gather in northern New York. Once we confirm the treasure's presence on the plane, we must take immediate action and retrieve it at any cost!"

Aemon was taken aback, only regaining his composure after a moment. Anxious, he voiced his concerns, "Master, if we directly snatch the treasure from the National Security Agency, won't it lead to an uncontrollable situation..."

He quickly offered an alternative, "I believe that if the treasure is truly on this plane, we can wait until the National Security Agency returns it to the Rothschild family before making our move."

Morgana's expression remained firm as she replied without hesitation, "No! Once we confirm the treasure's presence on this plane, we cannot afford to waste a single moment! If anything changes and I miss this opportunity, it will jeopardize the three-hundred-year foundation of the Warriors Den!

Therefore, we must act while the National Security Agency remains unaware of the treasure's significance. We must seize this opportunity!"

Aemon couldn't understand why Morgana, who was usually cautious, would take such a tremendous risk this time.

Snatching something directly from the National Security Agency in the United States was akin to launching a large-scale terrorist attack. Success

or failure, it would make the Warriors Den the number one enemy of the United States. The severity of the situation might even surpass that of Bin Laden's.

To him, the risk was simply too great.

But Morgana saw things differently.

Having lived for four hundred years, with only one hundred left, she was approaching middle-age. The three-hundred-year foundation of the Warriors Den held immense importance, but nothing surpassed the value of her own life.

Over the years, her pursuit of immortality and the quest to extend her life to a thousand years had been met with repeated failures. The devastating blow she experienced in the Eternal Mountains had left her increasingly anxious and doubtful about achieving her goal. She believed that her desire for prolonged life had become nearly impossible to fulfill.

However, the appearance of the Four Treasures of the Study reignited her hope of living a thousand years. She reminded herself that this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, possibly bestowed upon her by fate. She knew she had to give it her all, for nothing was more important than seizing this chance.

This was possibly her last big stroke of luck in her life and she had to grasp it no matter the cost!

Chapter 5634

Morgana was well-versed in the history of the Four Treasures of the Study, knowing that it had once been a cherished national treasure during the Tang Dynasty, capable of safeguarding the country and its people.

As a practitioner herself, she understood that although the banner had weakened over time, its remaining power could still provide significant assistance to individuals or small groups.

The Rothschild family, who currently possessed the banner, had thrived for centuries without comprehending its reiki, cultivation, or core formation.

This was a testament to the enduring power of the banner.

Therefore, Morgana believed that the survival or destruction of the Warriors Den was inconsequential compared to her quest for longevity.

Would she leave the Warriors Den for future generations of the Mirren family to enjoy if she were to live another hundred years? It would be nothing more than a pipe dream!

And what would be the purpose of the Warriors Den's existence if she were to die in a hundred years? It would be more fulfilling to have them all accompany her in death!

Thus, even if the Warriors Den provoked the United States and faced their retaliation, it held no significance for Morgana.

With her strength, she might not be able to protect the entire Warriors Den, but finding a safe haven to live out the remaining hundred years would be relatively easy.

And if this venture allowed her to obtain the Four Treasures of the Study, her luck would undoubtedly soar, greatly increasing her chances of discovering the secret to longevity.

It might even bring about a significant breakthrough in her cultivation!

As long as she found the opportunity to live for a thousand years, the Warriors Den could be rebuilt even if it were destroyed!

But what if she offended the United States?

In a few decades or a hundred years, all the current high-ranking officials in the United States would be gone, and everything concerning the Warriors Den would be forgotten with the passage of time. Who would remember a Morgana from a hundred years ago?

By then, she could change her appearance and create a new Warriors Den, living for another five hundred years!

Those five hundred years would be a time of immense power and influence, a time of commanding the world!

At that point, the insignificant Warriors Den would no longer deserve her attention!

However, if she hesitated now and caused any mishap with the Four Treasures of the Study, it would undoubtedly become the biggest regret of her life!

With these thoughts in mind, Morgana grew even more resolute. She stood up and said coldly, "We will head north towards the US-Canada border. Once we receive accurate intelligence, we will go to the airport designated by the Department of Homeland Security to investigate!"

Aemon hastily interjected, "My Lord, do you really have to go to the scene yourself? Isn't it too dangerous? In my opinion, let General Mirren's men handle this. There's no need for you to risk your life."

Aemon was Morgana's loyal servant and junior. He understood that her identity was extremely special, carrying the shocking secret of living for four hundred years. Unless absolutely necessary, she should not put herself in harm's way.

Moreover, in his view, Morgana had not personally taken action in the deaths of the three Great marshals. There was no need for her to risk her life for Landon, Eddie, or some unknown treasure.

Morgana no longer concealed her intentions. She looked at Aemon and spoke in a stern and anxious tone, "The lives of Landon and Eddie don't matter. What's important is the antique dealer and the extraordinary

treasure he possesses, which could change the fate of the Warriors Den! If we find it, it might be the greatest opportunity in the society's three-hundred-year history!"

"The reason I am going to the United States is to obtain it!"

"If we can get it, that would be ideal!"

"If we can't, we must find a way to destroy it!"

"If it falls into the hands of that mysterious enemy, it would be the greatest threat to the Warriors Den in its three-hundred-year history!"

At this point, Morgana's countenance grew markedly grim, her teeth gritted as she spoke, "You are well aware that the status of Lily Evans, whether alive or not, has been a constant source of anxiety for me over the years. I've invested two decades of energy and intricate schemes within the Evans family, all in pursuit of an opportunity to compel her to reveal herself. Yet, every endeavor has yielded disappointing results, even inflicting significant losses upon the association."

She continued, her voice laden with concern, "My greatest apprehension is not about anything else but the possibility that Lily remains alive. If that enigmatic figure is indeed connected to her, it would be the worst possible outcome for us."

"In such a scenario, Lily would be the first adversary capable of manipulating the destiny of the Warriors Den, wielding life and death as her instruments."

"And if they manage to acquire that unparalleled treasure this time, the balance of power may tilt irreversibly in her favor."

Aemon's expression turned horrified, and he blurted out, "Master... the peerless treasure you mentioned, can it truly possess such extraordinary power?"

With a resolute tone, Morgana affirmed, "Whoever possesses it can indeed conquer the world."

Following that, Morgana locked her gaze onto Aemon, her voice emanating authority and arrogance as she declared coldly, "Aemon, you need not concern yourself with the fate of the Warriors Den or the other members of the Mirren family. Today, I offer you a profound opportunity. If, one day, I succeed in uncovering the method to concoct the Millenium Return Pill, thereby extending my life for millennia, creating the Eternal Life Pill will be a trivial task. When that day comes, I shall certainly bestow upon you the elixir of immortality, granting you a lifespan of five hundred years."

Pausing briefly, she scrutinized him and added, "The Warriors Den may have faded, but you and I can establish a new one. The other Mirren family members may have perished, but the Mirren lineage still courses through your veins. Five centuries are ample for you to nurture the Mirren family's branches and leaves. In due time, you will become the progenitor of a revitalized Mirren family. If, someday, I achieve a lifespan as boundless as the heavens, the Mirren family shall endure for eternity. Doesn't that sound splendid?"

Aemon felt as though he had been struck by lightning, a numbing sensation coursing from his scalp to his toes.

A lifespan of five hundred years was a dream he had scarcely dared to entertain.

He understood that Morgana's current longevity of five hundred years was the result of Lord Morvel's Elixir of Everlasting Life, an opportunity that seemed impossible for him to attain.

Nonetheless, if Morgana indeed mastered the method to live for a millennium, she would ascend to the same echelon as Lord Morvel. In such a scenario, wouldn't he also possess the capacity she enjoyed? If Lord Morvel could bestow upon her the Eternal Life Pill, she would undoubtedly be able to create the same elixir for herself!

Lord Morvel had granted her five centuries of existence, and now she could do the same for herself!

Confronted with these thoughts, Aemon struggled to contain his emotions, an impulse to prostrate himself before Morgana, pounding his head onto the ground repeatedly, overwhelmed him.

Observing his overwhelming excitement and jubilation, along with his inclination to kneel, Morgana utilized her reiki to support his body, preventing him. Concurrently, she issued a stern command, "Aemon, please remember, I disclose this only to you now, and I will do so with a second individual in the future. You must guard this secret with utmost diligence, divulging nothing to anyone, do you comprehend?"

Aemon's voice quivered with fervor as he earnestly replied, "Master, rest assured, I understand! I pledge to give my all to support you in this endeavor, no matter how hard it may be, I am prepared to lay down my life for it!"

Morgana nodded with satisfaction and conveyed, "Starting today, rectify your perspective. As long as we can attain immortality, their demise shall hold no regret for us. I've trained these individuals; for over three centuries, they have served as mere pawns. When the time comes for them to meet their fate, they shall do so without a word!"

Chapter 5635

The lives of the Warriors Den before Morgana were like a minuscule ant scurrying across the ground, insignificant and unworthy of her attention. More disconcerting was the fact that a significant number of these

individuals were not only direct descendants of the Mirren family but also younger relatives of Morgana herself.

While Aemon had long been indifferent to the fate of those around him, he had yet to reach the level of apathy displayed by Morgana. In this moment, he finally realized the vast difference between himself and Morgana. He could disregard the lives of a few individuals, but Morgana was indifferent to the lives of all.

In Morgana's eyes, the sacrifice of over 100,000 lives from the Warriors Den was inconsequential as long as she could secure another 500 years of life. However, this revelation did not evoke fear in Aemon. The conditions that Morgana offered were too enticing, and he held high expectations for the promising future she promised.

With a determined expression, he spoke to Morgana, his voice filled with gratitude, "Thank you for your guidance. I understand."

Morgana nodded with satisfaction.

At that moment, Aemon received an urgent message, causing excitement to bubble forth from within him. "Your Excellency, we have news! The plane designated by the National Security Agency has landed at a small airport near the US-Canada border. It will take approximately two and a half hours for the plane to return. Their agents and special forces have already assembled at the airport!"

Morgana's voice turned cold as she inquired, "How many individuals are present?"

Aemon responded, "There are around 200 people, give or take."

"Good," Morgana replied, her satisfaction evident. "200 people should not pose a problem. Let us make our way there immediately. Also, ensure that all combat personnel near New York assemble and reach the target airport within two hours."

Aemon quickly exclaimed, "Master, that airport is nearly 250 miles away from our current location. If you intend to reach there within two hours, the

only viable option is to use a helicopter. However, the area is currently under high alert. Mobilizing hundreds or even thousands of people via helicopters poses a significant risk, and it's not feasible to coordinate such a large-scale operation in such a short time..."

Morgana furrowed her brows and inquired, "How long would it take to reach by car?"

Aemon replied, "Driving there would take a minimum of five hours..."

"How frustrating..." Morgana's expression darkened, her brows furrowing in annoyance. She had not anticipated that these 250 miles would become an insurmountable obstacle.

Aemon was correct. Organizing hundreds or even thousands of people to travel by helicopter would be an unrealistic endeavor, especially with the heightened security in the area.

Morgana gritted her teeth, her determination unyielding. "Tell General Mirren to arrange for a helicopter to pick us up from the rooftop of Manhattan Hospital. Select 50 of our finest scouts to rush over and await my orders. If that is not feasible, I will personally seize the situation."

Understanding the urgency of the situation, Aemon nodded briskly.

"Understood, my lord."

Within moments, a roaring helicopter descended upon the rooftop of Manhattan Hospital, whisking Morgana and Aemon away towards the US-Canada border.

The pilot estimated their arrival near the target airport in approximately one hour and forty minutes, bringing a sense of relief to Morgana.

Though they could not dispatch a large number of personnel, she possessed unwavering confidence in her ability to triumph over a group of mere agents and soldiers.

As her ambitions swelled within her, the pilot's radio crackled to life, relaying a message that brought their plans to a grinding halt. "n77dt, this

is the NYPD. You are leaving New York airspace. Please return immediately and proceed to the designated location for inspection."

The pilot was taken aback by the unexpected interruption.

The abbreviation "NYPD" for the New York Police Department and the registration number "n77dt" of the helicopter he was piloting left him perplexed.

It became clear that the police had made contact.

The pilot, a member of the Warriors Den in New York, had remained silent at their base until today. According to the society's regulations, during this period of silence, only the scouts responsible for vigilance were allowed to venture beyond the base or seek external information. The pilot had no knowledge that the Rothschild family had effectively blocked helicopter airspace in New York, permitting only their own helicopters to fly freely.

The pilot's confusion grew as he responded, "NYPD, this is n77dt. I have already received clearance from air traffic control to fly to Burlington. Why do I need to be inspected?"

The response crackled through the radio, "It concerns national security, and we are unable to disclose further details. Please proceed immediately to the designated location for inspection. Once cleared, you will be permitted to continue."

Morgana listened intently to the exchange, her curiosity piqued. Turning to the pilot, she inquired, "What do they mean? Why must we undergo inspection?"

The pilot, equally perplexed, although he did not know that his passenger was the leader of the Warriors Den, he responded courteously, "They mentioned national security, but I am unaware of the specifics."

Morgana pressed further, "What if we refuse to comply?"

The pilot hesitated before answering, "In such a situation, they would likely dispatch police helicopters and potentially call in the National Guard for support..."

As he spoke, a realization dawned upon the pilot. "It's peculiar. I have resided in New York for many years, and the last time air traffic control was this stringent was during 9/11..."

Morgana furrowed her brow, her thoughts racing. "Could it be that news of my arrival in the United States has leaked?"

Just as she pondered this possibility, Aemon glanced at his phone and swiftly relayed the information. "I have just received a message. The Rothschild family, leveraging their influence over the US government, has imposed a blockade on the sea, land, and airspace of New York. Anyone attempting to leave the city must undergo inspection..."

Morgana's frustration reached its peak. The police's desire to search her was all because of the Rothschild family. How could such despicable actions be carried out in the mighty city of New York? Her expression contorted with anger and resentment.

Her journey to New York had unexpectedly been thwarted by the Rothschild family, leaving her feeling like a trapped tiger ensnared by a pack of dogs. The frustration within her burned hotly.

In that moment, the pilot's radio crackled once more, issuing a warning. "n77dt, I repeat, this is the NYPD. You must immediately adjust your heading to 280 degrees and descend to an altitude of 2,200 feet, maintaining a maximum speed of 80 knots. My colleague will guide you for landing and inspection. Failure to comply will result in police helicopters intercepting you, and you will be held accountable for the consequences."

The pilot had no choice but to relay the message to Morgana and Aemon.

"It seems we must submit to inspection now. Refusing to cooperate will only lead to further complications. The NYPD possesses not only police helicopters but also armed helicopters from the New York National Guard. They will pursue us relentlessly."

"This is outrageous! Utterly outrageous!" Morgana seethed with anger.

Throughout her years, she had never encountered such frustration wherever she went.

However, what frustrated her even more was the realization that she could not overpower the police in New York. Engaging in a direct confrontation with them in the sky would only lead to a disastrous outcome.

If she were to provoke a pursuit, it would be impossible for her to reach Burlington within the allotted two hours.

With no other choice, she clenched her teeth and addressed the pilot, her voice filled with determination. "Very well! Time is of the essence. Let us comply with these bastards' demands!"

Chapter 5636

The NYPD utilized an open-air helipad situated in the northwest of New York, at a prominent helicopter aviation company, as a designated inspection site for helicopters.

This aviation company boasted an impressive scale, with ample space in the helipad and hangar to accommodate over a hundred helicopters.

As the largest aviation company in New York, it was a part of the influential Rothschild family's industry. Their fleet consisted of dozens of helicopters of various types, making them a formidable force in the aviation world.

Helicopters were a common sight in the United States, owned by wealthy individuals and businesses alike. The helicopter leasing business flourished, catering to the needs of celebrities, politicians, and affluent individuals who

required temporary helicopter rentals. As a result, aviation companies were ubiquitous.

However, most helicopter owners or business owners possessed only a single aircraft. To avoid the hassle of managing parking, maintenance, and upkeep, they entrusted these responsibilities to aviation companies for streamlined operation and maintenance. When owners didn't require their helicopters, the aviation companies would rent them out to recover costs.

To ensure thorough inspections and prevent any unauthorized departures during the process, the Rothschild family allocated this site to the NYPD. They assigned their own personnel to oversee the operations. Every helicopter leaving New York airspace had to undergo a comprehensive inspection at this location. Once it was confirmed that the helicopter had no connection to the Four Treasures of the Study, the NYPD would grant permission for the helicopter to depart and reach its destination.

To prevent any unscheduled landings, inspected helicopters were required to immediately ascend to an altitude of over 1,000 meters and maintain that altitude throughout the journey until they reached their destination. The entire journey was monitored by air traffic control radar, and anyone who violated these requirements would be escorted by the NYPD for further inspection and investigation.

Therefore, even though Morgana was the Master of the Warriors Den and a seasoned cultivator who had lived for four hundred years, she had to go through this series of procedures to leave New York by helicopter.

Since she disembarked from the plane, Morgana had been plagued by frustration and irritation. Now, she was on the brink of losing control.

As the Master of the Warriors Den, being ordered to land and undergo inspection in the United States felt like a scene straight out of a movie. It was reminiscent of the moment in some old literature when the Chinese collaborator interpreter, who usually enjoyed free meals, was unexpectedly forced to pay for a watermelon!

At this very moment, the collaborator interpreter wasn't just contemplating causing a scene. He was tempted to draw his concealed club and smash all the watermelons on the stall. And perhaps, in a fit of rage, he might even smash the vendor's head, releasing the pent-up anger.

Morgana shared the same sentiment. She felt as though her cultivation, which she had diligently nurtured for over three hundred years, had been nearly depleted within a mere hour or two since disembarking from the plane. It was infuriating.

She couldn't help but curse in her heart, "Damn Rothschild! You've disrupted my mission! I'll make you pay, sooner or later!"

However, Morgana understood the necessity of cooperation. If she were to pull out a gun, the stall owner might not be intimidated. After all, both major and minor players in the underground world were armed, and the dark barrels of guns were already discreetly aimed at the collaborator interpreter's head.

Morgana's emotions mirrored those of the Japanese collaborator interpreter in the story. Even if you enjoyed free meals in the city, what of it? When you approached the watermelon stall, you had to comply and pay up. If they demanded your cooperation, you had to obediently comply.

Morgana seethed with anger and frustration as she gazed at the helicopter she was aboard, adhering to the NYPD's requirements, soaring over the aviation company.

Looking down, she spotted nearly twenty helicopters of various sizes and models parked on the ground. These helicopters were all civilian aircraft undergoing inspections.

Upon witnessing this, Morgana's fury intensified, and she couldn't help but exclaim, "So many helicopters being inspected! When will it be our turn?!"

The pilot responded helplessly, "I'm not sure..."

Morgana felt an overwhelming urge to leap out of the helicopter at that moment and unleash her fury upon everyone below to vent the anger festering in her heart.

Yet, she harbored the knowledge that such a reckless act would plunge her, and everyone involved, into an abyss of eternal destruction.

Her eyes surveyed the scene below, taking in the sight of four NYPD-painted police helicopters positioned at each corner of the apron. Adjacent to these helicopters stood no less than twenty heavily armed SWAT officers.

To compound the peril, Apache helicopters from the New York State National Guard were stationed on either side of the field. These Apaches were armed with Sea Snake 70mm rockets and Hellfire missiles, rivaling the potency of Soviet-made weaponry, and were far superior to conventional anti-cannon defenses.

Adding to this formidable display of firepower were over a dozen fully equipped soldiers positioned alongside the armed helicopters. It was abundantly

clear that attempting to defy cooperation and evade confrontation in this environment would be an act of sheer folly.

With such a formidable array of firepower at their disposal, resistance would be akin to self-inflicted torment, even if they somehow managed to survive the ordeal.

What's more, the New York State National Guard possessed a more extensive arsenal than just these two helicopters. In the event of an emergency, even F35s could swiftly swoop in. Notably, even the Vermont National Guard had completed the transition to F35s, let alone the New York National Guard, which wielded substantial influence within the National Guard ranks.

In addition to F22 and B2 stealth bombers, the National Guard possessed an arsenal that could wreak havoc upon the Warriors Den base. While the command authority rested with the U.S. military, the equipment ownership clearly belonged to the National Guard.

In essence, if the Warriors Den provoked the United States, it wouldn't necessitate U.S. military intervention; any state's National Guard, essentially the militia of that state, could decimate the Warriors Den base.

Just as Morgana grappled with the notion that discretion was the better part of valor, a voice crackled through the radio: "N77DT, please proceed to land on the 14th apron immediately. Police officers on-site will guide your landing. Please be aware that there is no blind spot monitoring system. Throughout the landing process, you must ensure all aircraft windows remain closed, with no exceptions. Once you have landed, nobody is to disembark from the helicopter. You must remain in place for inspection. Upon completion of the inspection without any irregularities, you will be allowed to proceed. This is vital for the

homeland security of the United States of America. Your cooperation is crucial. Any dangerous conduct may prompt the NYPD and the New York State National Guard to consider preemptive action. Thank you for your compliance." Morgana clenched her fists, her resolve wavering, yet her pragmatic instincts prevailed.

The pilot had no alternative but to adhere to the directives and initiate a gradual descent onto the 14th apron.

Even before the helicopter touched down, several heavily armed soldiers were positioned nearby. As soon as the helicopter settled, they promptly sealed all doors and windows with sturdy tape, preventing anyone inside from exploiting the ensuing chaos to discard items or draw weapons.

Witnessing this, Morgana couldn't contain her frustration and demanded, "Why aren't you conducting the inspection? What's the purpose of sealing our doors and windows like this?"

One of the soldiers retorted, "There are still more than ten helicopters ahead in line for inspection. Once you're in the queue, we'll allow you to disembark for inspection."

Morgana's anger flared, and she demanded in frustration, "This is highly unreasonable. My time is extremely valuable. Why must I wait here for a painstaking inspection one by one?"

The soldier deliberately displayed the assault rifle on his chest and responded icily, "This is inextricably tied to the homeland security of the United States of America, and compliance is mandatory for all. Should you have any objections, we can provide a suitable location and grant you a 24-hour period to compose yourself."

Chapter 5637

In that moment, Morgana felt an overwhelming urge to strike out into the air, decapitate the soldier, and charge straight towards Burlington. But reason quickly reined her in.

Given the circumstances, bypassing the soldiers' inspections seemed nearly impossible. While she could potentially create a bloody path to freedom, there was a high chance that dozens of armed helicopters would swarm her, leaving her no choice but to flee for her life. And in doing so, she would lose any opportunity to find the Four Treasures of the Study.

Suddenly, a rumble echoed through the sky.

A large civilian helicopter descended slowly from above, landing at the parking spot behind Morgana.

Several soldiers emerged from the cabin, dividing their tasks. One soldier remained to guard the helicopter Morgana was on, while the others moved to seal off another helicopter using the same procedures.

The soldier outside the cabin spoke into his intercom, "We need more manpower here. The current speed of operation is too slow. It takes an average of three helicopters to arrive by the time we finish inspecting one."

The response crackled through the intercom, "The third squadron has dispatched four Sikorsky helicopters and four Apaches from New York to support you.

They should be arriving in twenty minutes. The Massachusetts National Guard is also on standby, ready to provide support if needed. Take your time with the inspections, as long as those people in the helicopters patiently wait without attempting to escape or evade inspection."

The soldier looked somewhat surprised and hesitated before asking, "Aren't the New York National Guard troops enough? Why do we need support from Massachusetts?"

The intercom replied, "We received reliable intelligence a few minutes ago that someone is trying to steal classified defense information and leave the country. We are forcing the aircraft to return, as it is highly likely that the enemy will mount an armed assault once the plane is back in the United States. Therefore, we need reinforcements to ensure nothing goes wrong."

The soldier then added, "Undoubtedly, the noise levels are considerably high this time. Nonetheless, all of you should strive to endure it. Furthermore, the Rothschild family's technical team has initiated the training of artificial intelligence for detection responsibilities. Once this training is complete, it will significantly enhance efficiency."

The soldier replied helplessly, "I hope they act quickly."

Morgana overheard their conversation word for word. In that moment, she realized that she had inadvertently trapped herself by painting the situation as dire. If she had known that the damn Rothschild family had locked down New York, she would not have made things sound so serious. Now, she couldn't leave New York for the time being, and the enemy was constantly fortifying their defenses. Even with a thousand dead soldiers, breaking through the New York National Guard's defense would be an insurmountable task.

With this realization, she decided to explore other options. While the helicopters in New York were grounded, it didn't mean that helicopters outside the city couldn't fly. She would have the Director-General of the Left Army, General Mirren, arrange helicopters from other locations to wait outside New York. She would escape the restricted area as quickly as possible and then take a helicopter to her destination.

With her mind made up, Morgana immediately used her reiki to control the helicopter pilot and the soldier outside the cabin.

Through the window, she asked the soldier, "Is there any way you can let me leave now?"

The soldier shook his head, "We have strict instructions that all helicopters and individuals arriving here for inspection must undergo a thorough check. At least three soldiers responsible for the inspection must confirm that everything is in order before the helicopter and passengers can leave."

Morgana gritted her teeth and asked, "If I can persuade the soldiers responsible for the inspection to let me go, can I leave?"

"No," the soldier replied. "There are rules against cutting in line. The inspections must be conducted in the order of arrival, with representatives from the NYPD and the Rothschild family, along with our soldiers, surrounding each helicopter and conducting meticulous inspections."

Morgana hadn't anticipated that the situation would be even more troublesome than she imagined. She couldn't help but ask, "Can my helicopter be inspected first, and once it's cleared, can I leave?"

The soldier shook his head once again, "No, there are regulations that strictly prohibit anyone from cutting in line. The helicopters and passengers must be

inspected in the order of arrival. The sequence is monitored by the three parties involved, and the other helicopters in the queue will also be monitoring. It's impossible for anyone to cut in line in any way."

Frustrated, Morgana questioned, "What if I left on foot?"

The soldier shook his head, "Our orders are clear. If anyone disobeys and steps out of the helicopter, we have the authority to shoot them immediately in the name of national security. So if those people really opened the cabin door and made a run for it, they would likely be shot before their feet even touched the ground."

Morgana asked again, "What if you don't say anything? What if others see but don't say anything?"

Morgana's current thoughts revolved around the notion that, at the very least, she could exert control over more individuals, provided she could secure her escape route.

The soldier continued, "Moreover, there are agents of the Rothschild family scattered everywhere, including personnel stationed in nearby high-rise buildings. Even we are unaware of their exact locations, and their operatives maintain a low profile."

These agents maintained constant surveillance over every helicopter's activities, the soldier explained further. "Should anyone attempt to exit the helicopter before they are detected, they will swiftly be under the scrutiny of at least a hundred covert observers."

As the soldier continued, he elaborated on the capabilities of the Rothschild family's newly implemented artificial intelligence technology. "In fact, until yesterday, there might have been a chance for a quiet exit. However, the

Rothschild family deployed their newly developed artificial intelligence, trained at Silicon Valley this morning, for real-time AI monitoring. Their AI system autonomously and intelligently monitors each landing helicopter."

He emphasized the extent of this AI's capabilities. "The moment your helicopter touches down, AI locks onto it automatically. Within milliseconds, it can trace and lock the helicopter's primary outline. If any changes occur in the helicopter's primary outline, AI immediately alerts the Rothschild family, the NYPD, and us simultaneously."

The soldier's words left Morgana bewildered, and she clenched her teeth in frustration as she asked, "Is there no way to bypass this system? What if I convince everyone in line for inspection to disembark simultaneously? Would that disrupt AI's assessment?"

Regrettably, the soldier shook his head and replied, "Our orders dictate that we will shoot anyone who disobeys the order and exits the helicopter. Homeland security is at stake, and we possess the authority to shoot first. If these individuals were to exit the hatch, they might be shot before their feet even touched the ground."

Morgana felt a sinking feeling in her heart. According to the soldier's explanation, if she attempted to use psychological persuasion to coax these individuals into disembarking to cover her own escape, the soldiers would quickly subdue them, leaving her with no protection.

Contemplating the situation, she asked once more, "What if I simply have them open the windows and extend their hands to interfere with AI's judgment? Could that help conceal my departure?"

The soldier shook his head once more, explaining, "Artificial intelligence has prioritization. If over a dozen targets simultaneously raise alarms, it will analyze changes across all of them. If, among these alerts, only one target displays individuals exiting, AI will designate that target as the highest priority and direct everyone to focus on it first."

Morgana was on the brink of despair. She gritted her teeth and exclaimed, "What's wrong with the Rothschild family's thinking? They're just searching for something. Do they need such high-level technology?"

The soldier offered insight, saying, "We don't understand their motives either. They urgently transferred personnel from Silicon Valley last night. It's rumored that these individuals come from a highly regarded AI company, bringing along top engineering teams. As soon as they arrived, they began training their AI model using the existing monitoring equipment. After just a few hours, it was deployed this morning."

Aware of the rapid technological advancements in recent years, Morgana acknowledged that the Warriors Den also maintained its own software development team. However, in her experience, software development and implementation typically constituted lengthy processes, spanning days, if not months. The idea of immediate deployment was unheard of to her.

She questioned the feasibility, "Are you certain that something rushed into operation like this will be effective?"

The soldier confidently asserted, "It's not only effective; it's remarkably efficient! This system boasts 100% accuracy, developed over years. Its computational power is unrivaled globally, and its knowledge base is regularly updated, with the most recent update mere months ago."

Elaborating on the system's capabilities, he continued, "In essence, it's not that they overnightly developed a new monitoring system, but rather, they spent the night instructing AI on how to optimize the utilization of existing monitoring devices for optimal performance."

He compared it to the operation of high-speed 4K cameras, explaining, "These cameras merely need to capture 1,000 images per second here, and AI processes each frame at a near-synchronous speed, analyzing and locking onto the outlines of each helicopter in real-time. With a 1,000 frames per second speed, it can clearly discern bullets exiting barrels, let alone individuals. Nothing can elude it."

Morgana murmured, "Has technology progressed so rapidly in recent years?"

The soldier nodded, revealing, "This AI model has only been online for less than two years."

Morgana nearly choked upon hearing this.

Unbeknownst to Morgana, the reason the Rothschild family had implemented AI surveillance was due to a prior setback at the Cole family's villa. They had been unable to discern who had infiltrated the Cole residence, despite closely monitoring the property.

Hence, they hastily mobilized their AI team overnight to integrate cutting-edge artificial intelligence into their existing monitoring equipment. While the hardware remained unchanged, the software now possessed extraordinary computational power.

She contemplated the situation, convinced that regardless of the equipment's power, it remained reliant on electricity. In her view, without electricity, it would be rendered a useless heap of metal.

Drawing a comparison, she pondered, "Consider satellites in the sky, capable of capturing images as minute as matchboxes on the ground. But what could they accomplish if their batteries were removed?"

She continued her analogy, drawing a parallel to everyday technology, "It's akin to the smartphone in your hand, loaded with 10,000 apps. Yet, once it runs out of power, it's reduced to nothing more than a brick."

Thinking of this, she immediately asked, "What if I were to disrupt the power supply here? Would it render their equipment useless?"

The soldier bluntly replied, "It wouldn't work. It's the same as before. There might have been room for such action before last night, but not today."

Morgana pressed, "Why not?"

The soldier clarified, "The Rothschild family is unaware of recent developments. They've equipped every monitoring point near this location with large emergency power supplies overnight. In case of a power outage, these emergency sources can seamlessly take over, ensuring uninterrupted equipment operation. The battery capacity is substantial, capable of maintaining normal operations for at least 12 hours."

He elaborated further, "Additionally, they transferred at least a dozen diesel generators this morning. Rumor has it there are power generation vehicles as well. If the power is cut off, they can use batteries to provide initial power, then start the diesel generators to recharge the batteries. This ensures equipment continuity. Even if a few devices falter, it has no bearing on the overall situation."

The soldier's revelation left Morgana astounded. She realized the formidable capabilities of artificial intelligence as he continued to explain, "They have

dozens of high-speed cameras, each capable of taking 1,000 photos per second, all equipped with independent power sources. Currently, they are capturing and processing tens of thousands of high-definition images. Even if a few devices malfunction, it won't impact the overall operation."

He sighed and mused, "Artificial intelligence is indeed potent. The Ministry of National Defense was reportedly astonished by their model this morning. They intend to provide the Rothschild family with the Global Hawk drone for testing. They aim to assess if the Global Hawk, capable of staying airborne for forty hours, can continuously capture images of the target area while the AI model processes the data in real-time in the cloud. If successful, this approach could pave the way for future operations. Even a stray dog in the Afghan mountains wouldn't elude AI's detection."

Morgana was left flabbergasted by this revelation. She felt as though countless question marks were whirling around her, her mind ablaze with questions.

While she had limited knowledge of AI, she couldn't deny its sheer potency. AI could process thousands of high-definition images in seconds, a feat far beyond human capabilities.

This moment crystallized for her the stark reality of her four centuries of existence, alongside the elder members of the Warriors Den who had survived for over a hundred years. Despite their longevity, the world still rested in the hands of ordinary individuals with a typical lifespan of seventy or eighty years. The inescapable truth was that science and technology stood as the paramount driving forces in the modern age.

Her thoughts mirrored those of the desperate physicists facing the proton barricades in "The Three-Body Problem." No matter how adept one became in their field, they were helpless against the march of technology.

Morgana remained oblivious to the fact that her current predicament was orchestrated by Charlie. As she grappled with her circumstances, she wondered, "How could my luck be this dismal? I merely came to seek the treasure, a mere statue. Yet, it feels as though the entire United States has mobilized against me!"

Chapter 5638

Since attaining enlightenment, Morgana had never questioned herself as much as she did today.

Everything around her felt like chains, trapping her in a place with no escape.

The suffocating feeling of anger, unable to erupt, left her deeply distressed. And time continued to slip away, second by second.

Meanwhile, Eddie's rented plane was speeding towards the US-Canada border, drawing closer and closer to the target airport.

However, half an hour had passed and there were still nine helicopters ahead of Morgana, waiting for inspection. At this rate, it would take at least another hour for her turn, not to mention the time needed for the inspection. By the time she finished the inspection and received clearance for takeoff, the plane would have already landed.

Thus, Morgana was faced with a choice.

Either allow the members of the Warriors Den, who were rushing to the airport, to forcefully attack and try to seize the Four Treasures of the Study. However, if she wasn't present, relying solely on those scouts, the result would most likely be life-threatening.

Or, she could only wait for the plane to land and see if the US military could locate the Four Treasures of the Study. If they managed to do so, she would then wait for an opportunity to snatch it back from the hands of the Rothschild family.

However, this choice also carried a great deal of uncertainty.

The Rothschild family had combined AI and surveillance this time, greatly enhancing their security capabilities. If they acquired the Four Treasures of the Study, it might not be so simple for her to reclaim it.

...

Just as Morgana was unsure of which path to choose, Keagan Myers had already landed discreetly with the Four Treasures of the Study at a military airport on the outskirts of Eastcliff.

To welcome the return of the Four Treasures of the Study, the area had been completely sealed off. A multitude of armed personnel and top experts were gathered here, along with state-of-the-art modern detection equipment, ensuring a smooth process.

The officials knew the origin and background of the Four Treasures of the Study, and that it was finally returning to the motherland after disappearing for two hundred years, so they took it very seriously.

The plane came to a halt in the hangar, and Keagan Myers descended the stairs, clutching the Four Treasures of the Study. The foremost archaeology experts were already assembled, prepared to conduct a comprehensive inspection and evaluation of the artifact.

Several skilled photographers had been patiently waiting, ready to capture the entire process of the Four Treasures of the Study's return. Once the

handover was complete, the government would utilize this footage to officially announce the news of the relic's return.

The official in charge of the handover personally approached the bottom of the plane's stairs to greet Keagan Myers and remarked, "Mr. Myers, you've put in quite an effort to escort this national treasure back!"

Keagan Myers responded with a solemn expression, "It was no effort at all! Escorting a national treasure is both my duty as a Chinese citizen and a personal honor."

The official nodded approvingly and gestured towards the experts beside him, stating, "Mr. Myers, these are the finest archaeologists in the country. From this point forward, I will be working closely with them to ensure a flawless handover process. Please oversee it with me."

Keagan Myers nodded and affirmed, "No problem, I will complete all the necessary procedures alongside you."

"Excellent!"

The official agreed, then took the Four Treasures of the Study from Keagan Myers's hands and handed it to the leader of the expert group.

Subsequently, the expert group began conducting on-site inspections of the Four Treasures of the Study using the equipment they had prepared.

Keagan Myers expressed his concern, asking, "On behalf of the anonymous patriot who assisted in escorting this national treasure, I would like to inquire when we can announce the news of its return?"

The official replied, "Once we can confirm that the Four Treasures of the Study is indeed from the Tang Dynasty, we can safely determine its authenticity. At that point, we will send the material to the television station, and they will broadcast an urgent news announcement to inform the public."

"Good!" Keagan Myers nodded. "Then I can rest assured."

...

A few minutes later.

Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

After engaging in conversation with Helena for a while, morning had arrived, and Charlie kept a watchful eye on his phone, hoping to receive news about the return of the Four Treasures of the Study.

Before receiving the anticipated news, he received a call from Maria.

Charlie informed Helena, "I'll take this call first."

Helena nodded politely and said softly, "Mr. Wade, take your time. I'll prepare a pot of tea for you."

With that, she gracefully exited the room.

Charlie answered the call and playfully asked, "Miss Clark, why are you calling so early? Is there something you need?"

Maria chuckled and spoke sweetly, "Master, it's already evening here."

Charlie laughed, "I forgot about the time difference."

Maria smiled and said, "Master, I have something important to discuss with you. I hope you're available."

Charlie responded, "I am available, Miss Clark. Please proceed."

Maria said, "I heard that the US National Security Agency is using unconventional methods to force a plane rented by Eddie to return to the United States. It has already begun its journey back. Did you have any involvement in this?"

Charlie was surprised and inquired, "How did you come by such detailed information, Miss Clark? I only knew that the plane had departed, but I was unaware of its forced return."

Maria coyly replied, "Please don't underestimate me, Master. I do have some connections..."

"Yes, yes, of course." Charlie quickly interjected, "Miss Clark, after spending so many years immersed in the world, it's only natural for you to have connections..."

Maria continued, "I didn't call to boast, Master. Keagan informed me that Eastcliff has initiated testing on the Four Treasures of the Study. The results

will be out soon, and I suspect the Rothschild family and Morgana will learn about it shortly."

Charlie speculated, "Morgana must be furious. The trip to the United States has been made in vain."

Maria agreed, "You're absolutely right. Morgana will undoubtedly suffer a significant setback. However, I called to convey some unusual news. After the Young Master educated the Rothschild family, they swiftly combined the most popular artificial intelligence model with high-precision monitoring equipment in the United States. The result is a formidable AI monitoring system. In the future, when dealing with the Rothschild family in the United States, the Young Master should exercise caution."

Curiously, Charlie asked, "What kind of AI surveillance system is it?"

Maria proceeded to provide a detailed account of the surveillance system to Charlie over the phone.

Charlie listened in astonishment. He had heard of this AI model before but hadn't anticipated its significant application. Moreover, its learning ability was astonishingly fast, capable of adapting to requirements in just one night. Truly remarkable.

Maria continued, "This AI model is growing increasingly formidable. Learning and analysis are merely its basic functions. Its advanced feature is the autonomous generation of images and videos. If this advanced function becomes more refined and its overall computational power continues to increase..."

"I believe that as long as you provide it with a script and specify which actors should play which roles, it can utilize its supercomputing power to generate lifelike images. A regular movie has 24 frames per second, and a two-hour film requires only 170,000 frames. With sufficient computational power to generate these frames, and then play them at 24 frames per second, a movie can be created without any actual filming!"

Charlie sighed, "This technology is truly powerful. I hadn't paid much attention to it before."

Afterwards, Charlie inquired, "How many companies currently possess this technology?"

Maria responded, "Many companies claim to have developed a flawless AI model, but the truly advanced and exceptional one is the company controlled by the Rothschild family."

Adding to her statement, Maria remarked, "I called to inform you because I believe this technology has vast future applications and will revolutionize numerous fields. It may not yield significant profits, but it will play a pivotal role in critical areas. If you have the opportunity, you should consider seizing this company from the Rothschild family or persuading them to secretly develop a similar model for you."

Chapter 5639

Charlie had never encountered AI models before, but after hearing Maria's explanation, he couldn't help but feel intrigued.

The true power of AI lay in its ability to possess not only intelligence and logical thinking, but also to tap into the immense computing and storage capabilities of powerful computers, along with access to vast knowledge bases and advanced algorithms.

In the past, if you wanted a computer to calculate the trajectory of a comet, you would need to understand the calculation method yourself, write a software

program in a language that the computer could comprehend, and run it on a supercomputer. Only then could the supercomputer process the data and complete the calculations.

However, with AI models, they had already learned how to calculate the trajectory of comets through continuous learning and updates from human knowledge. They could even calculate the trajectories of mortars, ballistic missiles, intercontinental missiles, and something as simple as the flight path of a badminton shuttlecock.

No longer did you need to teach them in a language that computers could understand step by step. All you had to do was express your desire to know the trajectory of a comet, and as long as the AI model had the relevant data in its knowledge base, it would provide you with the answer directly and effortlessly. Charlie hadn't expected the most advanced AI model to be owned by the Rothschild Family's industry. After Maria's reminder, he felt a strong temptation. It was undeniably one of the cutting-edge technologies in the field of the internet, and if he could understand the Rothschild Family's needs, he might be able to acquire it from them.

With a smile, Charlie said to Maria, "Thank you, Miss Clark, for the reminder. Once the news of the Four Treasures of the Study's return to China is announced, I will observe if the old man from the Rothschild Family is greatly affected. Then, I will have Helena help me promote a Life Saving Pill to him. If that doesn't work, I'll switch to a Rejuvenation Pill. I'm confident that I can obtain this AI model."

He continued, "If I succeed, I will have Helena help set up a shell company in the Nordic region and establish the AI servers there. This way, we can bypass the US ban on sales and avoid their clandestine surveillance."

Maria smiled and said, "Speaking of the Four Treasures of the Study, I haven't had a chance to tell you, but Keagan just called me. He said that the authentication process in Eastcliff has been completed, and the relevant materials have been sent to the television station. It should be broadcasted in about twenty minutes. The Rothschild Family has gone to great lengths in New York to block it, believing that the Four Treasures of the Study must be located there. When the news breaks, both they and Morgana will be devastated."

Charlie pondered and replied, "We still don't know Morgana's current situation, but she must be in a state of confusion. On one hand, she can't determine if Eddie is alive or dead, and on the other hand, she is clueless about the situation with the chartered plane. She also has no idea where the Four Treasures of the Study is."

Maria concurred, "I believe Morgana's immediate priority should be figuring out the situation with the plane. The US National Security Agency made such a fuss about bringing the plane back to the US because they received reliable intelligence that there may be national defense secrets onboard. This is undoubtedly something Morgana instructed, proving that she is desperate to verify the situation with the plane."

Charlie asked her, "Where is the plane expected to land?"

Maria replied, "It is scheduled to land at a small airport near the US-Canada border, approximately 400 kilometers from New York."

"400 kilometers..." Charlie repeated, glancing at the time. "In that case, Morgana probably won't make it to the airport in time unless she takes a helicopter."

"Yes," Maria nodded. "Other means of transportation won't get her there on time."

With a smile, Charlie remarked, "Even a helicopter won't be enough for her. Just going through the inspection process will be a hassle."

He continued, "I reckon she won't have left New York by the time the news is released."

Maria inquired, "Sir, should we delay the news release? Let Morgana go through all the trouble of rushing over there first, and then let her truly experience what it means to be empty-handed."

Charlie sighed, "I've considered that, but I'm uncertain if the timing will be perfect. If the plane arrives early and Morgana hasn't reached the destination yet, then everything will be confirmed as normal, won't it?"

Maria smiled mischievously and said, "The plane will land in a little over an hour, but given the Department of Homeland Security's extensive measures, they will undoubtedly conduct a meticulous inspection of the plane to eliminate any possible abnormalities. I researched it, and the plane Eddie chartered is a Gulfstream G650. It's not large, but it's over thirty meters long. It's impossible to complete the inspection in just a few hours. Taking that into account, Morgana should have enough time to fly from New York."

She added with a sly grin, "If there's any way we can make Morgana clash with the Department of Homeland Security, that would be even better."

Charlie chuckled, "Morgana is much stronger than me. If she truly infiltrates the vicinity of the airport, she will use her reiki to confirm that the Four Treasures of the Study is on that plane before taking any action. Otherwise, she won't act recklessly."

Maria agreed, her smile widening, "You've thought of everything. However, if we can make her travel an extra four hundred kilometers, it will undeniably heighten her frustration."

"You're right," Charlie said with a smirk. "I'll ask Steve from the Rothschild Family for the helicopter imaging data from the inspection site to see if Morgana is among them. If she is, then it will be easy. I'll know exactly when she will be cleared to leave, and when I factor in the time it takes for her to fly over, I can determine the best timing for the news release."

Maria exclaimed happily, "That's fantastic! With you controlling the timing, I'll wait here in Aurous Hill for your news. Once you give the green light, I'll inform Keagan Myers, and the news will be released within a minute or two at the latest!"

She added, a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "I can't help but feel thrilled at the thought of Morgana on the verge of collapse!"

Charlie smiled and remarked, "Once she discovers that the Four Treasures of the Study has returned to China and realizes that Eddie and Landon are likely dead, she will undoubtedly question her entire existence. I doubt she has ever experienced such frustration in her life."

Maria's smile bloomed like a flower as she declared, "After pursuing me for all those years and making me suffer for so long, it's finally her turn to taste the bitterness of frustration!"

She continued, "Sir, I'll patiently await your news here!"

"Very well!" Charlie agreed readily and hung up the phone. He promptly left Helena's room and made his way to the room where Steve and Peter were waiting.

Steve was growing restless.

He had calculated the time it would take for the Four Treasures of the Study to leave the United States and believed that it should have already arrived in China. He couldn't fathom why there was still no news.

He had hoped that bad news would reach New York before the news from China arrived.

Yet he had been waiting and waiting, and there was still no sign of any development. Steve couldn't help but feel a mix of anxiety and frustration.

Coincidentally, Charlie knocked on the door and entered. Steve eagerly approached him and inquired, "Mr. Wade, has the Four Treasures of the Study returned to China? Why hasn't the news been released yet?"

Charlie smiled and reassured him, "Don't worry, these things take time to authenticate properly. After all, it's a significant announcement that needs to be shared with the public. We must ensure that everything is foolproof.

Additionally, although the item has returned to China, some processing of the materials is still required. The news broadcast on the television station also needs to be edited, organized, and reviewed before it can be aired. These things take time."

Steve nodded, his impatience slightly assuaged. "You're right, these things do take time. But when do you think we can expect the news to be confirmed?"

Charlie pondered for a moment before responding, "I estimate it will take another two to three hours."

"Okay." Steve glanced at the time and remarked, "Two to three hours isn't too long..."

At that moment, Charlie asked him, "By the way, Steve, can you help me obtain the relevant imaging data from the helicopter inspection site today?"

Steve nodded, "No problem. It so happens that my younger brother's family is in charge of the helicopter inspection site. I'll reach out to them and acquire the data."

Charlie inquired further, "Is your younger brother knowledgeable about the internet?"

Steve replied, "He doesn't know a thing about it. His son, on the other hand, knows more."

Suddenly, a memory resurfaced, and Steve added, "By the way, his son was your mother's classmate in elementary school. He tried to emulate your mother and invested in several companies in Silicon Valley, but it seems he didn't create any particularly impressive enterprises."

Charlie remarked, "He probably invested in an AI research company. Have you heard of it?"

"No," Steve shook his head. "I'm not interested in these internet concepts. Mark was talking about something called the metaverse a while ago, all excited to come and introduce it to us. It felt like even a child's electronic game was better than that. Later, someone mentioned AI to me, but I couldn't be bothered to learn about it."

Charlie smiled and said, "The AI you couldn't be bothered to learn about nearly took your position as the heir. They have now integrated AI with their surveillance system, which is helping them screen all the helicopters that need to be inspected. It's a highly successful application, opening new possibilities for AI. I believe they will soon combine AI with more traditional fields and achieve even greater results."

With a serious expression, Charlie looked at Steve and said, "Steve, you should thank me. If it weren't for me risking my life to send the Four Treasures of the Study out of New York and back to China, it wouldn't be you who found it, but your nephew. And then, you would no longer be the heir, just the heir's uncle!"

Chapter 5640

After hearing Charlie's earnest words, Steve was taken aback and couldn't help but suppress any doubts in his mind.

He had recently heard about his nephew's investment in an AI company that had made a remarkable breakthrough, becoming a rising star in the internet industry.

However, Steve hadn't paid much attention to it. The Rothschild family was more focused on finance and energy industries, and the volatile internet bubble was not their cup of tea.

But he never expected AI to be so adaptable. In the blink of an eye, it had played a significant role in the search for the Four Treasures of the Study. It

seemed that if the treasure was still in New York, the chances of finding it with the help of AI would be even greater.

With this realization, Steve couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

He thought to himself, he needed to be cunning and resourceful!

Only by being cunning and resourceful could he ensure that his interests wouldn't be taken away by others.

If it weren't for his secret cooperation with Charlie, seeking fame and fortune, he would be completely ruined if the Four Treasures of the Study fell into the hands of others in the family.

With this in mind, he gratefully and fortunately held Charlie's hand, saying, "Mr. Wade... I'm truly fortunate to have you!"

Charlie nodded naturally and replied, "Cooperating with me is the right choice, isn't it? Not only can it eliminate all risks, but it may also expedite your inheritance of the family."

"Of course!" Steve replied without hesitation, then turned to Charlie and said, "Mr. Wade, you mentioned that the Four Treasures of the Study has already arrived in China, so I can finally relax! I'm just waiting for the news to break. At that time, my father will definitely call me back first. I hope everything unfolds as you've said."

Charlie smiled slightly and added, "By the way, there's something I need your help with. I need you to approach your younger brother and obtain all the relevant images of the inspected helicopters, the sooner the better."

Steve couldn't understand. Charlie had already brought back the Four Treasures of the Study to China, and Peter had been safely taken to Canada. He himself was no longer trapped in New York, so why did he still need to keep an eye on the situation there?

However, he didn't dare to ask too many questions. He didn't want to waste time, so he replied, "Mr. Wade, please wait a moment. I'll communicate with them right away."

Although other members of the Rothschild family were also eager to find the Four Treasures of the Study and become the heir, they didn't dare to neglect Steve, the original designated heir, until there was definite progress.

So when Steve requested the relevant image materials, his brother and his family didn't refuse. They immediately had AI organize high-definition pictures and sent them to Steve.

After receiving the materials, Steve quickly handed them over to Charlie. Charlie swiftly located Morgana from the high-definition photos taken by the camera and confirmed the registration number of the plane she was on—N77DT.

At that moment, on the radar of New York's air traffic control, N77DT had not yet taken off.

Charlie estimated that Morgana was still undergoing inspection or waiting for it.

And indeed, Morgana was still waiting for inspection.

As time passed, the pace of the inspection didn't quicken, making her increasingly anxious.

The slow and agonizing wait was the most painful. Every passing second brought her mentality to an unprecedented breaking point.

The scouts sent from the outskirts of New York to the vicinity of the target airport had already arrived one after another. However, they quickly reported back to the Left Military Governor's Mansion that the Department of Homeland Security had deployed a substantial number of personnel and weapons at the target airport. They even drew six Apache helicopters from the National Guard for vigilance, accompanied by F35s. With such firepower, even if all the scouts from the Left Military Governor's Mansion were sent over, they would only face certain death.

Morgana knew that a direct attack was a futile dream. The best course of action now was to quickly determine if the Four Treasures of the Study was

on that plane. If it was, she would use her reiki to closely monitor it and seize the banner when the time was right.

So she instructed Aemon, "Spread the word. The scouts who have arrived must keep a close eye on this airport. Once the target plane lands, record the details of anyone leaving this airport without exception."

Morgana knew that she couldn't rush out before the plane landed. She could only use this method as insurance. If the Four Treasures of the Study was truly on that plane and she didn't find it upon arrival, then everyone leaving the airport would be thoroughly investigated.

The more anxious she became, the slower the inspection process seemed. After waiting in line for an hour, it was finally Morgana's turn for inspection on the helicopter she was on.

Under the soldiers' demands, Morgana, Aemon, and the pilot all stepped out of the helicopter to undergo a body search. Multiple individuals carried professional detection equipment and meticulously inspected the helicopter, including the fuel tank. They used specialized equipment to detect the internal structure, searching for any hidden traces of the Four Treasures of the Study.

After completing all the inspections, the helicopter carrying Morgana was finally given clearance to take off.

The helicopter ascended to the designated altitude as instructed by air traffic control. With Morgana frantically urging them, it sped towards the target airport.

Half an hour later, the pilot of the Gulfstream G650, accompanied by two F35s, nervously prepared to land.

Both of the pilots were in a state of panic. They had been flying civilian aircraft for over ten years, but this was the first time they had been escorted by fighter jets.

The two anxious individuals safely landed the plane on the runway. As the aircraft's speed decreased, two armed helicopters promptly ascended and

maintained a height of approximately ten meters above the plane, adhering to the necessary runway clearance.

At this moment, the Department of Homeland Security found itself confronting a formidable adversary. As the plane returned to the ground, their concern shifted from the potential leakage of national defense secrets to the fear that the plane's pilot might resort to extreme measures. The two pilots were innocent, simply following instructions and carefully parking the plane in the hangar. As soon as the engines shut down, specialized equipment was used to lock the tires, preventing the plane from being smoothly pushed out by the engines even if the pilots had any intentions of escape.

Subsequently, dozens of heavily armed special forces surrounded the plane. The leader, using a radio, addressed the crew, "I represent the Department of Homeland Security. I demand that all personnel on board immediately gather at the cabin door. Once the door is opened, everyone must raise their hands above their heads and disembark from the plane in an orderly fashion. Failure to comply will result in extreme measures."

The crew didn't dare to delay and quickly opened the cabin door. One by one, with their hands raised, they walked down the plane.

Special forces, who had been waiting for this moment, took control of them. Thousands of agents began a meticulous search, while more agents boarded the plane with the help of the ground crew, using professional detection equipment and the airplane's blueprint to identify any unauthorized modifications.

Due to the vague intelligence report, which only mentioned involvement with national defense secrets without specifying further details, the person in charge prepared for a lengthy operation. While interrogating several crew members, he had his subordinates use professional detection equipment to identify any modifications that didn't align with the plane's original factory configuration, with the help of the ground crew.

This process was estimated to take at least three days to complete.

When Morgana finally reached the predetermined location, a mere three kilometers away from the airport, the special agents at the airport had just finished inspecting the cockpit.

As soon as Morgana arrived, she had Aemon inquire if any scouts had seen anyone or any vehicles leaving the small airport. The response she received was negative.

Morgana felt an immediate sense of relief.

If no one had left the airport, it meant that as long as the Four Treasures of the Study was on that plane, it must still be within the airport's vicinity.

She unleashed more than half of her reiki, spreading it to every corner of the airport, in search of any movements related to the mystical artifact.

Little did Morgana know that as soon as the helicopter she was on landed, Charlie was already aware.

He immediately sent a message to Maria, stating, "You can commence the broadcast now!"