

Ex-Wife 1671

Chapter 1671

Elijah tried a few times, but failed to pass through it. When he looked down, he saw a cliff with a huge gap, and it almost gave him a heart attack. "Ah, I... | can't do it. | can't!" Elijah grabbed his chest, feeling dizzy. He couldn't hold on even if he wanted to.

"Just wait here if you can't do it. I'll go up and take a look. | won't be long," Stefan said briefly, then bent over and passed through the hole. It was hard for him to pass through that hole because he was tall. If he was careless, or if he slipped, he might fall off the cliff. Luckily, he was strong and agile, and entered the village smoothly.

Neil also entered the village skillfully. Elijah had tried several times but failed, so he just waited at the entrance of the village helplessly.

After entering the village, Stefan found that Neil was right-one could only move around through the cliffs. There was a palm-sized path that went up to the top of the mountain where only a few houses could be seen.

"How amazing!" Stefan remarked in awe as he climbed up, sweating and taking deep breaths.

"It really is. My ancestors all lived here, and it's said that they're descended from a dragon and a girl in the mountains. All the villagers are rumoured to be related to the dragons by blood. Plus, dragons love living in large mountains because they're more comfortable in high and secluded places." Neil enthusiastically explained the legend of Dragos to Stefan. "Look at the mountain- it's actually shaped like a dragon. This place is the head of the dragon, those two hills make up the body of the dragons, and the back hill is the tail of the dragon."

Stefan looked at the place where Neil was pointing, and it filled him with melancholy. "I really hope it's not a rumour, and I'll have the chance to meet a dragon." At that moment, he really believed that he could find a dragon and get the so-called dragon's Saliva. If it were someone else, they would just see it as a story.

Neil found Stefan rather crazy, and didn't want him to be disappointed." Umm... Mr. Hunt, to be honest, it's very difficult to actually see a dragon.

None of the villagers have ever seen a real dragon..." "If dragons aren't real, why do you all have the willpower to live in such an inaccessible and dangerous place? | believe that... rumors aren't groundless." Stefan seemed to be motivating himself, and he became energetic again as he continued climbing up the mountain.

Neil followed Stefan closely, moved by his strong willpower. "Regardless, ask me anything you want. I'll tell you if | know."

The mountain path was far. The village seemed right in front of them, but it was extraordinarily difficult to get there, and night was about to fall.

Stefan was exhausted. His head was heavy and throbbing, and as his vision started to blur, he slipped and rolled down the cliff.

"Be careful!" Neil quickly grabbed Stefan, and tried his best to pull him up." Mr. Hunt, hold... hold on. I'll pull you up now!" There was a bottomless valley beneath Stefan, and if he fell, he would be dead.

Chapter 1672

Gravel rolled down the cliff, and Neil's body started slipping down the cliff. Just as he thought all hope was lost, a light shone ahead, and a few villagers with torches rushed over. "Great! Someone's coming!" Neil shouted for help in the direction of the light. "Help! Save us!"

When the villagers heard his cries for help, they quickly ran over. "Ah, it's Neil! It's Neil!" When the villagers saw Neil and Stefan, they went over to help pull Stefan up.

"Whew, how dangerous! If we fell, it would be over for US." Neil lay on the ground, taking deep breaths. He glanced at the bottomless cliff anxiously, realizing just how close he had been to death.

"Thank you." Stefan dusted himself off. In comparison with the frightened Neil, he looked a lot calmer. It was as if he hadn't almost died. "I'll remember your kindness today and repay you with a big reward one day." "Don't say that. I'm your guide-I'm responsible for your safety. It's what I should do." Neil spoke politely, full of respect and admiration for Stefan. Although Stefan hadn't revealed his identity to Neil, Neil could tell he was someone extraordinary. Besides, it was rare to see such a capable man come to such a dangerous place for his wife; it was touching and admirable.

The nearby villagers listened to their conversation. They held up their torches, surrounding Neil and Stefan.

"Neil, don't you know it's prohibited to bring outsiders into the village? Your father-in-law is the head of the village, and as his son-in-law, you should be an example. Hurry up and drive him off!" An old man with a white beard dressed in a white and blue traditional costume ordered Neil solemnly.

"Mr. Abdon, this friend of mine is a good man. He came to our village to save his wife. He doesn't harbor ill intentions, so I hope everyone can make an exception for him. He'll leave after he finds what he needs." Neil boldly tried to beg for Easton Abdon's mercy. He knew that outsiders were prohibited from entering their village, and though he didn't want to be Stefan's guide at first, Stefan had offered him a lot of money, and he was also moved by Stefan's love for his wife. At first, he had thought of sneaking into and out of the village when it was dark, but unexpectedly, an accident had happened and blocked them on the way up the mountain.

"Hmph, he's here for the dragon's saliva too, isn't he?" Easton had met many people who came to the village in search of the dragon's saliva every year. Some people wanted to use it for research while others wanted to use it to treat illnesses and save people. Some were just curious, but they all met the same miserable end. None of them succeeded, and it wasn't because of the villagers-it was their ancestors and the mountain deity who became displeased and ended their lives.

"Sir, may I ask, do you know where the dragon's saliva is?"

Stefan's eyes brightened and he eagerly asked, "Can you take me there to get some? My wife has been poisoned, and I need it to save her. If you can take me there to get some, I'll satisfy any request you and the villagers have."

"We're doing fine as we are. We don't need an outsider like you trying to poke your nose into things." Easton glared at Stefan fiercely. "The dragon's saliva is a treasure belonging to my tribe, so how can we just give some of it to an outsider? If you keep this up, you'll be punished by our tribe's laws. For your information, my tribe doesn't belong to any administrative region, so we don't have to take responsibility if we want to hack you into pieces." Easton wasn't just saying that to scare Stefan-Dragos was a small society with a long history, and they had their own rules unbound by any laws. They were similar to the ancient cannibal tribes of Zambawi. Stefan had entered the village on his own initiative, which had infuriated the villagers. Hence, he was at their mercy.

"I know that my request is very rude to you all, but I really need this. Please grant my wish!" Stefan was not afraid of Easton's warning. He kept his head bowed and begged Easton again.

"Hey, do you understand what I'm saying? I'm telling you that the thing you want is the treasure of my tribe. We can't just hand over something like that to an outsider. Are you here to ruin my tribe?" 2

"Bad! Bad! Bad!" The villagers flared up in a rage. They raised their torches and shouted in their ethnic language, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Seeing that, Neil immediately stood between the villagers and Stefan, and humbly tried to mediate the conflict. "Don't be mad, everyone. Please calm down. My friend doesn't know about our tribe laws, and just wants to save his wife. I'll take him away now." Neil tried to pacify the villagers and stared

at Stefan pointedly. "See? I told you-Dragos prohibits outsiders from coming in. Let's go."

"No, I don't want to!" Stefan stubbornly stood where he was as if he was ready to give up his life. "I won't leave this village until I get the dragon's saliva."

"You've definitely got guts," Neil groaned, holding his head in regret. He wouldn't have taken such a risk for the money if he'd

known Stefan would be this stubborn. His good looks and pampered aura were certainly deceiving. The villagers wanted to kill him, but he insisted on staying. Neil stood on tiptoe and whispered into Stefan's ear, "Just come with me now, I'll come up with other ways to get you there. If we don't leave now, they'll kill you and sacrifice you to our ancestors according to the tribe law."

The highest punishment the tribe had for intruders was to sacrifice them to the dragon ancestors. Neil remembered an intruder who entered the village when he was six years old. The intruder failed to steal the dragon's saliva, and the head of the village caught him and pushed him into the large pot on the sacrificial altar to cook him.

If Stefan kept this up, he might end up in the same way.

"Okay, I'll go with you." Stefan was rational enough to agree with Neil's arrangement.

Easton waved his hand, gesturing for the villagers to put their torches down. Then, he said to Neil, "You're the son-in-law of the head of the village -you also bear the responsibility of protecting our tribe. | hope you'll be prudent. If not, we'll punish you in the name of justice."

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"Mr. Abdon, don't worry-I'm also a villager of Dragos. | want our village to be safe, | was just a little impulsive today. I'm sorry..." Neil bowed to the villagers politely, then turned and said to Stefan, "Let's go, man. | told you this wouldn't work."

"Okay, | understand." Stefan nodded. The both of them turned around and walked out of the village as the villagers watched.

Stefan stopped when the torches were almost out of sight and asked Neil seriously, "This show has gone on long enough. Can we go back now?"

"It isn't a show. | really do want to take you out of the village." Neil gave Stefan an awkward look and fished out the bank card with the large sum of money that he had accepted. "I'll return the money to you. | don't want you to get hurt by the villagers."

"Excuse me?" Stefan frowned, his expression turning icy. He felt like Neil had fooled him. He wouldn't have left if Neil had told him that from the beginning. On the contrary, he would have tried to persuade that elder to help him. But now, Neil wanted to leave, and it put Stefan in a dilemma.

"Mr. Hunt, don't blame me for breaking my word. You saw it too-the villagers don't welcome outsiders. If anyone even dares to dream of taking the dragon's saliva, they'll be sacrificed to our ancestors. We've already alerted them today, so I think they'll increase their security for the next few days. You won't get it," Neil explained helplessly. If they had not alerted the villagers, they could have snuck into the village. They might have even had a chance when the guards changed their shifts, but now, it seemed like the only option was to be sacrificed to the ancestors.

"I don't want to be sacrificed, and I don't want you to be either. Your wife is waiting for you at home, so..." Neil looked at Stefan and sighed. "You'd better give up. See if there's any other herb to replace this."

"Over my dead body!" Stefan was firm. "I never give up. If I retreat because of my fear now, my wife will be dead. I have no choice-I have to get the dragon's saliva."

"Ugh... I want to help, but I really can't be your guide any more." Neil swallowed and turned away guiltily. He was about to return to his village. "Hurry down the mountains since it's still early, it's dangerous here at night. There are all kinds of beasts around."

Stefan was reluctant to force Neil since he had decided to leave. "I won't force you if you don't want to stay. After all, this is too risky for you. I'm doing this for my wife, but you don't have to risk your life with me."

"Thank you for understanding. I just got married and don't have a child yet. I don't want to be cooked; I don't care if you call me a coward." Neil bowed at Stefan, grateful that he didn't force him. He felt that he had wronged Stefan. If he had a right to speak, he could have helped to beg for mercy on Stefan's behalf. Unfortunately, he was merely a live-in son-in-law, so nobody took his words seriously.

"I can go up the mountain on my own." Stefan looked up at the dark mountains. He had made up his mind long ago-he wouldn't turn around until he got the dragon's saliva regardless of how dangerous this journey was.

Chapter 1675 "What? You... Are you still going up the mountains?" Neil's eyes widened, and he said in awe, "You're fearless!"

"I've made myself very clear." Stefan twisted the towel around his head that was drenched in sweat, and after taking a deep breath, he was about to set off again.

Neil watched as Stefan walked away, feeling guilty. "Hey, wait!" Stefan stopped and turned around. "What's wrong?"

"I don't want to be your guide, but I can give you a map." Neil took out a notebook and drew something on a page, then tore it off and gave it to Stefan.

"The terrains in Dragos are very complicated. This is a rough map of the village, and I'm guessing the dragon's saliva you want is in the memorial chamber. However, that place is at the highest point of the mountain, and it's also in the most complex cave. Our legends say that the ancestral dragon met his beloved woman there, and that was also where they built their family. That's how Dragos came along."

"Really?" Stefan was overjoyed and accepted Neil's map excitedly. "So you know that the dragon's saliva is in the village's memorial chamber! Why didn't you tell me? I thought I'd have to search for it. This is great! It means I can get the dragon's saliva once I find the memorial chamber!"

"Don't get too excited. It's a memorial chamber, so it won't be easy to enter. Its location is very dangerous, and villagers guard it every day.

"They'll catch you before you can even get close to it." Neil was not trying to frighten Stefan-it was the truth. Trespassers had been caught there many times.

"I understand, but I'm not afraid." Stefan clutched the map tightly. "You're considerate. I'll thank you later."

The night was getting darker. Stefan bade Neil goodbye halfway up the mountain, then walked along another mountain path in the direction of the memorial chamber. He walked so fast that the eight-hour journey was shortened to only four hours.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when he reached the top. He never rested as he hiked up the mountain all night. It was a horrible night— he could hear animals crying out, and there were even ghostly wails echoing in the valley. It was very frightening, but thankfully, Stefan arrived at his destination safe and sound.

In the dim light, he could see mist engulfing the forests. It was hard to see, but it also made it easier to hide. He hid behind a giant boulder and looked at the entrance of the cave ahead of him. Six people were guarding it, and Stefan guessed that it was the memorial chamber with the dragon's saliva mentioned by Neil. He stood there quietly, waiting for a chance to sneak into the memorial chamber.

Suddenly, a crow cawed loudly from the mountains.

"It's the crow's call-time to change shifts." A tall man in a traditional costume walked to the entrance of the memorial chamber and informed the six people who were guarding the place.

Chapter 1676

Stefan hid behind a rock, waiting for them to change shifts. He knew the security would be the weakest at that time. He'd heard from Neil that their guards had a ritual—they would perform a Dragon Dance, their ethnic dance, when they wanted to change shifts.

Soon, the six guards at the cave and the other six guards who were taking over started dancing, and Stefan took that opportunity to sneak into the cave through a side door.

The cave was small but deep, and there was only one lamp in the dark cave. It was a karst cave with unique stalactites that were shaped like the 12 zodiac animals-pig, dog, chicken, goat, tiger, and so on.

"I'm sure there must be a dragon here since it's one of the twelve zodiacs." Stefan eagerly walked into the deepest part of the cave. He could hear the sound of running water from time to time, and it sounded like the cry of a dragon.

The deepest part of the cave was the highest part of it, and there was a stalactite there more than ten meters high. It was shaped like a dragon, and it was poised over a stone pillar. The dragon was gold in colour, and its scales, beard, and claws looked like it belonged to the dragons of fairy tales. It looked like a flying dragon that had been cursed into stone-it was amazing.

Stefan stood beneath the dragon and stared up at it, awestruck. Was this the dragon he had been searching for? If it was, where was the dragon saliva? He looked around, and suddenly spotted a bronze-like cauldron at the highest spot in the cave, just below the dragon's head. That cauldron was palm-sized, and was being held in the dragon's claws. It looked like the dragon was drinking from it, and Stefan figured it was probably housing the dragon's saliva. He couldn't dwell on it too much because time was running out, so he rolled up his sleeves and trousers before climbing up the dragon. The dragon's body was long and spiraled upwards, and the climb was steep and slippery.

Stefan felt that he was pretty good at climbing, but he slipped and fell countless times; it was exhausting. After a while, he finally reached the upper body of the dragon. He reached out and took the cauldron, and saw a clear liquid in it. He didn't have time to think about where it came from, and just held the cauldron to himself, preparing to climb down.

Suddenly, he heard Neil's voice a few meters beneath him. "Oh, my god! Man, you've got some guts!" Neil fell to his knees, holding his head anxiously. "I thought you were joking, but you actually did it! The villagers are going to kill you for being disrespectful, I know they will!"

Neil had given Stefan the map of the village because of their agreement, and he also genuinely wanted to help Stefan. He knew the mountain paths were dangerous and the security outside the cave was strict, so he felt Stefan would give up and go back. However, Neil was still worried about him, so he told the guards at the memorial chamber that he wanted to pay respect to the ancestors then went to check it out.

Chapter 1677

Unexpectedly, Stefan had successfully snuck into the memorial chamber, and he'd even climbed onto the dragon's neck and taken the dragon's saliva, which was the clan's treasure. Neil was shocked, and felt like he was about to pass out.

"Neil, you came just in time! Help me take this." Stefan held the cauldron with one hand and clung to the dragon's body with the other. The climb down wouldn't be easy, and he was also afraid of spilling the liquid in the cauldron, so he was relieved to see Neil.

"No, I don't want to." Neil looked up at Stefan and squatted there arrogantly. "I can't do such a thing to betray my clan. They'll kill me if they find me out."

"I know you'll help me." Stefan handed the cauldron to Neil. "If not, you wouldn't have given me the map or risked coming here. I'm begging you- please take good care of this cauldron and give it to my assistant. My wife's life depends on it." Stefan seemed to have realized that he wouldn't be able to escape, and knew he could depend on the kind and trustworthy Neil to hand the cauldron to Elijah.

As expected, Neil's heart softened. "Ah, you're a stubborn man. I'm unlucky to have met a client like you..." He sighed and accepted the cauldron. "Whatever. You've got to pay me the tour guide fee; I won't work for free."

"Don't worry, I won't let you work for nothing." Stefan solemnly handed the cauldron to Neil, then carefully descended the dragon's body. However, when he was seven or eight meters above the ground, he heard footsteps. He turned to Neil and said urgently, "Someone's coming. Hurry up and hide! n

"What." "You have to get the dragon's saliva out of here... Please!"

Neil wanted to say something, but had no choice but to quickly hide in a corner.

A group of men in traditional clothes rushed in, carrying machetes. When they saw Stefan, their faces flushed with anger and they swung their machetes threateningly.

"How dare you climb atop our dragon ancestor! Kill him! We must kill him!"

"Yes, kill him! Kill him!" Everyone shouted and surrounded Stefan. The memorial chamber was the most sacred place of the clan, and the dragon statue in it was worshipped by all the villagers in Dragos. It symbolized the prosperity and safety of the clan... but Stefan was riding it.

It was unforgivable!

Chapter 1678 A day had passed, and the atmosphere in Everheart Manor was tense. Everyone in the manor looked solemn.

"Today is the last day. Where's Stefan?" Owen looked up at the calendar on the wall in the living room, and a worried sigh escaped him.

"It's hard to tell." Quinton clenched his fists, then scoffed, "I've always said that he's just an incapable pretty boy. Don't count on him-we have to come up with something else."

Owen hung his head in regret. "If I hadn't told him about the four herbs, he wouldn't have risked his life searching for them, and things wouldn't have ended up like this. We didn't get the herb, and now he's missing."

"It's too late to say that now!" Xavier slammed his fist on the table and snarled, "What kind of a doctor are you? Are you trying to save lives or end them? Stefan wanted to dig people's eyes out because of your words, and now, thanks to you, we don't even know if he's alive!" He stood up and grabbed Owen's collar fiercely. "Tell US the truth-who the hell are you? Did that scumbag Jovan send you here to trick Stefan?"

Xavier was the most worried about Stefan's safety in the manor. He hadn't known about the herbs; if he did, he would never have let Stefan take such a risk. Even fools could tell that those herbs didn't exist, but Stefan was out there risking his life to get them as fast as he could. It was courting death, and he couldn't believe that everyone else had agreed to it. Did they even care about Stefan's safety? "Yeah, Renee's life is important, but isn't Stefan's too? Do you have to exchange his life for hers? This is just like before-you wanted to take Shirley's eyes and give them to Renee. Do you think that's right? All of you are wicked!"

Xavier then turned to Quinton and pointed at him accusingly. "I know what you're planning-you've been fighting Stefan for so many years, and

somehow happened to appear right when he went looking for that lousy pearl. I'm sure you must have conspired with this quack to harm Stefan!"

Quinton had always been short-tempered, and he didn't like Xavier accusing him. He snapped, "Don't talk nonsense! If | wanted to fight Stefan, I'd do it openly. Why would | go to the trouble to do all this?"

"Openly? Hmph" Xavier still held a grudge against Quinton for harming Stefan back then, and didn't hesitate to bring it up. "To be honest, you're the cause of all this. You nearly killed Stefan, but he begged someone to save you... | don't know how you can show your face here. If | were you, | would have killed myself!"

Chapter 1679

Quinton staggered back in shock. "How... could you..." "What?" Xavier demanded stubbornly. "We aren't related, so | can say what | want! Don't think that I'll feel sorry for you-you're just an outcast, and if it wasn't for Stefan, | would have dealt with you ages ago!" "That's enough!" Leia had been keeping silent, but she couldn't take it anymore. She got to her feet and pushed Xavier away. "You're upset because your first love has suffered-we get it.. Just stop taking out your frustrations on innocent people! Yes, others might not know about the conflict between Quinton and Stefan, but as Stefan's friend, you should know better. There's no right or wrong between them-just defeat or victory. If Quinton was still harboring a grudge against Stefan, don't you think he would have let him die when he saw him drowning in the Southern Sea?"

Xavier looked at Leia, and calmed down a little. "| don't know about that, but | would never forgive someone who blinded and nearly killed me." "But Stefan wasn't a nice man either back then. He snatched away another man's woman and ruined that man's face. He even killed that man and took his property, so | don't think it's wrong of Quinton to want to take revenge. However, he's now let go of his hatred and made peace with Stefan, which is great." Leia was Renee's bestie, so she knew the affairs of the Everheart family well. At first, she had felt that Quinton was cruel and extreme, but after learning about his past, she understood why he had behaved that way. "Quinton was very handsome, but Stefan ruined his face. He was such a strong man, but he had to wear a mask and keep a low profile. He had been waiting for a chance to make a counterattack. Have you ever thought of what he'd been through all those years?" "Hmph! You think he's handsome?" Xavier's face twisted in jealousy, and he sneered, "No wonder you're defending this pervert-you've got a crush on him! Seems you can't tell right from wrong anymore." Xavier had been at everyone's throats because he was worried about Stefan, but his mood had worsened when he saw how close Leia and Quinton were. Leia always addressed Quinton

intimately, which annoyed Xavier. He also recalled that their previous argument and strained relationship were because of Quinton, and all of this had made Xavier find Quinton an eyesore.

"Are you out of your mind, Xavier? Is that really all you think about?" Leia planted her hands on her waist angrily.

"Explain why you're so forgiving towards this scumbag then! A normal person would have stayed away from such a person, but you're close to him and address him intimately. Are you that blinded by love?"

Chapter 1680 "I'm not, but you are!" Leia snapped furiously. "You're wrong-I'm the smart one who calls out lovestruck fools!" Xavier sneered.

Both Owen and Quinton automatically took a step back and watched their fight. Honestly, it looked like a lovers' quarrel... and it was rather sweet.

At that moment, a servant hurried into the room. "They're back! They're home!"

"They're back?" Both Leia and Xavier immediately stopped arguing, then childishly rushed to the door, each trying to outrun each other.

"I knew Stefan could do it! He could even find a mythical item... What a guy! "As Stefan's first fan, Xavier easily outran Leia and was the first to reach the door to welcome them.

However, to his confusion, only Elijah and a stranger were walking towards them slowly.

"Mr. Stuart!" When Elijah saw Xavier, his eyes glistened with unshed tears. He looked exhausted, and anyone looking at him could tell that things had not gone smoothly for them.

"Where's Stefan? I don't... see him." Xavier looked around anxiously, his stomach sinking. He turned to the stranger beside Elijah suspiciously.

"This is Neil, our guide when we went to Dragos. It was because of him that we got the dragon's saliva," Elijah introduced Neil to Xavier calmly.

"Hello, everyone. The dragon's saliva is with me; Mr. Hunt urged me to give it to you all..." Neil had never been to a huge city like Beach City, and looked overwhelmed and timid. He was holding the box that contained the dragon's saliva tightly, knowing it could decide the fate of his clan and save Renee. Neil sighed, then said firmly, "Hear me out-the dragon's saliva determines my clan's prosperity and future. I can only give you a bit, and then I'll take the rest back to my village."

"I don't care about that-I want to know where Stefan is! Why didn't he come back with you?" Xavier had no interest in the dragon's saliva. All he cared about was Stefan.

"Mr. Hunt, he..." Neil's grip on the box tightened, and he looked reluctant to speak.

Elijah walked into the manor and said seriously, "We don't have the time to argue. We've got to get the dragon's saliva to Dr. Wagner so he can come up with an antidote for Ms. Everheart. If not... Mr. Hunt's efforts would be in vain."

"His... efforts?" Xavier had a growing feeling that something was wrong. He grabbed Elijah's collar and demanded urgently, "What the hell happened to Stefan?"