



Chapter 443 Thrilling

Terry, who was sitting beside Maximilian, grabbed at the safety belt with his pale face. He almost puked, as Maximilian was driving so fast.

“Boss, you’re driving so fast that we might get there in 10 minutes! Slow it down. If there is an accident, the brake won’t work.” Terry said with his voice broken. He had never expected that he would be at the edge of crying on car.

Maximilian said coldly, “It’ll be fine. I’m just racing with the Bugatti. He provoked me and I shall teach him a lesson.”

“But the Bugatti’s engine is 8t, which enables it to run at the speed of 400 km per hour. The engine of this Mercedes is only 4t and the weight is several times heavier than the Bugatti, let alone the





wind resistance.”

Terry was fond of cars, so he knew well of the Bugatti’s parameter.

Even if the weight, wind resistance and other things were excluded, Bugatti’s performance was at least double than this Mercedes according to the engines.

If weight and wind resistance were included, the gap was even larger. If the Bugatti was an adult, then the Mercedes was just a kid.

Maximilian raised his eyebrows and said with confidence, “It depends on the driver. The Bugatti cannot be fully activated by that driver.”

Terry was taken aback for a moment and had to admit that it was true. However, neither of them were experienced racing-drivers. Terry believed the driver with better vehicle





was more likely to win.

Terry didn't believe that the best racing-driver can surpass a Bugatti with a Mercedes, unless the Bugatti driver was a rookie.

"Safety is of paramount importance. We don't have to be angry with him. It's not good for us driving." Terry said implicitly.

Maximilian smiled and ignored Terry's words. Then he pressed hard on the pedal. The Mercedes accelerated again, which shocked Terry.

The whole body of the car started shaking because of the high speed. Since the car was not designed for circumstances like this and the imbalance of pressure inside and outside the car, it seemed it was about to disintegrate.

"B...boss. The car is shaking.





Perhaps we should slow it down. I suppose the speed is over 300km per hour now and the engine might be overdriven.”

Terry shouted as he clutched tightly on the handle over his head, and even closed his eyes because he didn't dare to look outside.

“I can't. Boss, please slow down. I beg you!”

“Keep your eyes closed until the car stopped.”



He changed the gears as he said so, and then the engine shook harder.

The potential of the Mercedes was fully exploited by Maximilian. In a blink of the eye, he caught up with the Bugatti.

Frightened, Canaan looked at the Mercedes beside him and wondered if





he was having an illusion. How could a clumsy off-road vehicle be so fast?

He bit the tip of his toe then he looked out. Indeed, the Mercedes were on a parallel with the Bugatti. Moreover, the Mercedes was still accelerating, which meant his Bugatti would soon be surpassed.

“Damn it! I don’t even know how fast the Mercedes is. Is this vehicle really modified?”

Canaan was convinced that the Mercedes was modified; otherwise, it could never be so fast! But even if a Mercedes is modified for speed, it should not be faster than a Bugatti. It’s not for racing. How could it run 350 km per hour?

Gritting his teeth, he pressed hard on the pedal, which made the Bugatti even faster.





360, 370, 380!

The needle of meter was already on the top. It was the first time Canaan drove the Bugatti at full speed.

Although once a foreign racer could drive it at the speed over 400km per hour, Canaan thought he could not do it. Canaan believed that 380 was his limit, even if he tried his best, best on his driving skills.

He let out a sigh as he gripped firmly on the steering wheel and stared at the road before him, in case there would be any accident. He had to be very careful when turning the steering wheel under such a high speed. If he made a mistake, he would lose control of the vehicle.

“Damn it! Calm down. I have to win. 380 is definitely faster.” He murmured, feeling confident that he would win.





However, he suddenly realized that they didn't even agree that this was a contest; let alone the destination and rules.

While he was taken aback, the booming of the engine snatched him back to reality.

Canaan took a glance at the rearview mirror and felt worried when seeing the Mercedes chasing after him.

"What the hell is this?" Canaan even wondered if he was hallucinating because he could hardly believe that someone could surpass him when he was driving at a speed of 380.

"Canaan, how's the situation. We can't see the Mercedes' rear lights anymore." One driver asked via the walkie-talkie.

Canaan said angrily, "I'm driving at 380 and just got him off!"



“Wow, that’s impressive. 380? It’s incredible!”

“I know Canaan can do this. I don’t believe that Mercedes can surpass him at this speed.”

“Canaan, you can slow down to force the Mercedes to stop, so we can teach him a good lesson. He should know this when he surpassed us!”

Canaan blushed and wanted to say that the Mercedes was about to surpass him!

As the Mercedes approached, Canaan looked at the road in front of him and found a gigantic turn that was less than a mile from him.

It was impossible for him to pass the turn at such a speed. Even the best driver must slow down. Anyone drive who could make the turn at the speed over 100 could be considered



experienced.

“Damn, I have to slow down!”





Chapter 444 Lost 8 Million Dollars

To make the turn successfully, Canaan slowed down. But then in an instant, the Mercedes surpassed his Bugatti like a gale.

A vicious smile appeared on the corner of his mouth. "Go to hell then. You will crash at such a high speed!"

"Canaan, what did you just say? What's the situation now?" Someone asked via the walkie-talkie.

"The distance between me and the turn is less than 700 meters and I have to slow down to pass it. If that Mercedes driver keep his speed, I believe we will see a car crash soon." Canaan said with a smile.

There was a dead silence, and then Canaan heard them gasp.





“He must be a stupid drunkard; otherwise, he would slow down.”

“Come on, guys! Let’s see how that idiot ends. If there is a fire, we can put it out by peeing on it.”

“Yes, if his car crashes, the oil tank will explode. We should put it out!”

The rich drivers then drove at full speed. Canaan slowed to 200 and he saw the rear lights of the Mercedes.

But then he saw it entered the turn with its headlight making a peculiar cure under the dim light. Then it passed the turn.

Canaan wondered if he was hallucinating because he had never seen anyone do it.

One with such skills could definitely be the best car racer in the world and win all the championships.





“Damn, am I driving a fake Bugatti? Tell me this isn’t a dream.” Canaan shouted insanely.

“Canaan, what’s wrong? This isn’t a dream. We are all aware of it.”

“How could this be a dream? The girl you like is waiting for you at the end. Later, you can bring her home.”

“Damn, Canaan, is there anything that makes you dispirited?”

Canaan nodded his head like a robot. “The Mercedes made the turn at full speed. He didn’t slow down at all and the Vehicle is at perfect control!” He sounded absent.

The moment he finished speaking, his pupils shrunk in panic as he saw the approaching guardrail.

“Damn! I forgot to turn the wheel. It seems I’m about to die!”





Canaan shouted inwardly while turning the steering wheel with his hands.

Although he had slowed to 200, the sudden turn of the steering wheel made his vehicle out of control. Then the Bugatti crashed towards the rail while spinning like a top.

Bang! After a string of crashes, the Bugatti became a pile of wasted iron. And Canaan, who was covered in the airbag, fainted.

Later, a dozen of racing cars stopped nearby. The rich drivers worked hard to open the Bugatti's door and dragged Canaan out.

"He still got breath and pulse. But his Bugatti... It's worth 8 million dollars."

"At least he's alive. I wonder who that driver is. He can drive that Mercedes as fast as Canaan's Bugatti. I





assume he's a professional racer with a F1 license."

"Stop talking and try to wake him up and send him to hospital. If he bleeds to death, we will all be affected."

One of the drivers pinched Canaan's philtrum, and then Canaan opened his eyes.

Confused, Canaan looked around and then he remembered what happened. "Am I alright? How are my legs?"

"Your limbs are fine and you look alright. Bugatti's safety is true to their reputation."

"Then I'm relieved. Help me get into the car. We have to find the Mercedes Driver!" Canaan said with determination.

The drivers traded glances and agreed. They didn't want to lose to





someone they didn't know.

“Canaan, I'll help you get into my car. If you don't feel comfortable, just tell me. That driver can't get away. We will chase after him.

Then he helped Canaan get into his car. Then other racing cars began heading towards the Mercedes.

Terry's face was white as snow when the Mercedes stopped in front of a mansion. He was soaked in sweat as if he had been swimming in the river.

“Jesus, you really scared the crap out of me. It's even more horrifying than a horror movie. My heart almost jumped out of my throat when you made that turn.”

Terry accused Maximilian while feeling scared, especially when he saw the Bugatti crashed on the street via the rearview mirror.





Maximilian put on a light smile, padding on Terry's shoulder. "You are a mogul. You should try to be brave."

"I'm not a coward. But it's just so horrifying even for a mogul."

While Terry was still whining, the door opened and a stout man looked through the gap vigilantly.

"Someone opened the door. Let's follow him." Maximilian said with his eyes narrowed.

Terry wiped the sweat on his head and got out of the car. When he set his feet on the ground, he felt his legs wobbly and almost fell on the ground.

Maximilian got off the car and walked over to Terry to help with his walking.

"Terry, slow down. I told you it's not wise to come here when you are so





drunk. Look at you now. It's disrespectful if you go to Luke like this." Maximilian murmured to Terry as if he was Terry's follower.

Terry put on a bitter smile as Maximilian helped him go to the gate.

"It's Luke's command. If we were late, we would not be able to meet him, so I drove as fast as possible."

A stout man opened the gate and smiled, "I'm impressed. You made it in 20 minutes. It seems that you were not far from us?"

"No at all. We were 70 km away. We would not have made it here if it weren't for this lad. I almost threw up on the way here."

Then Terry walked to a wall and pretended he was going to puke. He sounded painful.





The stout man who intended to question Terry cast him a glance and said with impatience, "Clean yourself up now. You don't want to see him when you are like this."





Chapter 445 Keep Low-profile

The stout man waved his hands to tell Terry and Maximilian to enter the mansion. Since Terry's puke drew his attention, the stout man didn't take a close look at Maximilian.

Since Lambert had arrived, the stout man feared nothing. He believed that Terry wouldn't be a threat, so he didn't even make a body-search.

Feeling nervous, Terry walked into the yard while gritting his teeth. It was dangerous to do anything provoking. He had to pick a side, which had long been Maximilian.

Luke was sitting on a chair, looking at Lambert with a glass of wine in his hand. Lambert was wearing a double-breasted jacket. His face was fair and he seemed to be a well-educated man





instead of a fierce fighter. One might even believe he was a scholar.

Standing behind him was a dozen of muscular men wearing double-breasted sparring jackets. They seemed quite vicious.

Uncle Powell chattered with them after he lied down on the chair, enduring the pain on his leg.

“Luke, Lambert has always been trustworthy. There’s no doubt that he will accomplish his task once he gets paid. Please rest assured. With him and his followers, we will be invincible in City H.”

Lambert put on a mild smile and waved his hands, “Brother, I am flattered. It’s essential to be decent, and we martial artists never accept ill-gotten gains. We took the money to eliminate threats for you.”





“And I’m afraid the last sentence you said is not true. There will always be someone better. It’s commonly known, so I always keep it low-key, which is the reason why I’m still alive.”

Lambert implicitly bragged about him. But Luke found he learned a lot from his speech.

Luke had been bossy to others these years, yet he found Lambert’s way was much better than his. He finally believed that Lambert was no ordinary man.

“I couldn’t agree more. The key is to keep a low profile. You teach me a lot today. It seems that I should be less aggressive from now on.” Luke said smilingly.

The stout man led Terry and Maximilian to Luke. Then he whispered in his master’s ears, “Terry is here.”

Luke cast a glimpse at Terry and





Maximilian, who kept his head low. Then there was a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. Now all he was thinking was how to keep a low profile.

Frowning, Uncle Powell adjusted his posture, but he still felt uncomfortable. He thought he'd better lie on his stomach, but then he thought it was inappropriate.

His pain made him ignore Terry and Maximilian. Since Lambert was nearby, he didn't even need to care about Luke's safety. He believed that Lambert could eliminate any danger with ease.

Lambert threw a glance at the two and found their footing quite unstable, then he deemed Terry and Maximilian weak, and looked away.

"Luke, I'm Terry. I came here to talk about the cooperation." Terry braced himself to speak while cupping his





hands.

“Cooperation? Of course. First, tell me how you want to cooperate.” Luke said casually while thinking about how to keep a low profile in a better way.

He was deeply humiliated at the banquet, so he was determined to rebuild his reputation; otherwise, he might not even have the courage to go out.

Terry froze and found the situation embarrassing, because he believed that Luke should be the one to propose it.

How could Luke ask him to start the conversation? Could it be that he had seen it through? But if so, the guards would raise their guns at them.

Or, Luke was just playing a game with them? In that case, he thought his reputation would be damned.





Terry was so deeply in thought that he forgot to answer Luke's question.

Maximilian nudged Terry and whispered, "Focus."

Then Terry resumed his senses and said with tremendous respect, "It's totally up to you, because you know how to deal with big business."

"There are not many differences between mine and yours. You must have some ideas since you came all this way. Tell me, and we shall discuss it."



Maximilian was a little surprised by Luke's mild tone. He wondered if this man was the real Luke. How could an extremely arrogant man suddenly become so gentle? Or he was just scared?

Staring at Luke blankly, Terry hesitated and forced himself to speak,





“Here’s what I thought. I plan to buy goods from you and we can scale up gradually.”

“Of course, it will be nice for you if I can pay after. In that case, I can assure you that your family will hold most of the share in the province.”

Luke nodded, “Nice try, but it is an bold idea.”

“You flattered me. But it’s all up to you.” Terry said while taking a bow.



“And you sounded proud of it? Pay me after? How bold of you to even think about it? I have never done business like that, not even with foreigners. It’s impossible.” Luke suddenly turned glum.

Terry was stunned, as he had never expected this man to be so grumpy.

“But it’s just a thought. I never say





you must do it. Please understand this!”
Terry said with a sad face.

“You should not mention the cooperation if you don’t have what it takes. Do you think I am open to all businessmen?”

Then he looked at Lambert, “How about let your man have a try first, so I can see how powerful they are.”

“Of course. Brandt, take these two men down. Let Luke see how powerful we are, so he will be confident about our mission tomorrow.

A stout man came forward as Lambert said so.

He grinned and said, “Boss, I will not fail you. I can knock them down on the ground with just two strikes.”





Chapter 446 Follow the Plan

Brandt walked toward Terry with his body swaying. The later was scared to tremble in his shoes.

Terry said in panic, "Luke, what do you want to do? You shouldn't treat me like this. Let's be friend even if the business fails."

"No one will be friendly. You are called here as a trial horse. If you are able to defeat Brandt, I will start with you on credit. But if you lose, I will bury you alive." Luke's face was fierce. The anger buried in his heart was released.

He had already imagined that if Terry was Maximilian, how he could teach him a better lesson. He should abuse Maximilian in front of the two beautiful women and that he would fuck Maximilian's wife in front of him when





he was dying, and let the guy see how happy his wife would be.

Due to Luke's unfriendliness, Terry turned to Maximilian for help with his eyes conveying the message, "What should I do?"

"He wants to fight with you. So it's reasonable for you to come and fight. If you can't win, then you just surrender," Maximilian said indifferently

Terry fell into pieces and crouched behind Maximilian with his hands crossing over his head before Brandt started to beat him. Terry said with his eyes closed, "Maximilian, help me. I am not going to stand his punches."

Brandt stopped and looked at Terry in confusion. He said with his fists wagging, "What's wrong with you? I haven't started yet. You respond me too proactively."





Terry said with a mournful face, "I can't be inactive, because I don't want to be beaten. Please release me like a fart."

"Um, how could you be a boss with no courage? It's ridiculous. Hey, you, come here and fight with me. The time I shake my fist, you just pretend to be brought down by me. Then I will give you a chance and never beat you to death with one move." Brandt said with a smile. He made a backward gesture with his hands and said, "Look carefully. You must jump back and fall down, so my posture will look cool. Those deceiving Tai Chi masters make videos in this way. I would like to enjoy the trick once."

Maximilian smiled and nodded. He said cooperatively, "Ok, I would give you what you want and make sure you will have the best experience."





“Great. Come on, I will beat you to death by one fist.” said Brandt innocently with his fists posed, full of strength. His fist seemed to break through the air and made some noise.

“Ready? Go!” Brandt yelled and twisted his waist to strengthen his fist, which seemed to beat someone to death by one fist.

Uncle Powell nodded slightly and said, “Lambert, this follower is good. He has learned to use the explosive power of his whole body. If he continued to advance the skill and use short-term power, he will have a brighter future.”

“Ah, Brandt is my half student. I have planned to teach him so that he can address problems for me.” Lambert was pleased with Brandt because Brandt was the smartest among his followers.

Luke didn't understand what the two





were talking about. The fist of Brandt was powerful and fast in Luke's eyes. However, by listening to their conversation, he guessed that Brandt was skillful.

"What do you think the fist of Brandt will do to that gay?" Luke asked with curiosity.

"It's easy to beat his brain to bleed. If Brandt doesn't withdraw his strength, the guy doesn't avoid the fist, his brain may be smashed," said Lambert with complacency.

Luke nodded with excitement, staring at the Brandt's fist.

When Brandt's fist was half a meter away, Maximilian moved suddenly. Maximilian raised his right hand and then moved his body. At the same time, his right fist went out like a bullet. Although Maximilian's fist went out





after Brandt's, the former hit his opponent first. Brandt flew back and fell on the ground with the pose he asked Maximilian to complete.

Bump! Brandt hit the floor and dust splashed. Then he opened his mouth to spat a mouthful of blood like a fountain.

Maximilian withdrew his fist and said coldly, "I have followed what you said, including a perfect falling back, cool pose and the most important thing: leave you alive."

Brandt raised his head slowly and stared at Maximilian angrily. When he was about to speak, another mouthful of blood spat out.

"I said you were to be beaten."

"Well, I'm sorry. You haven't made it clear. I thought you want to be beaten. Or should we have another try?" Maximilian laughed.





Brandt's head lolled sideways and he blacked out.

Withdrawing his hands from his head, Terry raised his head slowly to look at Maximilian's back, thinking that the back was firm and strong.

Luke went blank for a moment and said with his eyes fixing on Brandt who was in a coma, "Is it what you have said? I think there is something wrong."

Uncle Powell's face went black and thought in his mind, "Not something is wrong. But everything is wrong! It was completely unexpected."

Lambert squinted at Maximilian with his right hand grasping the handle of the chair. The handle was squashed into pieces. He said, "What the fuck! How dare you hurt my follower? What's your name?"

Raising his head and tossing his hair,





Maximilian said with smile, “Maximilian, it will never change.”

“How could you be Maximilian?”

Uncle Powell was sacred and was about to escape. But he forgot that his leg was hurt. Then he lost his balance and did a back flip with his chair and eventually fell onto the ground.

Luke was so scared that he stood up immediately and then stepped backwards and yelled, “Go, go! All of you come here to protect me. Kill the man Maximilian.”

Then a bunch of followers with their hands in plaster casts showed up. They held up their hands stiffly like zombies, surrounding around Luke.

“Luke, take it easy. We will ensure your safety.”

“Maximilian was over there. Luke, let’s withdraw. We will help you do it.”



“Well, we have new reinforcement. Let them catch Maximilian first. Don’t let Maximilian get away.”

Luke’s followers were in panic and shouting. They didn’t know what to do.

Luke covered his face and was ashamed. He even wanted to bury his shameful followers alive.

He shouted, “Shut up! Lambert, that man is Maximilian. You have received my money, so you should do your job. Go and catch him. Teach him a lesson.”



Chapter 447 Give Me a Chance

The sturdy men standing behind Lambert rolled up their sleeves and stared at Maximilian angrily. In their eyes, Maximilian was an enemy who should be eliminated.

Lambert stared at Maximilian and said coldly, "You are pretty good at pretending. You even played the trick on me."

"Ah, I didn't play any trick. Do not talk nonsense. Come on! Let me teach you what's modesty." Maximilian crooked his finger at Lambert and showed his scorn.

Irritated by Maximilian, Lambert waved his right hand and said, "My followers are enough to tackle you. There is no need for me to fight with you. Young men should stay respectful





to the elder. Come on.”

The sturdy men in black Kung Fu jacket rushed to Maximilian, screaming like fierce tigers.

Uncle Powell supported his waist with hand and stood on his feet. Then he ran to Luke in a hurry and said, “Luke, don’t stand here and watch the fight. If you want to watch it, please find somewhere safer. My heart is pounding. I am extremely worried.”

“What do you mean? Will Lambert lose?” said Luke spitefully.

“I don’t know whether Lambert will lose or not. I think we should have a plan B. Please go to the backyard. If Lambert loses, it will be easier for you to escape through the back door and drive the car away.”

Luke thought for a moment and glanced at the four unhurt guards. He





said, "Bring your gun and ask your four followers to the back yard with me. The rest can stay here to defend Maximilian if he wins."

His followers nodded their heads, waved their broken arms and seemed ready to sacrifice their lives to protect Luke. Uncle Powell walked jerkily and unevenly behind Luke to the backyard. He watched the fight in the front yard through a long corridor.

Over a dozen fighters surrounded Maximilian. Terry had already hidden in the corner of the yard, watching the fight in the same posture.

Maximilian was like a ghost appearing in front of the sturdy men. When they wanted to wave their fists toward Maximilian, they would miss his body and hit his shadow.

"Be careful. He has a unique





footwork and incredible speed.”

“I cannot even catch the corner of his clothes. All stay still. We should force him into a corner and then hit him together.”

The sturdy men shouted and wanted to restrict Maximilian’s movement. Or if Maximilian continued his fighting like this, there would be a big trouble.

“You cannot force me into a corner.” said Maximilian. After he finished his words, bunches of fives appeared in the air. The men were scared, but it was too late for them to avoid these fives due to their slower speed.

With a series of flaps, from the first man flying away to the last man, Maximilian completed in less than three seconds. Within such a short period of time, Maximilian accomplished a dozen punches and beat these men to the





ground. The men flew back in the same posture and the scene was like a fairy threw out flowers.

Falling onto the ground, the men felt their internal organs were overturned. Then blood spat out from their mouths.

With eyes rolling, Lambert re-evaluated Maximilian, thinking that Maximilian was equal with him in terms of fighting capacity. It was unbelievable that Maximilian was so good at such a young age. What the hell he had been eating to grow up like this? Lambert was worried about Maximilian's capability, and was curious about the identity of his teacher. It was said that a great teacher nurtured a brilliant student. So Maximilian's teacher must be a famous master in martial arts. Lambert was not willing to offend such a figure. Seeing that Maximilian was walking toward him, Lambert waved his





hand and said, "Wait for a minute. I have some words, I don't know if I should say."

"If you don't know, then do not say. It's just like when I am about to fuck you after taking off my pants, you tell me you want to poop and fart. It's so inappropriate."

Maximilian's words made Lambert speechless. So Lambert asked him in another way, "Whose student are you? Haven't your teacher taught you any rules?"

"Rules are not taught by teacher but by fighting. Stop your nonsense. I have no teacher. You don't need to worry that there is someone behind me. I never find anyone else after I was beaten." After finishing his words, Maximilian swung his fist and used one-inch punch to hit the heart of Lambert fiercely.





Lambert's eyelids twisted wildly. He crossed his arms over his chest to avoid Maximilian's fist and wanted to know how capable Maximilian was.

Bam! Maximilian hit the arms of Lambert. The later felt a huge force coming like a flood to push him into the air. He was just like a canoe in a flood.

How powerful he was!

Lambert flew back, feeling an intense pain in his arm. His right arm may be fractured. The fight hadn't started officially. However, Lambert had been hurt badly, which made him realize that Maximilian was more capable than him. He had lost his will to fight against him and didn't want to fight with Maximilian anymore. However, his followers had all been beaten by Maximilian. He couldn't escape alone. He was in a dilemma.





“Mr. Lee, could we stop for a moment? There isn’t any hatred between us. We should have a talk.” Lambert said shamelessly.

Luke’s followers were looking at Lambert amazingly. They didn’t think that Lambert boosted by Uncle Powell could be so shameless. It was apparent that he wanted to give in.

“What do you mean, Lambert? Are you going to surrender? You have received our boss’s money. If you don’t continue to fight with Maximilian, we will fight with you.”

“Do whatever you should do. Luke’s money is not easy to take. As long as you take the money, you should complete the task.”

There was bitterness in Lambert’s heart. He regretted accepting the business. It’s possible that he would





lose his life in the fight, which was destructive.

“Shut up! Luke has already run away, not to mention me. Moreover, I only took the down payment. Now, I decide to stop our cooperation and give up the rest of the payment.” After finishing his words, Lambert put the right hand over his left and bowed slightly to Maximilian. He said with a smile, “Maximilian, there is no hatred between us. It’s me who make a wrong choice. I apologize to you. Please give me a chance.”

