



## Chapter 523 Listen to You

Flora slightly stuck out her tongue, then pulled Maximilian's sleeve and shook it gently.

"Honey, we are just worried about you. Besides, we came out only after the gunfire stopped. I know you are brave and you could definitely win them."

Maximilian stared at Flora, "If you are not obedient, don't blame me for not taking you out next time."

"Yeah, I'll be obedient from now on." Flora turned into a cutie, rubbing Maximilian's arm with her charming face.

Canaan thought that Flora's whining skill was so powerful. If he were also good at this, maybe...





"No, I am a man, how can I act like her to my master! I should not have such thoughts! Always remember that I am a true man of iron!"

Canaan shook his head vigorously, trying to get rid of the unrealistic idea out of his mind.

Maximilian grabbed Thompson and walked out. Canaan and Flora followed Maximilian to the Mercedes-Benz.

"Canaan, you drive. Flora, sit on the passenger seat." Maximilian ordered, opened the door of the back seat, and tucked Thompson in.

Thompson was pathetic, looking at Maximilian with trepidation, "You, didn't you say you would let me go? Where are you taking me to?"

"I did say I would let you go, but I didn't say letting you go now."  
Maximilian said lightly. "Fuck...!"



As Thompson cursed, Maximilian slapped him hard on his cheek. Blood flowed from Thompson's mouth, and Thompson realized that he had become his prisoner.

"You, you are a liar! You should let me go now."

"Connor's son is still in your hand. Even if I let you go now, Connor would not let you go anyway. Think about it for yourself. If you really want me to let you go now, I could." Thompson trembled, and then stopped the unrealistic thoughts in his mind.

He was just a prisoner, and should be aware of the current status clearly.

Thompson closed his eyes and leaned back to the seat in silence.

Canaan started the car and drove out of the maintenance warehouse, "Master, where are we going now?"





Maximilian scratched his head, and wandered where Thompson should be locked up.

"Go to the downtown first."

"Okay."

The Mercedes Benz drove out of the airport and headed for the downtown.

The airport manager rushed to the back of the maintenance warehouse with the security guards.

Looking at the corpses all over the place, especially when the corpses were all foreigners, the airport manager felt unwell.

"What happened?" The airport manager felt that his head was going to explode. This was definitely a big incident!

Connor was smoking a cigarette, and said calmly, "It's what you saw. Call





Chief Carr and let him deal with it."

"Me? You let me call him?" The legs of the airport manager were shaking. "Then should it be me? You are the airport manager. Has the maintenance department found anything?"

The airport manager took out his phone with a bitter face and said dully, "The maintenance department has checked it before. It is a maintenance guy named Jimmy who drove the maintenance truck to the jet for maintenance."

"Give me more details of the guy."

"Hey." The airport manager agreed twice, and then asked the maintenance supervisor to pass the information of the maintenance guy named Jimmy to Connor.

Connor took the cell phone and looked at the maintenance guy's





information. The information of Jimmy was simple. Since graduating from vocational school, he had been working at the airport.

"This is Jimmy. Who is his close friend?" Connor frowned and asked.

Seeing no questions from the information, Connor could only try to ask.

Connor understood that Maximilian did not let him simply deal with the corpses of these people, but to track down the missing maintenance guy.

The maintenance supervisor scratched his head, "Jimmy is rather introverted. He doesn't have a close relationship with anyone. He likes to act alone. Even if it is maintenance job, he likes to do it alone."

"Many people in our department are quite lazy. Sometimes the work that





should be done by many people was left to Jimmy, but Jimmy worked hard and did not complain. He just dealt with it all by himself."

"We thought he was a weirdo, but seeing that he was so hard-working, no one blamed him. We just leave him alone to do the work."

Connor rubbed his cheeks. Such people who liked to act alone were often unusual.

"Where does he live?"

"He lived in a village not far from the airport. He rented a private house. We originally offered him a single apartment, but it was a room for three people. Jimmy felt that there were too many people, so he moved to the village and lived by himself."

Connor raised his brows and said to the maintenance supervisor, "Take me





to his residence in the village."

The maintenance supervisor looked embarrassed, "I don't know exactly where he lives. I only know he lives in that village."

"Hurry up and ask if anyone knows." Connor said dissatisfiedly. "Ok, I will ask now."

The maintenance supervisor held a cell phone and asked in the work group, but no one knew the answer.

"Nobody knows it. The guy never talked to anyone."

Connor glared at the maintenance supervisor angrily, and then walked to the airport manager. "Have you called Chief Carr?"

"Yes, sir, Chief Carr said they will definitely be here within 20 minutes."

"I need to borrow your security







guards. I will take them to search the village where Jimmy lived in. When Chief Carr arrives, ask Chief Carr to go to the village, and tell him that this is about Mr. Lee." Connor ordered.

"I understand, I must get things done. The security chief should take someone with Connor to find Jimmy, and should listen to Connor's instructions!"

The security chief nodded vigorously, with a pleased look on his face, and said to Connor, "Connor, I have more than 20 people, and they all listen to your orders."

"Let's get in the car and rush to the village as quickly as possible, and block all the roads in and out of the village!"

"Yes, sir, let's act now." The security supervisor took the walkie-talkie to convey Connor's order, and then took





Connor to the security team's vehicle.

The security team's vehicle rushed out of the airport and drove to the village not far away.





## Chapter 524 The Fake Maintenance Guy

Chief Carr rushed to the airport with security guards. Looking at the bodies of Colletti and others, Chief Carr's brows creased tightly.

"What a big scene! It's likely that they have fired a lot. How can they be killed by things like screwdrivers? Each team should conduct on-site surveys. After we finished, the corpse will be transported back to the mortuary and preserved there."

"Yes, sir!" The patrols started to move.

Chief Carr looked at the airport manager and asked in bewilderment, "What's the matter? Who had a gunfight with them?"

"It's Connor, Connor and Mr. Lee who





did this. Mr. Lee caught a foreigner named Thompson and went back to downtown first. Connor took my people to the nearby village to catch a maintenance guy named Jimmy.”

“Connor said you should also go to the village and it relates to Mr. Lee. I am at loss about it. How about I tell you in detail on the way to the village?”

Chief Carr was startled, because he didn't expect Maximilian was involved in this case.

Scratching his head vigorously, Chief Carr couldn't help but smiled bitterly, thinking that Maximilian was so bald to make such a big scene here.

But what done was done. He had to stand on Maximilian's side for every reason. After all, he had been betting on Maximilian's side long time ago.

“Luis, I would leave it to you here;





Jason, take your team and go with me.”

“Yes, sir!” The policemen were divided into two teams. One team stayed at the scene to conduct surveys, and the other followed Chief Carr to the nearby village.

The airport manager followed Chief Carr all the way, and told everything he knew to Carr on the road.

After listening to him, Chief Carr had some guesses in his mind. But the more he guessed, the more terrified he felt.

After setting his mind, Chief Carr discarded all the worthless thoughts and ordered his men to speed up.

The two-kilometer road was not long. Only after a few minutes, Chief Carr and others rushed to the entrance of the village.

Chief Carr got out of the car, and





looked at Connor, who was just walking out of the village with a gloomy face. He knew that the situation was not good.

"Connor, what did you find?"

"Chief Carr, I have been waiting for you for a long time. Things are not simple, and I am afraid that you need to take a lot of time to track it down."

"Oh?" Chief Carr said in a surprised tone, "Tell me in detail, what's the situation now?"

Connor pointed those behind him, and the two security guards who covered their noses were working together to carry a huge woven bag. The inside of the woven bag exuded bursts of stench.

"This is the corpse of the maintenance guy Jimmy. His corpse was wrapped in layers of plastics and filter charcoal, so there was no smell.





But as soon as we opened the plastic wrap, the smell wafted out and the body was completely decomposed."

"I also found a human skin mask at Jimmy's residence. I guess it was used when the killer pretended to be Jimmy, but I didn't dare to move the mask. I was afraid I would destroy the evidence on it."

Connor explained the situation to Chief Carr carefully, and Chief Carr frowned as he heard it. A dead person plus a human skin mask were way beyond Chief Carr's cognition.

In Chief Carr's mind, human skin mask only existed in martial arts novels.

Now that the technology was so advanced, even if someone made a mask, they had to make it with silicone.

"I see. Jason, you take someone there. All the traces on the scene must





be investigated clearly. Seal up all the things in Jimmy's residence for the technical team carefully."

"Yes, sir!"

Jason led the patrols to Jimmy's residence, and Chief Carr took Connor to another way.

"Connor, what kind of thing is this? Even foreigners are involved. If there is no valid proof, I can't explain to my top leader."

"These foreigners are not normal people. Colletti who died at the scene was the chairman of the International Underground Boxing Tournament. Thompson who was taken away by Mr. Lee has always pretended to be Colletti's entourage, but in reality his status is higher than Colletti." Connor took a pause and glanced at Chief Carr's face.







Seeing Chief Carr's face was calm, Connor continued, "They came for Mr. Lee, intending to kill Mr. Lee with boxers coming to the International Underground Boxing Tournament, but they did not succeed. Mr. Lee counterattacked and killed their boxers."

"In the end, they took Mr. Lee's 3.2 billion dollars of bet and ran away. Mr. Lee had no choice but to chase them. When they were caught up, they shot first. Mr. Lee reluctantly fought back. That is how the whole incident happens."

Connor said everything he could say. As for the words Thompson explained, Connor didn't dare to mention it.

Chief Carr raised his brows and his expression became extremely serious. Although he knew Connor didn't tell him everything he knew actually, it was





enough for him.

The fact that they were the organizers of the boxing match was enough for Chief Carr to report. If handled properly, Chief Carr may get a promotion and make a fortune.

"Connor, you have to go back with me to make a statement. Don't worry, I will cover for you, and you will never be punished."

"Chief Carr, I will go to your place to make a statement tomorrow. I have to go back and report to Mr. Lee first. In addition, the identity of this maintenance guy is very strange. He is Thompson and Colletti's correspondent, and we must catch him as soon as possible." Connor urged Chief Carr to catch the person who pretended to be Jimmy and Chief Carr was the best man to do this.





Although Connor was a bigwig in H City, his power was limited in H City. Once outside of the boundaries of H City, no one would listen to him.

And Chief Carr could use the police force to search for him. As long as he made any mistakes, he would be found guilty at any time.

Chief Carr nodded and said smilingly, "Don't worry, I know it. Please tell Mr. Lee, I will definitely try my best to hunt down the fake Jimmy."

"Okay, then I'll go first and leave this to you."

Connor borrowed a car from the airport manager, and drove to the downtown. On his way, Connor dialed Maximilian's phone.

"Mr. Lee, the maintenance guy at the airport is an imposter. The real man Jimmy was dead for a long time. The





imposter has been in the airport for at least half a month with the identity of Jimmy."

Maximilian raised his brows lightly, and said casually, "I see, do you have any good place to keep Thompson?"

"Yes, the basement of HT Mansion in the city belongs to me. I usually locked people there. If you need my help, I'll go there immediately."

"Okay, see you at HT Mansion."





## Chapter 525 Too Late To Regret

In HT Mansion, Maximilian escorted Thompson and arrived with Flora and Canaan. Connor's followers was waiting there long time ago.

Seeing Maximilian's arrival, Connor's followers nodded and shouted in unison, "Mr. Lee."

"Connor told you everything, right?"

"Connor gave us an order, saying that you are going to detain an important person here. This way Please, Connor built a detention room in it, and the interior is made of solid steel. As long as someone is locked in, it is as safe as a safe."

While introducing the room, the followers led Maximilian's team in.

After twists and turns, the man





walked to a metal gate that looked like a bank vault.

"This is a numerical code lock, and it needs to be verified by iris. Connor has spent a lot of money on this."

"It looks great, please open the door quickly." Maximilian said lightly.

"I'll open the door right now, Mr. Lee, please wait for a second."

The man pressed the password and pointed his eyes at the iris for verification.

After finishing all the steps, the all-steel door slowly opened. Behind the door was a room about 20 square meters. All the walls of the room were steel. There were several steel chairs in the middle of the room, and the chair legs were welded to the steel ground. The man walked in, took out the handcuffs and fetters, and looked at





Thompson with a smile.

"You can lock him on this chair so that he can't run away. Our safety equipment is stronger than that in prison. As long as he is locked inside, he can't fly out even if he turns into a fly."

Maximilian nodded with satisfaction and pushed Thompson into the room. Thompson lowered his head and said nothing, as if he had already admitted his fate.

"Go and have a seat, do I have to invite you in?" Maximilian said with a smile.

"You can't treat me like this. You should give me freedom. Even if you don't let me go, you can't restrict my freedom!" Thompson opened his hands, showing a sad face.

"You should think in another way. Do





you want to sit on a chair, or want your legs and hands be broken into pieces?" Maximilian's voice was extremely cold.

Thompson's face turned frozen. After thinking for half a minute, he obediently walked to the chair.

When Thompson sat on the chair, Connor's follower took out the shackle and handcuffs, locking Thompson onto the chair.

Thompson gritted his teeth fiercely, feeling that he was so unlucky that he put himself into such a terrible situation.

"I wished I had been flying away at that time! What a pity!"

If there was regret medicine now, Thompson may eat as much as he can, or he can't relieve his regret.

Maximilian took out his cell phone







and sent a message to the Dragon Sect guards who were secretly protecting him, and asked a small team of guards to come and guard Thompson.

Maximilian didn't believe the capability of Connor's followers. As retaining Thompson was a bigger mission, his life must be guaranteed.

After sending the message, he stared at Thompson. "I almost forgot one thing. My friend has bet 200 million dollars, and you haven't cashed it out for him yet."

Thompson trembled, and said in a panic, "That is a huge misunderstanding. It was a small mistake I made. Wait a moment, I will contact them and ask them to transfer the money to you."

Thompson reached into his pocket with his trembling hand, took out his





cell phone and dialed a number.

"Hey, Laudrew! The bet that Maximilian won before, cash it out quickly!" Thompson shouted.

Laudrew grunted, "What are you talking about? Thompson, didn't we agree that each of us get half of the money? How come you decided to cash out the bet now? Are you a fool?"

"Laudrew! Don't talk nonsense! All I want is to execute my order! Now transfer the money immediately!"

"You have to give me a reasonable explanation. We reached an agreement to split the money. Why should we give such a large sum of money to those yellow-skinned monkeys?"

Laudrew was reluctant. It wasn't two or three million dollars, or even two or three hundred million dollars, but 3.2 billion dollars! If he has so much money,





Laudrew can get a Hollywood star as his mistress.

Thompson could not wait to stab Laudrew to death, "Fuck! You dare to disobey me? If you don't transfer the money now, just wait for the death of your family!"

"Well, Thompson, you really disappointed me. I thought you could be bolder, but you are still so timid. I'll let someone transfer the money later!"

Laudrew hung up the phone with irritation, and Thompson cursed in a low voice, thinking that it was all because of Maximilian. If the unbeatable crotch didn't exist, how could all these incidents happened to him!

"Mr. Lee, I have to ask someone to do it. You will receive the transfer message soon."

They are trying to make themselves



laugh more naturally.

Maximilian nodded slightly, and then said, "Where is Connor's son, the boy who was kidnapped by you when you threatened Connor to host the tournament."

"Someone in the headquarters is responsible for that matter. I don't know the details. Let me make a call and ask."

Thompson felt that his head was going to burst and wandered why he got involved into so many things! Who told them about this stuff?

"Hurry up! As long as they send Connor's son back, you can leave here."

Thompson's eyes lit up. Freedom was at the top of his mind now.

"Okay, I'll call somebody now, and I will ask them to send Connor's son back."

The excited Thompson held the phone with his shaking hands, and after trying twice, he pressed the dial button accurately.

More time was required for the transfer of overseas call. After waiting for about half a minute, Thompson's call was connected.

"Hello, Thompson, are you going to report some good news to me?"

"No, no, no! Mike, what I want to say is not good news. My action failed. Now I am a hostage. They demand us to release Connor's son. Only then can I be set free!" After a pause, the cigar in Mike's hand fell into the ashtray.

"Do I hear you right? Or do I have a hallucination? Thompson, I need you to say it again. What is going on? How could you fail?"

Mike didn't believe what he had



heard. Thompson had the boxers for the international underground boxing match. Those people were fierce. They could be called beasts, and how could they fail? "Mike, I really failed. Please believe me and listen to me!"





## Chapter 526 Be A Catspaw

"You damn bastard, what should I tell our boss?" Mike roared angrily.

"Mike, shouldn't you care about my safety first? I'll tell our boss everything as long as you save me out. I'll shoulder the responsibilities and take all his blames!"

Mike was silent for a while, and then he murmured, "No, you won't. I'll have to tell him. Whether they would trade Connor's son for you won't be my decision to make. You can pray to god now and may He bless you."

Mike hung up the phone soon instantly. He was wearing a struggling face, hands pulling his hair.

If the mission fell, he would have to take the responsibility, which was too heavy for him to bear.






He mumbled and then stood up, then strode out of the office.

Soon he arrived at the door of his boss's office. A beautiful secretary sitting behind a desk looked at him indifferently.

"The boss is off now."

"It's urgent. I need to see him. Please contact him for me." Mike was persistent.

"He's out for an important meeting.  His assistant Tom is here, and you can talk to him now."

"Well, I'm OK with that."

The secretary picked up the phone on the desk and dialed an internal number. She whispered to the other side and made an inviting gesture to Mike.

"You can go in now."








"Thank you so much."

The secretary pressed the button on the desk, and a metal door next to her opened slowly.

Mike walked into the door and saw a man lying cozily on a beanbag, with a glass of whiskey in his hand. It was Tom.

"Mike, you spoiled my good time, do you know that?"

"I'm really sorry, but it is urgent and have to report to you now." 

Tom took a sip of whiskey and smiled. "Then show me how urgent it is."

"It's Thompson. He failed in the mission and is captured. They want us to trade him with Connor's son."

The smile on Tom's face froze. His back teeth grifted and then his face





twitched a bit. He was more than furious right now.

"How did he fail?"

"I haven't received the details yet. Thompson called me just now and asked me to save him out."

Tom closed his eyes and thought about it for a moment.

Then he opened his eyes and asked, "Any other requirements? They want nothing else but Connor's son?"

"Thompson didn't mention other requirements. They want a hostage swap, and that's all."

"So that means Connor's son means a lot to them." Tom murmured, and the light in his eyes flickered.

"We can fulfill that requirement. You can bring Connor's son in for a deep hypnosis. Leave a mark deep in his





memory, and send him away as a catspaw," Tom said.

Mike nodded. "Understood. Do you have any other instructions?" He asked respectfully.

"Of course. You should do it in person this time. You don't have to kill Maximilian. All I need you to do is to get his blood, which shouldn't be very difficult. I don't want to hear about any failure again. Is that clear?"

Mike trembled and answered in a panic, "Yes, I'll do my best and make sure everything goes as we expect!"

"Take the 11th Combat Team with you. They will ensure your success," Tom thought for a moment and suggested.

"Thank you, sir!" Mike looked thrilled.

The 11th Combat Team was a





legend. There were 11 combat teams in service for Sir Brute. The higher the rank was, the more powerful the team would be.

Although the 11th Combat Team was at the last place, it had the strength to execute beheading operations while facing thousands of troops.

The team once killed the heads of a small country when they were on a mission in another continent.

They would top any other special forces, and each member was equal to a King of Soldiers.

"That's all. Go and execute the mission." Tom commanded coldly.

"Yes, sir!"

Mike strode out of the room delighted. He called Thompson as soon as he was back in his office.





"Thompson, you lucky dog! Our boss had agreed to swap you with Connor's son! We'll arrive tomorrow afternoon. Let's set it on 8 o'clock tomorrow night. Tell them to find a location."

"Thank you so much, Mike! I'll reward you when we're back!" Thompson was so grateful that he was about to cry.

"Stop those crap! Let me know the location as soon as they decide."

"I'll definitely inform you in time."

Thompson said and hung up the phone. Then he looked at Maximilian with joys.

"They have agreed to make the deal at 8 o'clock tomorrow night. The swap site will be up to you. I'll inform him as soon as you make the decision."

"I see, you can just stay here."

Maximilian made a gesture to





Canaan and Flora. Then he turned around and walked out.

Other people followed him. Connor's fellow closed the metal door again.

Connor ran over, gasping. His lips moved a bit when he saw Maximilian. The question almost slipped out of his mouth, but he wouldn't dare to ask.

"What's the rush, Connor? Don't be so nervous. We've already brought the situation under control. We'll swap your son with Thompson tomorrow night. You can decide where the swap site is. Just let Thompson inform them."

"Thank you, sir. I am sorry for bringing you so much trouble because of my son."

"That's OK. Your son doesn't deserve this, and I am part of the reason for his suffering. I have to help you. I'll send my guys to keep an eye on Thompson



tonight, and I'll be on the swap site with you tomorrow."

Connor was so touched that he didn't know what to say. He shook Maximilian's hand violently and tears were brimming in his eyes.

"Thank you so much. I'll take my son to you and thank you in person as soon as he's back."

Maximilian replied, "That won't be necessary. We'll take him to a nice restaurant for a meal as soon as we have him back tomorrow. It would be a great opportunity for me to know him."

"Okay, the meal will be my treat." Connor said and wiped the tears off his face.

Maximilian patted Connor on the shoulder, and then left with Flora and Canaan.



## Chapter 527 Rich Man's Bastard

On the way back, Canaan was driving and talking in excitement, "I just received a text message from the bank, saying that somebody has transferred 3.2 billion dollars to my account. It is my first time to earn billions!"

Canaan was from a rich family with businesses over billions of dollars, but he had been there just because his family wanted him to.

He was no better than a mascot. The elites working under him would handle the work for him. Therefore all he needed to do was signing the contracts.

He had launched several small-scale projects on himself, but most of them were just one-time projects. He earned millions of dollars at most.







This time, he made a net profit of more than 3 billion dollars. He was more than thrilled at this moment.

Flora curled her lips and said disdainfully, "Can you really earn that much without Maximilian? You could've lost all you have to them."

Flora's words burst Canaan's bubbles. His emotion was cooled down instantly.

"You're right, Flora. I couldn't have earned so much without my master. I was so overwhelmed just now."

"That's right. You should always know how to cut yourself down to size. Try not to think too much of yourself." Flora said and took Maximilian's arms.

"Maximilian, am I right? Canaan is arrogant just now, but I've calmed his soul."





Flora raised her head, begging for praise.

Maximilian tried to pull his arms away from Flora's grab, but Flora had perceived Maximilian's intention. She tried to take his arms harder and pouted, staring at Maximilian with her cute eyes.

"Maximilian, why don't you let me hug you? I need to feel safe! I'll only be able to watch you from afar once we get home!" Flora tried her best to act coquettishly.

Maximilian felt so embarrassed. He rubbed his forehead and said, "Would you stop that? I'll have to kick you out of the car if you keep doing that."

"Hey! Forgive me for being such a poor girl! How can you kick me out? I will take care of you, in every way!" Flora was affectedly sweet, like those





beautiful girls in anime.

Even Maximilian could not bear to turn her down. Then he said, "Just keep it down, OK? I want to be quiet."

"Be quiet? You want that? I should change my name into 'a piece of quiet', so that I'll be the one you need now." Flora said and laughed out.

Seeing Flora being so idiotic, Maximilian found that he really didn't know what to do with her. Nothing seemed to carry any weight on Flora, no matter he played fierce or gentle.

Canaan looked at the front of the car, and didn't even turn back to watch. He pretended not to know what was going on and drove carefully.

He drove at normal speed for half an hour and finally sent them home.

Seeing the gate in front of them,





Flora sighed and didn't want Maximilian to go.

They were already at the gate, and it would be risky if she was seen clinging to Maximilian by Victoria.

Flora wasn't afraid of Maximilian, but she was afraid of Victoria.

"What should we do with the 3.2 billion dollars?" asked Canaan. He opened the door of the car and helped the two to get out.

"You said you were going to start a racing club? Then just take it as the start-up fund. Topyuan Group still has room to develop. They can allocate those places to you as the racing track." Maximilian said casually.

Maximilian paid a fortune for a large area, but most of that area was yet to be developed. If Canaan could use a piece of land, he would save lots of





money that were supposed to be spent on land purchasing.

"Thank you. I will definitely manage this club as my lifelong business!" Canaan promised seriously.

Maximilian laughed and shook his head, then he took Flora into the building.

When they returned home, Victoria was watching TV with her parents. She smiled as Maximilian stepped in.

"Come here, how's it going? Did you teach him well?" Victoria asked curiously.

Maximilian walked over to Victoria and sat down. Then he answered honestly, "Canaan had basic knowledge of it, but he wasn't born to do this. His future achievements will be limited, but he will soon start his racing club, which I think is a continuation of his dream."





Laura was eavesdropping their conversation, and then stared at Maximilian and asked, "What is going on with Topyuan Group? Why do they care about you so much?"

"It was nothing like that. I am just being lucky. Topyuan Group was looking for a president, so I recommend Victoria. She got the position because she was totally cut for it."

Maximilian lied calmly, without a slightest expression change on his face.

Laura looked at Maximilian with suspicion. She felt it weird that the Maximilian she was looking at now was so different from the one she had known before.

He used to be a piece of trash. She really wondered how he helped Victoria get the position as a president.





She was first surprised, and then confused. As time passed by, she was getting more and more curious.

"Don't treat me as a fool! I heard the investor of the Topyuan Group was a mysterious billionaire. They called him Mr. Lee! What do you have to do with him? Are you his bastard?"

In Laura's view, Maximilian being the bastard of the mysterious rich man might be the only reasonable explanation for this.

Maximilian hesitated for a moment and looked at Laura awkwardly.

"How weird is it? I am my own father now?"

"There are so many Mr. Lees in the world. I don't need to have anything to do with each one of them. I didn't know him, I recommended Victoria because of Wilfred's recommendation.





Maximilian played the blame game. He wasn't going to take credits for anything now. He would make all problems seem to be Wilfred's faults. The old man wouldn't mind it.

Laura snorted coldly. She was obviously not satisfied with Maximilian's answer.

"Don't try to fool me. If he's really your father, you should reveal your relationship with him so that Victoria could benefit from you in the future."

Victoria gently pulled Laura's arms as she saw how embarrassed Maximilian was.

"Mom, don't talk nonsense, OK? He had nothing to do with that man, and please stop guessing."

"It's a reasonable guess! How could you explain your job offer if that isn't true? Be careful, Victoria. You should







think more about it."

