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Expert Down The Mountain Chapter 116

He vaguely felt that Kayson could be more terrifying, though.

“Mr. Gillete, please leave!” Gabriel asked grimly.

Wilson frowned and narrowed his eyes. “Never mind. Since you’re determined to die, I’ll let you be.

“When the Allens wipe Kayson out, I’ll leave you guys an intact corpse.”

He returned to his office.

Gabriel felt rather glum. He was actually scared of the Allens too! But he had to risk it. Wilson looked down on him, and he would be eliminated sooner or later if he did not seek a way out himself. It was even more impossible for the Allens to take into consideration a small fry like him!

Simba and Lenox exchanged a look and saw the panic reflected in each other’s eyes.

Trevor and Miles looked delighted when they saw Wilson coming back, thinking that the latter was giving them another chance.

“Mr. Gillete!” Trevor hurried forward.

“Piss off! ” Wilson was in an incredibly bad mood. One punch from him had caused Trevor’s face to swell and two teeth to fall out.

“Dad!” Miles, who was alarmed, hurried over to help his father.

Wilson pulled out his phone and called Patrick, but no one picked up. He did not manage to get through to Hector either.

“Maybe they’re busy sending men to tackle Kayson, so they aren’t free to answer my call... After all, Langley is dead. The head of the Allens must be fuming!” Wilson dropped the phone after giving himself an explanation and looked at the Lawson father and son.

Since Wilson was temporarily constrained within the company, Trevor and Miles could be toys for him to pass some time.

Meanwhile, at Wolfenden Corp...

Kayson went back to the office after leaving Gabriel's place. The receptionist told him that Sadie had asked for him at the general manager's office.

"Ms. Wolfenden." Kayson entered.

Sadie looked up at him and asked, "Where... have you been?"

Kayson did not answer. Instead, he asked back, "What's the company's plan for the five workers' compensation?"

"We'll follow the law and pay them the workplace injury standard," Sadie answered.

Kayson retorted, "The Allens are behind this. They should be the ones paying the compensation."

"The Allens..." Sadie scowled and gritted her teeth. "Was it Wilson Gillete?"

"Most likely." Kayson nodded.

"Despicable!" Sadie's eyes were red. "He sacrificed five innocent lives just to target me!"

Kayson looked surprised. "Aren't you scared?"

She looked like she was more heartbroken over the death of the five workers.

"Who says that I'm not scared?" Sadie looked speechless. "I'm terrified out of my mind!"

Kayson chuckled. The woman truly had a kind heart.

"Don't worry, the Allens will recompense the family of each of those five workers with \$15,000,000."

He had given them two days. If the Allen family had yet to bank in the compensation in two days... then the Whitmans and the Waltons would probably be the only prominent families left in Clouspring from then on.

"\$15,000,000?!" Sadie was shocked. "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? How could the Allens possibly admit this and fork out \$75,000,000 as compensation?"

It was impossible without a second thought! How could the Allens leave any evidence that would point to them behind?

Even though they knew that the Allens were behind this, Wolfenden Corp, was not qualified enough to challenge them. They could only swallow this grievance.

Kayson smiled. "Just wait and see, Ms. Wolfenden."

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Sadie sat in a daze after Kayson left her office. She had yet to recover from what had happened at the construction site. If it had not been for Kayson, she would have been killed by those steel bars today.

She now recalled why The Quad Falcons had suddenly collapsed on the ground when they had driven there to block her previously. Although she did not know how it had been done, she guessed that it had most likely been Kayson's doing.

"He's a good fighter, I'll give him that. But he's too much of a brag."

Sadie forcefully attached a weakness to Kayson to make herself feel better.

"Mr. Kace!" Sean greeted Kayson warmly when he saw him.

Kayson smiled. "I forgot to mention it previously. You should have a bowl of the medicinal soup brewed too."

"Got it!" Sean nodded gratefully. "If you're free, I'd like to treat you to dinner tonight to thank you!"

"Mr. Batley, I was only helping in any way I could."

Although Kayson had rejected Sean, he could not reject the latter's earnest invitation, so he could only agree to it. He only changed it to another day, as the Allens were still around and he did not know if their martial experts would ambush

Sadie.

When Kayson returned to The Tetrad, Easton and the others hurried up to him.

"Kayson, what did Sadie say?" Easton asked anxiously.

"She's not that scary. She's a kindhearted person. You guys don't have to worry so much."

"Sadie is scary. She'll deduct our salary..." Reva murmured softly.

Kayson paused. That was a bad habit. Sadie had deducted his payment several times too.

After work, Kayson went to the basement parking lot to wait for Sadie, as she had texted him. As he opened the door, Sadie arched a brow and asked, "Have you gotten your driver's license?"

Kayson jolted. "No. Why would I need that?"

"What? Are you planning for me to be your driver forever? I'm the GM here!"

Sadie glared at Kayson. "I'll get Chelsea to sign you up for driving school. Go get your driver's license."

"Fine..." Kayson agreed weakly.

On the way, he noticed that a car kept following them and kept watch for a while, ignoring it after he realized that it was Jack and the others.

When they arrived at the residential entrance, Raymond, who was on duty, bowed before them.

"Are you treated with so much respect just for defeating him?" Sadie asked curiously.

"I guess so," Kayson replied.

Sadie had her doubts. Usually, Raymond would only bow to cars that came from Primrose Deck. Those from Heartstone Chateau and Kingstone Garden, or even the richest people in Clouspring, could barely earn so much respect from him.

As they drove into Kingstone Garden, it took about five minutes before Mansion No. 8 appeared before them.

Kayson looked the same as usual, but the moment they came close to the mansion, he suddenly caught the noise of a billowing gale.

"Stop the car!" Kayson yelled, causing Sadie to step on the brakes in reflex.

"What are you..." Sadie was about to lash out when Kayson pulled her over to press her head under the dashboard.

A metal bar around ten centimeters long penetrated the windscreen and shards fell on them.

"Go look for Raymond when I go out." Kayson's tone was cold, and rage was simmering in his eyes.

Sadie, who was terrified, asked in fear, "Why's this happening."

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"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." Kayson placated her and pulled the car door open to go out.

At the same time, a leaf shuttled over with immense force, making the damage it would deal no weaker than the metal rod earlier.

Kayson was already holding a piece of glass shard somehow. With an icy gaze, he flicked his fingers and the shard of glass flew out like a line of white.

The glass shard and the leaf shattered simultaneously.

Kayson headed to Wolfenden Mansion No.8. Meanwhile, Sadie shook in fear but gritted her teeth, driving the car without a windscreen to seek Raymond.

At Wolfenden Mansion No.8, the hall was a mess, an evident sign that a fight must have happened there.

Kayson saw Hugh, who lay in a pool of blood, and... Beatrice.

Hugh had been kind to Kayson since the first time they had met and had treated him like his own grandson, while Beatrice had always been gentle, concerned, and caring. Out of the four Wolfendens, Hugh and Beatrice were the only ones who would make Kayson reluctant to leave in the future.

"You shouldn't have done this to Grandpa Hugh and Mrs. Wolfenden," Kayson told the old man, who was sitting quietly on the couch.

The old man looked around 60 years old and had a head of white hair. Unlike his kindly appearance, his eyes were incredibly intimidating, making him look like a wolf!

The old man replied nonchalantly, "An outer-energy martial practitioner who dares to fight me. Consider it mercy that I'm not killing him.

"I didn't expect you to be able to control your energy so easily at such a young age. Seems like it has not been a waste for me, Titus Wood, to act personally."

Kayson took a deep breath and asked, "You could've lived, but why must you attack Grandpa Hugh and the others?"

"I'm so mad. You could've survived. You can't anymore."

Titus' eyes glinted dangerously at that, and he sprang up abruptly. His whole demeanor changed in that split second. His sleeves fluttered without any sign of wind as his whole presence and energy transformed.

"What a brazen kid! Looks like you have no idea about Titus Wood's reputation in the martial arts world!"

Kayson commented icily, "You can take your reputation with you to hell!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he and Titus moved together, crushing the tile below their feet.

Their palm and fist collided. Kayson stumbled three steps back, while Titus did not manage to regain his balance even after a dozen steps. It was only when he ran into the wall that he barely stopped himself.

"You—how's this possible?" Titus looked at Kayson in disbelief.

Kayson furrowed his brows a bit and flicked his slightly numb arm. "You're really hard. Have you already achieved st edification?"

Titus looked aghast. "You're no ordinary kid. Who are you?!"

Damn it! Tuckson had not mentioned that the person he was to kill possessed such abilities!

"Just a countryside kid repaying his mentor's debt," Kayson said before he went up, planning to finish Titus off from a close distance.

A flurry of expressions washed over Titus' face as he snarled, "I refuse to believe that you'd break through my steelification!"

He threw a punch hard as steel at Kayson.

"Do you think it'd be tough to crack your tortoise shell?"

An icy gleam flashed across Kayson's eyes as he maneuvered his energy into his fist.

Their fists suddenly met!

Titus' bones were shattered as he coughed blood with disbelief filling his face.

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"Cough! Cough..." Titus backed down frantically to diminish the momentum. His right arm lay limp, the bones obviously broken by Kayson.

Blood flowed out of his mouth profusely as he gaped at Kayson.

"Impossible... This is impossible..."

He was already one with his energy and power. He was the most famous master in Clouspring and even Skyriv.

Despite that, a young man in his twenties had completely triumphed over him today! This was humiliating for him!

Titus' gaze was savage as he commented icily, "I didn't expect to meet an expert like you in a small place like Clouspring!"

"I can't beat you today, sure, but I'll come back to kill you when I break through my limit!"

Kayson scoffed. "There's no chance of that happening!"

Hugh and Beatrice were not dead, but they were already on the brink of death. There was no way Kayson was letting this go just like this.

"Hah! Very funny! I can't beat you in a fight, but it's impossible for you to stop me from leaving!" Titus jumped back and left through the window.

Kayson threw a piece of glass, the shard gliding through the air like a frosty glint and hitting Titus' back.

"Ugh..." Titus scowled in pain but held it in to escape.

Instead of going after him immediately, Kayson went to Hugh and Beatrice to speedily perform some needlework on them to keep them alive. He then delivered some energy to keep their hearts beating. After that, he went after Titus.

Not too long after he gave chase, Sadie and Raymond arrived at the mansion.

"Grandpa! Mom!"

Sadie was in tears upon seeing the sight in her house, while Raymond sucked in a cold breath, not realizing that something had happened in Mansion N0.8 at all! This was his failure at work! He was appalled as he called the emergency number at once.

When Raymond saw the silver needles on both Hugh and Beatrice, his heart lurched and he hurried over to check their pulse, sighing in relief. "Ms. Wolfenden, Mr.

Wolfenden Sr. and your mother are still alive. Once the ambulance arrives, they'll be sent to the hospital immediately!"

Sadie's eyes reddened as she replied hoarsely, "Thank you..."

She took in the silver needles on her grandfather and mother as well, wondering if Kayson was behind this. She remembered that he had barged into the room and saved her grandfather when he had nearly passed on previously, so the guy had to know something.

Right... Kayson!

"Kayson! Where are you?!" Sadie called out loudly once she snapped back to reality, but no one responded. Connecting the dots and realizing that someone had ambushed her, she wondered if Kayson had gone to fight the attacker alone.

Raymond looked grim as he checked the two cracked tiles on the floor, which were several meters apart.

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A pathetic-looking shadow hopped and scurried agilely in a frenzy in the forest. It was Titus.

"I was careless! I didn't expect the kid to be so good!

"He's definitely above me in terms of ability, but he shouldn't be much better off!

"Humph! Let me train for a few more days so I can break through my current level and kill you!"

Despite what he had said, Titus was still mad. The loss he had suffered this time was too much. He was going to ask Tuckson to pay him \$100,000,000!

Suddenly, an icy glint glided past Titus' face, cutting him and splattering blood. It was a flying leaf!

Titus looked back and widened his eyes.

A flurry of leaves surged in like steel blades, flying toward him like a storm!

"Hah!" Titus punched the air, causing a massive reverberation, but there were still a lot of leaves that were not pushed off.

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Titus was injured on multiple parts of his body.

At the same time, Kayson showed himself.

“How... The kid caught up?!”

Titus was shocked while Kayson stepped on a trunk, making a loud thump and leaving a deep footprint on it. His speed then increased abruptly.

Titus was baffled.

As Kayson landed a punch on Titus, the latter made a huge pit on the ground.

“Mercy!” Titus begged frantically.

Kayson stood on the tree, holding a twig as he asked with a cold expression, “The Allens sent you?”

Titus heaved, answering in terror, “Yes! Tuckson Allen asked me to kill you! Spare me and I’ll kill him for you! ”

“No need. I’ll personally go after his life.”

Kayson flicked the twig off his hand softly after what he said, but the twig flew off like a speeding arrow.

Titus put up his arms to block the attack, but the twig went through his arms and penetrated his forehead. As his blood flowed crimson, he fell to the ground in indignation and horror.

Kayson hopped off the tree and said with a sideways glance, “ Stop hiding. Come out.”

A lively old man walked out from behind a tree holding a stem of dotted leaves.

“I’m surprised that a young master like you exists in this world!”

The old man sucked in a deep breath.

Kayson sensed that he did not mean any harm and decided to leave, ignoring him.

“I’m Bradley Walton. Would you like to disclose your name, young man?”

Kayson answered without looking back, “The Eriocauli Flos won’t work. No need to waste your effort.”

Bradley was stunned, but Kayson had disappeared just when he'd wanted to ask what the latter meant.

“What does he mean...”

Bradley furrowed his brows before he turned and walked over to see who was the person killed. He was shocked by what he saw!

Widening his eyes and gasping, Bradley was incredibly stunned. “M-Master Titus Wood?!”

He looked up again in the direction Kayson had left.

“Who’s this young man?! He actually killed Titus... If word got out, I’m afraid chaos would ensue! ”

Night came as Tuckson remained in his study, but he was not reading a book. His expression seemed darker and more ominous under the dim lighting.

He had sent people to collect Patrick and Hector’s bodies. His resentment toward Kayson had only grown while he was looking at the corpses of his younger brother and nephew.

Although Hector had always been quite the prodigal young man who had not accomplished much, Tuckson was fine with him. After all, there were so many people in the family, and not everyone could possibly succeed. Besides, the Allens had successful businesses. It was not like they could not afford to take care of people like Hector.

Hector had been close to him, his Uncle Tuckson, when he was younger. Tuckson had never had high hopes for Hector, but he was not stingy with him either.

Now that Hector was dead, there would no longer be a brat who whined to Uncle Tuckson just to get some allowance money from him.

“Kayson...” Tuckson’s gaze was begrudging. “When Master Wood attacks tomorrow, he’ll make sure you die and he avenges Patrick and Hector!”

Creak!

The window was suddenly opened. As Tuckson turned to check, he was greeted by Kayson, who was sitting at the window and looking at him impassively.

Although there was a summer breeze, it felt unnervingly chilling.